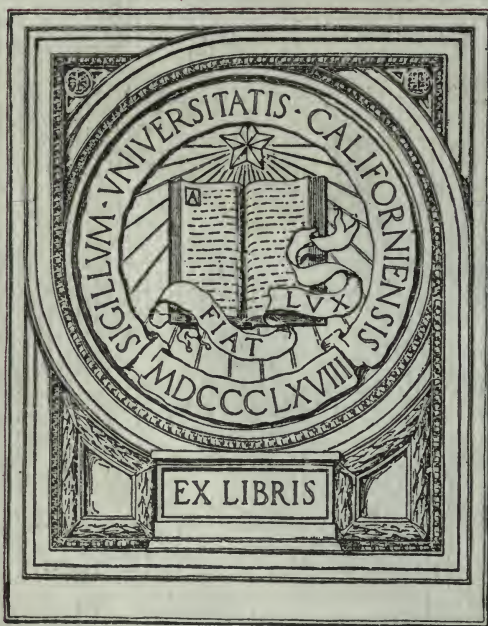


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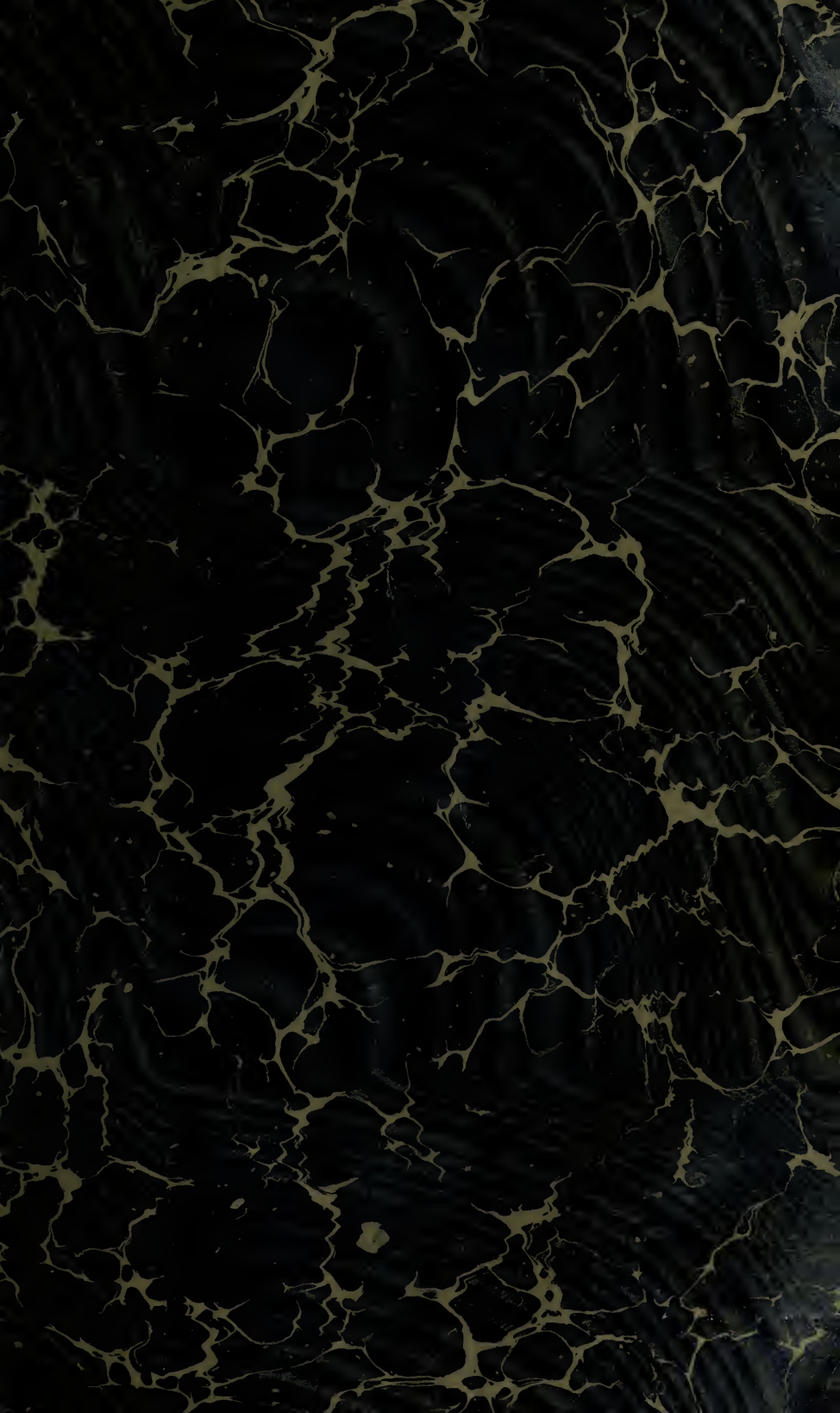
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THE

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY, 1869.



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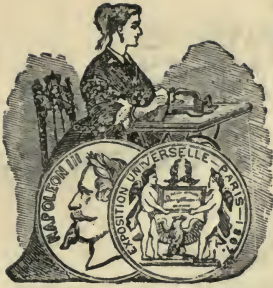
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lina I could never wholly shake off the chilly stare of Winter; but in crossing the Little Pedee, I pushed at once through several degrees of latitude. The few planks thrown over it bridged over the whole cheerless gulf between January and sunshine. Within a few rods one passes from the sour blue depths of the piny swamps into a broad and sunny land. The last half-day I was in North Carolina I divided between wading whole miles in shallow black swamps; balancing over the

rounded roads, as good as in the North, led along between deep ditches, through the glorious broad wealth of speckled acres.

Here every half-mile or so is a cotton-gin, perched aloft on posts, with its rumbling bowels of machinery, and ponderous wooden wheels, and the mule-sweep underneath. Hard by, the press holds up its umbrella of roof; and above it, the huge sweep straddles wide down, like a carpenter's compass, turning round and round its smaller roof, like a

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
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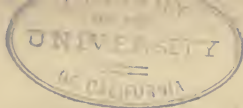
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VOL. 3.—JULY, 1869.—No. 1.

A RUINED STATE.

LIKE Hermes flying on his winged sandals over Pieria, you shall sail from the piny barrens of North Carolina through mid-heaven; drop in January into the wide, wide plantations of Marion; and upon opening your eyes, know you are fallen into the Palmetto State. Even in the dead middle of winter the king's hoary locks hang shredded from its million brown bushes, as if old Boreas had just scattered snow for bolls. A tiny snow-storm caught and pinioned in the very act!

So long as I was still in North Carolina I could never wholly shake off the chilly stare of Winter; but in crossing the Little Pedee, I pushed at once through several degrees of latitude. The few planks thrown over it bridged over the whole cheerless gulf between January and sunshine. Within a few rods one passes from the sour blue depths of the piny swamps into a broad and sunny land. The last half-day I was in North Carolina I divided between wading whole miles in shallow black swamps; balancing over the

deepest on round foot-logs, where one is moderately certain to slip off at critical places; and creeping on all-fours along a fallen cypress, across some lazy and inky stream, like dark Cocytus, wriggling in snaky windings through tangled, rotting, mildewed jungles of briers and creepers. From this I emerged south of the Little Pedee into a noble amplitude of plantations, a sombre brown ocean of cotton-plants, sprinkled with boll-bubbles as if it rained. Here were no owls to scoff and gibber at noonday; and here tasteful rounded roads, as good as in the North, led along between deep ditches, through the glorious broad wealth of speckled acres.

Here every half-mile or so is a cotton-gin, perched aloft on posts, with its rumbling bowels of machinery, and ponderous wooden wheels, and the mule-sweep underneath. Hard by, the press holds up its umbrella of roof; and above it, the huge sweep straddles wide down, like a carpenter's compass, turning round and round its smaller roof, like a

parasol above the umbrella. The lazy mule plods round, belabored by a pick-aninny with a cudgel, smiting his hams; while the press yells with the fiendish delight of a gorilla, as it hugs the bale closer and closer in its wooden embrace. The finished bales lie tumbled about, clean in gunny and blue hoops of iron. The pressmen and ginners, too, like the fields, have been snowed upon; but from their shining and oleaginous faces no snow-storm will ever wash off the dusky fragments of last night.

In North Carolina, as in the North, blacksmithery, wagon-making, coopers, and other sorts of hard-handed industry, were in noisy blast along the roadside. In South Carolina all this vulgar buzz and clatter was mellowed into the soft, saccharine whisper of the grocery.

In North Carolina a man grubbed in his own field; and whites and blacks often labored together, chopping, firing brushwood, composting heaps in the fence corners, and what other things thrifty farmers can do in winter. But in South Carolina the land-owners sat in fives and tens in the corner groceries, "chopping straws, and calling it politics;" while squalid and tattered land-workers wandered in the roads, searching for employment they did not wish to find.

In North Carolina you shall traverse wide districts, where the proudest dwelling is but little above the humblest; but every house is an integer. In South Carolina there is a splendid mansion, and a colony of kennels—a unit and certain ciphers annexed. In North Carolina the farmer plants his pine cabin close by the roadside, and drives his plough close under the eaves, while the front furnishes space for the poultry, dogs, ash-hoppers, sweep, yokes, two sadly-abused but patient rosebushes, and peach-trees for roosts. A rail-fence, whose every panel inclines its head in a rapt meditation on earthly decay, banishes the chip-yard into the road. In South Carolina the planter's white man-

sion stands at a haughty distance from the stare of travel and vulgar dust, fenced with hawthorn or cedar; while oranges grow in cylinders under the pruning blade, and magnolias, lemons, and catalpas, strewn in beautiful bright disorder, dutifully labor to conceal the places where the weather has gnawed its paint a little. At evening, as I passed, sometimes there came down to me from the far veranda, floating, flying, softly trilling through those green and bosky deeps, strains of voluptuous music.

But the sweetest strains of Munich lyre, or lute of Cremona, could not drown the noisy footfalls of Poverty, as he stalked in his discontent through those carpetless halls. On many a sad field beside the Potomac, or the Rappahannock, those missing carpets were mouldering into earth, where the houseless soldier slept in them his last sleep. The step of the North Carolinian, too, is loud upon his rattling floors; but it falls upon accustomed ears. To him who was more delicately bred it was an unwonted sound; and I have sometimes fancied I could see a lonely father start at the ghostly echo of his own step, as if it brought back to him the loved image of his gallant boy who went down in the great slaughter. Ah, those naked floors of South Carolina! their sad and lonesome sound echoes in my memory yet. Would God South Carolina had seen nothing worse!

Slavery in North Carolina resembled that patriarchal institution pictured by Horace in his family group, when, their labors ended, the family reclined with their slaves around a board laden with the bimestrial pig and old Falernian. The ex-slaveholder of that State seldom omitted to tell me, with visibly large satisfaction, that his slaves ate at the same table his family had just risen from; and this was quite possible, for each family's owning was small. But in South Carolina the slaves were a

host, and were mustered in great squadrons apart. In the broad cotton-fields the muscles of the slave-gang were so many keys of an organ, touched by the hand of a single player. Seventy huge, clumsy cotton-hoes rose and fell in thoughtless machine-work. But in North Carolina the hoes, though far less numerous, were taught to think. It was a shame and a contempt, which did not fail to impress the most indolent slave-master, for one white to stand over one black in the field; hence, while one wielded the hoe, the other guided the plough.

Then came the war; and Sherman's fire, kindling on a long injustice, rent the manacles of the slave, as Samson burst the green withs of the Philistines. In North Carolina both white and black came forth from that fiery ordeal helpful and manly; but in South Carolina the same fire which burned the slave's shackles scorched the Siamese bond—and master and slave fell asunder dead. In North Carolina every body bore its head; but in South Carolina every body borrowed a head, and every head a body. The white knew nothing of labor except through another; the black, nothing except for another. The white man's hereditary pride—and Northern men have no right to dispute this, for they were not born into an atmosphere of slaves—as effectually barred him from cotton-hoeing as ignorance barred the negro from accounts. Would that all my countrymen might see, as I have seen, the blight, the mildew of pride fostered by this unnatural union: I mean the mere mingling of a superior race with a hopelessly inferior, upon whom the former may so easily shift the burden and sweat of the primal curse. If we could only acknowledge that pride of color in the South is as inevitable as, and even more ineradicable than, the negro's ignorance, we should leave a broader margin of charity upon our judgment of our fellow-citizens.

Thus it was when the swift besom of war swept over her, and her princely citizens in the days of their sore extremity saw their cotton turn to paper, and their paper to dingy rags, and their dingy rags to ashes, that proud old South Carolina was wrecked with such appalling ruin. It was not alone the blood of their bravest sons, the ashes of their ancient homes, their gold, their jewels, their slaves, and their cotton, but even the muscles of labor, the very base and building of life, that went down in that seething maelstrom.

It is the idiosyncrasy of the South Carolinian by whom fickle Fortune may have dealt hardly to establish a grocery. When the poet Percival was endeavoring to earn a livelihood by the practice of medicine in that State, he complained that when they fell sick they would employ a physician rather than a poet to minister unto them. In that they were, perhaps, not greatly unlike other men; but the indigence in which they suffer their own poet Simms to live demonstrates that they are neglectful of the genius that is among them. This belief is confirmed in me by the number of decayed statesmen whom they permit to seek a precarious subsistence in a corner grocery.

Here a circle of merry ruddy-faced planters, in Kentucky jeans, assemble to relate the pedigrees of A.'s hounds and horses, and the bacon-thefts and indolence of B.'s freedmen; while their tobacco-chewing sons, budding lawyers, with long hair, unsunned faces, and the flippant, laughing manner of Southern youth, rehearse unending stories of regiments and quote Byron. Day after day this jejune banquet is spread—strong waters for egg, strong waters for apple—while the impatient horses champ many a mouthful of pine from the horse-rack. Do you see the absurd yellow handkerchiefs and the poor tricks of jewelry around the shelves? There is a poor, silly race, who do not, as Hesiod says,

know how much more the half is than the whole, who are pleased with these gauds, and barter their best liberty to procure them. The freedmen it is who exalt the grocery, the flower of a false society. The grocery is the symbol at once of the freedman's weakness and of the white man's power. Every grocery in the South is a cancer, having its roots deep-embarked in that evil decree of fate which has mingled a weaker race with a stronger.

"Rest is the citizen's first duty," cried the great German statesman to his countrymen after the disastrous day of Jena. But why do the South Carolinians rest? Because the unhappy mingling of races has made rest white and labor black.

Between the short-staple belt and the rice and long-staple belt of the coast I passed again through dismal swamp, and pine, and sand, from the Santee nearly to Charleston. Here blue Ague shivered in the yellow air of his cabin, and the piny woods men reigned. One of them told me the astonishing fact that he did not hear of the first capture of Sumter until three months after its occurrence!

It was late in the evening when I arrived in Charleston. Very early the next morning I went down through the heart of the city, along the narrow tongue of land which is thrust down into the bay, between the Cooper and the Ashley. Sitting on the low drab-colored sea-walls of the Battery, I watched the sun make pleasant summer around the head of Sumter; tip the long, dark, piny walls of the bay with flame; then tessellate the bay itself with cold twinkles of brass. Not a sail was spread in the idle air; only a single long wherry sped lightly over the steely waters, carrying a bone in its mouth. The birth-place of the great rebellion slumbered in the deep sluggard languor of Southern cities on a winter morning.

Away down the bay, scathed and

blackened by the lightning of the ships, standing haughtily aloof from the shore, like a discrowned monarch, still spurning the touch of the swinish multitude, Sumter looms in its regal desolation. Over against it stands Moultrie, but-tressing its mighty walls upon the coast and glowering upon the bay through its stony eyes, with a fixed, unwinking stare.

Grim twins are they! trenchant eye-teeth in this sometime jaw of Disunion! The Battery here is the tip of the tongue. One sad, sad day in April—ah, how long ago it seems already!—that tongue spoke a great word of treason, heard round the world. Then it was these walls, where now I sit so lonely, were thronged with eager watchers. Far down the bay those warring giants stood, greater than the Titans, and a warping and a gathering dark of smoke shrouded all their summits, and the sulphurous vomit and sheen of cannon, and that glorious ensign still full high advanced; while high above the din and bellowing of the battle floated tranquilly away in mid-heaven the pearl-puffs of exploding shells. Then that flag came down at last, and the roar of cannon was silenced, and Charleston was drunk with triumph. But it was worse than a Cadmean victory. The long echoes of those cannon were borne up through the hollow air even to the eternal throne of Justice, whence they reverberated over the whole earth, and men heard as it were a voice from heaven summoning them to righteous war. And from the uttermost ends of the world they came to grapple this enormous and audacious treason.

From Charleston I went over the river, and then on toward Savannah, through a mournful region—a tract that the war had destroyed more terribly than any other out of Virginia. It is one great piny page, which the swamp-bordered rivers running down to the sea have ruled with numerous lines. On this page the war had scrawled its hide-

ous records, lined and interlined, then blotted out and written again, until the once beautiful page was one blurred palimpsest of death. My heart sickened within me, as day after day I perused this sad ledger of ruins, to which the war's bloody day-book had transferred its ghastly accounts of loss.

Let us, in fancy, sail up the Edisto or Pocotalico in a yacht, among the green lagoons—

“And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands,”

—and see a landscape passing all the beauty of florid Cole or tropic Church. It shall be in the spring, before the miasma of the rice swamps, more deadly than the Colchian poison, has banished the white inhabitants to the interior.

Myriads of silvery-green lily leaves, and lilies, golden or white, or dyed in carmine, rock around us in their Liliput waltzes over the waves; and all through the jewel-blinking waters the green tresses of the Nereids and old Neptune stream long and idle in the ebbing or flowing tide. In the foreground of the scene the green lush waves of the rice chase each other in languid softness. White-clad slaves bow themselves to their labor between the rows, or punt and row their clumsy bateaux along the ditches. Look at their almost idiotic countenances and hear their guttural Sea Island patois! You can little more understand it than if they spoke their ancestral African. Far across the lagoon, where it swells like a long Atlantic wave to meet the upland, the planter's mansion towers white above its groves of tender green, now sprinkled over with a mellow orange snow of blossoms. Beyond and higher up the grand old pines hold up their arms to the soft blue sky, and swear by the beautiful sun that no evil shall ever befall this earthly Paradise.

We will disembark and walk through the grounds. The family mansion is

girt about on three sides with a broad and breezy cincture, the veranda, “rose-wreathed, vine-encircled,” through whose leafy trellises sleepily sift all day, into open windows, odors of languishing and mellow sweetness, and at night the coolness of the sea. A thousand butterflies and humming-birds, tricked in their brilliant gauds, and housekeeping bees, more plain in raiment, flutter ceaselessly over the painted flowers, every one of which is pumped a hundred times a day.

We stroll down winding alleys, between flat-topped walls of privet hedges, which are here allowed to shoot up a slender cone and there arch over a gateway, which invites us to enter. We wander on and on, through another and another, by many a luring pathway, among acres of roses, (Wade Hampton's grounds are said to have contained thirteen acres of roses) and arbors, and lozenges, and unnamed geometric tricks—a flowery and fragrant labyrinth, gay with brilliant lily-like amaryllis, and snowy eglantines, and white and yellow woodbines, and pittosporum, with its soft green honey-edged leaves. Here the columnar palmetto shakes its sword-tipped vanes in the breeze, with a cool, whispering rustle; there the golden lotus, its crest with a dreamy murmur; yonder the banana, its giant leaves with many a lazy, unwieldy flap. Hard by, the century plant heaves its huge club leaves, gray with the lapse of forgotten winters—an ancient anchorite, living on its austere and solemn life fourscore years apart from all these trooping and flowery generations which come and go as the dews of morning. The orange weaves a little tender, green embroidery for its last year's gown, and thinks what with its golden ornaments it will do for another year. The tall catalpas proudly display their violet-white panicles; the China trees, their sweet wealth of lilac flowers; and the magnolia on this gala day gives its broad leaves an unwonted

polish as they glint with sunshine, while its blossoms fill the air with a fragrance faint and soft. A bevy of golden-haired wood-nymphs roll the plate, or play at the mystic Druidical game of the South—Honon, Cronon, Theologos—beneath the ancestral live-oaks, which wag their old gray beards of moss with pleasant laughter at the gay sports below.

"Merry swithe it is in halle
When the beards waveth alle."

O, my beautiful, my bright, my bonny, bonny South!—for art thou not also mine? Thou art to me even as my mother. But evil and miserable men have compassed thy destruction. In other years thou hast given me delight with thine own children, and now I mingle with theirs these tears—these weak, childish tears—that will not be restrained, in thinking of the happy "days that are no more."

What is that picture now?

The magnificent avenue of live-oaks, if the ruthless tomahawk of the war has spared so much, with their hoary beards, like Barbarossa's in the cave, sweeping and swaying in the mournful breeze, conducts through a rank and noisome jungle of weeds to a heap of ashes. The two blackened chimneys, like lonely, unpropitiated ghosts of this once happy home, stand bleakly alone near the cabins of the blacks, as if to summon them to vengeance. But they summon all in vain, whether the freedmen to vengeance or the master to return. Far off beside the Rapidan or James he slumbers in his forgotten grave, which many a summer's sun has covered over with grassy thatch; and his dull ear is not

more insensible to the wail of his houseless orphans than is the freedman to the solicitations of revenge. The sounds of joyous music, melodious as the echoes of the Mæonian song, and the sweet trill of childish laughter float no more through the orange groves on the wings of the evening breeze; but all the air holds a tepid and sickly stillness, which quivers now and then with a wintry ripple, as if a corpse breathed a breath upon our faces. The hedges are wrenched and wrung into shapelessness; the trees, jagged stubs, gnawed by the hungry mules; the gardens, trodden into loathsome mire. The foul waters of the swamps flap and swash unhindered through broken mains; alligators show their rusty heads among the rustling reeds; hideous turtles slide from logs into stagnant pools, among the slimy leaves; acres upon acres of deserted rice-swamps are dank with rotting and reeking sedges, which corrupt the night air with sickening and deadly miasma.

The mother and her orphans—ah, where are they? Happy for them if they, too, sleep in the quiet grave, where the brutal pillaging and rage of contending armies shall terrify no more. There the little rabbit and the robin shall come and disport themselves in the pleasant sunshine upon the heaving turf. Sweet is the hope of the wanderer to sleep at last in a sunny plot of ground at home, where the summer birds may twitter and the timid rabbits may leap and wanton on his grave. Dread, O very dread, it were to lie in a lonely vault, away from the dear and pretty gambols of his only friends!

THE CRUISE OF THE "MONADNOCK."

NO. I.

AT the close of the late civil war, the United States Government found itself in possession of a number of vessels belonging to a class popularly known as monitors. The efficiency of these vessels for operations in still water, and for harbor defence, had been thoroughly tested. The disabling of the *Merrimack* in Hampton Roads, and the capture of the *Atlanta* before Savannah, established at once their claim to be the right arm of the American navy; and it was soon conceded on all sides that in a close engagement no ships afloat could stand before them. With an impenetrable armor, and the smallest possible surface exposed to the enemy, with a weight of metal hitherto unknown to naval warfare, and equal to the piercing of the most formidable ironclads, they seem to have fairly solved the problem of their distinguished constructor, and to have met the demands of the nation for a navy, as well as an army, that should prove invincible.

Happily, the war was too short to determine what were the sea-going qualities of the monitors. An experimental trip by Commodore Rodgers in the *Weehawken*, had done little more than excite admiration for its boldness, and gain for himself a vote of thanks from Congress. The *Dictator*, to which he was transferred, ventured only upon one or two excursions along the coast. And the opinion was current, both in the navy and in the merchant service, that while the effectiveness of the monitors for attack and defence, was unapproached, they were lacking in the necessary conditions of speed and safety, and would therefore be found of little value on the open sea, where rough weather and

an active enemy were to be encountered. Indeed it was seriously questioned by sea-faring men whether it would be prudent to risk a voyage across the Atlantic in one of them. Scores of the most daring officers in the navy pronounced it foolhardy, and made no disguise of their reluctance to be transferred to them.

The monitors, however did not want for a champion. Commodore Rodgers, who had so gallantly tested their fighting qualities, and by his brilliant exploits in command of one of them had added fresh laurels to an honored name, was eager now for a trial of their capabilities in the undertaking of a long sea voyage.

Accordingly it was determined by the Government to fit out the *Monadnock* for a cruise to the Pacific, making San Francisco the port of her destination. This vessel was the mate of the *Miantonomah*, afterwards placed under the command of Captain Fox, whilom Secretary of the Navy, and the first of her kind to cross the Atlantic and cruise in European waters. Both were inferior in size to the *Dictator* and the *Puritan*, but were fair representatives in respect of efficiency and completeness of the class to which they belonged. The United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, formerly of the merchant service, and the gift of her patriotic owner of the same name to the Government, was selected as the *Monadnock's* convoy. Two other vessels were ordered to the Pacific in their company, and the four, constituting what was known as "the special squadron to the Pacific," placed under the command of Commodore Rodgers. The *Vanderbilt*, Captain

Sanford, and the *Monadnock*, Captain Bunce, proceeded from Philadelphia to Hampton Roads, the port of rendezvous. Awaiting there the arrival of the *Powhatan*, Captain Ridgley, and the *Tuscarora*, Captain Stanley, the squadron set sail for St. Thomas, West Indies, on the second day of November, 1866.

It is to some of the incidents of the cruise that followed, with the writer's impressions of "life on a man-of-war," that the reader's attention is invited in this and other papers hereafter. Favored by the commander with a temporary official relation to the squadron, and therefore furnished with every facility for observation, the writer had also the advantage of a *non*-professional *point de vue*. He must beg the indulgence of his naval readers, however, if he shall occasionally venture with something of the freedom of an outsider to speak of matters in which they are more especially concerned.

It has been well said that the *personnel* of the American navy, more than the construction of its vessels, has been the secret of its successes. A civilian comes to understand this in a few days' contact with the officers of a man-of-war at sea. Drawn for the most part from the best class of American citizens and carefully educated at the Naval Academy, they bring to the service a culture both of mind and body, and a spirit equal to the highest achievements in their profession. Physical courage, dashing and sustained; a romantic love of adventure; traditional and personal pride, springing from the knowledge of great deeds, and the consciousness of power to emulate them, are some of their most noticeable characteristics. Nor are the more noble qualities of honor and patriotism wanting.

Most of the officers of the squadron had seen service in the late war, and had shared in the glory of the victories at Fort Fisher, Mobile, and New Orleans. Some had won distinction by deeds

of personal daring. In the blockade at Charleston, Lieutenant Commander Bunce (who afterward took command of the *Monadnock*) with a small boat's crew left his ship under cover of the night, ran by the fortifications in the harbor, reached the city, captured the sentry on the wharf and brought him off to the ship. Another instance of courage that well deserves recording is given of Lieutenant Commander Franklin, of the *Vanderbilt*. A fire had been discovered in or near the magazine of a ship, of which at the time he was in command. The danger of explosion appeared imminent, and the men rushed forward in great consternation. Not one was found daring enough to obey the order to go below and extinguish the fire. Seizing the hose in his own hands, Mr. Franklin leaped into the hold. The gunner instantly followed him, exclaiming: "Mr. Franklin, you are a brave man—you sha'n't go to h—ll alone." The fire was soon put out, and the ship, with its precious freight of life, was saved.

If the space allowed, the writer would gladly give in full the narrative of another gallant officer, Lieutenant Haswell, as received from his own lips. His ship was wrecked on the coast of a desert island, and the only mode of relief was to send one of her boats to another island, at a distance of several days' sail. The boat, with Mr. Haswell in command, encountered a squall the first day out, followed by weather so boisterous that the most serious apprehensions were felt for the safety of himself and crew. On his return, after the successful discharge of his duty, he was asked by the commanding officer why he did not put about and return to the ship when the storm struck him. "That was not in my orders, sir," was his reply.

Men like these—and there were others in the squadron none the less brave—were fitly placed under the command of the Commodore, who had won among

the sailors the soubriquet of "Fighting Jack Rodgers," than whom a more accomplished officer, and a braver and more prudent commander, never trod the quarter-deck. As modest, too, as he is brave, he is not the man to sound his own trumpet in the ears of the public, nor to gain promotion through the favor of politicians.

Intercourse with officers such as I have described, as kind and courteous as they were brave, could hardly have failed in itself to make an eight months' cruise interesting. The hours at sea were beguiled of all tedium by the lively humor of the ward-room and the graver conversation of the senior officers. Deck and port afforded each its novelties, and a most agreeable alternation in the employment of one's time. For the coaling of the *Monadnock* instructions were given to put in at all the principal ports, both on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and thus a rare opportunity was given to visit cities and countries quite out of the ordinary course of travel. At sea, the monitor was of course an object of unceasing interest, and speculation was rife for the first few days out as to her nautical powers. It was soon found that her average speed in good weather was not much beyond six knots, and that this was very considerably lessened when the sea ran high. The first day out from Fortress Monroe the sea was still rough from a late gale. Off Hatteras, as we entered the gulf-stream, the atmosphere was murky, with frequent showers. This was followed by a strong southwest wind, which increased to a gale. The night following was one of no little anxiety to the Commodore. The rain came down in torrents, making the air so thick that the lights of the other vessels were for a time quite lost. Presently the monitor was observed making signals that she was lying-to for repairs. It turned out that one of her tiller-ropes (of wire) had parted, an accident which occurred once or twice

afterward. To repair it, however, was the work of only a few hours. It may be remarked here that provision had been made on the *Vanderbilt* for taking the *Monadnock* in tow in case of any accident disabling her. Happily the necessity for this did not arise in the entire cruise.

The order in which the vessels sailed was in a square, the *Vanderbilt* diagonally ahead, the *Monadnock* on the right quarter, the *Tuscarora* on the left, and the *Powhatan* directly astern. Until the accident to the *Monadnock* they kept well together and were sometimes within easy hailing distance. The next morning the *Tuscarora* was out of sight, having sailed on for St. Thomas. We learned there that she had suffered from the gale much more than the monitor. The Commodore's solicitude for the latter during the storm can well be imagined. He had staked his reputation as a sailor upon her success. Day and night he kept his place on the wheel-house of the *Vanderbilt*, glass in hand, with a sharp lookout toward "the chicken," as the officers had christened the monitor. Signals were constantly making to inquire the condition of things on board. The response was almost uniformly cheering and satisfactory. Her decks were swept fore and aft by the sea. Not a sailor was visible there, except for a moment on some special duty, and then with a life-rope round his waist. At times the waves dashed over her turrets, almost to the top of her smoke-pipe, and an occasional intervening wave would hide her entirely from the view of one standing on the deck of the *Vanderbilt*. But she rode the sea like a bottle well corked, all right and tight below. The Commodore's only apprehension was, not that the principle of her construction would prove at fault, but that some defect of detail in her making might appear, or that some accident might befall her machinery, rendering her unmanageable. Of the power of such a vessel

to withstand the violence of the sea he was as confident in the outset as at the end of the cruise. The chief defect was discovered on reaching the tropics, in her ventilation. In bad weather, when the ports were closed, and officers and men were confined below, they were subjected to great discomfort. On arriving in port, however, the defect was partially remedied.

A passage of nine days brought us to anchor in the beautiful bay of St. Thomas. The monitor immediately became the central point of observation, and was soon surrounded by a fleet of boats filled with curious spectators from the shore. The sailors, too, from the foreign vessels, looked on wonderingly. "My eyes, what a bloody craft *that* is," exclaimed a jolly jack tar, belonging to a British man-of-war in port. Here, as elsewhere, she was more carefully inspected by naval officers, who to their knowledge of what the monitors had done against the Confederate ironclads, could now add the fact of their success in fighting the sea. Their verdict could hardly be otherwise than favorable to the naval science of the United States, and the reluctant confession was more than once made of our advance in naval warfare beyond all other nations.

The harbor of St. Thomas is said to be the finest in the West Indies, being almost landlocked, and with an abundant depth of water for the largest vessels. In the event of a foreign war, the possession of it as a coaling station and general *entrepot* for our own ships would be of incalculable value to the United States. We are not now the owners of a foot of land in the West Indies. The islands belong to England, France, Spain, and Denmark. The convenience of Nassau to the English blockade-runners during the late war may have suggested to Mr. Seward the necessity of sharing the advantages enjoyed by other nations, and may have been the occasion of his visit to St. Thomas a few months

after our squadron was there, and the rumored negotiations for its purchase. Whether the present be the most favorable time for the acquisition of foreign territory may well be doubted; but surely the sagacity of the Secretary of State in directing attention to the importance of a foothold in the West Indies cannot be questioned. This may be needed by and by for the protection of our commerce with South America and Asia, when the waters of the two great oceans shall commingle in the ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. Cuba itself could be purchased by the savings of a single year under a more honest and economical administration of public affairs.

The appearance of St. Thomas from the harbor is highly picturesque. Rising in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, the town is chiefly built upon the sloping sides of three separated hills—giving the effect of three triangles with their bases on the water, and each having for its apex a conspicuous structure of brick and stone. One of these is a grayish-looking tower, called "Blackbeard's Castle," the refuge of a famous, or rather infamous, buccaneer of former days. Many years ago, the pirates who infested the seas of this region made St. Thomas their rendezvous, affording as it did shelter and protection and sufficient commerce with the few inhabitants of the island. Another angle is made by the Governor's house, a fine dwelling of red brick. Directly beneath this is the residence of Santa Aña, who made this place his home for several years, and from which, a short time before our arrival, he had sent forth his manifesto to the Mexicans, urging resistance to the Empire of Maximilian. On another eminence near by, is the handsomest structure on the island, called by the sailors "Bluebeard's Castle," for no other reason probably than to match it with "Blackbeard's Castle." The town is

built chiefly of a light yellow colored brick, and of stone stuccoed and washed with various colors. The roofs are painted a reddish purple, thus heightening the picturesque effect given by the location and shape of the town.

To one just entering the harbor all that meets the eye is inviting. The palm trees that line the shore, the background of hills clothed in richest tropical green of varying shades; the colors, here and there deepened by the shadows cast along their sides by the passing clouds, offer a feast of beauty to eyes that for days have been confined to the wilderness of waters. One has only to put his foot on shore, however, within the thickly-settled part of the city, to be disenchanted. The town itself is for the most part poorly built, and filled with a miserably degraded population of all colors, mostly black, using a lingo of negro-English. The blood of Europeans has been mixing here with African blood for near two hundred years, and it is doubtful whether the latter has been much improved. Here and there one meets with a good-looking mulatto, or a finely-shaped negro. But the prevailing type of humanity is sadly inferior, and affords not much encouragement to those who contemplate the possible admixture of the two races in our own country. No humanitarian abstractions should lead us to slight this testimony of fact. Doubtless there are moral as well as physical causes for the degradation of the mixed populations of the West Indies and South America. The marriage-tie is lightly regarded; the moral training of children is almost unknown; the lower classes multiply and live more like brutes than human beings. So it has been, and so it is likely to be for generations to come.

While in port the squadron was visited by Santa Aña. His coming had been announced; and although his well-known character made any demonstration of honor distasteful to most of the

officers, etiquette required the usual salute of twenty-one guns due to an ex-President. In person the General is tall and of rather commanding presence. His physiognomy, however, does not belie his reputation for lust and craft and treachery. His house is called the harem, and his life outrages the moral sense even of St. Thomas.

After a week's anchorage the squadron set sail again for Cayenne, South America—our course taking us in sight of the islands of St. Dominic, St. Christopher, Barbadoes, and Martinique. The passage was a delightful one. Our eyes were feasted by the sight of the lofty mountain summits and rich green slopes of the western coast of Martinique, as we sailed along some two miles distant through a sea of glass and under a cloudless sky. This was the New World to Columbus, for the islands around us were among the first that he discovered, and we could well imagine the rapture with which he gazed upon their beauties. On the twenty-sixth of November we approached the Salut Islands off the port of Cayenne, in French Guiana, South America. The depth of water not being sufficient near the town, we anchored close under a little island, some twenty miles distant. One of the vessels, however, the *Tuscarora*, steamed up to Cayenne. This is a penal settlement of the French, containing some three or four thousand convicts. On the island near us were about a thousand more, guarded by a hundred soldiers. We learned that Orsini, who attempted the life of Napoleon, was confined there—but were not allowed to see him, his confinement being close and rigorous, and therefore, in this climate, little less than a lingering death. The convicts are variously employed: some in the building of roads, fortifications, and terraces; others, in the different mechanical trades. Houses sufficiently comfortable are erected for them, and their hours of labor are not

unreasonable. When not at work they are allowed to go about the island, enjoying all the freedom that its narrow limits can give. They attend religious services in a neat little chapel, and when sick are kindly cared for in the hospital. On the whole, so far as one could observe, they are humanely treated while conforming to the discipline and regulations of the island. For misconduct they are imprisoned, or put in irons, in which also they are compelled to labor. The officers in charge were uniformly courteous; and our visit to the island would have left only the most favorable impression of French kindness and humanity, but for a single melancholy incident.

While standing on the quarter-deck of the *Vanderbilt* one evening, in conversation with the First Lieutenant, I was startled by the cry of a "*man overboard.*" I listened for an instant, and could distinctly hear a voice as of one struggling in the water. The Lieutenant immediately gave the order to lower a boat, and in another minute one was in the water, making toward the man, whose head was now visible some thirty or forty feet from the ship. Before the boat reached him I distinguished the word "*American*" repeatedly uttered with a sound unlike the tone of one of our own men. My surmise that he was a convict trying to escape proved correct. The poor fellow was soon brought aboard, nearly exhausted, with no other clothing than a pair of thin pants rolled above the knees. The Commodore and Captain hearing the commotion, had come on deck, and the man was at once brought before them. His story was soon told. He had been a soldier in the French army and was sentenced to transportation for ten years for knocking down a corporal who had insulted him. His time was nearly out, but he had no hope of returning, for no one who came here ever found his way back. He supposed that under the American

flag he would find liberty and protection, and had accordingly ventured, under cover of the night, to swim out to the ship. His desire for liberty must have been strong indeed! for if retaken, he was sure to be shot, and in swimming to the ship he had run great risk of being devoured by the sharks, with which the harbor abounds. When told that he could not remain on board, but must go back to the island, his face was the very picture of woe. He quietly answered that he should be shot if his attempt at escape were discovered; but the tones of his voice, no less than his look, indicated the agony of the poor fellow's mind. Every heart, both among officers and men, was moved with sympathy; but no alternative was possible. We were in a French port, partaking of its hospitalities. We could not interfere with its laws, nor harbor those whom we knew to be amenable to them as criminals. Of this the Commodore told the man, at the same time assuring him of his sympathy and willingness to do all in his power for him. The choice was then given him either to stay on board over night and be sent back in the morning, or to return immediately. He chose to go at once, hoping to be in his place again before the roll was called for the night. Accordingly the boat was lowered, and he was taken ashore to a part of the island the farthest distant from the usual landing-place. The night, however, was not dark, and the guard on shore must have watched the movement; for the next day we heard that he had been taken and shot. Visiting the island that day with one of the officers, as we stood before the chapel witnessing the funeral service of three deceased convicts, whose remains were near the chapel door, I expressed to my companion the fear that the body of the poor fellow of the night before was in one of the coffins. So, alas! it proved. The laws of the island were inexorable. In the light of early morning he had

been led out by a band of soldiers to his doom, and the heart that panted with the desire of liberty a few hours before, had ceased to beat forever. Let us hope that his wish was found in death; that the prayers said over his dead body were heard by the Good Father above, and that in the divine justice and mercy his soul has found a refuge from the cruel severity of which he was the victim here. "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter." The event I

have narrated gave rise to sundry very animated discussions among the officers of the squadron. Some insisted that the duty we owed to society, no less than comity to the French Government, required the immediate delivery of the convict to the authorities on the island. Others held that we ought not to have refused him the protection of our flag, and that we had no right to treat him as a criminal, except upon legal proof and a formal requisition. The majority, however, sustained the Commodore in refusing to harbor a confessed convict, and after treating him kindly on board, simply returning him to the place of his own choice on the island.

CHINESE "FUNERAL BAKED MEATS."

THERE is much that is sentimental; indeed, there is true poetry in the manner of burial which some of our American Indians give their deceased friends, in the place and occupations which their fancy paints in the realms where departed spirits live again, and in the longings of their own souls still to commune with the dead. In this way they cultivate the habit of day dreamers, encouraging their imagination to surround them with their lost loved ones, or in the solitudes of the forests, where there are no sounds but the moaning winds, they fancy to themselves their own spirits taking wing to soar away amongst the clouds and beyond the azure sky. When the young brave follows to her long resting-place the remains of her who but recently was his bride, and while a congregation of Indians, young and old, stand around as erect and as mute as the trees in those dark woods, the widowed husband himself fills up the grave, and builds over it a little hut, apparently unwilling that any other hand should share with

his in these last offices for the departed.

There is something affecting in the sight of a decrepit, gray-haired Indian going daily to kindle a fire beside the newly-made grave of the wife who, having served him for scores of years, has now gone over to the happy hunting grounds before him. Here, for many days after the decease, he spreads her morning and evening meal, and here he waits for her, and seems to be conversing with her. There was sentiment also in that nature which suggested the hut itself as a fitting tomb for the wife — which suggested that the house made desolate and dark by the going out of that life which had been the light of this solitary cabin in the little clearing in the wilds, should be closed forever, and be never more profaned by subjecting it to the uses of ordinary life; and therefore her grave is dug beneath the floor, the door and windows battened up, a high fence built around this mausoleum, while another cabin is constructed for the bereaved family.

In like manner there is much that is

pleasing in the care bestowed by the Chinese upon the burial-places of their dead, and in the various devices for preserving the fragrance of their memory. The deceased are spoken of as "having departed," "passed from this world," as "not here," or as "having left this dusty earth," and as "gone to heaven." So delicately do they touch upon the subject of death. Various devices have been invented to perpetuate the memory of departed ones; such as by portraits hung up in the house; by tablets on which are inscribed the names and titles of the deceased; the tomb itself and the inscription upon it; the room or niche in the dwelling entirely devoted to the spirits of ancestors and departed members of the family; the remembrance of these departed spirits at all times of family rejoicings; the provisions made for them at the season of the New Year's festival the same as though they were present and personally participating in the festivities; but especially by the annual festival in the spring of the year called the "pure and resplendent festival;" when the gates of the tombs and of Hades are supposed to be unbarred and left open for the space of thirty days, to give liberty to all the spirits to revisit the earth, to mingle once more in former scenes and to be regaled by the feasts which the living may make for them, and to carry back with them to the region of *Shades* the supplies which it is supposed they will need till the gates shall be opened again. At this season all who can command the means visit their ancestral burial-places in families, spend much time in repairing them, and sometimes in planting flowers and trimming the trees and shrubbery; and people who see only these marks of respect for the dead, and know not how much idolatry is mixed with it, see nothing which is reprehensible but much that is commendable. When, however, we become acquainted with some of their supersti-

tions respecting the dead, and when we know that they not only presume that the souls of those who have left the world need to be fed and clothed and amused the same as while in the body, but that they also fear their wrath or seek their aid, and therefore worship them with religious rites and address petitions to them, our admiration changes to pity. Some of these superstitions the residents of California have had opportunities of observing, but the exact meaning of many of these funeral ceremonies may not be generally understood.

In the treatment of those nigh unto death there is sometimes that which seems inexplicable, for in one case those about making their exchange of worlds are waited upon with great tenderness, and the best room in the house assigned them as the place in which the last act of life's drama shall be performed; while in another case the dying one seems to be almost entirely abandoned by former associates, and some desolate corner, a place in the cellar, or an out-house is given him as the place where his dying bed shall be made.

It is indeed sad to see what we sometimes have to witness—a poor, friendless mortal that has fought life's many battles and fought them to the end, to find himself at last without a comfortable place to lay his worn-out, aching body; no friends to minister to him during the days of increasing weakness and in the hour of dissolution. And why is there such treatment of some of the sick who are supposed to be near to death? The reason is, because those within whose house or upon whose premises a person may die will be under the necessity of making provision for his burial; (if there are not relatives or friends to do it) for if they refuse to do this they may expect to be troubled by the spirit of the deceased. There are also bad omens connected with death,

which none are willing to have about their houses if it can be avoided.

The body after death is laid upon the floor. The precise reason for this very few will undertake to tell; but when an aged Chinaman accounted for the practice by quoting from some of their books the phrase, "born of the earth and changed back again to earth," we fancied that we saw a trace of tradition following down through all the generations since the guilty pair in Paradise heard their sentence, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." While lying on the ground or on the floor it is that the soul or souls are supposed to be taking their departure from their original tenement. The Chinese speak of the "three souls and seven spirits" of a person. The first, or three *Wan*, are the spiritual soul, and are supposed to be the energy of the *Yang* or the male principal of the *Dual powers*; while the seven *Peh*, or the animal soul, are supposed to partake of the *Yin*, or the female principal of the *Dual powers*; these are sometimes defined as the "powers or faculties of the senses, nervous perceptions, and animal spirits as distinguished from the reason."

No Chinaman can give us a very clear account as to the disposition of all these souls and spirits after death; but in some parts of the country there is this belief, viz: that of the three souls, one abides with the body and the coffin, and hovers about the tomb; the second takes up its abode in the ancestral tablet, and is the spirit which is worshipped in the hall of ancestors; and the third goes direct to appear before the king, who is represented as holding his court in the infernal regions. There this soul is judged, and the sentence is passed according to the character and deeds of the person while living, or according to the intercessions and offerings made for it by survivors.

Rites for the dead vary somewhat in different parts of the country. In some

places while the body is on the ground and the souls are departing, a Taoist priest is employed to chant portions of their ritual, accompanied with the beating of gongs and drums and the explosion of powder-crackers. The noise of drums, gongs, and crackers is for the purpose of frightening away evil spirits. The firing of guns and crackers, however, is not common amongst the Cantonese at their funerals, we are told.

After death articles of food are placed near the body; abundant or meagre according to the ability of the friends. These are supposed to be for the supply of the departed spirit. Some of the provisions are presented to the mouth of the deceased by the oldest son, or if there is no son present, then by some other near relative or friend, who kneels beside the body while feeding the spirit.

Large sums are often expended in dressing the body for its journey to the world of spirits. The best suit is put on, or new garments are provided throughout, and of costly materials where there is sufficient means to meet the expense; and where there are not means, cheaper materials are used, and even garments of paper have been employed, which may be put together in such a way as to resemble clothing very closely.

Much solicitude is expended on the subject of the "longevity boards," or coffin; the desire being to procure that which is most durable. In China the aged often provide coffins for themselves beforehand, or sons make presents of this article to their parents, thus furnishing a proof of filial regard, and putting at rest any solicitude of the parent lest when dead there might not be funds sufficient to procure the "longevity boards," and furnish them a becoming burial.

When the body is washed, dressed, and prepared for the coffin, and covered with a white cloth, tables of provisions are set for the regaling of this particular spirit, and also to appease

such other spirits as may be hovering around. Among these provisions there must be five kinds of animal food uncooked, and the five kinds which are cooked; also a variety of cakes and dishes of vegetables, with fruits, wine, and tea. The spectator may notice whole fowls and fish fantastically ornamented; also a pig's head, or an entire hog; with pyramids of cakes and fruits, and vases of flowers. All these are borne to the grave at the time of the interment, where they are again arranged in order, and suffered to remain awhile as an offering to the dead, and are then brought home to furnish a repast to the family and friends.

Before the body is placed in the coffin, and while the offerings remain upon the tables, mourning women are gathered around, who cause the air to resound with their wailings. The wife, concubines, and daughters-in-law, or any friend, may join in these wailings; but often there are only hired mourners.

These lamentations are exceedingly lugubrious, and are a mixture of sobbing, of eulogies of the dead, and of regrets for the bereavement, and deprecating the sad lot of those who have been robbed of a friend, or of a support and provider. The speeches are generally improvised; but sometimes are according to formulas which have long been used, and which have been wailed over myriads of corpses.

Any relation or friend who is so disposed may contribute his quota to these audible demonstrations of grief; and one will say: "O, thou departed one, I am thy relative; this day hast thou suddenly deceased. Never can our affection perish; it is impossible to restrain weeping; from this time never more may we behold thee. In the parting our heart is torn; but we hope that after death thy soul has joy and peace, having ascended to the heavenly palace, there continually to confer prosperity on thy children and grand-child-

dren. While in life, all thy dealings with men were benevolent and righteous; with an upright heart dwelling amongst men, performing thy business with wisdom. By right, heaven ought to have prolonged thy age to a hundred years. Wherefore then by this one sickness art thou already dead? We are thy relatives, we are thy friends; and how shall not our bowels be sundered by the force of our distress and lamentations! Alas, alas!"

When one mourner ceases another commences and chants his or her dirge, and says: "Alas, alas! Why was it not I that had died rather than be doomed to remain in the land of the living, an inheritor of trouble and grief, while thou art removed? Thou, so talented and wise; thou oughtest to have been spared to become an officer of the empire, even as a pillar of the royal palace." And perhaps another adds: "O, thou oughtest to have been spared to thy native town, the hope of the inhabitants, and to whom they look. Thou wast one who wert able to teach thy sons all righteousness, and all upright measures. But now thou art gone. Alas, alas!"

We have been told that it is not an uncommon occurrence for old family troubles to be referred to in some indirect way, as when a secondary wife (with no occasion for the use of counterfeited sorrow) will wail out: "Ah me! Who now will take my part when oppressed by the mistress?" and as when the daughter-in-law sobs out her apprehensions of increased tyranny from the mother-in-law, by saying: "Alas! what will become of me since my only friend is departed?"

At Chinese funerals in San Francisco these hired mourning women are sometimes put into carriages to follow the body to the grave. They may be known by the white garments and white hoods which they wear—white being the funeral color.

In many cases a band of Chinese musicians is employed to join in the procession, and escort the deceased to his last resting-place. Whatever may be the design in furnishing this music, we outside barbarians are apt to regard it as better adapted to frighten away evil spirits than to furnish agreeable entertainment to a disembodied soul.

Funerals of aged men, or dignitaries, which are designed to be very impressive, often have one or more young men following the hearse on foot. These represent the sons of the deceased, and are dressed scantily in some coarse fabric of dirty white; they are barefooted, leaning upon a cane, and go bowing down with their face towards the earth, being supported by a friend on either side. All this is emblematical not only of their crushing sorrow, but also of the irreparable loss sustained by the family; intimating that now as the head and support of the house is removed, the survivors will be left without a provider, and must therefore pursue the remainder of life's journey in poverty and sorrow.

Those strips of brown paper, pierced with holes, to represent strings of copper coin, and which are scattered in such profusion as a Chinese funeral *cortège* proceeds to the place of interment, are denominated "money for buying the road."

The theory is, that everywhere there may be hungry or ill-disposed spirits who have it in their power to stop on the way the spirit of the deceased, or by other means to interfere and prevent his peaceful settlement at the tomb provided for him; therefore this paper, representing money, is scattered everywhere along the road to buy from the vagrant spirits the right of way.

At the place of sepulture those provisions previously mentioned are again arranged before the grave; and libations of wine and tea are poured out; and large supplies of money, clothing,

and other things, supposed to be needed by the deceased in the world to which he has gone, are sent on after him. The money is paper cut and folded so as to represent gold and silver bars, or copper cash; and this is burned in large amounts. Paper is made into boxes to represent chests of clothing. There may be paper servants, also a sedan chair with its bearers; and all these are burned and thus sent over into the world of spirits. While the corpse remained in the house, before the funeral, these images and paper representations of furniture were arranged around the body; the servants being represented as in the act of waiting upon their master.

We have mentioned but a few of the most prominent and common customs of the Chinese in the burying of their dead, as they are witnessed in this city. Were we to give a full account of all the superstitions and practices, in relation to the dead as they are learned by living amongst this people in their own land, a good-sized volume would be needed to contain the record of them. After the death there are at certain intervals days prescribed for renewed mourning; and each day has its prescribed ceremonies.

We have noticed that the fourteenth day after the decease of a friend is often observed as a day of renewed mourning; then each recurring thirtieth day, for the space of a year; and then afterwards each anniversary is remembered by the family as a day of mourning and of making offerings to the dead. It is, however, necessary to remark that the mourning rites are varied according to the age and relative position of the deceased. Parents are most lamented, and the offerings to their manes are the most abundant, and the anniversaries of their death longest remembered; while the young members of a family are buried with comparatively little ceremony; and

young girls and infants receive very little attention, either in the burial or afterwards.

Children wear mourning for parents for the space of three years ; and this badge of mourning is whitish, or slate-colored garments with a white collar, and a white cord braided into the cue. During the latter part of this season of mourning the white collar and white cord are exchanged for those which are colored blue.

During the first forty-nine days of mourning there may be seen suspended on the wall of the room formerly occupied by the deceased some form of elegy, such as the following: "While thou wert living we rejoiced ; but now, being dead, it is impossible for us not to wail. We are cut off from the hearing of thy voice, and thy form no more may we meet again. How many times we cry with mournful voice and lacerated hearts, and pearly tears dropping to the earth." Another is like this: "After thy departure we remember what thou wast while living. It shames us that we are not able more fully to record thy virtues. Approaching thy funeral car, we only have grief and tears to offer."

It is not uncommon to mingle with these expressions of praise for the dead and grief for their own bereavement, some petitions to the deceased, that as he has opportunity he will personally aid or employ his intercession in behalf of his surviving relatives or friends. Prayers are addressed to ancestors, imploring them to appear for the curing of diseases, to avert calamities, and in whatever way they may be able, to bestow prosperity and happiness upon their posterity.

A full discussion of this subject, viz : the care bestowed upon the dead and the provisions made for the souls of the departed, would require us to give an account of the Buddhist doctrine, of purgatory, and of the transmigration of souls ; of the Tauists' notions respecting

spirits—their agency and interference in human affairs, and the methods of dealing with them. It would require also that we describe the whole manner of, and the reasons for, ancestral worship, which is older than the religions of Buddha and Tau. No such task, however, do we propose to undertake at present.

That religion of which we have spoken as more ancient than either that of Buddha or Tau, included the worship of heaven and earth, the gods of the land and grain, of the hills and rivers, and the spirits of ancestors. The worship of the sages and of the Emperor has been added to the list of objects worshipped. While, however, there are these separate sects, still it is very seldom indeed we may meet with a Chinaman who has not his head full of the superstitions of all the three. All Chinamen worship ancestors ; all live in dread of the spirits ; scarce any are sure that there may not be purgatorial torments, or that they may not be doomed to myriads of births in an unending series of transmigrations. Without enlarging upon either of these topics, this much it seemed necessary to say in order to furnish a clue to reasons for the various rites performed for the dead, and we will in what follows speak merely of two or three additional ceremonies of the Chinese in behalf of the deceased, and respecting which questions are so often asked.

On the second month of the Chinese year, and twenty-fourth day, corresponding to April fourth of our calendar, which day this year occurred on the Sabbath, every man, woman, and child in the Chinese quarter seemed to be excited about something. Great numbers of hacks and baggage-wagons were standing at their doors, and all day long there were streams of vehicles going and returning on the Lone Mountain road ; and every wagon, besides its load of human beings, carried a baked hog, with trays of provisions of various kinds,

and baskets of paper money, candles, and incense.

What was the cause of that extraordinary excitement? That was *Tsing Ming*, the pure and resplendent festival. It was the day on which the doors of the tombs and the gates of Hades were thrown open, and all the spirits were set at liberty, and granted an entire month's holiday; therefore all their surviving relatives, friends, and neighbors hastened to meet them on their coming forth, with congratulations, with feasting, and presents, and gayety.

One hundred and twenty-six hogs had previously been selected at the butchers for the occasion; these were baked whole in their large ovens, having been previously prepared by boning and spicing. The chickens, ducks, and fish made ready for the day were in much greater numbers, with an unlimited amount of pastry, fruit, and wine.

A visit to the Chinese burying-ground on the following day would give one some idea of what had been done by the worshippers at the tombs on Sunday. Before the vault in which some of their dead are deposited, and all around amongst the graves, were piles of ashes, where had been burned the paper money; half-burned candles and stumps of incense sticks standing everywhere showed what an amount of money must have been expended on these articles; heaps of boiled rice lay here and there; for it seems that a more abundant meal was provided than the spirits were able to consume. Each company of worshippers had spread out their provisions before the graves of their own dead, had poured out libations of wine upon the ground, had repaired the tombs, and had prostrated themselves, and bowed in the various attitudes of worship before the graves, and had said some form of prayer. Before leaving the place they had scattered broadcast many handfuls of rice, and sprinkled wine upon the ground around them,

which might be appropriated by any forlorn spirits who had no friends or kindred to meet and feast them.

The Chinese spirits at Lone Mountain appear to be as clannish as are their surviving relatives in the city; for the dead of the different companies lie in separate enclosures.

Those poor women, the courtesans, while their bodies are buried amongst the people of whose district they were natives, yet is there a separate tablet and a rude altar erected to their memory; which tablet and altar are enclosed with a wall; and here also were the evidences that expensive sacrifices had been offered to feast the spirits of these unfortunates.

This worship at the tombs is designed to be not only for the benefit of those who have recently deceased, but for the whole line of ancestors, reaching back to the very beginning, even to the original parents of the family.

The sacrifices and prayers are offered and the worship rendered to the entire line of ancestors in the one ceremony. Written prayers are sometimes laid upon the tomb, and left there till the spirits may have sufficient time to consider them, or until the winds tear them to fragments. We add here a specimen of such prayers: "I — —, (say, I, Wong Ah Ching) in behalf of this family, (or this company of individuals) with sincerity of purpose, present these hogs and sheep and fowls and the five cooked sacrifices, together with fruit, candles, incense, and money, with the prescribed ceremonies; and we presume to announce that — and — and — (mentioning the names of the several worshippers) are now before thy tomb, and are saying *thus*: 'Ages following in their order, a flowing stream of years, it has come so quickly to the second month of this present spring; following down far from the origin, (from the head of the ancestral line) yet not so far as to obliterate our memory of our

ancestors. With exceeding circumspection we take now the offerings and presents, our annual sacrifices, praying and expecting that illustrious blessings will be conferred upon *us* your posterity. Our ancestors have souls; let them now descend and accept these offerings."

The worship being ended, and the tombs having been repaired, the barbecued hog and other provisions are gathered up, and the party returns home to spend the remainder of the day in feasting upon that portion of the meats which the spirits have been unable to devour; and not unlikely some portions of the "golden pig" may find their way back to the butcher's shop again, to be "sold in the shambles."

The belief that the disembodied spirit needs such attentions from survivors leads the Chinaman to make provision, should he die away from home, that his remains may be conveyed back to his native village, where kindred to remote generations may visit the resting-place of his ashes, and minister to the wants of the spirit, which it is hoped may be called home by the ceremonies appointed for this purpose, and which are employed in the case of those who die abroad.

In their native country also is the ancestral temple, in which are deposited the ancestral tablets of the family, or the clan, and which is thrown open for feasting, or worship, or theatrical performances, at certain seasons which are memorable in that particular family. Such entertainments are supposed to be gratifying to the spirits, and will propitiate their favor.

The want of ancestral temples in California is, to a certain extent, supplied by a provision which is made by the several companies. In each of the *Ui Kuns*, or company houses, a room is devoted to the dead. Instead of separate tablets for each individual that has deceased, the name of the person whose

death has been reported is inscribed on one common tablet, and before the constantly increasing mortuary record an altar is erected, and above the altar a lamp is suspended, the light of which must never go out. Here relatives and fellow villagers come to drop a tear, and to present the offerings to the souls of those whose fathers and mothers, wives and children have long been waiting their return, but who wait in vain.

Besides the attentions paid to their own dead there remain, as is supposed, myriads of souls who have no surviving friends to care for them. "Orphan souls," "wandering souls." Not only does the feeling of benevolence prompt them to devise measures to meet the necessities of such friendless spirits, but self-interest also; because these souls, as is believed, have it in their power to torment and harm whomsoever they may harbor spite against; and if allowed to remain houseless, or hungry and naked, they may follow with persecutions those who might have relieved them but did not. For this reason the fourteenth day of the seventh month of every year is set apart as the festival for vagrant, orphan, and pauper spirits, when the streets of every Chinese city, village, and borough are decorated with miniature garments made of paper; when feasts are spread by the road-side; when bands of music are employed to regale the ears of the spirits with notes they once delighted in, and which they are believed still to love; and when priests are employed to chant prayers for the release of any friendless souls still shut up in purgatory. Such occasions do not pass without the consumption of large amounts of fire-crackers, paper money, incense, and candles, accompanied with ceremonies and noises already far too familiar to the ears of all who have resided long in the neighborhood of these people so mad upon their idols.

Partly because of the Chinaman's love for his native land, and the desire that his last resting-place shall be where the ashes of his kindred lie, but principally in order that his bones may receive from his relatives and descendants the attentions which are above described, it is that so much solicitude is exhibited that the remains of those who die abroad may be returned for final interment in the ancient tombs. Consequently a large portion of the Chinese in California have secured this object by the prepayment of a special sum to their *Ui Kín*, or to some independent association, which guarantees to find the body wherever it may be buried, and at the proper time to send it to his friends. The reception of the body, or the ashes, and its reinterment when it arrives in China, involve a considerable expense. Also there must be religious ceremonies to lure home the spirit, as well as the care in bringing home the body, so that, as we see, it must cost a large amount for a Chinaman to die and to get finally laid down where "the weary may be at rest."

Perhaps there is no thought more prominent in a Chinaman's mind than this which concerns his future condition. In China, as before remarked, old people in some instances buy coffins for themselves long before they need them; and filial sons present coffins to their parents against the day of their departure. Likewise many prayers are said, alms given, and good works performed,

in order to procure a favorable reception in the world of spirits; but above all there is a desire for male children, and descendants who may perpetuate the family line, and so secure the ancestral offerings from generation to generation, and thus on forever.

From the evidence here presented, few, we think, will doubt that the spirits of the Chinese dead, if they still retain the animal appetites and human sensibilities unrefined, have any ground of complaint that their surviving friends or descendants have not done all that was in their power to secure for them an eternity of bliss according to their estimate as to what constitutes the essence of bliss; nevertheless, much as we ourselves might relish a savory dish of pig and chicken, none of us, we think, would be willing to exchange the anticipations of a paradise in which hunger, thirst, and carnal desires may never more torment us, for a heaven of tinsel money, tallow candles, paper garments, boiled rice, and samshu, with Chinese theatricals and Buddhistic mummeries intermingled. Neither is there one of us who does not admire the earnestness with which they endeavor to make provision for a future state, while at the same time it makes us very sad to see how utterly mistaken they are. There is room for them all in that place where "the many mansions be," and there is a power which is able to fit them for companionship with prophets and apostles.

THE MAN WITH A HOLE IN HIS HEAD.

WHEN the noon-day summer sun pours its rays into the shallow hollow of Mooney Flat, it is an exceedingly uncomfortable and heated place. On all sides rise the dull, dry ridges of those lesser heights of the Sierra Nevada, known as the foot-hills, crowned with a sparse growth of scrubby oaks and pines—and scarcely hiding the brick-red soil, parched and baked by the long summer heats. The dry grass shades off the feeble tones of the foliage into the buff and white dust of the only road that winds through the straggling village. Here and there on the hill-sides are gaping, empty mouths of disused and useless tunnels—dumb orators that preach to the passer-by of man's hopes and man's disappointments. Below are empty houses, once tenanted by the sanguine men who had hoped to "strike it rich" in those tunnels which now yawn wearily on the bare slopes above; and here and there are dotted in a few habitations of those who earn a precarious living in the gold diggings which still lure on the workers in the gulches and creeks that run among the serrated ridges around the flat valley in which the village lies. The settlement has a sorrowful and seedy look. And when the Nevada stage dashes through the place, going down at morning, or going up at night, it is pitiful to see the dejected air of unresisted decay into which it relapses as soon as the slight agitation of its temporary wakefulness has passed away. The unpainted miners' cabins, brown with age and warped with dryness; the dull dustiness which pervades the village; the frayed-out and unravelled appearance of the groups of houses; the utter absence of all verdure—these all make

the barren, lifeless little hamlet a most uninviting spot.

And as Obed Murch sat sprawled out on a huge granite boulder at the top of Poverty Ridge, his rock-hammer in one hand and his tamping-iron in the other, he thought that Mooney Flat had never looked so repulsive, so unlike his native village of Penobscot, in Maine, as now. The sun poured wearily down into the flat basin below him, deluging the whole hollow with blinding light. Not a breath of air was stirring; and from the ragged chimneys of the shanties rose straight up the thin blue smoke that told of twelve o'clock dinners within. A few panting goats were huddled under the shade of a lone pine-tree standing in the midst of the village—a sign-post for the whisky-shop, and crowned with a topmast which had once supported a rather worn National flag. Obed could see across the hot waste of hill below him the door of his humble cabin wide open; the white tablecloth gleaming within, and Priscilla flitting to and fro. Obed was a family-man, and had married Priscilla two years ago, when he was getting out lumber at Puget Sound. And as he lifted up his hammer to strike a few more blows on the tamping-iron, he looked down at the granite boulder on which he sat, and wondered if ever he should earn a better home for her than she now had in dull Mooney Flat, where he was blasting stone, and generally "lumping about" for a livelihood. He sighed drearily; and, as he thought of the poor prospect before him, he gave an awkward sideling blow with his hammer—for there was a tear in his eye, and it bothered him. There was a quick puff of smoke—a tearing shriek

of a small explosion—and before Obed Murch could wipe the tear from his eye, he lay flat on his back with his heels in the air, and a clean hole cut from under his chin to the top of his head, where the slender tamping-iron had gone through bone, muscle, brain, skull, and scalp.

“Dead as a mackerel.”

This was the verdict of a rough miner who, coming down with his comrades from the gulch above, saw the premature explosion of Obed’s blast and the attendant catastrophe. And to all appearances Obed was as near his grave as a man could well be without having exchanged his work-day garb for the spotless raiment in which most men are sent to their last resting-place. So the miners, a little subdued by this untimely taking-off of their neighbor, shouldered him tenderly and carried him down the hill, Hy Fender loitering along in the rear, curiously regarding the fatal tool in his hand, and wondering if a man could live after a tamping-iron, twenty-two inches long and one-half of an inch in diameter, had gone clean through his head.

But Obed Murch was still alive. When his wife Priscilla came to the door to wave a towel as a signal to her husband that his dinner was ready, and saw six men bringing home her husband, with one following behind like a solitary mourner, she knew exactly what had happened, and turned back into the house, shoved the unneeded dinner-table against the wall, made ready the neat white bed in the corner for the wounded man; and when the sad procession had crossed the dusty road and crowded in at the narrow doorway, she asked: “Is he badly hurt?”

“Dead as a mackerel.”

Mooney Flat is not favorable to the growth of sentiment; and Jotham Snowman, the deliverer of this verdict, was unsentimental—and unmarried. Priscilla did not weep, nor moan, nor shriek.

She helped to lay her husband gently on his bed, and turning to the last speaker, she said: “Now you, Jotham, jest you get Squire Thornton’s pony, and ride over to Timbuctoo after Dr. Otis as quick as God’ll let you.” Jotham departed straight; and the Squire’s yellow pony was making a white cloud of dust on the Empire Ranch ridge as Priscilla sat down by the bedside and bathed her husband’s face in spirits of camphor. This was all the poor woman could do; and the gossips, who gathered in to sympathize with the mourner, curiously eyed the round red hole in the top of the head—but suggested no remedy nor other restorative. Obed lay motionless, but not quite breathless; and the silent group waited for the doctor—a mighty man of physic, who had brought many a hopeless case from death’s door before now.

It was dark when Dr. Otis, after a long and exhausting attendance by the bedside of the supposed dying man, stepped out into the cool evening air. Obed’s fate had been canvassed in every cabin of the village; and nothing but a sublime confidence in Dr. Otis’s power to work miracles had prevented the populace from sending out two of their number to Dead Man’s Gulch to dig a grave. Three or four miners and axemen sat whittling on the logs as the doctor came out; and Hy Fender asked: “Well, now; has he passed in his checks?” The doctor smiled good-naturedly, and said: “It would be no surprising thing if Obed Murch would outlive you yet, Hiram.”

“What—with a hole in his head!”

“Aye—with a hole in his head from bottom to top, and clean through the brain at that. You see, the iron was small and smooth; it parted the formations of the brain, cut no large blood-vessels, did not injure the cerebral organs, and left him only senseless. I believe he will recover.”

“Well, boys,” said Jotham Snowman,

"I guess we won't dig that grave to-night; and some of you fellers had better lay round here to-night in case you're wanted."

That night Obed Murch squeezed his wife's hand when she whispered for him to give a sign if he recognized her voice. The next day he was fed with a weak broth of chicken—though the wound in his mouth pained him excessively. And in a month afterwards, he was sitting in the doorway, with all his faculties about him, contemplating with affectionate interest the smooth tamping-iron that had nearly done him to death—and with the hole in his head nicely covered by a small silver plate, over which the drawn scalp was promising to grow kindly.

And thus was death cheated of its prey by a skilful, well-trained surgeon, and a gentle, affectionate, and untiring nurse.

But the times were hard with the Murch family; and all through the long months which followed the accident, when poor Obed was laid up in ordinary for repairs, nothing but a sturdy independence of character prevented them from crying out to their neighbors that they were miserably poor. But their neighbors—kind souls!—knew exactly the state of things in the Murch cabin; and, with all the ingenuity that such exigencies call into action, they helped the Murches on one pretext and another—the recipients accepting temporary aid, which was covered with those harmless little fictions that good-hearted people can always invent for the purpose. And so when Dr. Otis came to speak about his bill for services and attendance, Priscilla felt a little tremor in spite of herself. This was a sacred debt; it was to the good doctor who had saved Obed's life.

But the doctor had his plan of settlement. "Now, Murch," said he, "you will have a louder call some of these days. We have all our time to die;

yours was not when that iron went up through your head; but it will come by and by. I'm getting gray, I know, but I may outlive you. You may get blowed up yet; and as you will have no special use for that curious head of yours, why, I'll call it square if you will agree to let me have it after you have got through with it."

This staggered Murch not a little; and his wife was disposed to resent such a proposition. But after contemplating it curiously for a day or two, both agreed; and Dr. Otis gave Obed a receipt for all services rendered, absolutely declining to take any written agreement as to the novel means of payment—laughingly declaring that if Obed's word, attested by Obed's wife, was not good for Obed's skull, when he was done using it, a formal document would be no better.

The curious facts in Murch's case got into the newspapers, and two medical journals recorded the singular fact of a man's brain being perforated by an iron rod without any fatal result. Consequently, when he went to the large town of Emilyville to live, he was the object of much remark and curiosity, and he thought this odd sort of notoriety rather helped him in his attempts to win a livelihood, for in some way or another things prospered with him and he got even with the world in spite of his drawbacks. In a few years after he went to Emilyville he had made himself a comfortable home, something like that which he had once known in old Maine, he thought, except this one was in the midst of a broad, flat valley, and the sharp and snowy mountains were distant against a far-off horizon instead of hanging broodingly about the town.

Murch had made a good many friends in his new home, and when Priscilla was taken down one summer with a fever, there were kind and sympathizing hands extended to help the childless couple in their trouble. One of the

neighbors ran for a doctor who had lately moved into Emilyville, and had already made for himself a considerable name. Obed had had no sickness in his home and knew nothing of the physician of the town; and he was not a little astonished when the new doctor proved to be no less than his old friend Otis—who had a mortgage on the skull of his old patient. Obed Murch was not a weak man, but the idea that he had promised his head to a living man, in advance of his own decease, had grown of late years to be very unpleasant to him, and so when Dr. Otis walked into his humble home in Emilyville so unexpectedly, he was not a little taken aback and was almost sorry to meet him. The cheery doctor, however, shook him heartily by the hand, and divining his thoughts, said good-naturedly: "Never you mind, Obed, you are not sent for yet; and your head is good for as many years on those shoulders as this one is on mine," shaking his own gray locks. Obed denied all fear upon that point, but acknowledged that he had uneasy thoughts sometimes when he recollected his strange bargain.

Afterwards, when the doctor came out of Priscilla's sick chamber, he said gravely to Obed: "My old friend, your time is not come yet, but Priscilla is called." This was a sad blow to Obed, and he did not let go his hold on his beloved wife with much resignation. Priscilla was not a gentle woman, and sometimes her language had been rough with Obed; but she was his true, loving, and honorable wife, and her counsels had been his guide in life. So when she was passing away and reminded him of what he had owed to Dr. Otis, he listened awe-struck, as to a voice from out the grave.

"Remember," said Priscilla, "if it hadn't been for Otis you would have gone five years before me. He saved your life, and you must n't go back on

your promise to him. We made it together, and if I had outlived you I meant to see it kept. He has set his heart on't. Whoever comes after you must do your will in this matter." Obed promised; he meant to keep his word, and perhaps it was not his fault that he never did. And when he laid Priscilla in the bleak cemetery of Emilyville, he made up his mind to write his will so that his wishes might be known to those who should come after him. But men dislike making their wills.

Priscilla's death unsettled Murch once more; and, selling out his little property, he went back to Puget Sound, where he had wooed and won her whom he had so lately lost. Perhaps there was some vague fancy that he might find her again where he had first met her; at any rate, he was soon working in his old haunts again, and, strange to say, he took unto himself a second wife—Phœbe Morey by name; and there, where he had begun life with her who had gone, he began again with a new partner. Very different was Phœbe from her predecessor. Light, trifling, vain, and superficial, she led the steady-going Obed a life much changed from what he had known before. She was tired of this isolated existence among the saw-mills of the Sound, and continually teased her husband, as she had teased her lover, to take her back to California, where they might live happily in some large town.

Eating his solitary luncheon at noon one day, Obed saw the open doorway of the saw-mill darken, and looking up, beheld Dr. Otis. A little chill passed over him as he greeted his old-time preserver, but he managed to put a pleasant face on the matter, and found that the doctor had been, like himself, a rolling stone, and had finally bent his steps to the new territory as a more promising region for a professional man. Obed was really bothered at the sudden appearance of him who had a claim

on his head, and when he went home to his supper that night his wife pouted and fretted because he was silent and glum, and would give no explanation therefor. His story had gone with him, and during the few years which had passed since he returned to Puget Sound, he had established something of an eccentric fame as "The Man with a Hole in his Head." Often had he good-naturedly allowed his prying neighbors to feel the silver plate under his scalp, and had showed them the scar hidden among the bushy whiskers that covered the place where the tamping-iron had passed up through his head from under his chin. But not even his wife knew of the bargain which he had made with Dr. Otis. Still, he meant to keep it all the same.

Obed could not very well avoid meeting Dr. Otis in the little village where they both lived now. Perhaps he did not care to avoid him; still, he would have preferred not being reminded of such an unpleasant thing as his antemortem disposition of his own head; and he never saw the good doctor without thinking of the chances which there might be of the cool scientific man some day turning over his empty skull, as Hamlet might have handled poor Yorick's. And he wondered in his own mind if the doctor would find anything curious about his wounded brain, and so desire to keep that in spirits. And he made a ghastly joke to himself, as he thought of the intoxicating liquor going to his brain. Only once did he mention the unpleasant topic to the doctor; and then it was that he suggested that he was able to pay that old bill now, if the doctor would make it out for him.

"But," said Otis, good-humoredly, "you have a receipted bill; what more do you want?"

"True," said Obed; "but you may never get the consideration given for

that receipt; and I had rather pay it now in coin and have done with it."

The doctor laughed, and said: "Never you mind; my consideration was your promise, and I'll run the risk of your keeping it." "What! man," he added, more gravely, "have you repented of your bargain?"

"No," said Murch, "not repented; but you may never get your pay, and I would like to have it off my mind."

"Leave me alone for that," was the shrewd reply; "if I slip off the hooks before you do, I shall lose; and that is my risk, not yours."

And though the doctor was a frequent guest at Murch's house, sitting at his table and chatting gaily with his wife, Obed never spoke of the affair to him again; but often, when the unconscious Otis was passing in and about his home, he would look almost savagely at him, muttering to himself: "He's waiting for my head. Don't he wish he may get it?"

Some such feeling as this, added to his wife's daily importunities, may have induced Murch to quit the Sound country and go to California. At any rate, for the next few years he moved about restlessly from place to place, never staying very long anywhere. His friends and acquaintances said it was a pity that his wife was of such a fickle disposition. She was contented nowhere, but was continually dragging Obed about from place to place. Now, they were in the mines; then, in the lumber country; next, they were ranching in the San Joaquin Valley; and anon, they were keeping a tavern on the Scott Mountain stage road. Nobody knew that Obed was never well-pleased long in one place; and his wife, quite likely, was injuriously reported of by those who did not notice that Dr. Otis, somehow, kept track of all their movements. It was a little singular, to be sure; but Otis never dwelt long in one place; and he was so

attached to the man whose life he had saved, that he liked to live where he lived. And so it came to pass that Obed fairly hated the sight of the good doctor; and when he had moved to a new place, he waited uneasily until he had found that Otis was once more near him. He knew he would come; and though he swore a suppressed oath to himself when he saw his old and fast friend at last in his new home, he was restless and fidgety until the doctor came. Then he was morose, but tranquil.

The doctor was too kindly to make himself obtrusive upon Murch: so he often contented himself by dwelling in an adjoining town, where Obed did not see him except at long intervals. Still, Obed knew he was there; and when he met him on his errands of healing among the scattered settlers of the mountain passes, he greeted him warmly enough, but looked after him with a grim smile, and grumbled in his set teeth: "There goes the man that's waiting for my head. Let him wait."

While he was living at San Marcel, there was every indication that the time for Obed Murch to die had come at last. He was very sick; and what was most unfortunate, there was no physician in the place. There might be one at Red Dog; but Red Dog was over "the divide," ten miles away, and with a rough road between. The emergency was pressing, and a kind neighbor was found to mount and ride to Red Dog to see if anybody had moved into the place to succeed to the practice of Dr. McTavish, who had drunk himself into a premature grave and a disused mining shaft one night, and had left no legitimate successor. Murch was very sick with horrible spasms of colic, when back came his messenger with Dr. Otis, who had moved into Red Dog only a week before. Obed was not surprised in the least, and motioning his wife from

the room, he raised himself up in bed, and said: "See here, Doc; no foolishness, now; if you don't do your level best to bring me out of this, you bet I'll find some way to circumvent you yet."

"But, my dear fellow," said the doctor, with an injured air, "do you suppose I wouldn't do my best to bring you out of this? Your time has not come yet, and if anybody can save you I can, and I will."

And he did. Obed Murch lived to repent him of his hasty judgment, and to thank his old friend for his faithful services.

When the Idaho mining excitement broke out, Murch left his wife with the mother of his first wife, Priscilla, then living in San Francisco, and went to the diggings. He lost sight of Dr. Otis for a while; but, with a singular fatality, he soon drifted back to California, the Idaho venture not turning out as he expected; and he took up his abode in San Francisco, sharing his home with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dollkins. His old friend, Dr. Otis, was already established in a good practice in the city; and when Obed met him on the street a few days after his return, he winked significantly at the doctor, and said: "Waiting for me, are you?" It was Murch who had followed Otis this time. And there was an omen in it.

One fine summer day, Obed Murch was brought home on a stretcher, dumb with apoplexy, and gasping for breath. He was laid on a couch, but only to die; and as he passed away, he rallied for a moment, his dying eye lighting up as Dr. Otis entered the room. He gurglingly whispered: "Do n't call 'time' on me yet, Doc; you may have my head to-morrow." And this time Obed Murch had really "handed in his checks."

"Poor dear," said his wife, who had heard his last words to the doctor, "he

was out of his head at the very last." The doctor smiled a grim smile, and saw trouble ahead, for he knew that Obed had never told this no-account young wife of his of the compact which he had made with his doctor. 'She was a flighty, weak-minded woman, without the least consideration for the requirements of science, and totally ignorant of anatomy. Besides, the foolish woman appeared to have loved her husband.

While preparations for the funeral were going on, Dr. Otis, as gently as possible, communicated to the widow the particulars of Obed's early accident, his marvellous cure, and the promise which he had made to his preserver. "And so," said the indignant woman, drying her tears for the moment, "you want to cut Obed's poor dead head off, and make a 'natomy of him, do you?" The doctor explained that something like this was his desire. But the widow was obstinate. In vain did Otis plead the sacred promise of the deceased; in vain did he recall the consent of Priscilla; in vain did Mrs. Dollkins aver reluctantly that she had heard her poor dead-and-gone Priscilla say that Dr. Otis had the promise of Obed's skull, if he lived long enough to get it rightly. Mrs. Murch was not to be moved, and swore that no man, living or dead, should hack her husband's body while she was about. And so to Lone Mountain did Obed go, taking his head with him into his sandy grave, where he was laid peacefully to rest.

The disposition of Obed's skull proved to be a sore subject with both the women. They had never agreed well together; but, while Obed lived, he had managed to keep peace in the house. Now, however, Mrs. Dollkins, who thought Dr. Otis a hardly-used man, "could n't abide" Mrs. Phœbe; and Mrs. Phœbe, who was horrified at the ghoulish proposition of the doctor, determined that she would not live in the same house

with a woman who upheld him in his monstrous demands. So they dissolved partnership; and the unconscious cause of all this trouble slept tranquilly in his grave, with his head safely on his shoulders. And the doctor waited.

Years went slowly by, and Obed's form was mouldering in the grave, when a new feud flashed up between the two women. Dr. Otis married Mrs. Dollkins. It caused great scandal, especially to Mrs. Phœbe Murch. "To think," she said, "of that old thing marrying a man young enough to be her grandson!" But there was not so much difference in the ages of the couple as all that; and Dr. Otis appeared satisfied with his choice, although she brought him small dowry beyond a little furniture and a small bit of iron which had once been blown perpendicularly through a man's head at Mooney Flat. It was Obed Murch's tamping-iron. Mrs. Otis was the mother-in-law of the deceased Obed Murch; she was the mother of his wife, who had been a party to the compact which gave Dr. Otis the right to a certain skull for which Murch had no further use. She was, moreover, the guardian of her deceased daughter's good name and, in some sense, the custodian of the husband's remains. Accordingly, she executed a paper giving to the bearer, Dr. Peletiah Otis, the right and permission to exhume the body of her son-in-law, Obed Murch, and remove therefrom the skull of said deceased. It appeared as though Mrs. Phœbe had been circumvented.

Armed with this document, Dr. Otis applied to the proper authorities for permission to carry out his plan; and, at night, to avoid prying curiosity, he proceeded to the cemetery, attended by a trusty assistant. The pitying starlight looked down upon the opened lid of Obed's last resting-place, and beheld the sudden wrench and twist which gave to Science and Dr. Otis that rare

specimen of anatomy—the skull of a man with a hole in his head.

The wrath of Mrs. Phœbe when she found what had been done was dreadful to behold. It was gently noised about that the doctor had promised an eminent professor of anatomy in an Eastern college that he should have the skull for the college lectures and the college museum. It was said that the abducted cranium was in an express office, boxed up and ready for shipment. There were writs of replevin and other curious legal documents out; and an angry widow went ramping about among the lawyers and detectives, urging them to bring to justice the guilty doctor, and bring back to her the beloved head of her own Obed, now some three years dead. Meantime, in a stout box, under an enormous pile of freight, Obed Murch's fleshless skull was travelling to New York, ghastfully grinning to itself all the way.

The yellow October moon shone weirdly in through the high gothic-arched windows of the library of Corinthian College. The tall book-cases, covered with dust and heavy with black carvings, looked like antique monuments holding dead forms; and one would almost have expected that from these dark recesses, dim with the dust of ages, would step out the ghostly figures of the ancient writers whose names have long ceased to be syllabled by living men, and are kept here embalmed in the mouldy splendor of the grand old college library. Starting out of the

darkness of the alcoves, a few pale marble shapes of Roman orators, Greek poets, and lusty Briton kings, gleamed dusky as if half-alive. And up and down the clustered columns the fitful shadows of the elms by the windows chased each other like goblin ghosts.

It was midnight; and if ever spectral shapes appear to men, this was the time and the place. So thought the half-scared old watchman as he rose uneasily from his comfortable chair, where he had taken an illicit nap; and looking warily down the long vista, he beheld the moon shining through the door of the museum of anatomy, which should be closed. Hobbling along to the arched doorway, through which the moonlight streamed in a broad flood, he saw beyond a strange, dark figure gliding stealthily along, feeling its way by the glazed cabinets whose heavy cases lined the walls. The Shape stopped by one of the cabinets; and then he saw it was the headless figure of a man. Softly rolling back the sash-door, the Shape put out its hand, and drew forth a gleaming white skull impaled upon an iron rod, such as is used by those who blast rocks. It slipped the gibbering, bony skull up and down on the rod that pierced it from chin to crown, as if it were amused at the curious sight; then the awe-struck watcher heard from the fleshless lips of the skull: "Yes, you bet that's me!" Unless the watchman dreamed a horrid dream, he had seen the Spectre of the Man with a Hole in his Head.

THE CALIFORNIA GRAY.

IN August, 1854, the schooner *Henry*, two hundred tons burden, ten Sandwich Islanders, one great negro forward, and a captain, two mates, one cooper, one cook, and one passenger aft—sailed out of the Golden Gate bound on a “pick up” voyage along the coast of Lower California. We went forth to “pick up” whales, seals, aulones, (*Haliotis*, a shell-fish in great repute among the Chinese) and anything else which might come in our way. Just abaft the foremast was a sort of brick altar, in which were set two immense try-pots; still further aft came a collection of spars, booms, cordage, and barrels. Two whale-boats hung by the davits over the quarter, a yawl at the stern, and the entire deck was crowded with all manner of articles, lashed and stowed away, whose names are discouragingly maritime.

At the end of a week the *Henry* sailed through a low cleft of rocks and anchored in a mill-pond of a bay nearly surrounded by bare, treeless, shrubless, clinky-looking volcanic crags, with here and there a stalk of the uncomfortable, prickly giant cactus, standing out like an immovable sentinel in relief against the sky. On the rocky reef separating this miniature bay from the ocean, the Pacific incessantly beat, pounded and thundered, wasting its strength in the endeavor to pulverize the low barrier, sending sheets of spray quite to the opposite side of the beach and through the narrow entrance, pulsating great, silent throbs of waves, which fell with a subdued and muffled crash on the shore of St. Bartholomew's, or, as the whalemén would call it, “Turkle Bay.” Here the *Henry* staid two months. At five in the morning all, save one man, manned the boats and left the vessel. They were

absent all day, and the solitary being left on board read, cooked, smoked, washed dishes, sang, wondered what might be going on in the world he had left behind, and threw billets of wood, belaying-pins and table-cloths at the voracious gulls, who were continually pirating about the quarters of turtle meat, hung up in the rigging, and with amazing impudence at times descending into the cabin to investigate the breakfast-table crumbs. All this while the remainder of the crew were drenched with spray, clinging to surf-washed rocks, and awaiting the opportunity given them by the retiring surges to pry off with iron chisels the snails of shell-fish, whose outside shell, with its variegated interior of pearly color, so often ornaments your parlors.

With these the boats at night, laden to the water's edge, returned. Next day, they were taken on shore, the fish cut from the shell, freed from a string of entrails, plunged for a couple of hours into a try-pot of boiling water, then taken out and spread on boards to dry in the sun; all this being performed under the eye and direction of Mr. Sam Wee, a literary Chinaman, who, during the entire passage down, laid in his berth reading bundles of his native hieroglyphics, and who was brought to this remote spot to teach us how to prepare aulones for the Chinese stomach.

Along this coast, some near, some afar off, are sundry lone, uninhabited islands. No man has ever dwelt permanently on them. Some are mountainous and well-wooded. Such a one was Cerros, whose cedar-clad peaks were seen one morning hanging high in the air above the *Henry*, their bases concealed by a dense fog. Its shore

was the resort of the great seal-elephant for which we were then cruising. The an lone gathering was varied by short excursions for this purpose. A boat was lowered and at about noon returned without seal, but bringing two melancholy, ragged, strange white men. Two months before the vessel of which they were part owners had left them on the island to hunt seal. It then sailed away, ostensibly to cruise for a similar purpose about the coast and other islands, but never returned. The couple left on Cerros began at last to look anxiously for her, and finally to wonder why she did not come back. Just before we took them off they had reached their last biscuit and were living entirely on shell-fish, turtle, and venison. There are deer and rattlesnakes on Cerros. How they came there is a mystery. The island is full forty miles from the mainland. The hermit sealers were glad to join our crew. There ought, they said, to be of seal oil nineteen barrels stored in a cave on the island of Natividad. Thither we sailed and found a low, bare rock, white with bird lime, and covered with solemn pelicans, but no oil. The rascally partners of the Cerros hermits, as was afterwards ascertained, had carried it off, steered for a South American port, sold vessel and cargo, divided the gains, and then, if they possessed consciences, been ever after tormented with the recollections of their two companions wilfully abandoned on lone Cerros.

Then we headed for Guadalupe, a large and still more lonely island, two hundred miles from the mainland. Three days' sail and we sighted what seemed a bare, brown ridge of mountains, forty miles in length, rising from the ocean. Off the headland around which we sailed at dusk perpendicular columns of granite shot straight out of the waves, a thousand feet in height. Their summits seemed level plateaus, covered with some kind of vegetation. The sea-birds' nests are still safe there. No man will

ever tread those level tops, some of them acres in extent, until ballooning is made practically useful. Thousands of the smaller seal about their bases were enjoying the effect of a general bellowing previous to retiring for the night. This combined with the dashing and thundering of the waves among the worn and hollowed rock, the cries of thousands of gulls, shags, and pelicans, coming home to roost, the wind whistling through the rigging, and the horizon in the fading evening light gathering its vapory and indistinct boundaries closer and closer around us, had an effect so strange as to silence even the tongues of our eternally-talking Sandwich Islanders. Next morning a boat's crew was sent to ascertain if any elephant-seal had "hauled up" on the beach. These animals during certain winter months drag their huge gray bodies out of the ocean, slowly and laboriously up the sandy beach. The experienced eye of the seal hunter may discern them in this situation miles away. A boat is sent on shore. Perhaps four or five of these creatures are thus found. They are helpless. The party armed with long sharp lances approach. The seals awkwardly dig in the yielding sand with their flippers, but a snail rivals their pace back to their element. The hunters approach still nearer. The seal gnashes his great tusks at them in helpless rage and fear. They tap him lightly on the head with the lance-point. He throws it angrily back. This motion uncovers his breast, and instantly the sharp edge is driven deep into his heart. But without the premonitory tap he seizes the iron lance in those powerful jaws and bends and twists it as though it were a holiday tin sword.

Two weeks later, the *Henry* might have been seen lying nearly high and dry almost on her beam-ends in a very narrow and tortuous channel of salt water, a couple of feet in depth and running through a vast flat of light sand,

left bare by the tide for miles. A jump from the bulwarks and you were on dry land. On one side, a mile away, was seen a fringe of green bushes; on the other a range of low sand-hills, behind which the surf could be heard tumbling and roaring. This was a Margarita Bay lagoon at low tide. At high water it was covered seven feet in depth. The *Henry* resumed her proper position, and commenced moving, towed by the united force of two whaleboat's crews, first toward a stake to the right, then toward one to the left, and then in the direction of one still further in the rear. These poles indicated the course of the channel, staked out at low water. It was very, very crooked. It turned and doubled on itself so often that the irreverent sailors intimated that the laying out of that channel was one of Nature's jobs performed in the dark. Some days we gained a position but a few hundred yards ahead of that left when the water was of sufficient depth to float the *Henry* and then once more we grounded, the schooner leaned over more and more, and in and out of his galley, inclined over forty-five degrees, the wretched cook carried on a series of nearly overturned culinary operations, while the laboriously-inclined steward crept and slid and clambered along the steep and slippery deck, moving with two legs and one arm, bearing with the other to the cabin vessels of salt beef and coffee, which were deposited in convenient corners to leeward, and their contents partaken of by uncomfortably inclined men, sitting or lying at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Margarita Bay, about two hundred miles north of Cape St. Lucas, consists of a series of narrow lagoons, opening by narrow passages into each other, extending parallel with the coast for many miles. At intervals openings appear in the beach, connecting them with the ocean. Through these during the winter come the cow whales of that species

known to whalers as "Californy Gray," "Graybacks," or "Muscle Diggers," to avail themselves of the warm and quiet lagoon waters for breeding purposes.

Our mission was to kill and boil the skins of these great mothers for oil. After three weeks of towing and kedging we anchored in a small round lagoon, bordered on all sides by thickets of low, dense, green bushes, limbless as to their trunks and umbrella-shaped tops, birds among them singing and fitting about, while at intervals of a few minutes the round, smooth, glossy back of a California Gray would emerge from the surface, with an attendant puff of spray and a blow sounding like the rush of steam through the escape pipes of a high pressure engine; or, suddenly, a cable's length off, the immense black bulk would shoot half its length out of water and half back with a tremendous splash.

Here we set to work immediately. The crews tumbled into the boats and were soon in chase. Near as the Graybacks came to the schooner, they were shy of the boats. They had been chased before and knew something of our deadly intentions. Two hours elapsed before we managed to creep up near one of the great fish. The oars were handled without noise; the men spoke not a word; they came within a few yards of the black mass; the suspense and half dread was akin to that experienced by the soldier in the hush before the battle. That immense creature, whose ribs rivalled in size and strength the timbers of our vessels, whose vertebra was a linked series of blocks of bone, through whose arteries at each beat of the giant heart pulsated great jets of blood, had but to turn lazily round to move those flukes, as you would crook your little finger, and our boat would be a crushed mass of wood as when, with your spoon, you playfully tap an empty egg shell. There was an upright figure in the bow, braced firmly back, poising

above his head with both arms a heavy harpoon. The iron shaft is set in a heavy oaken pole, and the inexperienced arm cannot throw it as many feet as "Jake," our black boat-steerer, can send it yards. On his great bared black arms the muscles stood out under the skin like ropes of twisted wire. Suddenly it shot in a curved line from his grasp; point downward it buried itself to the wood, impelled by its own weight through the thick coating of blubber, deep in flesh, muscle, and cartilage. The rowers, their oars braced for the critical moment, sent the boat backward; for a moment the water foamed with the thrashing of flukes and fins, the whale blindly and madly struck out in every direction to crush the creature which had stung her. She disappeared under water, with a final angry flirt of the powerful flukes. Coil after coil of neatly laid line sprung from the tub in the boat's bottom; it ran smoking about an upright round block in the bow; the boat, buried in the gunwales, flew through the water, the long oars were high in the air apeak, and the men sat in their seats, being now idle but interested spectators.

All action was now confined to the two upright figures at the bow and stern. The whale being "fast," they changed places; Black Jake stepped aft and handled the long steering oar, the other came forward and made ready the keen round-edged lance. The whale commenced gradually to slacken her speed; the boys slowly hauled in the line and coiled it away. Soon just ahead the smooth waters were seen simmering and full of little whirlpools; it was the commotion caused by the passage of the mighty mass underneath. There! the great head burst through the surface—there came a snort, a jet of water, and foam from her "blow-holes"—a great gulp of air for the laboring lungs, the light lance darted from the boat-header's hands. It pierced her side, but she was

down again in an instant. There was a tinge of blood passing by the flying boat; the lance was pulled back by the attached light hempen line; the boat-header, his eye on the boiling surface, signalled to the steersman, by a wave of either arm, the proper direction. The light craft obeyed the slightest motion of the long steering oar. Again she came up for a breath; again the lance was buried in her side, and the jet from her blow-holes was reddened with blood—a sign of victory to us, of death to her. The iron had entered her lungs.

There was another party concerned in this murder. Alongside of the whale swam another fish of similar proportions, ten or twelve feet in length. It was the calf. For it, the mother was sacrificing herself. The young one was weak. She retarded her speed that it might keep up with her. And this gave us double the number of chances for sending the lance to her vitals. There was then a slackening of speed; the men looked anxiously around. These Graybacks have at times gleams of sense and cunning; sometimes they cease at once their flight and grope about beneath the surface. Suddenly under the water there is felt a rub and a jar, and up come the submerged tons of flesh, bone, blubber, and wrath, and up from the black back flies boat, men, tubs, lines, lances, harpoons, and scattered amid the floating ruins are seen heads and hands clinging to oars, paddling feebly from the enraged thrashing monster and waving their caps for assistance.

But our first whale was taken without such disaster. The jets grew redder and redder; we hauled off at a respectful distance, warned by the signs indicating the coming of the "flurry," her death throes. There is something awful in the giving-up of life by these great animals. They rush about in great circles and tear through the water like a swiftly speeding steamer. They cease sudden-

ly and belabor the waves; then the blind rush again commences; there are death shudderings and tremblings sensible even to those watching from the boats. Life leaves the great animal with a harder struggle than when the beetle dies.

We towed the upturned carcass to our vessel. But the poor calf still followed the dead mother. It was playing about the body in the morning, as like a huge bladder it swelled, rising buoyantly foot after foot out of the water, quite to the bulwarks, while the quickly generating gases arising from internal decomposition hissed and blubbered through the gashes cut by the lance in yesterday's struggle; and still after we had stripped from the carcass the blubber and turned it adrift to float up and down the lagoon, a festering mountain of rotteness, its back crowded with gorged gulls and cormorants, the poor, helpless, starving creature still swam by the dead mother's side. It was foul murder. The whale has all the instincts and affections of a mammal. It deposits no spawn and then swims heartlessly away. We would often from our decks watch these same Graybacks give suck to their young, and in unwieldy sport roll over and over with them in these warm and sheltered lagoon nurseries.

The carcass alongside, a great iron hook was fastened to that part nearest the head; the strongest "tackle and falls" we had on board clapped on the old-fashioned windlass; and amid its clink, clank, and a rough sea chorus from the dingy-looking sailors, great strips of blubber were slowly hoisted on board; the whale rolled slowly over and over; and his oily wealth was taken from him, something as one rolls the ribbon from its block. The try-work fires were kindled, at first with wood, afterward with the "scraps" bailed with great cullenders from the seething cauldrons. Black smoke enveloped the vessel by day; greasy flakes of soot covered the

men, the rigging and sails, and penetrated hold, cabin, and forecabin. The uncomfortable cook murmured as he broke his newly-baked loaves, and found them tinged with the sooty shower. The steward vainly endeavored to hide his towels, so that they might not on his plates leave more blackness than they wiped off. By night, the masts and cordage stood out in a glare of light. And in this, the "gang" moved about like maritime witches—some feeding the fierce flame, some stirring up the seething oil, bailing it out into the "coppers," ladling in fresh blubber, and ladling out the dripping scraps; some chopped the long strips of blubber into oblong blocks called "horsepieces," then minced them fine with long, sharp knives. Slender tree-trunks, covered with small oysters, were held in the blaze until the shell-fish gaped open, and eaten with great relish. The tree of umbrella-shaped foliage bears oysters. The tide covers the limbless trunk at high water. Those who have seen mussels growing in a similar manner will not think the story surprising. We cut them down by day, and roasted them by night. So also, doughnuts were fried in the "coppers," filled with hot oil to cool. They were not flavored with lamp-oil. Whale-oil, newly tried out, is quite as tasteless and limp as water.

In thirty-six hours after the whale was "cut in," chasing was resumed. There is no intermission of labor when the school is by. It is the whalemen's harvest time. He pulls an oar all day and stands his watch at the flaming try-works at night. But the work seems light. It is like taking out "big pay" from a placer claim. Every additional gallon of oil puts a few more pence in his pocket. He is on a "lay." It may be one barrel out of ten, or one out of two hundred.

We filled up in five weeks. They were five weeks of blazing fires, chasing, cutting in, hurry, toil, soot, grease,

and excitement, with an occasional stoven boat, or a visit from the crews of the vessels whaling in adjacent lagoons. Our success was mainly due to the skill of Black Jake, in fastening to and killing the Graybacks. He was a Jamaica negro, a giant as to breadth of chest and strength of arm. He could throw the harpoon twice as far as any ordinary man, and drink three times as much rum. We had a poorer whaling outfit, and numerically, a weaker crew than any other vessel lying in Margarita Bay. Yet, coming in there last, we beat them all in taking fish, and sailed away before the rest, with nearly everything full of oil that would hold it. Black Jake's skill and prowess became noised abroad among the rest of the fleet. Cunning skippers came on board, ostensibly to "have a gam" with our own captain, in reality to delegate to some shrewd boat-steerer the office of descending the fore-castle; and after the whaling compliments of the day had passed, and the pipes had smoked everything blue, and the rum, strangely smuggled on board, had warmed all hearts and revived old-time recollections of "that season on the Nor'west," or when we were refitting at "Rio," or gallanting the dusky maids at Honolulu, or essaying the Portuguese tongue with the ladies at Fayal or the Western Islands, blubber-hunting diplomacy would be essayed, and tempting offers in a low tone would be proposed to Jake that he should leave the *Henry* and join another vessel. But the negro proved loyal. Indeed, he could not leave. He exercised a great moral supremacy over the ten Sandwich Islanders, constituting, besides himself, the sole inmates of the fore-castle. He seemed their king. He spoke their language, and had sailed with the entire number on other voyages. They had shipped in a body on the *Henry*. He was the arbiter in their childish disputes, their adviser and interpreter. They regarded him as a great power.

He was in his present position. He could have influenced them as he chose, and led them in a body to another vessel. But there, they would have been obliged to live with a white crew. They could not then uninterruptedly have sung their sad, monotonous native chants; nor, lying at night in their bunks, have, like idle children for amusement, made all manner of uncouth noises. All our Caucasian element was aft; Africa and Polynesia, forward. Jake was not ignorant of the prejudice among the whites against the negro. He was something of a philosopher. He knew it was the unaccountable trick the "nigger" had of killing Graybacks that was coveted—not himself. He might on another vessel be king, when within ten yards of the lazy giant rolling in the still waters he stood with uplifted weapon in the bow, his great arms and chest bare, his eye fiery and protruding, his gray, kinky hair uncovered, the dingy Scotch cap flung to the boat's bottom, in the excitement of the moment, with the faces of the rowers half turned toward him, waiting for the moment when, with a swaying back of his whole frame, he concentrated the strength of chest, arms, and shoulder in the cast, and away sped the heavy weapon with its line attached, and at the next moment there thundered the cry "starn all!" and every soul bent obediently and sturdily to the oar, for they knew that their lives were dependent on the skill of the black man. But when all this was over, and the dead whale lay alongside, an inert mass, Jake knew that if not openly expressed, yet in looks, in gestures, in the little actions which may not be remembered, yet as a whole day by day leave their unpleasant impress on the mind, he would be merely the "nigger." So he staid—a black father, an ebony dispenser of justice among his Sandwich Islanders.

He was also a natural philosopher on the subject of "de Californy Gray."

He often held forth to interested groups of whalemén from other vessels: "Dese yere whale," he would say, "dey aint like oder whales. You got to humor 'em like. You got to creep onto 'em softly 's if you warn't a goin' a'ter 'em 'tall. No wonder de *Ontario's* mate's boat got smashed wid de big hole in the bow yesterday. Puttin' an iron in de calf! Wha' for you strike de calf? Do n't yer know the mudder smell de blood in minit, and den she turn an' fight de boat."

This was true. The cow whales when chased and after being fastened to would patiently take the harpoon and the repeated lance thrusts, seeking only with flight, retarded for the sake of its weak offspring, to find the narrow passage through the lagoon beaches into the breakers where no boat could follow them. But when some keen sense told the animal that her pursuers had hurt the young one, there came trouble. In the mother's rage, there was forgotten the pitiful fear of her insignificant persecutors. Ceasing her flight, she would head short around and with thrashing flukes and fins smash the frail craft in her rear. Jake by accident once transgressed one of his own precepts. The calf following close behind received the lance intended for the mother. The cow smelt blood. The line slackened. Jake knew what was coming, but before any time was given, bang! came a smashing shock under the bow; one end of the boat was tilted high out of the water; the swarthy crew leaped like so many frogs from the thwarts and swam for shore. Nor was this all. Another of our boats was close by. The raging mother charged after it; the crew knowing her evil intent pulled with all their might for the shore but a few hundred yards distant. Ere they could gain it the coming monster's head touched the steering oar! Whalemén can pull their boats at great speed, especially when they sit facing such a

black mass foaming after them and see the little black eyes twinkling with wrath and destruction. They gained the race. The swimmers from the stoven and capsized boat soon joined them. Madame drew too much water to venture nearer shore. She would have come however and swallowed us all alive had it been possible. But her throat was not large enough and her jaws instead of being lined with rows of great white teeth looked as if a number of scrubbing brushes, with long, stiff black hair, had been set in them. Rushing to and fro, she laid off that beach for half an hour, waiting for us to commit such an act of folly as to venture out in our uninjured cockle shell that she might smash that to pieces. The capsized and wet crew sat in the warm sand and laughed at the blockade. At last she swam away and then we timidly ventured forth, fearing a ruse might be intended. For California Grays, with their wits roused by anger are keen, wicked and vindictive.

This was our first and last accident. We took the disabled boat in tow, picked up tubs, oars, and water beakers, mourned over a lost whale line which Madame had carried off, attached to the harpoon sticking in her back, and rowed to the *Henry*. Jake, looking rather sheepish, went immediately below, took to his berth, and spoke to no one until the next day. But many of the vessels about us suffered terribly. Some scarcely lowered a boat but that it came back a wreck. The *J. L. Fröst*, a neat, new schooner, fitted out from the Sandwich Islands expressly for this sort of whaling, had her boats stoven twenty-six times while lying in the lagoon next us. A stoven boat does not imply its total destruction. They may be smashed like an egg shell and a few hours' work by the carpenter inserting a thin slice of deal here and a slender oaken rib there, sets them once more to rights. Their weakness is their strength. But damage more serious

than boat-smashing was not uncommon. The ribs and legs of men were broken. A captain was, late one evening, steering his boat from another vessel which he had been visiting. Suddenly, in the darkness, they found themselves in the midst of a school of whales, blowing, rolling and "breaching" high out of water. The steering oar was violently wrested from the captain's hands, and making a long and powerful sweep its handle struck him on the head; he was swept over the boat's side and that was the last ever seen of him. A whale in its gambols must have ran against it or struck it with its flukes.

The carcasses, after being cast adrift, floated hither and thither with the tides up and down the lagoons. Day by day, as decomposition went on, they smelled, and it must be added, smelled more and more. And more than once the body we had cast adrift days before would, as if impelled by a sense of retributive justice, be seen, the wind and tide favoring, coming directly for us as we lay at anchor. All hands on board would be called to fend off the "stinker," the technical name among whalers for a whale long dead, and the appellation is most proper if it be not elegant. Down upon us would come the white and unsavory mass, and we would run forward with poles and capstan bars, and in most cases it would become jammed against the cables and there, despite all our efforts, the yielding, flabby mass would stick and smell until the turning tide carried it off to torment the nostrils of some other ship's crew. After a while, grounding at low water, they were left high and dry on shore. There, a few Mexicans made it their business to cut an entrance through the giant ribs and entering the cavity cut the fat about the heart and lungs, and try it out. From two to four barrels were obtained in this manner from each whale. The Grayback is comparatively a small animal, yielding on

the average about forty barrels each. But even these seemed gigantic, when fully exposed. You are called to see a whale from a vessel's deck on the ocean. You behold only a small portion of a rounded black back, and perhaps a jet of spray like a puff of steam. You are disappointed. You can have no realization of the mass under water with a heart as large as a hogshead, sending* at each pulsation torrents of blood through arteries like stovepipes. Such was the appearance of the internal machinery of the animals that we peeped into on the shores of Margarita. And the men working around and on them seemed, at a little distance, like mice playing over a dead ox.

The Mexicans who employed themselves in this business borrowed of us all their apparatus for trying out the dead whale's fat. They swept the vessel of every spare pot, pan, and kettle. Nor did they, when on board, ever fail to accept an invitation to dinner. For the Americans they had no great liking. But they endorsed our cookery. They smelt it from afar. And after sitting down to our board, they never arose until they had swept it clean. The steward carried naught away from their repasts save empty dishes. The sugar bowl was empty. The butter plate was bare. It is needless to speak of beef, bread, and potatoes. Sugar and butter they devoured unmixed. At length, we made provision for these gastronomical raids, and put them on allowance. And after thus clearing every platter, they came on deck and commenced their never-ending requests for a little flour, and a little more sugar and butter. When they brought on board a few sour oranges or stalks of sugar cane, they demanded for them exorbitant prices. Reciprocity in hospitality never troubled their consciences. Our liberality in this respect was not prompted however by the highest motives. We were in Mexican territory and tak-

ing therefrom the oily treasures of the sea. Had their ruling powers not been so much occupied in setting up and knocking down revolutions, they might rightfully have ordered off every foreign vessel fishing in these inland waters. So we deemed it best to keep on good terms with the natives. Once a party from an inland settlement smuggled forward a few gallons of mescal, a fiery liquor distilled, I think, from the sugar cane. It evidenced its properties on our crew in a very short time. It was necessary that afternoon to kedge the vessel a short distance. This was accomplished. We reached the desired spot. "Let go the anchor" was the order. The individual charged with this duty, who an hour before had with great secrecy informed me that "some rum was coming on board to warm the cockles of our hearts," let go the anchor. The cable had previously for some purpose been unbent, nor had the omission been repaired. So the anchor went to the bottom and the *Henry* calmly sailed over it. Rum alone was responsible. We found room that day for the diving skill of our Sandwich Islanders. With legs tightly pressed together, one hand pinching the nostrils, they would sink like plummets to the bottom, and after groping about for the lost anchor for many seconds in the tangled swamp of submarine vegetation, shoot like corks above the surface at some spot where you did not look for them, the drops running from their smooth, tawny skins as from the duck's oily plumage. The anchor was recovered. The rum was ferreted out and pitched overboard—all but a dozen bottles which Jake some weeks afterwards informed us he had secreted in his bunk, and during the long passage up the coast to San Francisco, when no one dreamed that the ghost of a drop of spirits was on board save that in the medicine chest, when the watch below in the early evening hours were singing

and smoking, when the Cerros Island castaways, who were at this hour disposed to stray into the forecabin to obtain relief from the comparative dignity of the cabin, sighed for a few drops of something to warm the cockles of their hearts, this secretive Ethiopian, lying in his bunk, would sympathizingly re-echo their desires, and then turning over draw from under his mattress one of the still unemptied twelve bottles, quietly and unseen pour a portion of its contents down his throat, and then renewing his former position remark in substance, that a bottle of rum would then and there be a great help to kill time with.

Shortly after this there came a great, white day in our calendar—a day in which we "filled up." Yet it opened inauspiciously. Both boats after being fastened all the morning to a Grayback, were obliged to cut loose from him. He gained one of the beach passages, and there was no following him through the breakers. The disappointed crews rowed moodily back, ate their dinners, and again put off. They were soon pursuing another dogged chase, for the Graybacks, although plentiful, had become very shy. The mate's boat was sweeping along within a cable's length of the vessel and the object of its pursuit was occasionally breaching out a few hundred yards ahead, when suddenly, to our surprise, we saw the oars peaked and the boat with increased speed shooting through the water. It was fast! There had been no cast of the iron, none of the usual turmoil and thrashing of the enraged animal, yet the boat was gliding along and the crew were actually engaged in "hauling in" on a line, and from time to time, as the whale burst through the lagoon's calm surface, an iron was seen implanted in her back. This is the solution of the mystery. That morning, like ourselves, one of the *Nimrod's* boats had been compelled to sever their connection

with another whale as it entered one of those stormy and vexatious passages. The Grayback swam off with their harpoon and several hundred feet of line. Having thus baffled her pursuers she had immediately returned to her nursery. We disturbed her repose in the afternoon, and the boat-header, as she sped away, looking into the water and seeing a few inches from the surface a long, light yellowish worm-like length of something rushing with great speed in the same direction as ourselves, fished it up with his boat-hook and found it to be a ready-made whale line with a whale attached. A turn was thrown around the loggerhead, and the rowers gladly delegated to the victim the labor of propulsion. Meantime, the boat in the rear was pulling for another black outline in the distance. They neared it softly, not a voice raised, the oars working noiselessly; still nearer, and the practised eye of the whale hunter saw by the inert yielding of the mass to the swell that no life was there. It was the whale we had cut from in the morning. One lance thrust had touched its vitals; it had died in the breakers and drifted back. Barely were these two alongside, when a great thrash of foam was seen about two miles from our anchorage. One look by the captain through his glass at the mast-head, and he called out: "A whale aground, by jingo. Lower away there, the *J. L. Frost's* boats are after him now."

There was hurrying for a minute; men tumbled over the side into their seats; oars clattered into their places; oaths and orders crossed each other, and then the confusion all settled into place; the long dripping oars swayed and bent regularly back and forth as if worked by machinery. The stranded Grayback was equi-distant from the two vessels. Rivalry, as well as the common excitement of the chase, lent an increased nervousness to the arms of our men. For the *J. L. Frost's* boats had many,

many times invaded our lagoon where, by the whaling law of those waters, they had no business unless taken there behind a harpooned whale. Here they were again after a prize which had fallen in our boundaries. Our men pulled in desperate silence. No breath was expended in useless shouts or orders. The boat-steerer upright, controlling with one arm the boat's direction, swayed in unison with the long strokes, and with the other lent his whole force in vigorous pushes of the oar worked nearest him. And between the rapidly advancing boats the unhappy animal, trapped by the ebbing tide, struck about wildly with flukes and fins, splashing sheets of spray for yards around with a noise which might faintly be heard from the *Henry's* deck. Vain the terrific strength he expended, digging his fins into the yielding sand and rolling from side to side. He was only settled more securely on the flat. Down came the two rival boats in advance; in each stood the boat-headers with uplifted weapon, their eyes centred on the prize with an occasional angry glance at the other, for to the vessel whose iron was first driven into the writhing mass it must belong, so read Whaleman's Law; and that iron sped first from the arms of Black Jake before the opposing boat-header dared to hazard a cast. The whale was ours; the opposing crew sullenly suspended the race and gazed at us half gloomily, half listlessly, not raising their voices to assist our boy's hurrah of triumph.

He proved a large bull who, violating the bounds of Cetacean propriety, had strayed into this Grayback lying-in hospital. Being aground we could not take off the blubber in the usual manner, but were obliged, in whaling parlance, "to range" it—that is, cut it off in longitudinal strips from head to tail. For the next four days the *Henry* dripped and overflowed with grease; all the available space on deck was filled with

blubber; we tramped over or rather knee-deep in it; the hot sun officiously gave unsought aid in trying it out; the scuppers were stopped to prevent this oil, perspiring as it were from every "horsepiece," from running overboard; it oozed however from crack and crevice; in the intervals of other duties we scooped it up with dust-pans; we filled therewith every spare barrel, tub and even monopolized the grumbling cook's pots and kettles. At length the last scrap was tried out, and we were full and more. We had of whale oil five hundred barrels, of seal oil a hundred more, of aulones some ten tons, of their variegated shells a ton or two more, and of the little pearls extracted from these fish every man had his pill-box full for "shore presents." Then came a general and vigorous scrubbing of deck, cabin, and forecastle with sand, soap, and hot water, as we slowly drifted along and worked out of the tortuous channels toward the mouth of Margarita Bay. A season of lashing barrels, spare spars, and boats, in preparation for outside weather, next ensued. Firewood and fresh water were laid in, the decks were cumbered with turtle, and thus accoutred everybody for twenty-five days was joyful, while the *Henry* struggled and beat against the steadily persistent "Nor' East Trade" toward San Francisco.

UNDER THE CLOUD.

O beauteous things of earth!
I cannot feel your worth
To-day.

O kind and constant friend!
Our spirits cannot blend
To-day.

O Lord of truth and grace!
I cannot see Thy face
To-day.

A shadow on my heart
Keeps me from all apart
To-day.

Yet something in me knows
How fair creation glows
To-day.

And something makes me sure
That love is not less pure
To-day;

And that th' Eternal Good
Minds nothing of my mood
To-day;

For fed from hidden bowl,
A lamp burns in my soul
All days!

WHAT OUR UNIVERSITY SHOULD TEACH.

THE educational problem is a very old one; and from various stand-points has been extensively discussed. About the middle of the seventeenth century a Bohemian by the name of Komensky, (popularly known as Comenius) wrote very ably in favor of educational reform, attempting to secure the substitution of a more practical and general in lieu of a theoretical and classical education. Komensky demanded that the arts and sciences, modern languages, history, political economy, moral philosophy, and religion, should occupy in large measure the place in the college curriculum so extensively monopolized by the classics and mathematics. His writings were translated into the principal languages of Europe; but, powerful and popular as they were, they seem to have produced but little practical results during their author's life. After Komensky's death, in the latter part of that same century, August Hermann Francke became the acknowledged leader of this movement, and actually established, at Leipsic, a school modelled after the pattern set forth in the pedagogical writings of Komensky. Through the instrumentality of Francke, followed by those of the great infidel writer, Rousseau, and his disciple, Basedow, education became, in the early part of the eighteenth century, to some extent, more practical in its character.

It is now claimed by the conservatives that the experiment of a practical education, adapted to the wants and necessities of an active, living age, was then fairly tried; and that the verdict then rendered ought to be received as satisfactory for all time and for all peoples. Thus it is that the conservatives almost everywhere, from that time until this present, have had their own way in this matter. Even to this day, Greek, Latin

and Mathematics occupy three-fourths of the time of most students in the colleges of England and the Continent, and about two-thirds of it in those of America.

But was the experiment of a practical educational system fairly tested in Germany at the time above mentioned?

As already stated, this system was inaugurated through the instrumentality of Francke, Rousseau and Basedow. One of the subjects of study introduced by Francke, and chief of all the newly-introduced subjects, was that of Religion. The course laid out embraced a period of nine years; and in addition to Religion, included the German, Latin, French and English languages, Geography, History, Natural Science, Mathematics, Writing, and Drawing. But Francke was a Pietist, and was obliged to leave Leipsic because his religious tenets were objectionable. Not only was he obliged to leave Leipsic but to abandon his new university system, and his occupation as well. But these eminently practical ideas of education possessed inherent vitality. They had already found a place in the heads and hearts of the people. They were popular. It were as vain to attempt to annihilate them by proscribing Francke as for the Jews to seek to root out the Christian Religion by crucifying Christ. Instead therefore of being destroyed, the new system merely passed into other hands. It is an old adage that "one extreme always begets another." Rousseau, both in France and Germany, and Basedow in Germany, became, as stated above, the recognized propagandists of the practical schools—the *real schulen*. Rationalism therefore succeeded Pietism; and the experiment continued to have a twofold foe—an unpopular religion and a hostile Government; for,

though tolerated by Government, its influence and patronage were opposed to these new ideas. Moreover, neither Rousseau nor Basedow possessed any stability of character or fixedness of purpose. Rousseau's birth cost his mother her life; and everything born with him or of him, save his own profligate character and his revolutionary sentiments, seemed born unto death. Basedow might have succeeded better without Rousseau's influence, but with it he became one of the most restless spirits of his time.

What wonder that with such an origin, encumbered with the dead weight of a rationalistic religion, and the object of the hostility both of the Government and of the Established Church, this great experiment failed! It could not well be otherwise. Is the conclusion a fair one, then, that this experiment decides the merits of the controversy? We ask again: Has the new system had a fair trial?

Educators of no less ability and reputation than President Woolsey, Professor Kingsley, Professor Boise, Mr. Clark, and others scarce their inferiors, have written upon the subject, not as upon an open question, but only to declare the question settled. On the other hand, Presidents Wayland and Barnard, Drs. Hedge and Bigelow, Professors Tyndall, Henfrey, Whewell, Huxley, Faraday, Spencer and Wayland, and Messrs. Parker, Sidgwick, Seeley, Bowen, Farrar, Wilson, Hales, Johnson, and Garfield, and a host besides on both sides of the Atlantic, discuss it as an open question, and are clearly on the side of reform.

But California has been, practically, as well as geographically, remote from the scene of this discussion. Moreover, the subject has not been presented in such form as is likely to reach the masses, especially on this coast. Still again, the question with us varies a little from that of England, of the Continent, or

of the Atlantic States. We cannot agree that the agencies for securing the best education are necessarily the same in all ages and in all countries. The question with us is not simply: "What shall a youth of the present day study?" as Professor Wayland puts it; but rather: What shall the youth of the Pacific Coast study?

The answer to this question depends in great measure, however, upon the solution of the general educational problem, as between an almost exclusively classical and mathematical course on the one hand, and a curriculum made up largely of the arts and sciences and modern languages on the other. For if it is not desirable in England and Germany and France to spend a large proportion of a college course in resurrecting the dead languages, then surely it is not in America; and if it is not in the Eastern States of the American Union, then least of all is it in a country like this.

How then stands the controversy, and what is the general drift of the argument *pro* and *con*? As already stated, the conservatives, up to this time, have practically had the best of it. *Æsop's* fable of the fox seems to have its application here, save that the "useless and cumbersome appendage" is stitched on by long years of tedious and painful toil on the part of the pedagogical doctors rather than "cut off."

The nine already famous *Essays on a Liberal Education*, edited by Mr. Farrar and published by Macmillan & Co., London, 1867, are all by "men who have themselves passed, with peculiar credit and distinction, through the entire process of the system of classical education as pursued at the English universities." If "a threefold cord is not easily broken," then a three times threefold cord, made of such material as this, may be regarded as strong indeed. These nine, themselves experienced educators, write with undivided testimony in favor

of educational reform. They write, too, not only with the strength of a thorough conviction of the truth and justice of their cause, but with a "deep and painful sense of having been robbed of several of the best years of their lives." Some of them, too, have "the added remembrance of having in their turn unintentionally repeated, in the case of others, the wrongs formerly done to themselves." So, too, Dr. Wayland, for many years President of Brown University, and the leading champion of educational reform in the United States, was himself a regular graduate of the classical course. So, also, Drs. Hedge, Whewell, and Bigelow are Harvard graduates, and speak from experience as well as from a general conviction upon the subject in hand. President Barnard and Lord Macaulay have a like painful experience, as have also General Garfield and Professor Wayland. Indeed, the weightiest argument that can be advanced in reply to the reformists is that the classical system has been successful in developing such ability as is now arrayed against it. But, on the other hand, it is answered that these are what they are, not because of the long weary years spent in the study of the classics, but in spite of them. It was not Bedford jail which produced the *Pilgrim's Progress*, but that marvel of allegory was written by the tinker of Elstow despite the gloomy cells and prison bars.

What then are some of the arguments offered by these champions on either side of the question?

Once the reply to the reformists was: "You undervalue a learning which you do not possess. It is your ignorance of the classical culture which leads you to deprecate it." But in view of the array of justly celebrated names which we have given above, and of the host of other regular graduates to be found among the reformers, this argument has become effete and is abandoned.

The argument which rests upon a reverence for antiquity has so little weight with thinking men, that few, even amongst the most conservative, care longer to rest their cause even in part upon it. All kinds of error, with all its results of sin and shame and sorrow, might plead for toleration and perpetuation upon the same ground. Indeed, the grossest of ignorance is older than the classics, and might with better grace plead a reverence for antiquity.

But the conservatives claim that we must have *education, not cramming*; that the object of the schools is to *draw out* and develop what is in the youth, and so discipline his mind and prepare him to study aright in Nature's great school. Granted; and does it not yet remain to be shown that the dead languages are the best disciplinary agencies? It is said that the study of the classics, by its very difficulty, develops energy of character and resolution of purpose in the student. Doubtless, to some extent, this is true, where there is clearly seen beyond the struggle an adequate reward of victory, or even victory itself, though comparatively barren of fruits. If any youth ever had his energies stimulated or his resolution strengthened by being set down to commit to memory, and repeat as a parrot, paradigm after paradigm of declensions and conjugations, and this too without being told a word of the why and wherefore, the meaning or purpose in view, (as is too generally the case); if any youth ever had his energies quickened or his resolution fortified by committing to memory, without any perceived object, section after section, chapter after chapter, and page after page of "Rules," "Exceptions" and "Remarks" concerning *Crasis* and *Corōnis*, the *Nun Ephelcusticon*, *Atonics*, *Proclitics* or *Enclitics*, *Proparoxytōnes*, *Perispomena* or *Properispomena*; if any one ever derived any such glorious stimulating, disciplinary and educative ad-

vantages from the tedious days and nights, weeks, months and years that he pored over his *Quantity and Accentuation*, *Anomalous Forms*, *Augment and Reduplication*, *Syncope and Metathesis*, etc., etc., etc.; if any youth ever had his wits sharpened, his energies quickened, his resolution strengthened, or his purposes fortified by such a process, then with all candor it must be confessed that the writer was not that youth. As a mere disciplinary agent in teaching our youth to see the relations of things one to another, and the influence of objects one upon another; in training them to trace cause to effect and retrace effect to cause, though to some it may appear almost sacrilegious to say it, we honestly believe that one hour a day studiously devoted to the game of chess is worth more to the majority of students than four hours devoted to *Andrews and Stoddart* or *Kühner*. It is not merely the meeting but the *mastery* of difficulties which stimulates and quickens. If the *Arabian Nights* or *Le Demi-Monde* will not develop the mind or strengthen the intellect of the student, scarcely more will *Longinus* or *Quintilian*. The Esquimaux in their snow-huts are as slothful and as idle as the natives of the tropics lounging under the mango trees. To be continually encountering obstacles with no other result than to be habituated to failure is simply paralyzing. If Solomon was "put through" after the manner of the classicists it is little wonder that he became melancholy and exclaimed in his disappointment: "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." If you would have a balky and worthless horse, harness him to a live-oak tree, and goad him on until he strains every muscle in the vain effort to uproot it. That poor man was right who went to Stephen Girard for employment, and who, when he had wheeled a huge pile of bricks from one end of the cellar to the other, wanted something else to do besides wheel them back

again. He wanted to see *results* as well as to earn a livelihood. The discipline which the mind receives from meeting and yielding to such difficulties is of very much that sort to which the flesh is subjected in meeting and being overcome by temptation.

Another argument of the classicists is that our youth must have a *symmetrical* education. And is it not a little astonishing that, in the face of this proposition to have a many-sided and evenly balanced development, they should insist upon devoting from fifty to seventy per cent. of the student's time to the study of a single class of subjects; and that, too, a class which avails so little in subsequent life? Where is the undergraduate of a classical school whose education has been symmetrical? Whatever he may know of the niceties of construction or accentuation of Latin and Greek; however familiar he may be with all the mazes of Virgil's celebrated labyrinth, or the story of Paris and Helena; what does he know of the earth he treads upon, the air he breathes, the food he eats, the water he drinks, the raiment that clothes him, the fire which warms him, the heavenly lights which illumine his pathway, or "The House I Live In?" Heaven have mercy upon our lop-sided estate when this is called symmetry.

Just here we recall an incident which aptly illustrates this whole controversy. Some years ago, in a time famous for steamboat racing on the Mississippi, two travellers, A and B, fell into conversation. Said A to B, "Have you ever studied Latin?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Then you have lost one-fourth of your life, sir." "Did you ever study Greek?" "No, sir." "There is another quarter of your life lost." "But you have studied mathematics?" "No, sir." "Another quarter"—In the midst of this last sentence the boiler burst. "Have you ever learned to swim?" shouted B. "No, no, sir, I

haven't," exclaimed A. "Then there is *all* of your life lost," rejoined B, and swam ashore.

Professor Boise goes even further than most of his sympathizers. He lauds to the very heavens "the gymnasial course of Germany, with its *ten long years of Latin and six years of Greek*;" and then quotes Baron Liebig as saying that the graduates of such a course have a better preparatory (!) education than those of the *Real Schulen*. Will Professor Boise please inform us, if such a period be necessary to prepare a man to study a profession, how long it will probably require to complete a professional education? Is it nothing in the count, as against such a system, that all these long years must be taken out of the prime and vigor of youthful manhood in mere *preparatory* study? It may suit the tastes and habits of plodding Germany; but, if such a course were established in Brown, or Harvard, or Yale, or in the University of Chicago where Professor Boise has his chair, how many of those who enter would ever be graduated? Is Professor Boise so utterly unacquainted with American character as to suppose that years by the decade and money by the thousands would be cheerfully expended by our students in mere preparatory study—in learning how to study? The Professor assures us upon the authority of his word that the educational problem has been completely solved in Germany; and asks us to accept the solution. Is he cracking a classical joke in our ears? As such it is a success, worthy even of the Gymnasia. "Certain it is," says the Professor, "that classical studies do not largely predominate in the American system. Three years of Latin and two years of Greek for the preparatory course" (*i.e.*, the preparatory to the preparatory) "and about two years for each language after entering college is regarded as a satisfactory amount of time for these

studies. * * * Five years in Latin and four years in Greek, with one lesson a day in each, for an entire course of liberal education!" exclaims the Professor. In the Prussian Gymnasia forty-six and one-third per cent. of the entire course is devoted to the study of Latin alone; twenty-three and two-thirds per cent. of the entire course to Greek; while the pitiful proportion of thirty per cent. is given to all other subjects! And this is the *model* system of *liberal* and *symmetrical* education which Professor Boise holds up to Americans as the acme of perfection! "Well-nigh perfect models," are Professor Boise's own words concerning the German schools.

But what are the practical results of this devotion to the classics—this too long protracted rule of the conservatives? Who has not met graduates of the German Gymnasia, all through this country, in the capacity of wood-sawyers, organ-grinders, farm hands, pork butchers, privates in the army and navy, drivers of lager-beer wagons, and street beggars? Upon any pleasant Sunday evening one may find half a dozen or more of these graduates at any lager-beer garden of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or Chicago. We hear of the two or three in every generation who become distinguished as authors, teachers, controversialists, or men of science, almost every one of whom, when first heard from, is quite beyond the meridian of life, while the tens of thousands are lost in the herd of common drudges, whether in Germany or in this country.

Mr. Donai, who was educated in one of the most famous classical schools of Germany, was graduated with the highest honors, has studied almost all the classical authors, and has been trained to write and speak Ciceronian Latin, says in the *American Educational Monthly* for August, 1868, in relating his experience: "Alas! we sigh as of-

ten as we think of it. When we awoke in practical life we could make almost no use whatever of our classical learning; and had to spend a threefold measure more of time and force to acquire that learning, and those sciences and arts which we have needed in the struggle of life, than they would have cost us in the earlier period of our studies."

Dr. Paget says: "An author of great distinction and undoubted learning, whose writings have been rewarded with the applause of the educated world, and with some of the highest dignities in the gift of the Crown, states, as 'a well-attested fact, that a man's body is lighter when he is awake than sleeping; a fact which every nurse who has carried a child would be able to attest;' and concludes from these *well-attested facts* (!) that 'the human consciousness, as an inner centre, works as an opposing force to the attraction of the earth'!" Professor Wayland says: "We not long since met a graduate of the oldest college in America, a classical instructor, and an ardent champion of classical studies, who stoutly maintained that ice or snow could not possibly fall below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit;" and adds: "We learned recently that one of our most eminent colleges was sending out its graduates without having given them a single lesson in geology."

Mr. Farrar says (*Essays on a Liberal Education*): "When we consider how little, at the end, our school-boys know, and how vast are the regions of science with which they are wholly unacquainted, how valueless is much of their little knowledge, how dangerous is the nature of their ignorance, and above all, how rich in fruit might have been those many barren hours which have been lavished on the impotent effort to acquire a merely elegant accomplishment—then I confess that my regret deepens into sorrow, indignation, and shame. Is it pleasant," he asks, "to

know that the first thing of which an old pupil may think, when he meets us in after life, is the little intellectual cause he has for gratitude towards men who occupied his boyhood by teaching him that which he has not only long forgotten, but to reach which he would not now take the trouble to raise his little finger?"

As for our American college graduates, it may be fairly questioned whether, at the end of these years devoted so largely to the classics, one in five of them can read his diploma without the aid of his lexicon and grammar.

Unquestionably the medical and legal professions require some knowledge of Latin, and the ministry of the Gospel certainly is greatly aided by some acquaintance with Greek; and yet it cannot be denied that all these professions are successfully prosecuted by multitudes without either. Authorship and editorial work demand both; and yet our literature would be vastly improved had we more good English, and less "bad Latin and worse Greek." Perhaps the teaching of these languages is the only calling in which any considerable number of Americans are likely to engage to which a knowledge of the classics is absolutely essential. But would we not be wiser and better without such teaching?

But it is said by the conservatives that "one must learn Latin and Greek in order to understand English." And when we recall the many words of our language, and especially the compounds, which are either derived or transferred directly from the Latin and Greek tongues, there seems to be more than the semblance of a foundation for this assumption. But are the meanings of these words always unquestionably settled by an appeal to the original? As an illustration, take the single word *baptize*. It is a Greek word, directly transferred, with only a slight anglicizing of the terminal form. It has suffer-

ed no change of connection or of signification in the transfer. And yet it would not be difficult to name a score or more of classical scholars, who, while they say that its only primary and classical meaning is "to dip, plunge, immerse," and that it has no secondary meaning but such as implies its primary, nevertheless, both by word and act, *give* to it an entirely new and acquired meaning. Practically, and by modern usage, the word has acquired a meaning which no amount of classical knowledge can serve to discover. And now, in the very face of this direct conflict between their theory as classical scholars, and their practice as religious teachers, these classicists ask us to study the dead languages in order to an understanding of English! The principle involved is simply this: If we would teach men the art of navigation we must have them serve an apprenticeship first at wood-chopping, then at ship-carpentering, afterwards at sail-making, or, as antecedent to this, at cotton and hemp growing, spinning, weaving, etc., etc., and so on with rope-making, block-making, rigging, and all other occupations involved in building and fitting out a first-class ship.

Well does Mr. Hales, himself a teacher at Cambridge, exclaim: "What a method!" and adds: "When it is remembered what the prime origin of the English language is, and of what kind the connection of English with Latin has been, one can only marvel at this answer, and shrewdly suspect that it is but meant to allay the distress of an uneasy conscience—a conscience murmuring at the utter neglect of the vernacular language." Again Mr. Hales asks: "Does the smattering of Latin which the vast majority of school-boys get, or the superior knowledge of it which is gained by the few exceptions, really perform this alleged service? It lights up many English words, no doubt; but, on the whole, it leaves the language

in its previous darkness, or even in a deeper gloom, by throwing films of misconstruction between it and the eyes of the student." Possibly Mr. Hales goes a little too far in asserting that a knowledge of Latin is a positive hindrance to the study of English; but certain it is that it has been greatly over-rated as a help.

Again, it is said that in these ancient languages are treasured up vast stores of information, and untold beauties of literature, which can only be possessed by first possessing the key to the storehouse. Of course if one presumes to intimate that Dante's *Inferno*, or Milton's *Paradise Lost*, is superior in grandeur of conception, or beauty of imagery, to Homer's *Iliad*, or Virgil's *Æneid*, he must be content to be rated an ignoramus. Not venturing, therefore, such an exhibition of vulgar taste, we must, nevertheless, ask that it be borne in mind that these ancient storehouses have been unlocked, and all or nearly all their treasures brought in our own vehicle to our own doors. If it be said that this has been imperfectly and partially done, then we ask in all candor: What young man of America has ten years to spend in search of the fragments, to be used at last, if successful, only for the gratification of his own curiosity and tastes? Though Pope's translation of the *Iliad* be tame, and even execrable in parts, who among our college graduates can make for himself a better?

Upon this point Mr. Sidgwick well remarks (*Essays*, p. 106): "It will not be denied that in the English, French, and German languages there is a sufficiency of good literature to fill the leisure of a person engaged in any active calling; a sufficiency of works calculated to give a high kind of enjoyment, and to cultivate, very adequately, the literary taste. And if such a person was ever visited by a painful hankering after the time-honored volumes that

were sealed to him, he might console himself by taking note how often his contemporaries, who had enjoyed a complete classical education, were in the habit of taking down these masterpieces from their shelves. For," adds Mr. Sidgwick, "I cannot help thinking that classical literature, in spite of its enormous prestige, has very little attraction for the mass, even of cultivated persons, at the present day. I wish statistics could be obtained of the amount of Latin and Greek read in any year, (except for professional purposes) even by those who have gone through a complete classical curriculum. From the information that I have been able to obtain, I incline to think that such statistics, when compared with the fervent admiration with which all still speak of the classics, upon every opportunity, would be found rather startling."

But we have practical results of a better sort, though not the results of devotion to the classics. The great desiderata of time, money, and taste have led to the establishment of a partial or scientific course in many of our colleges, from which, both as pre-requisites and as course studies, the dead languages are entirely omitted. In this, after one or two feeble attempts by others, Brown University led off, at the suggestion, and under the direction of that eminently practical man, the late lamented President Wayland. This course embraces three years, a junior, middle, and senior scientific; and graduates its students as bachelors of science. This has been imitated in the University at Lewisburg, Lafayette College, and a number of other institutions. It meets with fair success. But the despicable spirit of caste which leads the "regulars" of the army or navy to say, with a curl of scorn on the lip and a tone of contempt in the speech, "he's a volunteer," leads the "regulars" of our colleges to say in a like con-

temptuous way, or else with a tone of commiseration, and with a patronizing air, "he's a scientific;" and as a consequence of this few are brave enough to weather or even to enter such a course in these old classical institutions. The University of Michigan, Miami University, and a few others have adopted a different course. Continuing the studies through the same number of years as the classical, they substitute French, German, and Spanish for the ancient languages. They have also the stereotyped classical course side by side with this. This newly introduced course, we submit, is infinitely better adapted to the wants of the American people. And here, too, is an experiment, which, in time, under favorable circumstances, will do more to solve the educational problem of this country than the writings of a thousand theorists.

But President Woolsey says: "We have little question that if the object were to teach the four principal Romanic languages—Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French—and if four years were assigned to this task, that the pupil who was trained exclusively, during the first two years, in the classical tongues, and gave the next two to the languages in question, would have a better mastery over them in the end than he who should be put, through the whole of that period, to the study of the modern languages alone." Had President Woolsey confined himself to the Latin, we could not dissent from him; but no ordinary man, by the use of ordinary means, can obtain in two years sufficient knowledge of both the "classical tongues," to render either of any great avail, especially in the directions he suggests of "superior discipline" and "greater facility." This view, however, is especially true of the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese, which both in material and structure are very like offspring of the parent tongue. But the German is wisely omitted from the

list by President Woolsey; and a good practical, if not a philological knowledge of French may also be had, as our everyday experience abundantly proves, without a foundation of the Latin; although it cannot be doubted that some knowledge of this latter tongue both facilitates and perfects the acquisition of the French.

As aiming at a truly liberal education for our youth, a foundation knowledge of the Latin is certainly desirable in all our colleges; but when that great American question "Will it pay?" comes to be asked concerning a course which embraces either the ten years of Latin of the German Gymnasia, or the five years of our American system, we think almost every fair-minded and practical man will answer in the negative. As for the Greek, we cannot see that it has any just claim to a place in our colleges. The Hebrew, the Chaldaic, or the Arabic, might almost as well claim a place. It is of no practical use to the many; and we see not why they should be compelled to sacrifice so much to the few. Substitute two years of German for two of Greek, and allow two years of the time now devoted to Latin to be given to its cognates—the French and Spanish—and we shall have two years from the Greek, and the remaining spare year from the Latin to be bestowed upon the natural sciences and other practical subjects, in addition to the limited space now allotted to them. We could also well spare a year from mathematics to be given in the same direction.

To Americans, living in a country whose history and geology and agricultural and mineral resources are comparatively unknown, and whose system of government is scarcely beyond the stage of experiment, these subjects are of vital importance. Indeed, they are of such transcendent importance that the practical educator may well be in doubt whether we should not have, in every

educational centre, two colleges, one of which should combine the Latin and modern cognate languages, as above indicated, with the English branches, while the other should be devoted exclusively to English studies. Where but one university can be founded or supported in any educational centre, these two courses might be kept distinct from each other under the same general management. But for the jealousies and envyings engendered between the two classes of students, each would doubtless be most successful in juxtaposition with the other, and under the same management. Our question, however, is *what* should be taught, not *how*.

"If," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "we look to what should be the grand object of all study, namely, the formation of the mind and character, we shall assuredly be compelled to admit that there is no kind of study so conducive to its attainment as that of science: for there is hardly any mental or moral faculty which science does not exercise, discipline, and develop better than anything else which a man can set himself to learn."

To the same intent Mr. Sidgwick says: "It will not be denied that the study of the external world does, on the whole, excite the youthful curiosity much more than the study of languages. The intellectual advantages of this ought to be set against whatever disciplinary superiority we may attribute to the latter instrument."

As to the influence of the study of science upon authorship and public speaking, Mr. Farrar aptly remarks, (*Essays*, p. 228): "If then it be desired to educate boys—not indeed in the style, but in the power of expressing themselves in their own language—then, instead of encouraging verbal imitations, and cramming their memory with classic tags, let us adopt the incomparably truer and better method of requiring a careful description of natural phenomena and

scientific experiments—a process, which, while it teaches them a terse and lucid use of their own language, will, at the same time, fire their imaginations with some of the grandest and noblest objects of human thought.”

One word more in this connection. The car of progress rolls on; and if the carcasses of the dead languages are not taken out of the way they will be run over; and they, with such universities or colleges as insist upon being their sarcophagi, will be buried in oblivion together. It is vain, in a country like ours, to attempt to ignore popular opinion. “*Vox populi vox Dei*” is more nearly true here than anywhere else under the heavens. The greatest secret of President Lincoln’s universal popularity was the fact that he was a correct interpreter of the popular will and followed the lead of the people. Not, indeed, that everything must be yielded to the noisy demands of the mob, but that the voice of an intelligent people must receive audience and respectful consideration, that it may be prevented from becoming the voice of the mob. While the conservatives have been consoling themselves with the impossibility of dispensing with the classics, the people have been quietly but steadily preparing to lay them and their advocates upon the shelf, to be kept as relics of the past—mere cabinet curiosities. Note the change in our country within the past few years. A little while ago we had to go to the lexicons to learn the meaning of the word polytechnic, as applied to colleges and schools. Now we have upwards of twenty polytechnic colleges, six of which are independent, while others are connected with universities or colleges of the antiquated type. In addition to these, there is now in almost every State of the Union, either in active operation or in a formative condition, an agricultural college—some of which, like the polytechnic schools, are independent, while others

are in connection with old established colleges which have accepted the Congressional grant. Yale has established a School of the Fine Arts; and both Harvard and Yale have departments of Archæology and Ancient History. Amherst, under President Hitchcock, leads the van in Geological Science, a feature which has almost doubled the number of her undergraduates; while Cornell University is a monument of scientific and polytechnic progress. We live in an age of radical changes; and if the signs of the times indicate anything, if the *vox populi* utters any decree, it is that a part of this great radical work will be the rooting out of the old roots of the dead languages from their monopoly of the educational soil, and the planting in their stead of trees of true knowledge, which shall bear abundantly of Nature’s richest fruit.

All we have said is applicable to all the colleges and universities of the country. As Californians, however, or rather as dwellers on the Pacific Coast, we have some interests which are peculiar, and which, if we mistake not, emphasize every word and intensify every thought to which in this paper we have sought to give utterance.

If our country is new, our State is yet newer. If the history of the nation is unknown, that of this coast lies in still greater depths of obscurity. If the agricultural and mineral resources of the whole broad land are yet undeveloped after two and a quarter centuries of occupation, then a tithe of the time, though never so industriously employed, has not changed the fact with reference to our own coast. Notwithstanding the great depths of some of our mines, and the extent of our explorations, we have as yet but scratched the surface, and that in spots. To the truth of this assertion let the projected Sutro Tunnel and the recent discoveries at White Pine bear witness. Notwithstanding the myriads of acres of golden grain

whose waves roll over the plains ; notwithstanding our orchards of luscious fruits, our orange and our olive groves ; notwithstanding our broad acres of berries and our gardens of floral glories ; notwithstanding all of these, and more than these, our agricultural and horticultural resources are yet almost undreamed of.

In view of these facts it rejoices our hearts to know that the Board of Regents have made provision in our University for a professorship of Agricultural Chemistry.

As clearly indicated at various points, this coast and our whole country has an archæological character, whose history lies buried beneath the accumulated deposits of centuries, and which it remains

for science alone to explore and develop. Let us then, if possible, have a professorship of Archæology and Ancient History.

In consideration of our system of government, a system in which every citizen is a ruler, it is of still greater importance that our youth should be taught something of political economy, finance, and international law. - Let them also learn something more than they do of the principles of commerce, insurance, banking, and exchange. Let navigation, civil engineering, and surveying have a place somewhat commensurate with their practical importance. We are a many-sided people, with great adaptability ; let us have a many-sided, truly symmetrical, and thoroughly practical education.

FAITH.

JUST at the last there stood beside her bed
Two angels, each miraculously fair,
With loftiness of plume and aureoled hair ;
And Love, the statelier angel, weeping, said :

“ Mark her great agony. Were it not best
To soothe her and to strengthen ere she goes !
May we not whisper that which either knows
Of precious pardon and of rapturous rest ? ”

And he whose name was Hope, whose fervent eyes
Were always heavenward raised, responded now :
“ O brother, lay thine hand upon her brow ;
Comfort her with God’s promise while she dies ! ”

Whereat his fellow-angel nearer drew
To the white sufferer’s pillows, pausing there.
But on a sudden, outlined from void air,
Rose a third angel, statelier than the two.

“ Nothing until the end may’st thou reveal ! ”
Calm, yet commanding, his clear voice rang out.
“ ’T is better to die battling with one doubt,
Than with all knowledge at the Throne to kneel ! ”

AMONG THE CLOUDS.

O H, this dreary, bitter storm; will it never end? Day after day it has swept along the mountain-tops in ever increasing fury; night after night has this demon of the upper air by turns raged and howled, exultant in his strength and destructive power, and moaned and wailed like a lost soul in the depths of its hopeless agony. Rain, hail, and snow have been driven in succession with resistless force before the blast, and then the frozen vapor, the terrible Po-go-nip, laden with suffering, disease, and death, like the dread miasmatic fogs which arise from Egyptian marshes, has come stealthily creeping upon us. As we heard its low rustling as it swept over the frozen ground and around our lonely cabin, we, despite our will, shudderingly likened it in our mind to the sound of the crumpling of the crisp cambric we heard from the room below, when years ago we lay half conscious on the sick bed in the dark, close chamber, adjoining that wherein one of the lights of our home had gone out forever, and trembling hands, guided by eyes made dim by tears, were fashioning a shroud for the loved and lost.

Day after day we have shivered and shaken over the stove as we fed the fire and vainly sought to catch the heat which the roaring wind sucked up and bore away as fast as it was generated; night after night we have shaken and shivered beneath piles of woollen blankets in our narrow bunk, until we envied our fever-stricken companion, whose blood coursed through his veins like a stream of molten metal, scorching as it went, for he at least was warm. We have counted every nail in the cabin's sides, every crack in its dirty floor, and looked up from our bunk at the canvas roof, and watched it rise and fall with the wind

until we were sea-sick. Through the crack in the side of the shaking, creaking, swaying cabin we have seen the stars marching across the blue heavens in grand, silent procession; then seen the clouds go surging and whirling past until our brain grew dizzy. Is this storm to be eternal? will the darkness never end? has light gone out forever, and shall there be sunshine no more on earth?

An ashen gray, which is rather the pallor of death on the brow of night than the flush of life on the cheek of morning, steals slowly along at last, and accepting this miserable apology in lieu of honest daylight, we arise as reluctantly as we lay down, and go out to see what new abomination by way of a surprise the enterprising clerk of the weather has in store for us—as if we could be surprised by anything he could be guilty of, after the atrocities he has already perpetrated.

Have the seas which ages ago covered this whole vast area of desert inland mountain country surged back again from the poles, towards which they fled at the command of the Almighty; or has the Storm King in his might torn the mountains from their base, and borne them away through the air to regions hyperborean? Hoar frost inches in thickness covers every object around us. The Treasure Mountain, on which we stood last night, has dwindled to a hillock of frost and snow; and where the White Pine, Ruby, and Diamond Mountains towered into the blue sky yesterday, only similar hillocks dimly outlined, and standing unsteadily at best in the seething sea above which they project, are now to be seen. A dull, leaden-colored ocean, boundless, endless, cold, and terrible, like the

ghost of the Antarctic, stretches away before us to the limit of vision; the waves which roll over its surface breaking at our feet, in silence more terrible than the roar of the storm-lashed Atlantic. The horrors of the storm were but the baseless fabric of a fearful dream; day has brought back to us a more terrible reality; we are shipwrecked mariners standing alone on a floating iceberg, and drifting, drifting, drifting, slowly away into the unknown Polar Sea, from whence no living thing returns to tell the story of its dread mystery. Oh, cruel, pitiless sea, beneath your waves lie buried home and hope, all which was loved and beautiful, all which was fair of earth; you have done your worst; since you cannot give them back if you would, bear us, onward whither you will!

The gale has subsided into a gentle breeze, the breeze dies out entirely, and a calm settles down on the face of the ocean. Forth from the bosom of the waters comes the sun, and even as we gaze with the first start of surprise, the panorama shifts, and a change more wonderful than ever was wrought by enchanter comes over the whole grand scene. As in the last great day the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, the ocean on whose bosom we were floating a few minutes since, dissolves into thin wreaths of fleecy, rose-colored mist, which rise and float away to be seen no more. The monarch mountains in all their savage grandeur, clad in mantles glittering in the sunlight with more than barbaric magnificence of glittering gems, rise up from the ocean depths, and anon the wide valleys stretching away to the Humboldt on the north, and the Colorado on the south, beautified and glorified by a faint purple and coralline haze which softens each ragged outline, and blends in harmony the otherwise discordant red, black, and yellow colorings of the desert, are unrolled again before us.

Last night we recalled to mind the words of the poet:

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most clad in clouds and snow."

And in the bitterness of our heart added, "And the more fool he for ascending them! Why could n't he have sense enough to stay in the valley, where the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and they have strawberries and cream; where he could have his boots blacked, and where a boiled shirt, and the old woman, and the children could make him comfortable? Served him right, the climbing idiot!" We take it all back. Taken "by and large," as our old friend from the Little Skillet Fork of the Wabash was wont to remark, this is not in the language of brave old Hendrick Hudson:

"A right good land to live in,
And a pleasant land to see."

But in all the valleys on earth you could not match a scene like this, and he who has not witnessed it, so far as all that is grand, sublime, and peerlessly beautiful may go, has lived his life in vain. The entrance fee is high, but the entertainment is cheap at double the money. We would not sell the recollection for another Eberhardt, and almost begrudge you the poor satisfaction of listening to the brief and sadly imperfect description.

Lee Wing, our accomplished and popular caterer, who wears the dish-cloth around his neck, with a grace which throws a poetic charm over all he does, as he spills the dish-water by apparent accident over George Washington, the gentlemanly Shoshone who for "halp dollah and biscake" condescends to cut our wood, (everybody must have somebody to look down upon; Celt and Teuton look down on Sambo, Sambo looks down on John, and John looks down with interest on Lo, and Lo must despise a politician, or take the bottom of the ladder) makes his appearance at last, with his head bound up in

a woollen comforter. He tells us that he started up from Hamilton last night, but his hat was blown away, and in the darkness he got stalled in a snow-drift; he adds, with a seductive smile: "Me tinkee one time I losey you, sure!" Thankful that he did not lose us, and revoking the determination to whale him black and blue for not coming sooner, we are soon sitting down at a tolerably well-filled table, with appetites such as are never felt in the milder climate of California, and for which we may thank this sharp, bracing mountain air—and it is well that we have something to thank it for. "See here, George Washington, you lazy rascal, you did not come to cut us any wood last night! You do n't deserve a mouthful of breakfast!" G. Washington, who sits sulking in the corner by the stove, waiting impatiently for the crumbs and bones which are to fall from the rich man's table, humbly expresses his regret for the omission, and with an almost convincing earnestness, accounts for his apparent neglect by pointing out the fact that the pair of old boots we gave him yesterday, to keep his feet from the snow, are odd mates, as it were—"both rights"—making it a matter of impossibility for him to travel in a straight line. He started up here early in the evening, but miscalculated the slant; struck the hill at a wrong angle, missed the cabin, and following the bent not of his own sweet will, but of his toes, which were forced to conform to that of his boots, travelled in gradually decreasing circles all night, hitting the cabin at the summit just after sunrise. The noble red man is by nature a gifted liar, and George took care of the horse on which a candidate for the Nevada Assembly rode around on an electioneering tour until he became utterly demoralized. We can hardly believe a word he says on any subject, but this story looks a little more probable than those he usually tells, and waiving the doubt, we intimate to Lee

that he can give him a lay-out. Lee sullenly slings some cold potatoes, a few pancakes, hot biscuit, and chunks of the cold meat out of yesterday's soup into a pan, pours out a basin of black coffee, and motions to George to sit down at the washstand and gorge himself; then takes a seat at the table from which we have just arisen, and makes a square meal off the best he can find in the house; he is chief of the ranch now, and means to make George know his place.

There comes no sound of the church-going bell, and no long lines of people clad in solemn black are to be seen wending their way toward places of worship, but nevertheless any one with half an eye can see that it is Sunday; there are twice as many idlers on the streets; three times as many drunken miners in the saloons, and a far greater number of men recklessly throwing away their earnings at the gambling tables as on a week day, and although it is only 1 P.M., there has been some excitement in town already. Two first-class dog-fights have come off on Main Street, attracting large and enthusiastic audiences. The last one ended in a free fight, and the man who owned the wolf-dog which sailed in "promiscuous" and by a well-directed bite at the root of the tail of one of the combatants disjointed the vertebra, and made it perfectly useless for that interesting animal to waste any time henceforth in wagging it, got whipped, as he richly deserved; for a man who will tolerate and encourage back-biting finds little favor among the hard-fisted yeomanry who make up the bulk of an industrious and enterprising mining community. He got even, however, and demonstrated the superiority of the Caucasian race later in the day by whipping an Indian who refused to sell him a back-load of wood for four bits on credit. The accidental discharge of a pistol in one of the big saloons had created a panic, resulting in a rush for

the street, in which the entire front, both windows and the double glass doors of the building, had been carried away and reduced to infinitesimal fragments by the feet of the excited multitude. The gentlemanly proprietor of the premises had kindly volunteered to "put a head" on the man who fired the pistol if anybody would point him out; but his offer had not been accepted, and he very unreasonably, as his patrons appeared to think, seemed to feel hurt at the levity which they displayed on the occasion. When a fellow hears a shot fired in his immediate neighborhood how is he to know that it is not intended for him? and if a man does n't want his windows and doors smashed why does he leave them in the way when there is an excitement? If a man can't afford to take the chances of an occasional loss of this kind he ought to sell out to somebody with more public spirit. Then there had been a lot jumpers' fight down at the end of the street, both parties to which had been arrested by the constable, and would be fined equal amounts next day, without regard to the question of title, such being the accepted system of taxing real estate circuitously, as it were, for the benefit of the treasury of White Pine County. They were fined \$10 and costs each, for shooting at each other, and it would have been twice as much if either had been killed. The costs amounted to \$37.50; since a man cannot afford to keep a justice's shop and run a constable in White Pine, just for the grandeur of the thing.

There had also been a controversy, partaking of a personal character, between Hitwell, formerly a broker in San Francisco and now one of the most successful prospectors and operators in mines in the district, and Col. Smithson, whose gray hairs and venerable beard should have protected him from unnecessarily disparaging remarks by a young, vigorous, and athletic man like Hitwell.

"You may have heard of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Col. Smithson?" a man had casually remarked.

"*Heard of it!* Why, bless your heart, I am a Virginian by birth, and was raised in the immediate vicinity. I have seen it a thousand times at least; and by the by, *my father built that bridge!*" was the gallant Colonel's emphatic reply.

Hitwell, who was riding by at the moment on his fine bay horse and silver-mounted saddle, hearing this, remarked that Col. Smithson had a reputation for truthfulness which was proverbial, until he attended the California Legislature as a lobby member, since which time he had shown the demoralizing effect of bad associations, and could n't always be bet on. He would like to look over the contract under which the old man did that job. This remark the Colonel construed into an imputation upon his veracity, or at least a reflection upon the fair fame of his ancestor. To be brief, and not to put too fine a point on it, he would just like to know what Hitwell meant by that remark. Mutual friends interfered, and Hitwell finally explained that what he said about demoralizing effects, etc., was only a general remark anyway; and he only wanted to look over the contract to be able to assure his friends that the father of his friend (the Colonel) did business on the square, and was not to be confounded with the class of thieving rascals known as contractors in these degenerate days. Smithson in turn explained that the contract was made and work executed before the war, and under a Democratic administration, which of course relieved his respected progenitor from the obloquy which might otherwise have attached to his memory; and so, the matter was dropped—both parties, out of respect for each other's feelings, abstaining religiously from referring to the subject thereafter.

Auctioneers were yelling forth at the top of their lungs the merits of the

Cheap John clothing and other traps they were vainly trying to sell; and some two hundred and fifty Indians, in their parti-colored rags, were assembled at one point receiving a ton of flour, which the citizens had good-naturedly bought at twenty cents per pound, as a present for the untutored children of the sage-brush—there are no forests in this part of Nevada—who had run out of grass-seed, and had yet some months to wait before the annual grasshopper crop would be ready for gathering and fatten the ribs of old and young. A few Mexican *vaqueros*, a long train of laden pack-mules driven by the last of the Montezumas, and a few Mormons in butternut clothing and tow hair, who had come in from Salt Lake, after a four hundred mile drive across the alkali desert, with bull teams loaded with eggs, honey, butter, potatoes, etc., added variety to the picture. There was to have been a theatrical *matinée* to-day; but an unfortunate accident made it necessary to postpone it. On the night previous a San Francisco melodeon troupe had given an entertainment, and the audience was at once large, appreciative, select, and enthusiastic. A lady, with an accent indicative of Teutonic origin, had been singing "The Flying Trapeze," when the house came down with an *encore*. One demonstrative lover of the divine art, carried away by his feelings, felt around for something to throw upon the stage. He would have cried *brava!* patted his kid gloves together, and tossed a bouquet to the fair cantatrice, had he been in the Opera House at San Francisco; but as he was not there, he accommodated himself to the circumstances of the occasion, and did what he could to encourage her. He yelled "bully!" stamped his cowhide boots, and bouquets being out of the question, (as the flower crop was short in White Pine at that time) he seized a bottle of whiskey and hurled it with diabolical accu-

racy of aim. It struck the single coal-oil lamp which answered for the foot-lights, and bursted both lamp and bottle. Regard for strict truthfulness and reliability, which the writer is determined never to forfeit, precludes him from stating positively whether it was the coal-oil or the whisky which ignited first; but between them they set the wall-paper screen, which constituted the scenery of the theatre, on fire and came near burning down the premises. He was "as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, but too impulsive-like," one of his friends told me. His spirited little episode put an end to the evening's entertainment, and compelled, as has been said, the postponement of the Sunday *matinée*, much to the disappointment of the lovers of rational and unobjectionable amusement. Nevertheless, the public were in fair spirits over the termination of the storm, and the camp altogether was about as lively as any you could find in a year's travel west of the Rocky Mountains. When the fun flagged, and other topics failed, the question of the respective merits of two women, horses, or rival mining titles, would revive it immediately.

A rude hearse followed by a dozen miners, clad in decent apparel and marching in mournful silence, passes slowly down the street. Every voice is hushed as the sad procession moves by. "Poor Bill—he has gone with the rest, and left his family destitute!" says one huge-bearded man, with a touch of honest human sympathy in his voice. There is no ostentatious display of charity, no subscription list for publication—but liberal sums are contributed on the spot, and no account demanded from or given by the impromptu treasurer who is to send the money to the afflicted widow and unprotected orphans down at "the Bay." Another funeral, that of the victim of a reckless street brawl passes, and that uncharitableness which admits of any amount of ill-speaking of the dead

in more highly civilized communities, is manifested by no man among all the throng upon the street, many of whom had but too good reason for having known him intimately, if not well. And now, from out the open door of a modest cottage on a back street, around which a number of sorrowing friends stand bare-headed in reverential attitude, comes the voice of a strong man, humbly imploring an All-Merciful God to have in His holy keeping, and strengthen with His strength, the mother, sick in body and in heart, whose faltering steps had borne her almost here, but who had been denied the sad privilege of hearing the parting words from the lips of her only earthly hope and supporter, whose cold form is enclosed in the rude coffin at our feet. What a fearful price are we paying for the wealth which has for ages been lying buried in the bosom of this mountain! Poor Richard! Ten days ago he walked among us in all the pride and vigor of early manhood. Was it necessary that his young life must be lost with the others? Lost did you say? No, not lost! To have lived well, one needs not to have lived long. The all-consoling consciousness of duty nobly done comes not with years alone. The servant was not questioned as to the amount of capital entrusted to his care or the time he had retained it, but rather what use he had made of it to enhance the Master's interest.

The day advances toward noon, and crowds are gathering all along Main Street, in the vicinity of Treasure Street. All is life, noise, and excitement here; expectation and lively interest are depicted on every countenance, while every tongue is busy. "Two to one on Wells, Fargo & Co!" shouts one big fellow, in a seal-skin overcoat and seven-league boots. "That's *me!* Come out with the scads!" says No. 2, pulling out his long buckskin purse filled with twenty-

dollar pieces, and tossing them up and down to make them jingle temptingly. All eyes are turned on the two in an instant, and the crowd thickens around them. "I draw!" says No. 1, who had been caught "bluffing"; and the laugh is against him. "One hundred even that the Pacific Union wins by a minute and a half," says No. 2. "That's *me!*" says No. 1; and up goes the coin in the hands of a third party. "It was a dead beat yesterday!" says one. "Pshaw! Nothing of the kind; the Pacific Union was half a mile behind!" rejoins another, contemptuously. "Bet you fifty it wa'n't no such thing!" rejoins the first speaker. "The Pacific beat by two minutes thirty-one and two-fifths seconds," interposes an outsider, with a double-tinned imitation gold watch, and an itching for fame as an exact statistician. And so it goes—the confusion increasing every moment. At last it culminates. Two dark spots are visible above the snow-drifts, away out on the brow of the hill toward Hamilton. "Hi! hi! hurrah! Here they come! Wells, Fargo & Co. are ahead!" "No they aint; the gray is the Pacific Union!" "Bet you a hundred on that." "Take you for the drinks; I'm short to-day; the game beat me last night." "I do'n't make four bit bets. What'n thunder d'ye take me for?" is the angry response. Now both horsemen are lost to view for a moment behind the snow-drifts, and now they round into Main Street and the crowd break out into vociferous applause, each individual encouraging the party on which he has staked his money to the very utmost. The riders are plying whip and spur with all their strength, and the horses, though nearly ready to drop down from exhaustion, are straining every muscle to the utmost, going through the slush and snow with a speed which would endanger the rider's neck on the best road in Christendom. Does the fate of the nation hang on

the news they carry? Has a great battle been won or lost? Has the dread pestilence of Asia burst on the land? Do the enemy in overwhelming numbers, ravaging the land with fire and sword, ride behind the flying horsemen? Nothing of the sort! It is only the daily race between the messengers of the rival express companies, who have snatched the bags with the Treasure City letters from the stage-drivers at Hamilton and dashed up the mountain as if the fate of the whole human race depended on the issue. Neck and neck the horses are running; one stumbles and goes on his knees; before he can regain his feet the other has gained a half-dozen yards, and his rider throws the bag into the door of the Union Express Co.'s office, and is off in an instant; he has won "by a leetle," and is a hero for five minutes. A yell arises from the crowd. Attendants who have been waiting for hours throw blankets over the exhausted, panting steeds that contested the race so well, and lead them up and down in the open air, while the crowd, whose enthusiasm has gone in a moment, breaks up and disappears, only to reassemble in less force, (it being a week day) and go through, as near-

ly as may be, the same programme, to-morrow.

The sky above is gloriously blue; the snow fields on the mountains that bound the wide horizon glitter dazlingly in the full flood of the light of the declining sun. Almost beautiful seem the barren valleys, seen through the soft, blue haze which mellows all their outlines. This strange, weird land never looked so attractive to our eyes—but it is not Home. It is a land to toil and fight, grow rich suddenly, or die in—but not a land to live and love in; not a land in which to rear the household altar and set up the household gods; not a land one would wish to sleep in, when life's day of toil is ended and the evening shadow falls. The home of our heart lies behind the western horizon, by the waters of the sunset sea, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing all the year round. There is but one California on earth, and toward it we turn with willing feet.

Land, swept ever by the drifting cloud; land of the tempest and the Po-go-nip; land of toil and excitement, suffering, disease, fabulous and sudden wealth, disappointment, and death: we bid you a glad good-by.

HOLY WEEK AT ROME.

THE Holy Week in Rome, and indeed throughout the Continent, was preceded this year by most extraordinary freaks on the part of the clerk of the weather. Here we had wind and cold—hail-storms such as one occasionally expects to beat about one's devoted head in New England, but in New England only—and snow lying upon the near mountains. It was feared that the Benediction which takes place at Easter might have to be given in the Church of St. Peter instead of from the balcony.

This was not the case, however. The rain which pelted down tremendously during part of the church services ceased before they were over, to recommence soon after we were safely at home once more.

But the weather has carried me to the end of the Holy Week before I had fairly arrived at the beginning.

We had, the residents tell us, a most unusually large number of strangers to witness the ceremonies of the Holy Week. There are this year to be a

double series of *festas*. The Pope celebrates his fiftieth anniversary as a priest; his golden marriage to the Catholic Church. To this *festa*, that commemorative of his return from Gaeta and his preservation from the fall of a floor at the Church of St. Agnes will be united, and we shall have delightful church music, processions, and a splendid illumination of the city.

Some of us had our first view of the grand basilica of St. Peter on the eve of Palm Sunday. We saw it as we are sure it should always be first seen, when the shadows were rapidly stealing over nave and vault, and the sunbeams pouring through the upper windows had lost the glare of the full daylight. We felt lost in the grand marble expanse that stretched before and behind and around us. The great marble statues and monuments seemed fitting inhabitants of the mystic marble city we were treading, and we were but interlopers in a building not designed for such insignificant beings as ourselves. Silence, loneliness, mystery belonged to it, and with whispered words and hushed footsteps, we retreated.

When we entered the doors the next day, a great crowd was surging and swaying through the aisles. The transepts were filled with women all arrayed in black, wearing floating veils, and all in apparently a state of semi-suffocation. The high altar was lit with tall candles and adorned with magnificent golden vessels. The nave was lined with soldiers; the apse filled with cardinals and prelates. The Pope was enthroned and surrounded by his attendants, and strains of sweet and powerful music filled the noble building. The blessing of the palms takes place at an early period of the services. These palms are not the bits of box which are blessed at home on these occasions, but the leaves of the palm trees growing on the Corinthe road. We saw them on our way to the Eternal City—not waving in the

breeze, as palm trees always wave in books, but swathed in cloths and bound up like so many huge wounded fingers. By this process the green is all extracted and a delicate yellow takes its place. Then the leaves are brought to Rome, cut and braided and woven into fantastic and pretty forms by nuns and others, who are busied many days in their preparation.

After the blessing of the palms a procession takes place in the church, during which the Pope, bearing a palm, is carried in his chair, followed by those whose palms he has blessed. This procession formerly took place from a little church in the neighborhood of St. Peter, and a copy of the open Bible was borne in front of the Pontiff.

In Florence, in early days, the procession left the snowy Cathedral of Mary of the Flowers and proceeded around the Piazza. When they returned to the church the deacon bearing the cross smote with it against the closed door, which was opened to the song of the choristers, "Open, ye gates, and let the King of Glory in!"

The first day or two after Palm Sunday present nothing of very special interest to the visitors in Rome. There are certain customs observed during Lent which attract their attention. On Fridays, bands of penitents—the men attired in coarse clothing, covering them entirely excepting the eyes, and the women wearing black—repair to the Coliseum. They kneel first at the great cross in the centre, and then at each of the stations erected around the ruins. At each they repeat a prayer in concert, and then the strange train sweeps on to a pulpit erected in one of the old arches where a sermon is preached appropriate to the season. This finished, the procession re-forms and passes out of the Coliseum beneath the Arch of Titus and through the Forum, their voices returning softened by the distance to the old amphitheatre, as they sing the peni-

tential psalms on their way to their homes.

Pious pilgrims in picturesque costumes, but of most unsavory persons, are to be seen under the guidance of the members of the Society of the Pellegrini, visiting the seven basilicas. The noble ladies of Rome take these peasant women on their arms and kneel with them at the altars most frequented at this season. At night they proceed to the hospital of the Society, where they wash their feet and serve them at supper. The simple, picturesque costume worn on the occasion is very effective over the rich satin and velvet dresses of the Roman matrons, and the diamonds gleam very prettily in the well-lighted but barely furnished halls. The young girls who assist in this act of humiliation at a certain hour form a line, through which the ladies and their beneficiaries pass to the dormitories, the young girls singing the evening song to the Virgin. In another part of the building the men are cared for in the same way by the Roman nobles. The sight is in some respects a pleasant one, especially when the hungry are being fed. And the beds are very clean and comfortable. But there are senses which are by no means gratified, and the open air sometimes has to be suddenly sought for by the curious visitor.

Very different from this foot-washing is the other, which occurs in the left hand of the transept of St. Peter's. The pilgrims are in this case not pilgrims at all, but young priests, who are presented by Catholic diplomats and Roman prelates for the honor. They are dressed entirely in white, wearing strange conical caps, and their right feet are bared soon after their entrance into the church. The Pope, after a service performed by the Cardinal-deacon, puts on an apron trimmed with lace, and attended by prelates and chamberlains bearing silver pitchers and basins and thirteen towels to correspond with the number of the

thirteen apostles, as they are called, washes, wipes, and kisses the thirteen right feet presented to him. Each apostle receives a little bunch of artificial flowers and a gold and silver medal, and, the services concluded, all proceed to an upper hall, where the "Tavola" takes place.

Certain prayers are said, the Pope gives his blessing. The Apostles are seated at table. The hall is filled to suffocation with spectators, who are edified with a view of the Pope handing dishes to kneeling *monsignori*. These, in their turn, pass them to the Apostles. After a few moments the Pope leaves the hall. The Apostles collect all the food upon the table, as they are allowed to carry it away with them, and their napkins, and the table is rapidly cleared.

During the last three days of Holy Week the incense and the lights and the kiss of peace with which the Mass generally concludes, are omitted. The lamps ever burning about the confessional of St. Peter's are extinguished. The *Miserere*, of which so much is heard at home, is sung on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the Sistine Chapel by the choir of St. Peter's. It is a lamentation for the death of our Lord, and the music is exceedingly plaintive. Fifteen candles of yellow wax are lighted, which are extinguished during the service, with the exception of one. This is hidden at a certain moment, and thus the abandonment of our Saviour is symbolized. The *Miserere* occurs at the very end of the function, and hours are spent by weary strangers on the hard, crowded benches of the Sistine Chapel before the sweet strains they have come to hear fall upon their ears. The whole concludes with a sort of knocking, representing the earthquake and other convulsions of nature which occurred at our Saviour's death.

After the *Miserere* on Thursday, we hastened into St. Peter's, where the high altar is washed. A procession

carrying a veiled cross approaches it. Prayers are said and the altar is washed with wine and water, sponged with seven sponges and wiped with seven towels. Immediately after this ceremony the relics are exposed from a balcony over the statue of St. Veronica. These relics are a bit of the cross, part of the spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief. The scene in the dimly lighted church, whence the daylight had all died out, was very interesting.

The Pauline Chapel is beautifully illuminated on this day, and the Pope carries the Sacrament to it. There it is watched for twenty-four hours and brought back again to the Sistine the next afternoon.

There are various services on Saturday. Incense is blessed and lighted at the Sistine Chapel. Jews are baptized at St. John de Lateran, Easter Mass is celebrated by the Armenian Bishop, and the houses are blessed by parish priests.

But the day of days among those consecrated to church ceremonies is Easter Sunday. We thought Lee had arrived at New York or Boston, and time rushed rapidly backward with us for a few moments in the early morning of last Sunday. All Rome was awakened and kept awake by the discharge of guns from the fortress of St. Angelo, and the city put on gala array.

Certain knotty points forever remain to be settled with regard to viewing the ceremonies of St. Peter's. How is one to see them with the least discomfort? Certain favored ones from the heights of the upper balconies look down upon the wondrous scene. Others with beavies of friends repair to the tribunes set apart for the ladies, or if gentlemen, push into the crowd of full-dressed men beside these stagings, and beguile the time until the services begin with social chit-chat. While a third class, armed with camp-stools, become a tribe of wandering Arabs, encamping here and there in aisle or nave, watching the motley crowd,

hearing the fine bursts of choral music, the sweet duos or quartettes with which these are intermixed, and witnessing the more important parts of the service, the processions, and the elevation of the Host, without fatigue. Our party tried all these various ways and means. To reach the privileged balconies we were obliged to rise at unholy hours, breakfast on yesterday's bread, and last week's coffee, mount an unheard-of number of stairs, and breathe an impossible atmosphere. But the view thence was magnificent.

Next time, however, we had such a realizing sense of the amount of evil breath we had inhaled, that fortified with the same creature comforts, and half opening the like sleepy eyes, we tried the tribunes. We breathed. But the fearful crowd and the hard benches were too much for us, and we were rescued for the liberty of the nave and camp-stool. The fatigue of the attendance upon the ceremonies is very great, and their conclusion is hailed by all strangers with one universal sigh of satisfaction.

The pageant of Easter was most brilliant. The nave was lined with soldiers arrayed in new uniforms. The balconies, assigned to greater or less royal personages, were filled with noble guests. The choir performed its best. The Pope himself officiated. At the moment when he raised the Host the scene was most impressive. At the word of command, the army of soldiers kneeled and saluted. The faithful bowed knee and head. The silver trumpets from far above us rang out their clear, soft notes, and all else was as still as if the great cathedral had been deserted.

Soon after, the steps of the church were covered with a vast concourse of the Roman people, the white "panni" which cover the heads of the Roman women gleaming like snow that the sun has touched. Line after line of soldiers stood immovable in the piazza. The

colonnades above and below were filled with spectators. A vast sea of heads ; a wonderful mosaic of colors was spread out as far as the eye could reach. All eyes are fixed upon a balcony in the middle of the church. At length the Pope is brought forth, seated in his chair, great white plumed fans being held behind him. About him are certain prelates, and before him this wonderful multitude. He pronounces a sort of prayer, and then rises. Again the word of command is given. The long lines of soldiery fall upon one knee. The peasant men and women on the steps, the nobles on the roof of the colonnade, bow together. Thousands of human hearts are beating on that piazza, and their beat may almost be heard as the voice of one man falls clear and distinct upon the air. He pronounces the words of the benediction. The vast throng rises. The bells of St. Peter's ring forth a peal which is caught up and repeated by all the bells of the city. The guns of St. Angelo add to the clamor. The Pope rises and again blesses the people by making three times the sign of the cross, and the great church ceremonies of Easter are over.

(The weather would not allow of the lighting of the dome, for which we must wait until next Sunday, to the great disappointment of those who must move northward.)

A most extraordinary ceremony takes place in Florence on the eve of Easter. It is styled a "a pyrotechnic religious rite." A car of honor, designed by the painter Daniel de Volterra, is brought to the door of the cathedral. The lights in the cathedral have been extinguished. From the car to a pillar within the church a wire is attached, and within the car are materials for fireworks. These are started, and on the wire I have mentioned a white dove is made to bear the new fire within the cathedral. The fire is lit from rubbing certain bits

of stone together, said to have been brought by Pazzo de Pazzi, a warrior of the first crusade, from the holy sepulchre. Having lit the altars of the church, the car, drawn by oxen, proceeds to the old Pazzi palace to light three fagots built before it for the purpose.

Another practice of Lent is dying away in Florence. It is that of holding fairs outside the various gates on the Sundays of this mournful period. They were called by various names, culled from the Academy of the Crusea. The one on the second Sunday before Easter was especially dear to certain young people. Then, for the first time, were those happy pairs who were to be made one after Lent allowed to walk out together. And each fair one was treated by her lover to a cake considered especially sacred to betrothed ones, and nuts, also particularly enjoyed by promised lovers.

The fairs which took place in Florence this year seem to have had no touch of romance about them, and the display of articles used in husbandry, the spades and the hoes, the ladders and the ploughs, attracted other than merry lads and lassies to the gate of the Romans.

The most charming project for the due commemoration of the various personal events in the life of Pius IX, about to be celebrated, is that of the restoration of the Basilica of Constantine. We drive constantly past the three magnificent arches which remain of this building, and sometimes stop to look up at its beautiful coffered ceiling, bits of which still remain, and appear again and again in buildings erected by modern art. The materials for rebuilding this wonderful basilica lie, many of them, under its own shadow. Others may be found near at hand beside the portico of Lina, or the palace of the Cæsars. We have the Pantheon in its wonderful perfection. We can look

through its open circle to the firmament above as Agrippa looked, and "Paul the aged," and now if we may one day stand in the basilica which the Christian emperor consecrated to Him over whose birth-place stood and shone "the star in the east," it will seem a fit memorial of the long life-time of priest, master, and Pope, Pius IX.

It cannot be denied that the Pope is growing old, and that he shows it. His is a hale old age, but it is old age. Yet he is very active. During all Lent he received his guests, kept up all the fatiguing ceremonial of the season, heard sermons daily in his private chapel or in the Sistine. Every Friday he descended to the basilica, knelt at the chapel of the Sacrament, before the bronze statue of St. Peter, and at the confessional. The strangers gazed their fill, and from the balcony of St. Veronica the relics were exposed. In the afternoon he always drove, and made pastoral visits to the many convents in the city and about it. He is vastly interested in the preparations for the sitting of the Œcumenical Council. The transept where it is to be held is closed to the public. The seats are to be made broad and comfortable, to be well cushioned, and provided with desks. One of the most corpulent of the prelates who will be a member of the council seated himself not long ago, duly dressed in his robes, to see that abundance of room was awarded to the learned councillors.

The alarm of fire which occurred some days before might have been most serious. The benches and boards for the erection of the tribunes at the festas of St. Peter's are kept beneath the mosaic manufactory. These caught fire, no one seems to know how, and four hours were required to extinguish the conflagration. Raphael's Madonna da Foligno has been absent for many weeks from its place in the gallery of the Vatican. It is being copied in

mosaic, and is in the manufactory, where it would have perished, had the conflagration extended. Indeed, such a fire menaced the whole palace with all its art treasures

The strike of the butchers (to descend from greater matters) has been most successful; and our country-people are made to suffer in pocket from the fact. Rome is, however, so full that should some be driven away because the prices of everything in the Eternal City are so high, nobody would complain. We must all see Rome, if we exceed our incomes in the attempt, and Rome is worth it.

Various new discoveries have been made by archæologists during the past few months. Some valuable statues have been found in the Palace of the Cæsars. Various chambers have been opened in the baths of Diocletian. They were doubtless apartments in a private house, and the frescoes on the walls are still fresh and beautiful, although the inhabitants had passed away when the Emperor began his Thermal above them.

On the road to Civita Vecchia some most interesting discoveries have been made. A temple of the "Frates Arvales" has been found. The corporation of the "Frates Arvales" devoted itself particularly to the religious rites supposed to be necessary to the cultivation of the soil. The Emperor was always one of these brethren, who were but twelve in number. The goddess chosen by the Frates as their titular divinity was "Déa." The inscriptions found in and about the ruins date from the reign of Tiberius to that of Germanicus II. These open up to us a new series of historical facts, and record events of which we had never before heard.

The search after these inscriptions has revealed to us the catacomb in which Faustinus and Viatrix were originally buried. These were martyrs,

put to death during the reign of Diocletian by being drowned near the Tiber.

Near the railroad depot, the three aqueducts; the Marcian, Tepulian, and Julian have been discovered, and the original inscription marking the "species" or flow of the water, and warning builders against digging where they might possibly injure the aqueduct.

"At the Marmorata," or bank of the river, where the marble brought to Rome is disembarked, there have

been found the ancient quais of Rome. And here lie marble pillars and columns, capitals and architraves brought by order of Rome's imperial masters from the lands they had conquered. One of these, a column of African marble which Trajan had commanded, the present ruler of Rome designs to erect in commemoration of the council he has appointed. Thus are ancient and modern, Pagan and Catholic Rome constantly bound together; and the life of the past and the life of the present are one in the Eternal City.

THE REAL ESTATE MANIA.

THERE is a story of an old hunter who came into Chicago one day, and after wandering about for a while looking at the public buildings and other "improvements," got into a chat with one of the inhabitants, in the course of which he mentioned to him that he had once had a chance to buy all the ground that the city was built upon for a pair of old boots. "And why did n't you buy it?" was the very natural question of his interlocutor. "Well, I had n't the boots just then," was the old man's calm reply.

Suppose he had had them, what then? Would it have been a good thing for him to buy it?

Perhaps not. He was only a hunter and had the whole wide West behind him; it is possible therefore that to him the boots might be of more value than the land. But this is a consideration which affects only his particular case, and we desire to consider rather the general question—Why do men buy land?

They do not buy it everywhere. In Central Africa land does not become private property. The first occupant is the owner as long as he occupies it;

when he leaves it, any other person that wants it takes it. In many parts of Hindostan the land belongs neither to the government nor to any particular person, but to the village communities, in which it descends from father to son, in such allotments as the village authorities determine from time to time. In Persia, Turkey, and Arabia, although individual and hereditary ownership is frequent, it seems to depend mainly on occupancy and use, and it would be difficult for a man to prevent another from building upon or cultivating a piece of land which he himself was not using, merely on the strength of a "paper title"; moreover, though frequent, it is far from universal. The example of Abraham must be familiar to all our readers; they cannot fail to remember that although he farmed and fed cattle all his life in Southern Syria, he never bought, rented, nor owned any land there, except a burial lot. His title was simply occupancy, and it was as good as any of those around him. From the country of Abraham and his son Ishmael the idea was carried into Spain, where it got mixed up a little with the feudal idea of title vested in the sovereign, and fee

simple derived from him. Nevertheless it is clearly visible in the tenure of pueblo lands, which were held in common by grant from the sovereign, and were only segregated to individuals on condition of use and occupancy. Whether the fee simple would be lost by subsequent disuse, I am not prepared to say positively, but I know that any South American alcalde would not scruple to grant a lot not recently occupied, "*sin perjuicio de tercero*," that is, throwing on any previous claimant the burden of proving title. From Spain this system came over to San Francisco, where its clashing with our newer feudal-allodial notions gave rise to much disturbance, which is not yet entirely ended. If we incorporated into our system a good deal more of this idea, namely: that of making actual and continuous use an essential element in title, we should then hear no more of ribbon fences, nor of armed expeditions to conquer and defend lots on the mud flats at Mission Creek, nor of large tracts held by men who want to "let them lie," and thus hinder the settlement of others around them. Evidently there would be advantages in it; it seems worth thinking of. It is with the same view that some eminent economists of the present day advance the doctrine that the sovereign ought not to part with the fee simple of land at all, but only to grant a right of occupancy for a longer or shorter term, according to the circumstances. But this begins to be a digression.

Well then, with us men buy land because they want to have it, and cannot get it otherwise. They want to have it for purposes of occupancy and use, which is a very simple thing, or they want to get it for investment, which is the case only in a more complex condition of society.

Occupancy and use means in this case building and farming in one form or another. Men must have room to put their houses upon, and land to feed

cattle, or to grow potatoes, wheat, carrots, asparagus, and rosebushes. Now it is an important consideration, in regard to the value of land for these purposes, that the supply is limited; the only thing that has to be calculated is the amount of demand. In forecasting the price of California wheat we have to take into account the harvests of the Western States, England and France, the countries on the Baltic, possibly even Chili and Australia. But the price of land in San Francisco is only slightly affected by the price of land in Oakland, (since men *can* have their dwellings there and attend to their business here) very slightly indeed by that of land in Vallejo, (where a small part of the business can be done) and not at all by that of land in Sacramento or Stockton. The location of a great city is always determined by particular circumstances, which make it necessary that it should be in one certain place and no other. Thus the great city of this coast could have been built at Oakland, where there is much more available building land, had it not been that ships cannot get near it; or at Saucelito, where ships would be better sheltered, had it not been that both houses and warehouses would have been perched up on the hill-tops; or at Vallejo or Benicia, had it not been for the thirty additional miles of inland (and therefore more or less dangerous) navigation. For these reasons San Francisco stands where it does, and could not have been placed elsewhere. But in San Francisco, that is, within available distance for business and residence, there are just so many square feet of surface, and there never can be more. If these square feet are not all of them suitable for building upon, say mud-flats or hill-tops, then another consideration comes in—the grading or filling in—but that is only a matter of cost and does not alter the present question. There are still just so many square feet of surface. The

consideration that will determine their value therefore is: How many people want houses?

Ultimately, no doubt, this is the only consideration; but for present inquiry the question must be slightly modified; How many persons want houses, and how many more are likely to want them soon? The reason of this modification is that land is sought after for investment as well as for present use.

It is not so everywhere. In partially civilized countries, which at the same time suffer under the curse of a despotism, people do not invest in land because they are liable to be obliged to quit suddenly, and land is a thing that they cannot in any way carry with them. In such countries rich folks invest a good deal in diamonds or other precious stones, in which shape they can carry a considerable fortune about their persons in case of a sudden move; smaller men get their little pile of gold coin together as quietly as possible. Here that objection does not exist. As long as a man behaves himself he need not be afraid of either General Grant or Governor Haight sending a sheriff's officer to him with a bow-string, or a *lettre de cachet*, to render his longer residence in town unpleasant. There are other breakers ahead, no doubt, in the shape of black-mailing suits, clouded titles, and forged conveyances, but care and skill will obviate these difficulties. When a man, therefore, has got a few thousand dollars together, and has no particular necessity for the money, or no means of employing it in his own business, it is a natural enough idea that if he enters into competition with those who want land to build upon now while that competition is slight, by and by, when it becomes heavier, he will be able to sell at a price which will give him not only his capital back, but also a fair increase upon it instead of interest, even though it should yield no return in the mean time. This is buying for investment. Now here

there are two competitions to notice: first, the competition for the land between the purchaser for use and the purchaser for investment; and secondly, the competition for capital between land and the other chances for investment which the country offers; in other words, the choice of investments. Let us look for a moment at each.

It was remarked above that the number of persons wanting or going to want houses was the only consideration that ultimately fixed the value of real estate. It is therefore evident that the extent to which land will be purchased for investment depends altogether on the extent to which it is likely to be wanted for use. If we could conceive of lots being carried to such a price by the competition of investing purchasers that those who want them for use could no longer afford to buy or rent, then of course that competition would wholly defeat its own object and bar the growth of the city; but it will be long before it does that, for a man's house rent is only one of his expenses, and as long as there is abundant employment to be had it will act rather in the way of compelling people to live in smaller and plainer houses, or further from their business, than by preventing them from coming here at all. It is this more than anything else which has caused San Francisco to be built in such a very scattering way. It certainly is not from choice that so many working people have to lose the main benefit of the eight-hour law, and so many of our business men sacrifice so large a part of the time they would otherwise spend with their families, by living at the distance of an hour's travel from their work. It is because they cannot get such a lot as they want to put their house on nearer town without paying a much higher price than they can afford, although the cars which carry them to and from their work pass block after block of unoccupied and unimproved ground. That it

produces this effect is no doubt a loss and a disadvantage to the community, as, on the other hand, it would also be a loss to the community that its members should be prevented from investing their capital in any legitimate way that they consider desirable.

The other competition to which we have referred may be noticed in a few words. The purchase of land is not the only investment for capital; money is required for almost every thing else that is to be done in the country. But a little consideration will show that every one of these other investments depends, to a considerable extent, for its prospect of profits on the very same circumstance as investment in land—namely, on the increase of population. If a man is going to farm himself he requires very little capital; if he is going to employ capital in farming, then the first requisite is laborers—that is, more population. If he thinks of putting it into commercial business, then the first thing he wants is customers—that is, more population. In manufacturing he wants both hands and customers—a double call for more population; and if he concludes to build a road or a railroad, then the first consideration is, how soon will the country settle up so as to furnish travel and freight for it, which is again, in other words, more population. No doubt something is to be done with the present population, both in the way of manufacturing and railroads. There are sections of the country still without a railroad where there is population enough to support one already, but these gaps will doubtless soon be filled; and as to manufacturing, the chance of profit in that line is limited, ultimately, by the cost of freight, for the present, also by the difference between excise and customs' duties. These exceptions, therefore, do not amount to a great deal, and it thus appears that land is simply one form of investment among several,

all depending for their prospect of profit upon the solution of the same problem.

There is another form of purchase for investment which we may as well notice here. Many persons make it a business to buy and sell land—that is, they do not invest in it merely what surplus capital they have, employing their time and principal means in some other business—or in doing nothing, when they are rich enough—but they employ all their time and skill, with all their capital, (and as much of their neighbors' as they can manage to borrow) in buying real estate and selling it over again. This business differs from the other, and is usually known as buying on speculation. It is legitimate enough, as far as our laws go, though it is difficult to see what great good the country gets from it, any more than Ireland used to get from the middlemen who rented large farms and sub-let them. It may be said that they effectively bring buyer and seller together, but that is more properly the business of a broker, and had better be paid by a commission. But, as we have already suggested, the only cure for these evils, in so far as they be considered evils, is to make continuous use and occupancy an essential element of title. There is already a leaning that way in our pre-emption laws, but it is too slight, and moreover very easily evaded.

We have recently had a somewhat aggravated excess of the fever, currently known here as "Real Estate on the Brain," even though we have been suffering from a pretty violent attack of White Pine fever. Of course, there have not been wanting croakers to predict a speedy collapse of the patient—grounding their predictions upon the aggravated symptoms, and upon his extravagant action under them. In many cases, no doubt, he has been so far from imitating the prudent philosophy of the old hunter, that he has bought the lots, though he had not the boots just

then, trusting to be able to beg or borrow, and in these recent times of severe "tightness," he has probably now and then got a smart nip. But if there is any truth in the diagnosis given above, it will be seen that the origin of the disease is in a chronic plethora, and that there is little prospect of a cure, except in proportion as this condition of the system is reduced. To drop metaphor, we are inclined to attribute the constant and steady rise of real estate in California—for it is by no means confined to San Francisco—to the constant and rapid increase of capital amongst us, and to expect that it will continue to rise as long as capital continues to increase. If our laws were altered in the direction we have hinted at above, it would still continue to rise; the only difference would be that when the capitalist bought a lot he would be obliged to build on it and find a tenant to occupy the house, or when he bought a section of land he would be obliged to find farmers to occupy and cultivate it. Hence much of the capital of the country would almost immediately be turned directly into channels for procuring and assisting emigration, or utilizing the population which is already here, instead of leaving this whole matter to the action of voluntary charity. But until this takes place, we may expect real estate to be one of the objects in which capital will be invested, in competition with manufactures, railroads, mining, insurance, and every other.

But will it pay? Can anything possibly be made out of real estate at the prices it has got up to? My friend, if you think it will not pay, do not invest your money in it. You will thus at all events lessen the evil. If some speculator, more daring than yourself, wants to borrow your money, be sure you get good margin, and if he does not pay up promptly sell him out ruthlessly. You will thus check the evil. Then, with your conscience clear, and having performed all

your duty to the community in the premises, comfort yourself with the reflection that these men, in all probability, know what they are doing about as well as you do. They do not generally belong to the class of those who require a baby act for their protection. They have abundant means of getting all the information they want as to different investments, and their capacity for judging which is the best for their money is at least as good as that of most of their neighbors. An individual may now and then be mistaken, a whole class of men is more rarely so. They have at all events a matter of eighteen years' experience in their favor, during all which time they have been constantly told that they were rushing to their ruin, that real estate could not possibly repay them the prices they were giving for it, that it must speedily collapse, and that great would be the fall thereof. Yet land has steadily increased in value all the time, both in town and country. Farms which Uncle Sam could not sell a few years ago at a dollar and a quarter an acre in greenbacks are now saleable at from three and a half to ten in gold. Land under Spanish grants which not very long since could not be sold at twenty dollars, now fetches sixty, and finds purchasers at that rate because it will soon be worth a hundred. City lots which living men have bought for two thousand dollars have since been sold for ten thousand and thirty thousand, and as yet the end is not. If any change should occur in the circumstances of the country, to check its growth and retard its prosperity, (which God forefend) in the first place it is very unlikely to occur suddenly, and in the next place it is very certain that it will equally affect all branches of industry, all forms of production, and all investments of capital. If, on the other hand, the change comes through the gradual development of the country's resources, and something else

offers a better channel for industry, we may be sure that capital will be withdrawn from investment in real estate in just a corresponding degree, so that its advance will be gradually checked until it comes again into correspondence with the altered circumstances.

Suppose that it does not pay—that the capitalist cannot get back all his money, and the speculator loses his time and some of his money also. What is the loss to the community? Hardly more than that it is not quite so rich as it thought it was. The cheapness of lots which has caused a loss to one class has been a gain to another. There has been no destruction of anything, as in case of fire, flood, or land slide; only the capital of the community has not produced what it was expected to pro-

duce. If invested otherwise it might have had the same result, since we have seen that one general cause is very influential on all our modes of investment. The speculator's time and labor may, if you will, be considered an actual loss, but inasmuch as it is not clear that the success of his operations would have brought any advantage to the community, their failure may be set down as no great loss. Let us not therefore be thrown into an unnecessary fever, even if the community does seem to us now and then to lapse into an alarming stage of Real Estate on the Brain. Our California is sound, hearty, and vigorous—a growing youngster with abundant stamina—and will bear, without material damage, what might be a very serious matter to an older and more effete community.

THE LAST TIE.

WHEN we stood for the first time on the iron-bound shores of the Pacific a generation ago and looked upon their desolate mountains, after a voyage of more than half a year, we thought in our forlorn hearts that the last tie that bound us to our native land was broken. We did not dream that the tie that was to reunite us, and make this our native land forever, was then flourishing as a green bay tree in our woods; but even so it was, and here, in the month of May, it lay before us, a polished shaft, and in whose alternate veins of light and shade we saw symbolized the varied experience of our California life.

Would I accept an invitation to go to the "front" and see the last spike driven? Old veterans and companions in frontier life would be there—men with whom I had hunted grizzlies in the river jungles. We had hungered and feasted together on the Plains, slept with our

feet to the same fire, and fevered side by side when the miasma had shrunk the blood in our veins. Could I refuse to share in this triumph on the great day, long prayed for, that was to witness the finishing blow to the greatest enterprise of the age? California would be there with her bridal gift of gold; Nevada and Arizona were coming with their silver dowers, and a telegram from Sacramento informed me that a place would be reserved for me in the special car that was to convey the high contracting parties of the first part to the scene of the memorable event.

With one lingering look at the fire-side where my children played, a cheerful word to my exhausted patients, and a hope that they might improve the opportunity of my absence to recuperate their wasted strength—I was off.

The regular passenger train from Sacramento starts at about six o'clock in the morning, and we moved off soon

after in a special one, consisting of the superintendent's car and a tender. The car was arranged with a kitchen, dining, bedroom, and parlor, with sleeping accommodation for ten persons; the tender was provided with water-tanks, for the greater part of our way was over regions where good water could not be obtained, refrigerator and stores for a protracted sojourn in the desert. A careless glance around was enough to lull any apprehensions that might have been felt from past experience, that we might be compelled to eat our stock on the road, or search for manna in the land of the "Diggers."

Stretching myself out on a sumptuous lounge, I looked out on the brimming, turbid river and breathed the morning air laden with the perfume of a city full of roses. The pulse of life beat high, the town was on tip-toe of expectation, and gushing with the enthusiasm of triumph. The crowds cheered as we passed, and President Stanford on the platform bowed his thanks. Besides the President were the three Government Commissioners, Sherman, Haines, and Tritle, Chief Justice Sanderson, Governor Safford of Arizona, Collector Gage of Nevada, and a few others who, like myself, were not particularly distinguished but born to good luck.

Across the bridge and out upon the plain we flew, alternate flashes of wheat fields and flowery pastures, and ghosts of trees went by; the rumble and clatter of car wheels filled my ears and soon lulled me into a drowsy reverie, and I "dreamed a dream that was not all a dream."

I stood as a child in my father's doorway and saw the rippling flood as it flowed for the first time over the sandy floor of that stream—small as it seemed when measured by the line, but mighty in its results—that immortalized the name of Clinton, and opened the great lakes and prairies of the west to the commerce of the Atlantic. A troop of

boys, barelegged, were frolicking in the frothy current; one stoops down and catches a fish struggling half smothered, and bears him away in exultation; the booming of cannon rolls their pæans of victory from the Hudson to Erie, and back again through a wilderness, startling the black bear from its covert and awakening the land of the Iroquois with the march of a mighty people.

Again I stood amidst a group of curious, skeptical men on "Albany Hill," when a ponderous steamer on wheels was about to test the practicability of making steam a motive power on railways. They had been successful in England, and why not here? A line of road had been constructed for fifteen miles as straight as a beam of light from the sun and at a water level. I heard again the fizzing of the steam and the gush of water as the machine vainly essayed to start. More fuel was supplied, the fizzing grew louder and sharper—slowly the wheels began to revolve but slipped on the track—sand was thrown on, when, with a cheer from the hopeful, the enormous black mass began to move off. The crowd grew excited and followed on, men on horseback led the way, determined to be in at the death and see how far the joke would go. Faster the iron horse moved on, faster the horsemen rode, and as the dreadful sounds redoubled, their steeds bolted the course, with starting eyeballs, terror-stricken. The locomotive was the victor; one dog alone contested the race, bounding and barking on till lost in the distance, and on the long vista, where the paralleled lines met, the black speck disappeared, leaving a film of smoke to float away among the pines. One man—I could call his name—laughed outright; another shook his head: "Somebody would get hurt yet." Mr. Van Epps, my schoolmaster, said that he "never had any doubt that so much was possible, but he had many reasons for believing that steam could

not be successfully introduced to the propulsion of carriages. It was a very pretty philosophical apparatus."

And still I dreamed; the air grew momentarily cooler, the pines grew larger and darker, deeper and darker yawned the cañons, the train seemed poised in mid-air, now flying through tree-tops, and now circling like an eagle the beetling cliffs they call Cape Horn. Far below, rivers flowed like silken threads, and as silent; above us, the snowy peaks kept creeping down, and sombre shadows of giant pines, whose vast trunks had withstood the storms for a thousand years, oppressed us with their gloom. We plunge into the bowels of the mountain and out at once into the sunlight and past the cheerful dwellings of men. We are cribbed in by timbers, snow-sheds they call them; but how strong! Every timber is a tree trunk, braced and bolted to withstand the snow-slide that starts in mid-winter from the great heights above, and gathering volume as it descends, sweeps desolation in its path; the air is cold around us; snow is on every hand; it looks down upon us from the cliffs, up to us from the ravines, drips from overhead and is frozen into stalactites from the rocky wall along which our road is blasted, midway of the granite mountain. We are in pitchy darkness in the heart of the mountain—the summit of the grade; out again into the light; on, on through wooden galleries mile after mile; a sylvan lake flashes out from its emerald setting among the mountains—a well-dressed gentleman touches me on the arm, and taking a cigar from his lips, asks me if I will not take luncheon. "Where are we?" I respond. "There is Donner Lake and we will soon be at Truckee." "Two by honor and the odd card, that gives you the rubber—Jake says 'Lunch,' and we will go and get our revenge in the dining-room." * * * * * I was on earth again.

Truckee was the first place that I could realize. It is worth a trip over the mountains to see that city alone. The whole place is "bran-new"; every board in every house, and there are many of them, looks as if just from the saw-mills, so fresh and bright; such crowds of great, healthy-looking, bearded men. The enormous amount of lumber in and around this place creates a wonder in the mind of one coming from the west—What will be done with it? but one approaching from the east will exult more than wonder. Down the valley of the Truckee River winds the great highway, crossing the river several times. Just before entering a tunnel, when the road slips in between the mountain and the river, we came near driving our last spike. Some Chinamen on the mountain side were cutting trees, and seeing the regular train pass, and knowing nothing of a special one, they probably thought it a fit time to run a log down the mountain. But whatever may have been their intention, the log landed on the railroad just before us—its length fifty feet and its greatest diameter three and a half feet—the smaller end rested on the track midway between the rails, and the other rested on the bank at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The short turns of the road prevented the threatening danger from being discovered until we were almost upon it; but the promptness of the engineer, and the lightness of the train, saved us from a catastrophe. The pilot picked up the log, or did its best to do it, and went through bankruptcy; but the force of the blow was not lost, for the heavy frame of the engine tripped the log and landed it where there was just room for it, yet did not prevent it from clearing away the steps of the star-board side of the train from stem to stern. The only person injured—and he but slightly—was one of our party who was on the engine, who, seeing what

seemed an inevitable crash, jumped from the train. The force of the blow can be conceived from the fact that the log was broken through the middle, where it was at least three feet in diameter.

It was near sundown when we reached the last crossing of the Truckee, where our crippled locomotive was sent into the hospital, and our cars were made fast to the regular train. Here the desert proper begins; here for five hundred miles we lose sight of sweet running water, and the attention of the traveller is arrested by the water trains—numerous tanks mounted on trucks, used to supply the grand army of laborers and animals while the work was going on, with all the water they used. The worst part of the overland route was always represented by the early emigrants as this forty miles from the Truckee River to the Sink of the Humboldt, or Humboldt Lake as it is now more generally called. There is absolutely no water that is not hot and poisonous, and the low shrubs that abound everywhere are bitter and unwholesome to animals. The bunch grass on which the animals support life thus far, here gives out entirely, and it was this last forty miles that broke the hearts of so many faithful animals in the memorable emigration of 1849, and their bones still lie at every rod in the sands where they fell, to witness for years to come the terrible sufferings they endured. The nearer they came to the life-giving waters of the Truckee the more abundant these sad memorials are strewn. Several of our party were among the overland emigrants of that year, and they pointed out where, one by one, their animals perished, where they abandoned their wagons, and where their guns—the last article they could afford to part with—were planted, muzzle downward, into the hillocks in the desperate struggle for water and life. The coniferous trees we left far back on the

slopes of the Sierras, and a few cottonwoods or poplars only flourished here and there along the banks of the lower part of the river. But there is no spot so desolate that does not teach some thrilling lesson in the world's history. If you would study the anatomy of the human form you must strip it naked; the region before us required no such denuding process; in the economy of Nature it was bare enough, and its very bones were everywhere exposed to the eye. The stunted growth of pale, green, bitter shrubs did not conceal the earthy salts that covered the ground with their frostwork, and the swift wheels of the train raised a cloud of ash-colored dust that settled over everything. Yet no man would have had the speed slackened on that account. It was a country that one could not travel over too fast.

The lessons taught in Physical Geography in that one day's travel were deeply interesting. To pass from the extremes of fertility through Alpine snows between sunrise and sunset of the same day cannot be done everywhere, or anywhere else as far as I know. Why this contrast? In what age of the world was this "great basin," through which the Pacific Railroad runs for hundreds of miles, drained of the mighty flood that filled it and which has left its water lines hundreds of feet above us as distinctly legible as those that are washed to-day? From the great Mud Lake on the north, away south where the Pyramid drinks up the Truckee, and the Humboldt and Carson sink in the alkaline sedge and Walker's River finds its grave, and eastward to the palisades of the Humboldt is the bed of what was once an inland sea larger than any body of fresh water now known upon the globe. If the water had disappeared by evaporation the change would have been gradual; but the appearances indicate distinct periods of subsidence. In the valley of the Great Salt Lake there are five well-marked ancient

beaches, or benches as they are there called; the highest is best defined, and is eight hundred feet above the present level of the lake; there is no outlet in all its borders, and if the water should return to its old level it would cover every habitable spot on its shores.

The novelty of a spring-bed in a railroad car was too great to allow of sound sleep; it was too much like being tossed in a blanket all night; and with the first light of morning I was up. The air was cold, and snowy mountains were in sight—one is never out of sight of them. A volume of steam in the distance indicated hot springs.

At Elko we parted with the most of our passengers, who were bound for the White Pine country a hundred miles south of the railroad. Another night brought us to the front, where we saw the novel sight of a town on wheels. Houses built on cars to be moved up as the work progressed. Here were the Chinamen who had built more railroad in a given time than was ever done before by any people. The Central Pacific Company had been battling for years with the formidable difficulties of the Sierra Nevadas; and when at length they descended from the mountains they passed like a hurricane across the open country. All the material except the lumber was transported around the continent; and yet with such vigor was the work pushed forward, that three hundred miles of the road was constructed in nine months. Ten miles of track were laid in one day; and it is worthy of note, that all the rails were taken from the trucks and deposited in their places by eight men, four on a side. These rails weigh on an average five hundred and sixty pounds; and allowing fifty feet to each rail, the amount of iron borne by each man during the day of eleven hours was seventy-four tons! This was without relay. The names of the men who performed this feat are justly a part of this record.

They were: Michael Shay, Patrick Joyce, Thomas Dailey, Michael Kennedy, Frederick McNamara, Edward Killeen, Michael Sullivan, and George Wyatt.

We arrived at Promontory Summit on Friday, under the information that the connection of the two roads would be made on the following day. The morning was rainy and dreary; two or three tents were pitched in the vicinity for the rendezvous of those ruffians who hang about on the march of industry, and flourish on the vices of men. The telegraph operators at the end of the respective lines were then within a few rods of each other, and communication was opened with the officers of the Union line to the eastward of us. We were informed, after some delay, that it would be impossible for them to arrive before Monday. The delay seems to have been an unavoidable one; but it was to cause a great disappointment to the people of California, whose arrangements for a celebration the next day were completed. The intelligence was sent back to Sacramento and San Francisco; and messages were returned that the celebration must take place according to the published programme; that it could not be delayed without defeating its object altogether. We all felt the embarrassment of our position keenly; but we tried to make the best of circumstances we could not control. To spend three days in this desolate spot, surrounded with sage-brush, with only such neighbors as would make it dangerous to venture away from the car, lest we have our throats cut on the suspicion that we might have a spare quarter in our pockets, was not charming. The camps of the construction parties of each road had fallen back from the summit to the low ground near the lake, after the close of one of the most celebrated contests of engineering skill and energy on both sides ever known, and were resting on their arms.

One-half of our party procured a conveyance to the camps of the Union Pacific, where General Casement, their Superintendent of Construction, generously dispatched a train to convey them to Ogden. On the following day the same gallant officer came up to the end of his track, with a special train which he put at the disposal of Governor Stanford to take the rest of us over their road. The offer was accepted, and we ran down to Weber Creek station, and an opportunity was enjoyed of viewing some of the finest mountain scenery in the world. The Wasatch Mountains rise from the plain on the west shore of the lake to the height of six thousand feet above its surface, or ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are the very ideal of inaccessible snow-covered mountains, set off by the green fields and blushing tints of the peach orchards just coming into flower. Mr. Hart, the Central Pacific artist, who accompanied us, took some fine views of this mountain from the railway overlooking the town of Ogden. The tide-rip is well marked where the currents of traffic from East and West meet—where the barley from the West greets the corn from Illinois, where paper is currency, and coal takes the place of Juniper trees as fuel. We feel, while looking about, that we have met half way. A genuine thunder storm seemed to have been got up for the occasion and drove us all indoors, while we were at Ogden, and cooled the air. Here we found plants common at the East, but unknown in California—as the old familiar *Taraxicum* or Dandelion; and *Rhus toxicodendron* or Poison Ivy takes the place of the *Rhus diversiloba* or Poison Oak.

On the following day we ran our own train back, about thirty miles, to Monument Point at the north end of the lake—the only point where the railroad touches it; and we spent several hours upon its shore. A beautiful sea is Salt Lake when seen from an elevation—

its color varying from brilliant blue to green; but a study of its briny shore reveals it as a dead sea in which no living thing is found. The waves cast up masses of the remains of insects which have perished on its surface, and which are known as the “grasshopper line”—the high-water mark. A few fish in the lake would allow no grasshopper line along the shore; but here the insects are pickled when they perish, and are finally blown ashore. Its islands, when visited by Fremont and Stansbury, were inhabited by myriads of birds, where undisturbed they bred in security; but we saw no living thing within or above its waters. Our steward with his gun procured a mess of snipe from a marsh where a fresh water brook lost itself in the sedge at a distance from the lake—among them was a rufus-headed Avoset!

On the morning of the tenth, as we looked out of the car, we saw a force of Union Pacific men at work closing up the gap that had been left at their end of the road, and the construction trains brought up large numbers of men to witness the laying of the last rail. About ten o'clock the whistle announced the long-expected officers from the other side. We went over at once to meet them. In a superb piece of cabinet-work, they call a “Pullman car,” we met Vice President Durant, of whom we have heard so much, with a black velvet coat and gay neck-tie, that seemed to have been the “last tie” to which he had been giving his mind, gorgeously gotten up. General Dodge was there, and he looked like business. The veterans Dillon and Duff were there to give away the bride. General Dodge on the part of the Union Pacific, and Edgar Mills on the part of the Central Pacific, were appointed to arrange the preliminaries.

The munificence of private citizens of San Francisco had contributed two gold spikes, each designed to be the

last one driven. Gentlemen from Nevada had contributed a silver one, at whose forging a hundred men had each struck a blow. The Governor of Arizona, also on behalf of his Territory, had one of silver. The Laurel tie that we brought with us was adjusted to its place; and in order that each gold spike should be the *last*, one was presented by Governor Stanford, President of the Central Pacific, to Vice President Durant, of the Union Pacific, who should drive it as the last on the latter road, while the other was to be the last on the Central road, and be driven last of all by Governor Stanford, who had thrown the first shovelful of earth at the opening of the road.

It had been arranged with Mr. Gamble, superintendent of the telegraph lines, that throughout the cities of the United States, wherever fire-alarm telegraphs were established, connection should be made with the last spike and the hammer that drove it, so that the blow should announce itself and fire cannon on the shores of both oceans at the same instant. Preparations having been completed, the operator sent notice to all stations throughout the country to be ready, and the whole nation held its breath. A reverend gentleman present was invited to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the work. The operator announced: "Hats off, prayer is being said;" and as we uncovered our heads, the crowds that were gathered at the various telegraph offices in the land uncovered theirs. It was a sublime moment, and we realized it. The prayer ended, the silver spikes were driven. Durant drove his of gold. Stanford stood with the silver sledge gleaming in the air, whose blow was to be heard farther, without metaphor, than any blow struck by mortal man; the realization of the ancient myth of Jupiter with the thunderbolt in his hand. The blow fell, and simultaneously the roar of cannon on both shores of the continent announced

the tidings: *It is done!* The alarm bells of the principal cities struck, one—two—three—synchronous with the strokes of the hammer; and people rushed from their houses, thinking a general alarm of fire was being rung. The cause soon became known, and banners everywhere were flung to the breeze; other bells joined in the cry of joy and of triumph. *Te Deum Laudamus* was sung in the churches, and the chimes rung out the national anthems. The nation made a day of it.

But I set out to tell what we did there among the sage-brush, away there in the heart of the wilderness. We Californians were too few to make much noise. We did the best we knew; but we were swallowed up in the multitude that came up from the East.

The officers of a detachment of the Twenty-first regiment, with their wives, on their way to California, arrived in time to witness the ceremony; and soon after the detachment itself came up under arms, accompanied by the regimental band playing national airs. The locomotives from each side rolled over the place of junction as if to weld the union, touched pilots and screamed their best. The only women from California were Mrs. Ryan, wife of Governor Stanford's agent at Ogden, and Mrs. Strowbridge, the wife of the superintendent of construction for the Central Pacific, who had been with her husband at the front during the whole time of the building of the road; and a post of honor was assigned her as the "Heroine of the Central." The prearranged telegrams to the President of the United States, the Associated Press, and others, were sent off; and after cheering the companies and everybody interested, we adjourned to the car of Mr. Durant, when answers to our messages began to pour in from Chicago, New York, and Washington, announcing that the lines worked as intended, and that the country was in a blaze everywhere at the East.

Governor Stanford threw open his car, and the officers of the Eastern company returned his visit. And then the trains bound east and west went their respective ways; the troops who travel only by day went into camp; and after an ineffectual attempt to capture the officers of the Union Pacific Company and bring them prisoners to California, we steamed away from that spot which will be distinguishable until the sawed ties from the Sierras and the hewn ones from the Laramie are rotted away.

Years to come, the traveller as he passes the place will look out for the laurel tie and the gold and silver spikes

that garnished the last rail that connected the two oceans with a continuous band of iron. Could they hope to see them there? Why, even before the officials left the spot they were removed and their places supplied with those of the ordinary material, and when the throng rushed up, the coveted prize was not there. What their fate would have been we can judge by that of their successors, which had to be replaced by new ones even before we left the spot. They were broken to pieces for relics; and the unfortunate rail itself was failing beneath the blows of hammers and stones, to be borne away in fragments as heirlooms.

A LADY'S TRIP TO HAWAII.

FAR out on the wide Pacific; the steady trades and pleasant days vying with each other in their rapid flight; the demon Nausea fairly buried, and being safely on what sailors call your "sea-legs," you begin to realize the singular charm of the measureless sea.

The grand orchestra of ocean winds is far beyond anything to which you listen when the curtain rises at the opera, and, half heedless of the familiar airs, your eye wanders over the audience, with its shimmer of opera cloak, silk, and lace, its touch of bright flower or ribbon nestled in ladies' hair, its gleam of small, white-gloved hands relieved against the orthodox black of the modern masculine figure.

But the "weird music of the sea" admits of no such divided attentions. Only the silent sky, the large, lonely albatross, and the boundless distances are its auditors; unless, indeed, some wandering waif of civilization like our ship, sailing alone, and tossed like a child's toy at the will of this mighty deep.

And then, the long, delicious days in mid-ocean calms! Days when the vast expanse lies stilled in one magic dream of Peace. What marine painter ever found the wonderful blue of these waves, bent over by the answering blue of Heaven? What sky drapery was ever so soft as the white cumulose clouds of these latitudes? The warm tropic sun casts the idle sails, tall masts, and great awnings into long shadows across the sea. There is not even a ripple to gurgle against the ship. Occasionally, some straying breeze, forgotten by the wind-god when he withdrew from this region, passes over your face and stirs your hair with the lightest touch of a fair coquette.

The morning passes; the drowsy afternoon steals on; the glorious colors of sunset bathe the lofty dome with marvellous floods of amethyst, gold, and crimson. From horizon to horizon, the masses are wrapped in folds of royal purple, and the atmosphere is aglow with a million brilliant tints.

It is worth much to one to rest

through days like these ; to lie back in your light wicker chair with the unopened book on your lap, and a dreamy consciousness of rest and calm enjoyment pervading your senses.

The dust of the world's thronged highways is lost across this trackless deep. The roar of its noisy life comes not so far. Its fevers, its pettiness, its bickerings, its wild unrest, its tragic moments of bitterness and pain, its hours of dull, inert endurance, its sea of human sorrow for every small bright drop of human happiness, have all passed like a far-off troubled dream, and you have wakened in the domains of silence, where, about, above, below, and around, you is a blessed calm, giving the soul a foretaste of that after-rest we mortals must ever more or less hunger for on earth.

You will do well to let yourself float idly with the "silver-stealing hours"; to steep yourself in the dreamy luxuriance of a quiet like that of the lotus-eaters on the shadowy Nile. It will bring to your brain the recuperation you need; it will gather into your purposes fresh earnestness and strength for your future life.

I know the glories of the summer on the land; I know of its sweet, aimless saunterings through leafy wood, or by breezy upland—the pure scent of hay-meadow and wheat field, and the hallowed stillness of lonely roads. I know the charm of the brown birds' whirr, the lazy hum of bees, the long grasses in the sedgy water, the music of trembling leaves, the glints of light athwart massy tree boles, the slant of our soft south wind, the pale blue of northern skies; and I know that all are as "water unto wine" in comparison to the glistening splendor of this tropic ocean calm.

There comes a morning when we are roused from our slumbers by loud cries of "land!" through the cabin. In a trice we are all on deck, rubbing our eyes, peering into the blue horizon, de-

claring "there is no such thing," and denouncing the hoax played upon us. Those who have "been before" enjoy our discomfiture and point to the sky nearly above. There, crowned with its eternal snows, on which the pale beauties of the dawn cluster, belted by masses of cloud that lose themselves in the dark ocean, rises in its isolated might of more than fourteen thousand feet the vast volcanic Mountain.

As the morning advances, it looks still more beautiful—the clouds catch the rosy light and play with it, in and out through thin, airy columns; the snows reflect a thousand tints, while overhead the ultra-marine of the sky is only equalled by that of the tropic waves below.

You realize a little the meaning of Guido's "Aurora" now, and you can easily fancy the clouds taking the place of his aerial chargers and long-robed maidens.

The listless enjoyment of our sea days is now over; stray volumes are gathered up, trunks and valises brought forth, invitations are exchanged of visiting in the future, and in the midst of all the usual hurried preparations for landing, we do not lose the regret that our pleasant sea days and genial sea friends will soon be "things of the past."

All day we skirt the land, and it is not until the late afternoon when we round Cocoanut Point, and find ourselves in the long, low swells of Hilo Bay.

An enthusiastic admirer of these islands calls this the most beautiful bay in the world. Those of our passengers who have seen Rio and Naples dispute it at once. I can myself imagine nothing more lovely than the semi-circular stretch of dark water, backed by the greenest of uplands, that reach far off to the purple distance of foot-hills, from which rise the snowy peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. In the foreground is a dense mass of foliage,

through which peep quaint churches and the white houses of the foreign residents. Tall cocoanuts skirt the beach, under which cluster rows of grass huts, and long lines of surf break in a silver fringe across the coral reefs.

We land in a motley crowd—the inhabitants of the village, both native and foreign, are on the beach. They crowd about us and are evidently as delighted with the advent of so many strangers as we are with their queer costumes and beautiful landscape.

Dark-eyed, swarthy girls, with yellow and scarlet blossoms twined in their hair, *ohilo* flowers for necklaces, shell bracelets, and bare brown feet, are matched by stylish youths in all the pride of cast-off man-of-war's-men's clothing, with gay flowers also decking their heads and ornamenting their button-holes, their black hair shining with rancid cocoanut oil.

Little children, in mother Nature's gear only, peer at us from behind obese matrons, who smile and say "*Aloha!*" with that frank kindness for which the Kanakas are justly celebrated.

One rakish-looking young man, in all the pride of white canvas and blue jacket, from the pocket of which streams a yellow bandana, is introduced to us, bearing the euphonious title of "Sam Weller," and our party advising him to "spell it with a We," proceed to our quarters.

The natives accompany us *sans ceremonie*. They have not the least idea of being deprived of their sight-seeing. In the van a lad starts a melody, and when the chorus comes they all join. The voices are very musical and the song is a welcome to us.

We walk on through an avenue of strange trees, shrubs, flowers, and perfumes, and strangest of all, these groups of fantastic savages singing about us. The women and girls all wear the *holo-kōa*, a long, loose garment, made with the skirt gathered on a yoke and falling

straight to the ankles. Of hats they have a strange conglomeration, from the high-peaked fright of the Italian to the modern "turban," all trimmed with a profusion of flowers, feathers, and faded old ribbons. They are not pretty, these women, any of them, but they have soft, kindly, dark eyes and exquisitely formed little brown hands and feet.

At last we come to a garden and enter its wide open gates. A heavy odor weighs on the air. Great bell-shaped blossoms line the walks and bend as if they, too, would bid us welcome. We are here greeted with true Hawaiian hospitality, and this is the signal for our motley escort to leave, though not before they have favored us with another melody.

Three gentlemen who have just crossed the island are staying here. Of course we are very anxious to know if the feat is possible for ladies. They are of the opinion, on the whole, that it is not. They tell doleful stories of their horses dying under them, and one who is an old traveller, says it is the very worst road he has ever known.

We sat on the verandah until it was very late, enjoying the rare beauty of the night. Light arm-chairs and Mexican hammocks furnish the balconies of this climate, where one can sit or lie at leisure, musing on the beautiful surroundings.

When the house, with its inmates, native and foreign, was hushed in repose, I went softly out from my room into the garden on which it opened. For I could not sleep; I could not bear to close my eyes and shut out this strange enchantment—this vision of Eastern story.

The high, blue sky was unflecked by a single cloud. The broad moonlight was such as we never see in our latitudes. Its clear radiance threw into full power the flowers, shrubs, and trees. A soft sea-breeze stirred the plumeey palm-tops and rustled through the dark *ohias*.

A thousand voices from the insect-world seemed calling to me to note their marvels. Gleaming fire-flies glowed under the heavy shadowing of bread-fruit and mango, as if beckoning me to follow and see the wonderful nooks into which they could penetrate. The beautiful pandanus seems to ask me if in all my life I have seen anything like her. My eyes wander afar, only to rest on groves of bananas, coffee-trees, limes, and guavas. The golden balls of the orange gleam amidst its dark foliage; and the feathery tamarind sweeps its light leaves down on my hair, wondering how I, a lover of trees, can have never known her before. The very flowers, I think, press out a heavier odor as if to imbue my senses with the wonders of this tropic world.

Far beyond the village, like a sea of silver sleeps the great ocean we have crossed. I can see our ship like a white bird against the dark horizon. I went down among the flowers and looked at their great, sleepy petals; lifted the broad leaves that choked my path, and examined their wondrous beauty. The breeze freshened in the palms; and the low sigh of the waves on the coral reef stole like a sigh of satisfaction on my ear. Alone with Nature and the Night, they were determined to send me back to my colder clime, with a vision of their glories printed on my brain.

I thought on the time, not far distant, where from out of the sea rose these islands like a mirage of splendor on the gaze of civilization; of the early voyagers who first told the tales of their magic charms; of the time, in the far-off home, when I had devoured every meagre account of them with that hunger for travel that seems born with some of us.

What a glorious thing is such a night in such a tropic wealth of subtle odor, flower, and foliage! Why should you not linger on such scenes? Steeped in the glamour of novelty, they are rare events in life.

The world, heaven knows! will soon enough drive its juggernaut car of Care over you. Ten to one but your daily fare has a salad that you have learned to swallow without either oil or vinegar. Here is a cup of shining sweets that glitters like the foam on champagne, held to your lips by the dainty fingers of the fairest of dryads. Why should you not drink deep the draught that thrills you with a new sensation?

There is plenty of time, believe me, to be your commonplace self again; to fit smoothly into the grooves of the humdrum society and very respectable mediocrity you have left.

We are thoroughly roused from the dreamy luxuriance of Hilo, and facing a most practicable Tuesday morning, with the weather paying up for past civility, and the rain coming down as it only can come down on the windward side of Hawaii. We are mounted on a train of meek-eyed steeds, who according to their owner's asseverations were possessed of every virtue in a horse's calendar. They were fleet of foot as English racers, sound of limb as Arabian chargers; they could go through a crater blindfold, extract sustenance from a sulphur bank, and rival a camel when we should come to the rainless regions of Kona. Alas! that such a paradise as Hilo is not yet clear of the trail of the serpent; and that the Pickwickian trustfulness of our party should be rewarded by a small army of brutes, any one of which might be fearlessly ridden by Mr. Winkle himself, with little danger of "shying" or getting excited into anything beyond the lamest of walks.

Gray is the sky and wet the trail; dripping wet the uplands of sugar-cane, and behind spreads the ocean a mass of driving mist. We have lain on the lilies of tropic calms, and slept on the blossoms of tropic shores; wandered on shining sands of coral-reefed bays, through ferny nooks of the silvery Wi-

aluka; and, now armed with umbrellas and clad in water-proof—both useless in a land of small deluges—we are on the far-famed, rugged road to Kilawea.

At last, after some hours' *walking* we catch our first sight of lava. It is an inky sea, washed wild and wide over the landscape: A stormy sea, too, whose black metallic waves glitter in the rain, and tell as no language can tell the terrible story of destruction. Great slabs are standing loose, piled upon, or leaning against each other. Here you discover the only accomplishment of the sorry Rosinante you ride. When you come to some lava precipice that seems to bar all further progress, he will gather his feet together and slide down with the most perfect *sang froid*.

We pick our slow way across this broken waste; at intervals ferns and small shrubs struggle through the crevices; but after some time even these disappear, and nothing but desolation spreads about us.

Wet and weary we alighted at the Half-Way House, and lunched on the floor—being favored through the process with the serious attention of a score of natives who stood in rows watching us. This grass hut is precisely like the rest of the interior of Hawaiian hotels, consisting of one apartment covered by a mat, on any part of which you are privileged to select your resting-place.

It is queer at first to sleep without a pillow—or with the substitute of a carpet-bag—and open your eyes in the gray morning upon the outstretched figures of a horde of savages. But you soon learn to rest your tired head on the hard mat without a murmur, and find thereon the deep, sound sleep of the traveller. You soon learn that every Kanaka household has at least a score of "friends," and is, besides, thickly inhabited by dogs, pigs, goats, chickens; roaches that run about like young rats; ants that march and coun-

termarch in battalions; and fleas whose audacity, size, agility, and peculiar *penchant* for "white ladies" ought to entitle them to the dignity of a new class in natural history.

We were foolish enough to allow our fastidiousness to start us on our journey at two P.M., in a wild storm, and with seventeen miles of a country whose miles are like nothing outside of Sweden, and whose natives have the most facetious ideas of distance.

All the afternoon we ride through endless scenes of lava. Nothing but lava: broken lava, old lava, new lava, streams of lava, hills of lava, smooth satiny lava, (called by the natives *pa-hoihoi*) diversified by occasional patches of pulu fern, and *ti* plant, break the dreary landscape.

From horizon to horizon stretches this vast field of horror that once swept its fiery floods to the distant sea, whose waves hissed and boiled for miles along the coast. One realizes to the full the terrible force of volcanoes only when one gazes upon scenes like this.

Our pack animals are endowed with a singular propensity for wading in lava ponds, to the imminent ruin of our baggage; running off into lava beds, browsing on stray specimens of pulu, and going any way and every way except in the trail, where the gentlemen of the party vainly endeavor, by yelling at, whipping up, and poking with umbrellas, to conduct them.

Our imperturbable guide never interferes with this interesting employment. He rides calmly ahead and never breaks into speech for the sufficient reason—his master's word to the contrary—he neither speaks nor understands a word of English.

Night brings us to higher altitudes; to roads whose pitfalls are a unique corduroy of lava slabs and mammoth fern roots; to a cold wind rushing down from Mauna Loa, penetrating one's wet garments and making one shiver.

At last the vagaries of our pack animals cease to elicit mirth. We are so wet, so cold, so very miserable, that we can only think of the possible luxuries of shelter and a fire—only speculate mentally whether these animals will go down before the feat is accomplished.

A young lady friend coaxes her brute once near enough mine to tell me she must "die" if this lasts two hours longer. I am so utterly chilled, so wholly weary, so thoroughly wretched myself, that I think "dying" would be a decided advantage.

The rain comes thicker; the night blacker; the storm grows louder.

By the beating of branches to and fro, and the shrieking of the winds, we know we are in a belt of trees. How the unearthly shrieks go madly through the forest, a fitting prelude for the Inferno beyond!

And now, as we emerge from this wood, we suddenly come upon a magnificent spectacle. A spectacle that calls the chilled blood back quickly to the veins and once seen will never be forgotten. It is the great Kilawea itself, making the night aglow, and shooting its giant tongues of flame against the black background of mountain and sky.

I remember sinking down, aching in every fibre, from my wet, weary ride. The wind was in my ears, the dash of the rain on my face, the roar of the crater mingling with its fierce flames. What does this woman want who will not let me sleep now, when the long-looked for shelter is reached—who snatches the rest that my very soul craves, and who tortures me by grasping, wrenching, and manipulating my shoulders, neck, arms, head, and limbs?

I open my eyes wide and find myself in the hands of a dusky savage. Very kindly this savage smiles, however, as she holds a cup of warm tea to my lips. I swallow the draught and beg her to

go away, but she forthwith commences a kneading of the muscles that makes me scream. She does not desist for an instant when I scream, but smiles still more kindly and shakes her head. A dim idea that this must be the native practice of *lomi lomi* goes in a rayless fashion up and down through my tired brain. In a little while I come to have faith in her; to understand the sympathy in her face; to let her wring out my wet hair and press my head as she lists. I remember something, indistinctly, of what Mungo Park said about the unfailing kindness of savage women. A blessed assurance of rest and peace wraps every faculty. A soft drowsiness steals over my senses. What are sharp rains, chilling winds, or wild volcanic flames, or grass huts, mats, or *wahinas*, to me? I am luxuriantly wrapped up on a couch that is softer than eider down. I am in a wide, airy room, where the summer breeze enters, and beyond whose open windows lie pale blue skies; below the garden flowers. Bees are there and summer birds. The mignonette beds and heliotropes are heavy after the light showers. I was reading to-day of strange hardships endured by travellers in the Pacific Islands. Ah! how often I have longed to see them and counted light the perils of land and sea! And, so, through a sweet dream like this, I sink into a long, deep sleep, from which I do not awaken until very late the next morning, and then as refreshed as if I had just stepped out of the "marble baths of Stamboul!"

Look from this wide plain down across that vast pit of smouldering fires, some three and a half miles long by two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet in depth; and see how unlike it is to all stereotyped ideas of a crater. Here is no burning mountain, from whose lofty cone rises fire and smoke, to reach which you must climb upwards for long

hours on "scoria treaders," through toilsome beds of ashes, loose lava, and under a broiling sun. Yet the historic Vesuvius and far-famed *Ætna* are toy cups in comparison, and on all this wide earth of ours there is no such escape valve for its internal fires.

The bed of this crater is a far-spreading, black, jagged mass, filled with thick smoke, clouds of sulphurous steam, and poisonous gases. Very horrible it all looks from above, and timid travellers go no farther. You smile, perhaps, a little contemptuously at this information, and are impatient at the deliberation of the guides who, with true Kanaka dignity, slowly proceed in packing bundles of shawls, an odd conglomeration for lunch, and a debris of utensils for dipping up hot lava for specimens.

Long staffs are provided for travellers, and when the party is ready you grasp yours, and prove your belief in the easy descent by springing gleefully down the first grassy steps of the cliff. This glee is short-lived, however, for you soon find yourself obliged to cling to the jutting wet rocks and wofully scratched by the twisted, rough branches of a terribly rustic staircase, whose steps are often narrow, slippery boughs, from three to five feet between, and down the black face of a volcano precipice nearly six hundred feet in height.

With a heightened respect for cliffs and less contempt for the cautious tourists who prefer taking observations at a distance, you thankfully find yourself at the bottom, in a shrubbery of dense growth, fostered by the condensed steams and almost endless rains.

A small red berry, rather insipid to the taste and something like our cranberry in size and color, attracts your notice. If you have read Ellis you know at once that it is the *Ohelo*, the bright little friend of many a hungry traveller in the mountain wilds of Hawaii. The

guide tells you its legend, and how in the days of heathendom the presiding goddess of this Hades was propitiated by handfuls of this her favorite fruit being thrown towards her with the loud words: *E Tele eia ha ohelo!* which, being rendered into plain Saxon, reads: "Tele, here are your *ohelos!*" Numerous earthquakes, terrific eruptions, and lava flows, were believed to follow any infringement of this rite.

After this strip of flower and foliage—which was once the edge of the crater and must have been hurled down by some mighty convulsion—there is another easier descent, of more than four hundred feet, and then you are fairly in the old crater bed, with three miles of the hardest clambering through a very Valley of Desolation, before you reach the active South Lake.

Here, most of our party turned back, too fatigued to venture farther in the driving rain; and here we found that the fields of loose slabs and broken lava, over which we had yesterday ridden, were a smooth, safe, and easy path to the storm-tossed billows of horror that stretched far and wide about us.

It was as if some supernatural power had suddenly arrested a tempest-lashed ocean, sweeping over it a pall black as Erebus, that yet plainly shows all its sublime strength and wild motion.

You climb to the top of a petrified crest and watch the fierce waves just congealed as they reared against each other in their blind fury. Dotting this scene are great pillars of cones, from twenty to seventy feet in height, with thick columns of smoke rushing from their funnel-like tops, and a roar like a modern steamboat. We tie handkerchiefs over our mouths to pass vast sulphur banks, whose noxious gases make one half sick, and we descend into long hollows of smooth, shining lava, as if streams of ink once flowed through them. High walls of lava blocks are

piled upon each other in demoniac strata of architecture; over these you must climb as you best may, springing from block to block, balancing yourself on a treacherous projection, and always with the inimitable prospect of mangled limbs as the price of a single misstep. The guide, Anthony, is splendid; vigilant, brave, active; exactly the guide you want when you hold your life on such precarious terms. If you are bruised or maimed it will be through no lack of care on his part, and you soon see that he will risk his safety for yours at any moment. He is thoroughly at home in these dangers, has plenty of coolness and courage, and what is far rarer in a Hawaiian than one supposes, he understands and speaks English.

Through clouds of steam, that are at times so thick you must needs pause for a gust of wind to clear your dangerous path, through stifling smoke, whose odor is nauseous, through a dazzling glitter of heat, that looks like that you have seen rise from some furnace, you slowly pursue your perilous way.

Wide-yawning chasms gape about everywhere. Many of them over a hundred feet in depth and from two to four in width, out of which ooze blue smoke and sulphur steams. Peering down into some of them you can see the cherry-red fiend himself, in his very lair, looking up at you with red, vengeful eyes, and a shudder steals into your heart as you think that a one false step may send you into his clutches.

Sometimes the lava is spread in a thin crust over this chasm, and your only safety is in keeping closely in the guide's footsteps, who, from long experience, knows where they are.

Two long hours we toiled through these dangers; and, then, as suddenly as from the plain above, we came on the culminating chapter of horrors,

the Kilawea proper, or great, active crater.

Wet with the incessant rain, weary with the toilsome way, half dizzy with the glare of heat and countless terrors, you sink on the lava cliff and every sensation is lost in that of awe.

Just below you lies a lake, over a mile in width, across whose steely-gray surface long, fiery ripples of molten lava twist hither and thither, and shoot in forks of flame against the black cones scattered on its bosom and the frowning precipices surrounding it.

These precipices, on one of which you sit, are beyond all things horrible. In all your life you have seen nothing like them. What is the broken granite in the wildest fastnesses of the Sierras to the grinning caves and horrid crags that surmount this entrance of an Inferno far more frightful than ever entered Dante's dream? Into the raging element that forever seethes here tumble at intervals great stones from the hollow cliffs, making hideous noises in their fall, and warning you that at any moment your precarious resting-place may follow them into the fiery depths. So great is the heat near the surface that you can thrust your staff into any of the fissures and bring it out charred.

Very fortunate is the cold wind and rain, else—though you suffer from the noxious steams—you could not obtain so eligible a position.

Suddenly the dull roar grows louder—that peculiar sound that accompanies earthquakes and sends a thrill of horror along the pulses of the bravest. A wild motion stirs the lake; it surges, heaves, rises. A long wave gathers force, rears a fiery crest and breaks in a sheet of crimson foam all over the surface. You spring to your feet in momentary terror, and see another and another follow in swift succession; you hear the guide cry: "That's a grand sight," and then it has all faded out into the silver tint—

so rapidly does surface lava cool. But the black cones now come into action—belching forth showers of red-hot stones, and hissing long tongues of flame into the smoky atmosphere. The lightning lava winds like scarlet serpents about their inky sides and leaps over into the lake. High carnival is indeed held here by myriad demons, and the dread echoes wake to their unearthly orgies.

Nothing can surpass the terrible sublimity of this scene. Far and wide stretches the black and desolate wilderness of ruin you have crossed; awful precipices below and above, leading down to fearful depths and away up to the smoky level that shuts out your view of the upper world; and in the foreground this ever restless, foaming mass—with the rain beating down in torrents, and the wind sweeping past in wild gusts—keeping a weird minor to the roar below.

Hour after hour we sat there—heedless of wind or rain, heedless of personal dangers that at such times soon come to take a certain insignificance—fascinated by the awful grandeur of the changeful element beneath, until the gathering night warned us that the perilous way must be retraced.

The Volcano House is so far an improvement on grass huts in general, that it contains four or five divisions; but this effort in favor of the prejudices of civilization results in bare plank partitions that run up just high enough to allow an ordinary-sized person to see over into the neighboring apartment. A small library, consisting of a strange medley of old books and magazines, occupies the corner of a shelf. They were doubtless left here by travellers, and are as diverse as must have been the mental tastes of the donors. "Baxter's Saint's Rest" lies beside a Sue novel; a "Call to Sinners" jostles Voltaire; the passionate, brilliant, reckless

Madame Dudevant reposes quietly near the staid, wise, and kindly Hannah More.

Not the least interesting is the visitor's book; where divers embryo poets have essayed to mount the volcanic Pegasus, who has certainly exhibited much more spirit than the Hawaiian steeds of our acquaintance, and refused point blank to let one of them succeed. "Ho! ye volcano fires!" "O, thou that *was* and *is*!" are only to be surpassed by the hero that discovered that "*that*" rhymed to "*but*."

The prices at this establishment are four dollars per day, exclusive of extras; said extras consisting of guide, fare, and the privilege of your Rosinante luxuriating on the pasturage that may be expected from sulphur beds.

A nondescript Chinaman is the cook, chambermaid, waiter, and resident landlord. In a land where "*poi*" is the staple article of food, one ought, perhaps, to consider the fare excellent; though how it could be worse passes all civilized comprehension.

You will do well to remember that the brave, early missionaries lay here without shelter—often without food—in the bleak, pitiless nights, and let themselves down with ropes over the precipices. This may reconcile you to the hard bundle of dirty wet cloth, that turns out to be the remains of an intelligent patriarch of the fowl family; brought over, no doubt, with the rest of the live stock by Vancouver; to the soup in which his venerable body was stewed, flavored in addition with sulphur; to the bread—which is best of all—but was doubtless raised by volcanic gases, it is so bitter; to the utter abominations called tea and coffee, milkless, because the cows brought here have an inquiring turn of mind and tumble into craters in their exploring expeditions. The voice of birds has been silenced in

the dread ruin of these regions, but ants, fleas, dogs, rats, and roaches bid defiance to flames and gases.

The cups, plates, and spoons are redolent of brimstone; the walls, floor, and furniture, including your garments, are all steamy, sulphury, and damp. All night the volcano is one mass of lurid flame, beating upwards at times in long columns against the mountain background. Its deep roar in the silence of midnight is terrible; and occasional slight local

earthquake shocks, swaying the grass house, make you feel the utter insecurity of your resting-place.

Rude is the couch and rough the fare; and yet, if you bring to them the true spirit of the traveller, your sleep will be deep and calm, while a strange pleasure will come and dwell softly with you in the consciousness that yours is the high privilege of standing face to face with the great works of Nature's God.

COYOTE.

BLOWN out of the prairie in twilight and dew,
Half bold and half timid—yet lazy all through.
Loth ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,
He limps in the clearing—an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,
Now leaping—now limping—now risking a fall.
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow—he's one of your kind—
Go seek him and bring him in out of the wind.
What! snarling—my Carlo. So—even dogs may
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will—though it be on the sly,
Marauding, or begging—I shall not ask why;
But will call it a dole, just to help on his way
A four-footed friar in orders of gray!

THE WATER-WITCH.

THERE was no doubt but the weather was warm.

I lay on my back under a twisted oak, dividing my time between watching the wreaths of smoke, as they lazily curled from my pipe, and following the mad cotillion which the frolicsome flies were dancing in the sunshine. The Colonel, more meditative than myself, was turning in his lips a spear of withered grass, and dreamily gazing across the horizon, into the soft mellow vacancy that breathed around and above the landscape.

There was a problem to solve.

We had come, the Colonel and I, from the far East, leaving behind us the scenes of greenbacks and female suffrage, to make for ourselves a home in the sunny clime of Los Angeles. The land of the fruitful vineyards and the rustling olive trees, where the orange perfumes the leafy groves with the fragrance of Nature's bridal flowers, and the whole earth seems to smile—this was our chosen home.

In her great work of world-building Nature must have had her resting-places, wherein to recruit her exhausted energies and prepare for further labors of usefulness and adornment. And on these it was her chief care to shower all the bounty of her generous hand, to deck the sward with myriads of glittering flowers, her own jewels flashing heavenward, to plan huge interweaving hedges of the leafy oak, and make rustic bowers amid their twining branches. Here, in the days when her snowy mantle draped the boundaries of less-favored climes, she enjoyed a season of repose, while her little myrmidons were busily grinding away at the immense supplies of chlorophyll to satisfy the orders of the coming year. To cheer the tiny labor-

ers, the well-trained bands of crickets and cicadæ were wont to discourse their inspiring music, varying the intervals of toiling with their shrill, blithe notes. And when the labors of the day were over, the twittering swallow and the full-throated lark hushed them to rest. Shut in by mountains, the Dame had leisure to exert her utmost taste, and has left to mortals the relics of her industry and power. Such are the valleys of California. And in none is her hand more marked than in the charming valley of San Gabriel, ten miles from the thriving city of Los Angeles.

But here in the south there is now lacking an important element—water. The old courses are dried up and in deep concealment lies the liquid which, for purposes of cultivation at least, is indispensable to success. The thirsty earth will not bless the husbandman unless the tears of heaven, or the schemes of art, give water to the soil. It is all well enough to believe the old maxim: *seges respondet votis*; only try it once and learn.

We had found a delightful location for our home, with a view unsurpassed in loveliness, stretching away down a sloping valley, bounded by snow-capped peaks that received the matin touches of the "rosy-fingered dawn," and by rolling hills that drifted out of sight, like mammoth earth-waves suddenly congealed. But it was a melancholy truth that there was no water.

Here was our problem. We might by hard labor and constant watching seduce a rill from the distant cañons to wander to us, but this supply would be precarious and necessarily limited. Old settlers—the advice-giving miasma of every new country, of whom it can always be said that what they do *not* know

will fill a large volume—declared that no surface water could be found at a less depth than a hundred feet. There was no wind for a wind-mill. Water, however, we must have, and that at once.

“Well, Colonel,” said I, when the gallant flies had escorted their buzzing partners to seats on the boughs above me.

“Well, Judge,” was the laconic reply.

Be it known that no one can have any social standing or consideration in California without some euphonious title. And as my companion had once assisted in letting off some fireworks and could dissect a Henry rifle, he was fully competent to aspire to military honors; while, as I had a dim remembrance of once brushing the dust from a volume of Blackstone, the mantle of the judiciary fell to me. Such is fame.

“This place suits me capitally, but we cannot do without water.”

“An undeniable proposition, I guess, old fellow.”

“Well?” I repeated, inquiringly.

“Yes; it is just that *well* that we want.”

“I think we better try for one, at all events,” said I, scorning the base attempt.

“We can do no less, but where shall it be?”

Just then came along one of our prospective neighbors, a man of good intellect, but whose general appearance was that of a parsnip gone to seed; a wiry, straggly, shiftless old fellow, who might have been the Darwinian link between a mummy and an oyster, retaining all the power of suction of the latter. Old S—— was called a hard drinker, but he seemed to drink as easily as a man could.

“Waal, what are yer going to do for water?” was this phenomenon’s question, as he shamled up to our shade.

“We were just saying that we should. try to get a well here, and were considering what was the most favorable spot,” said the Colonel.

“Why don’t you send for the water-witch?”

“The what?” was the double ejaculation.

“The water-witch, who lives down here about a mile. I’ll go and fetch the critter;” and he departed straightway, leaving no sign.

Shade of Fenimore Cooper! What was to come? If the supernatural could not aid us, we were certainly in bad fortune. A water-witch! Some ethereal creature, doubtless, that with airy facility would point with gladness to the hidden stream. Some prescient sibyl that could look into the bowels of the earth and detect the wished-for torrent. My mind reverted to old Virgil, who has depicted so vividly the oracular priestess, sitting on a three-legged stool over a vent of gas, and imparting to leaves the æiriform despatches. But this I had always considered a creation of the poet’s brain when he was excited with high old Falernian, or a Massic punch. Still, California is a most wonderful country, and it argues simplicity to be astonished at anything. So I refilled my pipe and awaited the issue.

“We are hardly in condition to receive this divinity, Judge; we have no ambrosia, and the nectar is just out; we must send for another case.”

“*Persicos odi, puer apparatus*, or in vulgar Saxon, Style be hanged!”

We watched our friend as he began to disappear, and saw him approach a low, adobe house. A nice abode, truly, for a prophetess! But true divinity is simple. It was not long before we could see two figures advancing, one of which we recognized; the other——

P. Virgil, I am penitent! May the ashes of my ancestors be sold for dentifrice if I intended to thus wrong thee in my thought!

A ragged, dirty Mexican, whose matted hair was a model of a cactus-fence, whose tattered blanket served to make more evident his nakedness, an unmis-

takable, unredeemed "greaser." With his eyes glistening like New Almaden dew-drops, an emaciated cigarette between his lips, and a transparent dog at his heels, he advanced to where we stood in silent amazement, and uttered the brief "*buenas tardes*" of politeness.

"Are you a water-witch?" we at last were enabled to inquire.

"Si, señor."

The Colonel and I looked at him, at each other, and back to him again.

"Yaas!" began our loquacious friend, "he can show you where to dig."

"Let him do it then."

Without much ado, with no preliminary incantations, this sun-burned sage drew forth from his blanket his sub-soiled hands, and they contained a forked stick, about three feet long.

"Mythology, after all," I whispered; "this must be the golden bough from the Italian grove."

Grasping the forked ends of his wand firmly in his fists, and holding the point upwards, in measured pace our witch strode onward. Across the plain, down the hollows, over the hillocks, we followed him, watching the look of knowing determination that gleamed on his countenance. At last he stopped, and verily the twig was bowing downward in slow sweeps. A peculiar motion had seized it, like the feeble exertions of a decayed pump. But move it did.

"Do n't you move it yourself, *hom-bre*?"

"No."

"I do n't believe it!"

He followed the course of a supposed stream for some time and finally stopped, saying that we could find water there, and that we need not dig deeper than thirty-five feet at the utmost. An

exulting glance rested upon us as he communicated the teachings of his mind.

"How do you know all this?"

"My stick, he tell me."

"Will it tell any one else?"

"*Quien sabe?*" with the aboriginal shrug.

I took the magic wand with fear and trembling, and grasped it firmly, standing over the designated water. Quiet as a stone. The Colonel next tried his fortune, with no better success.

"Ugh! you no sabe!" was the comforting grunt from Mr. Water-Witch.

"He has never missed a single well," remarked our friend, as the mystic being turned to go, after we had satisfied his reasonable demand, which was limited to "*aguardiente*," and he too turned homeward, leaving us to our cogitations.

"What do you think of this, Judge?"

"My private impression is that it is a confounded humbug."

"But there may be something in it. His wand is made of willow, which has a known affinity for water, and there may exist some local attraction of whose force we are ignorant."

"He probably has a great dread of water, at any rate."

"I have read of some German who has been around Europe in this way, and has never failed in his predictions."

"He must be some relative of 'Planchette.'"

"The least we can do," said the Colonel, as we sinched up our saddles preparatory to riding city-ward, "is to dig, and we may as well dig where he said as anywhere."

We did dig, and found water at thirty-one feet.

I am still an unbeliever.

E T C.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

THE Romans are in great danger of forgetting the very existence of any other people than themselves. And we who abide among them for a season are almost in the same peril, or were a short time ago. Rome has been busied in fêting the whole world, and receiving tribute and congratulatory addresses from the four quarters of the globe. The holidays commemorative of the Pope's first mass were really made great occasions, and the sovereigns of Europe vied with each other in making gifts and sending greetings to His Holiness. In one of the courts of the Vatican were heaped up the less precious gifts, brought by the subjects of the Roman Government. There were eggs *ad libitum* and fruit *ad nauseam*, mountains of vegetables and pyramids of grains, with rivers of wine and oil. Then there were manufactures of various kinds; rolls of cotton and linen, cart-loads of candles, kitchen utensils, and various articles of clothing, beside live stock of every description. The more precious articles were in view in the Loggia of Raphael, and unfortunate victims of curiosity struggled for hours through the crowd to admire the golden cups and silver services, the splendid jewelled crossings, the chalices, missals, tabernacles, the Saxony vase from the King of Prussia, and books in rich binding, containing the signatures to the letters of congratulation. We were told of golden oxen full of napoleons, and Philadelphia chocolate covering California nuggets, but these precious things were not on view. A locksmith who had stolen somewhere a little Yankee wit made an offering of a very handsome lock with a double set of keys, which, with a reference to the keys of Heaven committed to His Holiness, he recommends as "very superior for the safe-keeping of earthly treasure."

We had the illumination of the Dome and the fireworks, both of which belong to Easter

week, during our fêtes, and a splendid illumination of the city. Gounod composed a hymn for the occasion, which was performed on the Piazza of St. Peter, and again in the Villa Borghese; and there were games for the amusement of the populace.

The Pope celebrated his fiftieth mass at the Church of St. Peter, and administered the communion to a large number of persons. A grand breakfast was given him by the Canons of St. Peter, and a large number of audiences were held at the Vatican. The city gave itself up to amusement, and performed processions in the street from morning to night, going to mass, concert, dinner, and show, with equal interest.

The Roman Government and its friends are in great glee at the result of the lottery, drawing in Florence during the fêtes. The people played the great events of the day—that is, they consulted their lottery-books to find out the numbers corresponding to the *Pope, Mass, Anniversary*, and the *date* of the present commemoration. These numbers, as luck would have it, came up again and again to the great delight of the gamblers, and to the cost of the Italian Government. It is said that 1,000,000 of francs were won on the occasion. Of course the frenzy for this dreadful sort of gambling will be on the increase.

A most important bill has lately passed in the Italian Parliament. The great principle which demands equality of right and equality of duty for all citizens, has had another strengthening bond. On the ground then of equality of all citizens in the eye of the law, clerical students are no longer exempt from conscription in the Italian Kingdom. This bill was passed by a vote of 248 against 25.

The terms of amity existing between Austria and her late enemy excite decided remark. Just now the Continent is all but convulsed because the Emperor has received from the King the Order of the Annunciata.

To this stupendous piece of news is to be added the report that the heir to Italy's crown is to receive from Austria the Order of the Golden Fleece, and the King to be presented with that of St. Stephen. But after all, these little straws do show the direction of the breeze, and perhaps signify a new order of policy. This new friendship may help in settling the conduct of Europe with regard to Rome. Ardent believers in what they wish look forward to the evacuation of the Papal States by France, and its joint occupation by Austrian and Italian troops, by permission of the Pope. It must be remembered, however, that as yet there is no Kingdom of Italy in His Holiness's estimation; that with Austria there is at present no *modus vivendi* with Rome, and that France has possession of the situation.

And meanwhile Italy must have from time to time a troubled season. Just now there reach us reports of attempted revolution; of Mazzinian, or so-called Mazzinian troubles at Milan. A plot had been formed to disarm the guards, seize certain of the civil and military officers, take possession of the Hotel de Ville, and other buildings in various parts of the town, and thus get possession of the city. The conspiracy had very likely ramifications in other towns, and had it been successful might have produced serious trouble. Orsini bombs, arms of various kinds, money, and important letters written in cipher, have been seized. The heads of the plot have been arrested, and all without at all disturbing the tranquillity of the city. One letter of Mazzini only has been found among the papers seized, and that was a simple letter of recommendation of one of the parties implicated in the intended disturbance. About fifteen arrests have been made. The plot was to have matured on the 18th of April, and sleeping Milan to have been awakened by Orsini bombs and discharge of cannon to find herself the capital perchance of a republic. But while the city generally awoke in a most quiet state of mind, certain restless spirits awoke in durance vile. They were allowed to go on until the plot was just ready to ripen, and then suddenly seized. In Naples and Florence arrests have also been made, and certain measures of prevention have been taken in Genoa. A sort of unity

seems to have pervaded the little band of conspirators, but no real bond of unison. One young man joined their number because, as he said, he did "not think it right to enjoy a liberty for which he had not shed his blood." Another, because he was a priest, a friend of the Bourbons, and therefore an enemy to the Italian Kingdom.

Spain is still a "land without a king"; but she is no longer a government without a constitution, and that which she has lately approved cannot but be generally commended. I can say that at the present moment I can bespeak of such clauses as have been voted on. The whole has not as yet been submitted to the Cortes. That body fought out a great battle with regard to religious toleration. The clerical party were certainly at a very great disadvantage. Although priests are as eligible for election as are laymen, but four priests were chosen to take seats in the Cortes. And the arguments of their orator against freedom of worship, his prophecies of untold evil to Spain if she launched herself into the unnatural arms of free worship, savored so strongly of the damps from the grave of dead ages that they could not possibly affect the representatives of the young national life into which Spain has just been born. No equality of worship has as yet been declared in the country. The Catholic faith is that of the State, but at least individuals may worship God after the dictates of their own consciences. The completion of the votes upon the constitution is made difficult, for ever and anon kingly and republican members indulge in wordy war about the vacant throne.

Prince Napoleon has just gone off again on one of his eternal journeys. He arrived in Naples just as Victor Emanuel was leaving that city, and saw none of the royal family, excepting the Princess Margaret. It is said that he has gone down with the intention of sounding the powers in Spain and Italy with regard to proposing young Thomas of Genoa as the Spanish king. Meanwhile, the little school-boy having successfully passed his examination has been received into the upper fourth class of Harrow. He has been spending his Easter holidays with his mother, and has just returned to England, and is a member of the family

of Mr. Arnold, son of the late lamented Principal of Rugby.

The Duke d'Aumale has been spending some time in Sicily, where he has very large estates. It is said that he needs money, and is negotiating to raise it upon his vineyards and gardens near Palermo.

It seems probable that the Empress Eugénie will become a traveller this year, and fulfil a vow made at the birth of the Prince Imperial: that of thanking God for his gift on the Mount of Olives, before the Prince shall have completed his fifteenth year. The Empress will, in case this journey is undertaken, of which there seems little doubt, herself inaugurate the Suez Canal.

The New York Bourbon, you will have perceived, has been informed by "Francis II, King of the Two Sicilies," that he is not a married man. The King condemns him to a bachelor life. His father also made a bachelor of the Prince of Capua, but things seemed to go on just about the same as before. Miss Smith considered herself Miss Smith no longer, and perhaps Miss de Hamel will not at once resume her maiden name.

Florence has just concluded some very successful races. All the *beau monde* was

present. The weather was superb, the running good, and the toilette more than magnificent.

We have been greatly saddened by hearing of the death of Mrs. Stillman, the wife of our Consul at Crete. During her residence on the island she had given her warmest sympathy to the poor Cretans, and had deprived herself of every luxury to aid them in their poverty. Her sympathetic nature was too deeply impressed by the suffering which all her efforts could not relieve, and she was ordered by her medical attendants to change her residence, and her husband took her to Athens. But here, too, she was surrounded with the suffering poor. And seeing so much to do, and able to do so little, she became subject to turns of dreadful depression. She fancied that she was an injury to those she loved; and one day, while attacked with one of the turns of agonizing mental suffering to which she had become subject, she took her own life. The last victim of the Cretan insurrection was followed to her grave by hundreds of the poor for whom she had lived and died. They crowded about the house, weeping for the friend they had lost, and paying the sweetest possible tribute to her fragrant memory.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. ADVENTURES IN THE WILDERNESS, OR CAMP LIFE IN THE ADIRONDACKS. By William H. H. Murray. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.
2. THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE. By J. Newhouse. Edited by the Oneida Community. New York: Oakley, Mason & Co.

There seems to be no reason to fear that the American wildernesses will not be properly panegyricized. Cooper's fascinating stories, although we are rapidly forgetting them, placed the wilderness in the region of pure romance, the home of white and copper-colored demigods. Keen-sighted Thoreau, without going very far from home, gave them a wonderfully truthful and realistic expression, and told us secrets about them, the like of which we shall not hear again. Major Winthrop explicated them in fine language, yet even in his most expansive moments—and they were many—so mixed himself up with them that the reader, perpetually called upon to look through Nature up to Nature's Winthrop, finally got tired. Then Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the *Springfield Republican*, went to Colorado, and enjoyed himself to the top of his bent among those varied aspects of out-of-door life that were ever changing—except in regard to shirts. And now we have Mr. Murray, who has delighted himself and would delight others with the Adirondack wilderness. And then we recall Thoreau, whom Curtis so well calls the "Fine Ear" and "Sharp Eye" of the woods—Thoreau, with his Indian insight, his broad Pantheistic sympathies in which his individuality was so completely lost that his voice was but an echo of the wilderness—and thinking of this amiable savage we wonder why it is that these later tourists cannot cast off their civilized affectations with their white shirts when they enter the sincere woods. For in their brusque enthusiasm there is the suggestion of the novice, just as slang is never so unpleasant as when used by one whom we suspect does not wholly understand it.

Perhaps the world has no serious concern in those gentlemen who go into the wilder-

ness with rifles and woolen shirts, so long as they stay there; it is only when they come back with the materials for a book that the world, who reads books, becomes interested in their being remanded to hard labor and damp leaves, and the more congenial company of bears and wild cats. But as bears and panthers do not read books, even when written in their praise, we may expect the regular return of these enthusiasts to civilization long enough to publish, ere they plunge into the wilderness where unhappily their works do not follow them. That there are some gentlemen who may be and are possibly individually benefited by this voluntary exile we are willing to admit, but when they continue to obtrusively and boisterously escape, we can imagine society wrought to such a pitch at last as to pay a reasonable bounty for their scalps.

Of such kind is Mr. William H. H. Murray, of Meriden, Conn. He has lately escaped from the Adirondacks, and has a good deal to tell us about it which he does in a rapid, breathless sort of way, as if he were very anxious to get back again before the fish are all caught or the deer are all shot. He tells us "Why he goes there," and "How to get there," and his practical hints of the easiest way of getting out of civilization are very instructive, although it appears that on entering "Brown's Tract" it is the proper thing to go and stand by John Brown's grave, where, "if you are an American," certain "memories will throng into your head, and you will continue your journey a better man or purer woman from ever so brief a visit to the grave of one who is," etc., etc. This novel method of getting into a proper frame of mind to catch trout is, it will be observed, only efficacious with the American citizen, and the English tourist had better not try it. Then Mr. Murray tells us at what houses to stop, advertises gratuitously the best guides, and lingers long and lovingly on certain pancakes made by "Mother Johnson." "Bless her soul," says the Nature- and pancake-loving Murray, "how her fat, good-natured face glowed with delight as she

saw us empty those dishes." Then there was "Uncle Palmer," at Long Lake, whose virtues as a host were so great as to render Mr. Murray utterly unable to characterize them in decent English, and he is fain to say "Uncle Palmer's long table is the very best spot to find yourself when hungry and tired." It is possible that "find yourself" is used by Mr. Murray in the Western sense of "provide." Then there is the camp bill of fare, in which trout appear cooked in seven different ways, over which the really festive Murray, who looks upon Nature generally as something good to eat, audibly smacks his lips. "Now imagine," says this wilderness lover, "that you have been out for eight hours with a cool, *appetizing* mountain breeze blowing in your face, and such a bill of fare, and then tell me if it looks like starvation." We should say that it certainly did not—for Murray. "If," he philosophically adds, "a man cannot make a pound of flesh per day on that diet, I pity him." And this is the real value of the wilderness: to have an appetite; to gain a pound of flesh a day; to "find yourself" at Uncle Palmer's table; to gorge the pancakes of the too-indulgent Mother Johnson—what, we may well ask, is our sickly civilization to this!

Mr. Murray's description of the catching of a trout is without exception the most extravagant piece of writing we have ever met, even among the most enthusiastic sporting chroniclers. It is gorgeous French, badly translated. The larger the trout the greater the strain upon his fancy. Language, Mr. Murray repeatedly tells us, fails to describe his sensations in hooking this fish, or landing that. But, unfortunately, it seldom prevents him from attempting it. And it "is the attempt and not the deed confounds" us utterly. What Mr. Murray would say about fishing if language did n't fail him we dare not contemplate.

The rest of the book is a succession of views of insignificant details seen under Mr. Murray's peculiar mental microscope of extra magnifying power. Camp episodes that are familiar to most tourists and all Californians are told with youthful boisterousness and unskillful slang. The novice is dreadfully apparent in all the enthusiasm. And the book fitly terminates with "A Ride

with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car"—one of the best specimens of the worst style of modern small sensationalism that we have been permitted to study. An unpleasant combination of the extravagances of Major Winthrop and Guy Livingstone, it is only valuable to the reader from the fact that it sends back a lurid flash upon all that goes before, and excuses him from placing any reliance upon Mr. Murray's correctness as an observer of Nature, or what is natural.

It is a positive relief to turn from *Among the Adirondacks* and Mr. William H. H. Murray, to *The Trapper's Guide* and Mr. J. Newhouse of the Oneida Community. After Murray's extravagance, Newhouse's severely practical book is invested with preternatural charms. For Mr. Murray makes books, and Mr. Newhouse makes traps. There is but one *profitable* method of catching fur-bearing animals, says Mr. Newhouse, namely, by "steel traps." Shooting is "a very wasteful method." Grazing shots "cut a furrow in the fur sometimes several inches in length, shaving every hair in its course as with a razor." That men should go into the wilderness for any other purpose than to get fur or exterminate wild animals, of course is not Mr. Newhouse's business to inquire. He tells us "what wages a man is likely to make at trapping." "I," he says, "have made seven dollars a day for a five weeks' trip." "A man that once trapped with me caught fifty-three muskrats in one night, which at present prices would be worth fifteen dollars and ninety cents." Mr. Murray's three-pound trout, and the purely æsthetic rapture of catching it, pale before this pecuniary figure. Murray may pipe, but Newhouse woos us to the wilderness with a music we all understand.

In trapping, man matches cunning with cunning. Trapping we should say is profoundly meditative. It requires not only knowledge of the habits but of the weaknesses of animals *feræ naturæ*. Thus we learn that mink can be "attracted any distance" by a peculiarly delicate perfume, "prepared from the decomposition of eels." This ancient and fish-like odor lures your purely sensual mink to his own destruction. In these professional studies Mr. Newhouse is often instructive, and always amusing,

although his general knowledge of zoölogy is sometimes imperfect. The few sketches by trappers and other "professionals" are interesting from their realism, evident truthfulness, and absence of sensational effect. The simplicity of detail which makes "Robinson Crusoe" so effective, gives a charm to these "narratives" which Mr. Murray cannot awaken with all his anatomy of experience and sensation. There is a practical value to Mr. Newhouse's book which might make it valuable even if less entertaining.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By Lewis Carroll. With forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

To say that this little volume is the most originally entertaining and delightful child's story that ever grown reader enjoyed, may appear extravagant and not very comprehensive criticism. But we know no other way to describe the pleasure that we get from Alice's adventures—a pleasure that is as difficult to analyze as the sensation we experience in that odd mixture of childish simplicity and archness which we call "cunning." It is not only the grown-up humor with which the story overflows—as in the idea of representing the Mock Turtle as a *bona fide* creature, or the delicious description of the trial of the Knave of Hearts before a jury of small and bewilderingly stupid animals—but the remarkable skill with which this grown-up humor is made to appear entirely consistent with the odd fancies of a clever little girl of six years. Outside of the works of the world's few great humorists we know of nothing as truly and laughably grotesque as the "Mad Tea Party," which Alice attended in all the *naïve* and sweet seriousness of childhood. And in the capital conceit of making the animals argue with Alice about her lessons, snap her up on verbal mistakes, infelicities and improprieties of conduct, and in short, reflect in this wonderful dream of hers what must have been the frequent experiences of her waking moments, there is Art of no common quality.

Who the author, Lewis Carroll, may be, we have no means of knowing. The book is a reprint from an English work, which has been deservedly praised by the best critics in England and America. That

he or she is a humorist whose versatility would suggest other equally good performances for older audiences, we offer part of the dreadful burlesque which *would* come into Alice's head, when she tried to repeat the well-known composition commencing—"You are old, father William":

"You are old, father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat; [fore,
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray
"I kept all my limbs very supple [locks,
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple."

THE VILLA ON THE RHINE, Berthold Auerbach. Leypoldt & Holt. New York.

Modern German fiction appears to us as one of the curiosities of literature. When "Debit and Credit" made its appearance some years ago, it was hailed with acclamation throughout Germany, translated into English with a laudatory introduction by the Chevalier Bunsen, and—impelled largely by these circumstances—was extensively read. The other day, the interminable series of Muhlbach's historical novels were ushered in with a similar flourish of German trumpets, commanded a great sale, and have already sunk beneath the stream of current literature. Now appears the "Villa on the Rhine," by one of the first of living German writers; and after producing in Germany a sensation which has been unequalled since "Debit and Credit," is given to us in a very fair translation—preceded by a singularly worthless introduction by Bayard Taylor, which was probably procured by the publishers for the sound commercial purpose of adding his well-known name to the title-page. The delicate aroma of style, as well as much of the vigor of a thoroughly original work, naturally and necessarily evaporates in the process of translation; and in judging of a work by the translation, allowance must be made for this (very considerable) loss.

There are points in common among these several German novels. In all, the love business, for instance, is pitched in an unpleasantly high key: as it was at that epoch of our own romantic literature which produced the "Scottish Chiefs" and "Children of the Abbey." The people got upon stilts, and made speeches in which the glow of passion was only equalled by their tediousness: the sort of speeches which young gentlemen are apt to compose in secret at the age of about sixteen years, and yearn to deliver to that somebody who may be their female divinity. This hobbadehoyhood of love finds its expression in the hobbadehoyhood of literature. Now, German literature generally is the ripest and richest which exists or has yet existed upon earth; but in the line of the modern novel it has as yet produced little of fruit; that little is but poor and unripe; and its best examples compare at a sad disadvantage with the better examples of the literature of both England and France, in which this particular branch has attained to maturity, and has borne fruit abundantly. The Muhlbach novels, for instance, contain all the crudities which disfigure Sir Walter Scott's, and which have long since disappeared from our fiction, unredeemed by the splendid fancy and often curious learning which prevail with us to condone his faults. The "Debit and Credit" was a clever story enough, and may be ranked with "Quits" and that sort of works, somewhere below "The Initials." The "Villa on the Rhine" is considerably in advance of "Debit and Credit;" but so far behind even the inferior works of Mr. Dickens or Mr. Thackeray, for instance, that comparison with them is impossible. Yet it is ranked as first of German novels—a rank which it appears entitled to receive. The natural conclusion drawn from all this would be that the German novel has as yet attained only to a painfully jejune and immature stage of development.

The first two books of the "Villa" are charming. They exhibit wit, freshness, honesty, vigor, a keen insight into human nature, good-humor, and good sense. Artistically they are well constructed. Instead of tedious descriptions of the characters, the characters are allowed to develop themselves; and the author exhibits an accuracy

of analysis and a thorough and minute power of moral dissection which produces for the reader a succession of delightful surprises. There are occasional deep incisions which lay open the core of the human heart, and excite admiration at the steady hand of the master, as well as interest in the intricate machinery which they lay bare. Moreover, the tone of the book is healthful; its atmosphere is charged with a moral ozone; it invigorates one to the point of exhilaration. After the absinthe of Braddon, and the doctored Port of Ouida, it is as refreshing as a draught from the pure springs of the rock; it restores jaded nature like the salt air of the sea-side, after the carburetted atmospheres of a ball-season. But this does not continue: wit and freshness and good sense are swallowed up in philosophical inquiry. Love continues; the people make metaphysical love to one another. They analyze their sensations, and express them in technical formulæ! Could anything be more hopelessly German, or tedious, or better calculated to make the reader close the volume with a sigh?

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY, OR BLANCH ELLERSLIE'S ENDING. By the author of "Sword and Gown," "Brakespeare," "Maurice Dering," "Sans Mercie," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the title of the last book for which society owes the "author of Guy Livingstone" another grudge, and might be taken to describe the criticism which should be at the pains to demolish it. But "Guy Livingstone" is a butterfly which breeds a mischievous brood of grubs, and these sting the tender shoots of society until, were it not for the prodigious, inherent healthfulness of humanity, our present crop of younglings might remind us of a peach orchard afflicted with "curled leaf." It is manifest that the Suppressed Sex in this age has become tired of the male of her species, and projects her innocent mind into the realm of the impossible, in search of a being more in sympathy with her heart-yearnings. This is a venerable complaint, and has been known in many ages by many names. It gushed forth in 1800 and produced "Laura Matilda;" in 1830 it wasted copious tears upon "Scottish Chiefs" and "Children of the

Abbey;" in 1860 it found expression in "Guy Livingstone;" and for these years past we have been dampened by a monotonous dribble of G. L. Commercially speaking, G. L. has been a success; the appetite for pickles, chalk and Guy is perennial; it is useless to oppose it; it cures itself; we can only take some pains to see that the indulgence in this diet shall not fatally derange the digestive organs and the moral health. In moderation, pickles and Guy are both good; they satisfy a craving. It is unnecessary to sketch the construction of "Breaking a Butterfly." We have the man of dreadful immorals, awful antecedents and fascinating address; the usual pretty women with unnaturally fierce appetites for flirtation, horses and other improbabilities; the weak-minded, selfish, and correct male, who serves as a foil to set the iniquities of the hero in rather more attractive relief; a multitude of other characters altogether too numerous to keep the run of, and some plot, though precisely what it is the poisoning business is too complicated to unravel without a second perusal. The scene is of course cast in the very best society—

our first introduction being to an Earl and his young and accomplished Countess. This is extremely gratifying to such of us—and a class somewhat numerous in America—as are not in the habit of lunching daily with earls *en petit comité*, though we must confess that for ourselves the glow produced by this contact with titled society has been tempered ever since Mr. Pendennis' confession that he promoted the whole of his *dramatis personæ* at the instance of his publisher. We have never since been able to acquiesce in anything above a baronet without a misgiving that the distinguished nobleman was a promoted fraud. Like all of the other Guy Livingstone people, the Butterfly people and their author say many good things, and occasionally excellent ones. There is also throughout the book a fine assumption of the tone of polite society which must be attractive to people who are unaware that the simplicity which distinguishes the best society has no "tone" whatever. It is plain, we think, from the foregoing remarks, that "Breaking a Butterfly" will be an extremely popular novel, and we trust has been "laid in" in quantity by our Mercantile Library.

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
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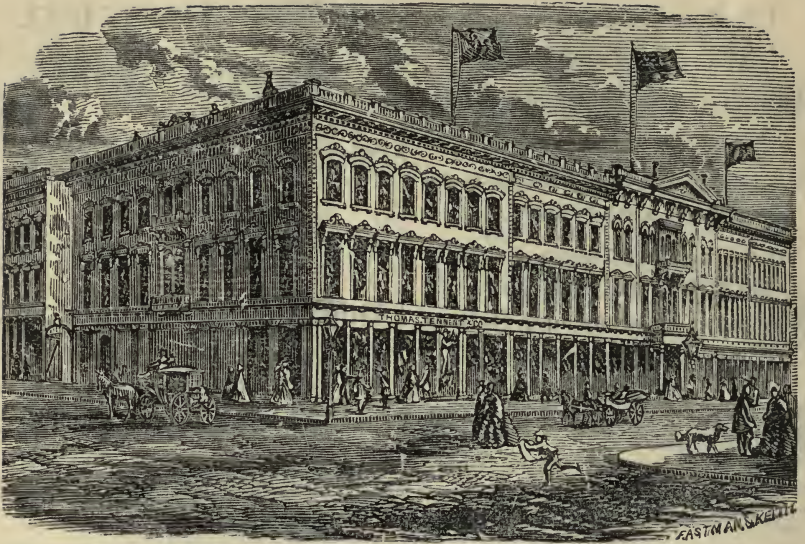
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VOL. 3.

No. 2.



THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

AUGUST, 1869.



SAN FRANCISCO:

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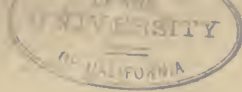
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THE
OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 3.—AUGUST, 1869.—No. 2.

IN YOSEMITE SHADOWS.

“Yosemite, Sept.—: Come at once—the year wanes; would you see the wondrous transformation, the embalming of the dead Summer in windings of purple and gold and bronze—come quickly, before the white pall covers it—delay no longer. The waters are low and fordable, the snows threaten, but the hours are yet propitious; and such a welcome awaits you as Solomon in all his glory could not have lavished on Sheba’s approaching queen. * * * ”

There was much more of the same sort of high-toned epistolary rhetoric, written and sent by a dear hand, whose fanciful pen seemed touched by the ambrosial tints of Autumn. So the year was going out in a gorgeous carnival, before the Lent-like solemnity of Winter was assumed.

I had only two things to consider now: First, was it already too late to hasten thither, and enjoy the splendid spectacle so freely offered and so alluring; secondly, could I, if yet in time, venture so boldly upon the edge of winter, and risk

the possibility—nay, probability—of being snow-bound for four or six months, thirty miles from any human habitation?

I did not long consider. I felt every moment that the soul of Summer was passing. I scented the ascending incense of smoking and crackling boughs. What a requiem was being chanted by all the tremulous and broken voices of Nature. Would I, could I, longer forbear to join the passionate and tumultuous *miserere*? It seemed that I could not, for gathering about me the voluminous furs of Siberia, I bade adieu to friends, not without some forebodings awakened by the admonitions of my elders, then, dropping all the folly of the world, like a monk I went silently and alone into the monastery of a Sierran solitude, resigned, trusting, prayerful.

What an entering in it was! With slow, devotional steps I approached the valley. There was a thin veil of snow over the upper trail. It was smooth and unbroken as I came upon it, following the blazed trees in my way. Footprints

of bear and fox, squirrel and coyote, were traceable. The owl hooted at me, and the jay shot past me like a blue flash of light, uttering her prolonged, shrill cry. As for the owl, I could not see him, but I heard him at startling intervals give the challenge, "Who are you?" so I advanced and gave the countersign. I don't believe it was for his grave face alone that the owl was chosen symbol of Wisdom.

Not too soon came the steep and perilous descent into the abysmal depths of the mountain fastness. It is a shame that pilgrims who come up thither do not time their steps so as to reach this *Ultima Thule* of old times and ways at sunset. Then the magnificence of the spectacle culminates. That new world below there is illuminated with the soft tints of Eden. What unutterable fullness of beauty pervades all. The forests—those moss-like fields are forests, and mighty ones, too—are all aflame with the burnished gold of sunset, brightening the gold of autumn; for gold twice refined, as it were, gilds the splendid landscape. Only think of that picture, shining through the mellow haze of Indian Summer, and flashing with the lambent glimmer of a myriad glassy leaves. You can not see them moving, yet they twinkle incessantly, and the warm air trembles about them, while you hang bewildered from a toppling parapet, four thousand feet above them; birds swing under you in mid-air, streams leap from the sharp cliff, and reel in that sickening way through the air that your brain whirls after them. One is tired, anyhow, by the time he has reached this far, and a night camp in the cool rim of this world-to-come is just the panacea for any sort of weariness.

Take my advice: Sleep on it, and drop down on the wings of the morning, while the sun is filling up this marvelous ravine with such lights and shadows as are felt, yet scarcely understood. Re-

freshed, amazed, bewildered, go down into that solemn place, and see if you are not more saint-like than you dared to think yourself. When the times are out of joint, as they frequently are, come up here, forget men and things; don't imagine we are as bad as we seem, for it is quite certain we might be a great deal worse if we tried. While you bemoan our earthliness, you may not be the one saint among us. Coming down with the evening, I was scarcely at the gates of the inner valley when night was on me. Of this gate, it is formed of a ponderous monument on the right, called Cathedral Rock, and on the left is the one bald spot in the Sierras, the great El Capitan. The arch over this primeval threshold is the astral dome of heaven, and the gates stand ever open. There is no toll taken in any mansion of my Father's House, and this is one of them. Passing to the door of my host, I lifted the latch noiselessly. Before me dawned fresh experiences. At my back Night gathered deeper than ever, and all around I seemed to read the rubric of Life's new lesson.

We are a comfort to ourselves—six of us, all told. Summer invites our little company into a breezy hotel, over in the shadow across the valley. Winter suggests a log cabin, an expansive fireplace, plenty of hickory, and as much sunshine as finds its way into our secluded hermitage. So we are done up compactly, in between thick walls, our hard finish being in the shape of mud cakes in the chinks of the logs, and a very hard finish it is; but we take wondrous comfort withal.

How do I pass the hours? Leaving my friends, I wander forth, after breakfast, in any direction that pleases me. Take to-day this sheep-path; it leads me to a pebbly beach at a swift turn of the Merced. That clump of trees produces the best harvest of frost-pointed leaves; there are new varieties offered every day at an

alarming sacrifice, and I invest largely in these fragile wares. To-morrow, I shall go yonder across three tumultuous streams, upon three convenient logs, broad and mossy. Some book or other goes with me, and is opened now and then. Such books as *Plant Life*, *The Sexuality of Nature*, *Studies in Animal Life*, suggest themselves. Open these anywhere, and each is annotated and illustrated by the scene before me. Every page is a running text to the hour I glorify.

Perhaps a leaf falls into my lap as I sit over the brook, on a log—a single leaf, gilded about its border, in the centre a crimson flush, fast swallowing up the original greenness; the whole will presently be bronzed and sombre. O, Leaf! how art thou mummified! We do not think enough of these little things of Nature. Look at this leaf. What is its record? How many generations, think you, are numbered in its ancestry? A perpetual intermarriage has not weakened its fibres. The anatomy of this leaf is perfect, and the sap of this oak flows from oak to acorn, from acorn to oak, in an interminable and uninterrupted succession since the first day. What are your titles and estates beside this representative? What is your heraldry, with its two centuries of mold; your absurd and confused genealogies, your escutcheons, blotted no doubt with crimes and errors, when this scion, which I am permitted to entertain for a moment, comes of a race whose record is spotless and without stain through ten thousand eventful years. Why, Eve would recognize the original of this stock from the mere family resemblance.

Do you think these days tiresome? It is embarrassing for some people to be left alone with themselves. They can no longer play a part, for there are none like themselves to play to. The sun and stars know you well enough—most likely, better than you yourselves do. I

like this. I would out and say to myself: "Here is a confidant. Day hides nothing from me, or you; it expresses all, exposes all—even that which we might not ask to see. It is best that we should see it: there are no errors in Nature."

Walking, the squirrel nods to me. I nod back; and why shouldn't I? Nature has familiarly introduced us. Squirrel munches under his tail canopy till I am out of sight, jabbering all the while. What sage little fellows go on four feet! I believe an animal has all the instincts of Adam. He should never be tamed, however, lest he lose his identity. Civilization rubs down the points in our character. As the surf rounds the pebble, the masses round us. We are polished and insufferably proper, but have no angles left! It is the angles that give the diamond its lustre.

Are you hungry? When the index of shadow points out from the base of old Sentinel Rock and touches that column of descending spray they call Yosemite, I go to dinner. "The Fall of the Yosemite"—what a dream it is. A dream of the lotus-eaters, and an aspiration of the Ideal in Nature. You can not realize it; and yet, you will never forget it. Don't take it too early in the spring, when it is less ethereal—nay, somewhat heavy; rather see it in summer after the rains, or in autumn, better than all, when it is like a tissue of diamond dust shaken upon the air. It really seems a labor for it to reach its foaming basin, it is so filmy, spiritual, delicate. The very air woos it from its perpetual leap; sudden currents of wind catch it up and whirl it away in their arms, a trembling captive, or dash it against the solemn and sad-looking rock, where it clings for a moment, then trickles down the scarred and rugged face of it, fading in its descent; sometimes it is waved back by the elements, and almost seems to return into its cloudy nest up yonder close under

the sky. It only comes to us at last by impulses, and all along its shining and vapory path rockets of spray shoot out like pendants, dissolving singly and alone.

But "to return to our muttuns." My dial says 12 M. There is no winding up and down of weights here; 12 M. it undoubtedly is, and mutton waits. These muttuns were begotten here of muttuns begotten here to the third or fourth generation. Their wool is clipped, larded, and spun here by one who lives here and loves this valley. These mittens, that keep the frost from my fingers, are among the comforting results of this domestic economy. In the cabin, by the fireplace, stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel; and the old-fashioned body who manipulates the wool so skillfully is the light of our little household. The shadow has struck twelve from old Sentinel; and I take the sun once a day, and no oftener. A cool, bracing air, a sharp run over the meadows, for I see the hostess waving a signal at me for my tardiness, and I am hungry on my own account—such cliffs and vistas as one sees here make one hollow with looking at them, and are calculated to keep a supply of appetite on hand. Do you like good long strips of baked squash? How do you fancy bowls of warm milk—milk that declares a creamy dividend before morning? Here is a fine fowl of our own raising—one that has seen Yosemite in its glory and in its gloom: it ought to be good eating, and I can affirm that it is. That's a dinner for you, and one where you can begin on pie the first thing, if your soul craves it, which it frequently does.

A storm brewing, and rain in the lower valley. Never mind, there is no hurry here; one blushes to be caught worrying in the august presence of these mountains.

What can I do this stormy afternoon? Stop within doors and sit at the window;

and we two looking out upon the rain and fog. It is a mile nearly to that wall opposite, but look up high as I can from my window I see no strip of sky. Here is a precipice of homely, almost hideous-looking rock, and above it a hanging garden; those pines in that garden are a hundred feet and more in height: measure the second cliff by their proportions—how far is it, think you, to the garden above? A thousand feet, perhaps; and three, four—no, six of these terraces before you touch blue sky. Oh, what a valley! and where else under heaven are we sunk forty fathoms deep in shadow? But the sun is up yet, and there floats an eagle in its golden ray. I like to watch the last beams burn out in that upper gallery among the pines. There is a moment given us at sunset when we may partly realize the inexpressible sweetness of the eternal day that is promised us—a dim, religious light. There is no screen or tint soft enough to render the effect perfectly. Only these few seconds at sunset seem to hint something of its surpassing tenderness.

What cloud effects! Look up!—a break in the heavens, and beyond it the shoulder of a peak weighing some billions of tons, but afloat now, as soft in outline as the mists that envelop it. What masses of cloud tumble in upon us! The sky is obscured, night is declared at once, and the fowls go to roost at three P.M. How is the Fall in this weather? A silver braid dropped from one cloud to another. Its strands parted and joined again, lost and found in its own element. Leaping from its dizzy eyrie in the clouds, itself most cloud-like, it is lost in a whirlwind of foam. Now it is as a voice heard faintly above the wind, borne hither and thither. Long, stinging nights, plenty of woolen blankets, and delicious sleep. Then the evenings, so cosy around the fire. H—reads Scott; we listen and comment.

Baby is abed long ago—little Baby, four years old, born here also; knowing nothing of the beautiful world, save what is gathered in this gallery of beauties. Such a queer little child, left to herself, no doubt thinking she is the only little one in existence, contented to teeter for hours on a plank by the woodpile, making long explorations by herself and returning, when we are all well frightened, with a pocketful of lizards and a wasp in her fingers; always talking of horned toads and heifers; not afraid of snakes, not even the rattlers; mocking the birds when she is happy, and growling bear-fashion to express her disapproval of any thing.

When the snows come, there will be avalanches by day and night, rushing into all parts of the valley. The Hermit hears a rumbling in the clouds, as he hoes his potatoes. He looks; a granite pilaster, hewn out by the hurricanes centuries ago, at last grown weary of clinging to that precipitous bluff, lets go its hold, and is dashed from crag to crag in a prolonged and horrible suicide. A pioneer once laid him out a garden, and marked the plan of his cellar; he was to begin digging the next day: that night, there leaped a boulder from under the brow of this cliff right into the heart of the plantation. It dug his cellar for him, but he never used it. It behooved him and others to get farther out from the mountain that found this settler too familiar, and sent a random shot as a sufficient hint to the intruder.

In the trying times when the world was baking, what agony these mountains must have endured. You see it in their faces, they are so haggard and old-looking: time is swallowed up in victory, but it was a desperate duel. There is a dome here that the ambitious foot of man has never attempted. Tissayac allows no such liberty. Look up at that rose-colored summit! The sun endows it with glory long after twilight has shut

us in. We are cheated of much daylight here—it comes later and goes earlier with us; but we get hints of brighter hours, both morning and evening, from those sparkling minarets now decked with snowy arabesques. I have seen our canopy, the clouds, so crimsoned at this hour that the valley seemed a grand oriental pavilion, whose silken roof was illuminated with a million painted lamps. The golden woods of Autumn detract nothing from the bizarre effect of the spectacle. To be sure, these walls are rather sombre for a festival, but the sun does what it can to enliven them, whilst the flame-colored oaks and blood-spotted azaleas projecting on all sides from the shelving rocks resemble to a startling degree galleries of blazing candelabra. Night dispels this illusion, it is so very deep and mysterious here. The solemn procession of the stars silently passes over us. I see Taurus pressing forward, and anon Orion climbs on hand and knee over the mountain in hot pursuit.

Does it tire you to look so long at a gigantic monument? I do not wonder. The secret of self-esteem seems to lie in regarding our inferiors; therefore let us talk of this frog. I have heard his chorus a thousand times in the dark. His is one of the songs of the night. Just watch him in the meadow pool. See the contentment in his double chin; he flings out three links of hind leg and carries his elbows akimbo; his attitudes are unconstrained; he is entirely without affectation; life never bores him; he keeps his professional engagements to the letter, and sings nightly through the season, whether hoarse or not.

It is a good plan to portion off the glorious vistas of Yosemite, allotting so many surprises to each day. Take, for instance, the ten miles of valley, and passing slowly through the heart of it, allow a tableau for every three hundred yards. You are sure of this variety, for

the trail winds among a galaxy of snowy peaks. Turn as you choose, it is either a water-fall at a new angle, a cliff in profile, a reflection in river or lake—the sudden appearance of the supreme peak of all, or ravine, cañon, cavern, pine opening, grove or prairie. There is a point from which you may count over a hundred rocky fangs, tearing the clouds to tatters. I can not tell you the exact location of this terrific climax of savage beauty; try to find it, and perhaps discover half a dozen as singular scenic combinations for yourself. See all that you are told must be seen, then go out alone and discover as much more for yourself, and something no doubt dearer to your memory than any of the more noted haunts. “See Mirror Lake on a still morning,” they said to me. I saw it, but went again in the evening, and saw a vision that the reader may not expect to have reflected here. It was the picture of the morning—so softened and refined a veil of enchantment seemed thrown over it. Hamadryad or water nymph could not have startled me at that moment: they belonged there, and were looked for. I shall hardly again renew those impressions; it was all so unexpected, and one is not twice surprised in the same manner. That wondrous amphitheatre was for once made cheerful with the broad, horizontal bars of fire that shifted about it, yet all its lights were mellowed in the purpling mists of evening, and the whole was pictured in little on the surface of the lake. There was nothing earthly visible, I thought then, for every thing seemed transfigured, floating in a lucent atmosphere. It was the hour when the birds are silent for the space of one intense moment, stopping with one accord—perhaps holding their breath till the spell is broken. As I stood entranced, a large golden leaf, ready and willing to die, let go its hold on the top bough of a tree overhanging the water. From twig to twig it swung. I heard

every sound in its fall till it was out of the congregation of its fellows, turning over and over in mid-air, sailing toward the centre of the lake. There it hung on the rim of that stainless crystal, while a thin ring of silver light noiselessly expanded toward the shore. The sun was down. All the birds of heaven said so with their bubbling throats. Bewildered with the delicious conclusion of this illustration of still life, I turned homeward, dispelling the mirage. Then such a ride home in the keen air, while a pillar of smoke rose over the little cabin, telling me which of the hundred bowers of autumn sheltered my nest.

But, again and again, I have seen all. Pohono has breathed upon me with its fatal breath, yet I survive. It is said that three Indian girls were long ago bewitched by its waters, and now their perturbed spirits haunt the place. Those perfectly round rainbows may form the nimbus for each of the martyrs; they, at any rate, look supernatural enough for such an office. The wildly wooded pass to the Vernal and Nevada Falls has echoed to my tread. I have been sprayed upon till my spirit is never dry of the life-giving waters that flow so freely. But I am just a little tired of all this. I begin to breathe short, irregular breaths. The soul of this mighty solitude oppresses me; I want more air of the common sort, and less wisdom in daily talks and walks. I remember the pleasant nonsense of life over the mountains, and sigh for those flesh-pots of Egypt once in a while. These rocks are full of texts and teachings—these cliffs are tables of stone, graven with laws and commandments. I read everywhere mysterious cyphers and hieroglyphics; every changing season offers to me a new palimpsest. I do not quite like to play here; I dare not be simple; I’m altogether too good to last long. How many thousand ascensions have been made in these worshipful days, I wonder; not merely get-

ting the body on to the tops of these wonderful peaks, but going thither in spirit, as when the soul goes up into the mountains to pray? This eye-climbing is as fatiguing and perilous as any. I feel the want of some pure blue sky.

A few farewell rambles associate themselves with packing up and plans of desertion. Not sad farewells in this case, for if I never again meet these individual mountains, I carry with me their memory, eternal and incomparably glorious. Let us peep into this nook: I got plentiful blackberries there in the spring, together with stains and thorny scratches. I haul myself over the ferry and back, for old acquaintance' sake; the current is so lazy, it seems incredible that the same waters are almost impassable at some seasons. I succeed in wrecking a whole armada of floating leaves with stems like a bowsprit. A few beetles take passage in these gilded barges—no doubt, for the antipodes.

Did you ever drive up the cattle at milking time? I have; but not without endless trial and tribulation, for they spill off the path on either side in a very remarkable way, and when I rush after one with a flank movement, the column breaks and falls back utterly demoralized. A little strategy on the part of their commander (which is myself) triumphs in the end, for I privately reconstruct and march them all up in detachments of one. I look after the little trees, the unbent twigs; they are more interesting to me than your monsters. This nursery of saplings sprang up in a night after a freshet: here are quivering aspens trembling forever in penance for that one sin. They once were gravely pointed out by the guide of a party of tourists as "shuddering aspens." He is doubtless the same who, being asked "what that was," (pointing to the North Dome, six thousand feet in air) said "he'd be hanged if he knew; some bloody knob or other." I recall ten thousand pleasant times as I turn my

face seaward; not only the great and omnipotent shadows under the south wall of the valley, nor the continuous canticles of the waters, but innumerable little things that fill up and make life perfect.

The talks, the walks with my friends here, the parrot "Sultan," fed daily from the table, soliloquizing upon men and things in Arabic and Hindostanee, for he scorns English and talks in his sleep. There is *Bobby*, the grossbeak, brought to the door in pin feathers and skin like oiled silk by an Indian. His history is tragic: this Indian brained the whole family and an assortment of relatives; Bobby alone remaining to brood over the massacre, was sold into bondage for two bits and a tin dipper without bottom. The sun seems to lift his gloom, for he sings a little, sharpens his bill with great gusto and tomahawks a bit of fruit, as though dealing vengeance upon the destroyer of his race.

When shall I see another such cabin as this—its great fireplaces, and the loft heaping full of pumpkins? O, Yosemite! O, halcyon days, and bed-time at eight P. M., tucking in for ten good hours and up again at six; good eatings and drinkings day by day, mugs of milk and baked squash forever, plenty of butter to our daily bread; letters at wide intervals, and long, uninterrupted "thinks" about home and friends (as the poet of the "Hermitage" writes in one of his stunning letters). Shall I ever again sit for two mortal hours hearing a housefly buzz in the window and thinking it a pleasant voice! But alas! those restless days, when the air was full of driving leaves and I could find nothing on earth to comfort me.

I leave this morning. Opportunity takes me by the hand and leads me away. The heart leaps with emotion: every thing is momentous in a quiet life. This is the portal we entered one deepening dusk. Its threshold will soon be cushioned with snow; let us hasten on.

If I were asked when is the time to visit Yosemite, I should reply: Go in the spring; see the freshets and the waterfalls in their glory, and the valley in its fresh and vivid greenness. Go again, by all means, in the autumn, when the woods are powdered with gold dust and a dreamy haze sleeps in the long ravines; when the stars sparkle like crystals and the mornings are frosty; when the clouds visit us in person, and the trees look like crayon sketches on a vapory background, and the cliffs like leaning towers traced in sepia on a soft ground glass. Go in spring and autumn, if possible. I should choose autumn of the two; but go at any hazard, and do not rest till you have been. You can enter and go out at this portal. Passing seaward, to the left, out of the gray and groping mists a form arises, monstrous and awful in its proportions; spurning the very earth that crumbles at its base as it towers to heaven. The vapors of the air cleave to its massive front. The passing cloud is caught and torn in the grand carvings of its capitals. Gaze upon it in the solemnity of its shade, tremble before it in the magnificence of its sunlit surface. Impressive, impassive, magnetic; having a pulse and the organs of life almost; terrible as the forehead of a god. The full splendor of noonday can not belittle it, night can not compass

it. The moon is paler in its presence and wastes her lamp, the stars are hidden and lost over and beyond it. Across the face of it is borne forever the shadowy semblance of a swift and flying figure. Despair and desperation are in the nervous energy depicted in this marvelous medallion. Surely, the Indian may look with a degree of reverence upon that picture, painted by the morning light, fading in the meridian day, and gone altogether by evening. A grand etching of colossal proportions, representing the great chief Tutochanula in his mysterious flight. The Wandering Jew might look upon it and behold his traditional beard and flowing robes blown here by the winds in the rapidity of his desperate haste. It is the last one sees of the valley, as it is the last any have seen of Tutochanula. He fled into the west, cycles ago, and I follow him now into the west, nest-building, and getting into the shadow and resting after the door of the mountain is passed, and my soul no longer beats impetuously against those stormy walls.

With uncovered head, having nothing between me and Saturn, wiser, I trust, for my intercourse with these masters, purer in heart and holier for my prolonged vigil, with careful and reverential steps I pass out of Yosemite shadows.

BOLD DICK DONAHUE.

SEVENTY years ago the only free settlers in New South Wales, one of the colonies of Australia, were Government officials, discharged soldiers, and emancipated convicts, together with a sprinkling of "younger sons," who came out from the mother country to pursue the occupation of sheep-farming. These "younger sons," however, were not the "younger sons" of the aristocracy, or of any of the wealthy classes, but of farmers, mechanics, and reduced country gentlemen, and had, to begin the world with, a great deal more courage than cash.

There are now in Australia five colonies—all important, and some flourishing; but at the period from which our narrative dates, there was but the colony of New South Wales, a large tract of country on the south-eastern coast of that vast island.

In the infancy of the colony, New South Wales was interesting and valuable to the parent country, as an outlet for its criminal population rather than as affording scope for enterprise or inducements to capital: and thither, therefore, was transported the felony of the three kingdoms. Crime and vice of every hue found there their respective representatives—from the murderer to the pick-pocket, and from the genteel lady shop-lifter to the "pest of cities." To keep such a population in any thing like order strong detachments of military usually accompanied every cargo of felons, so that the colony partook as much of the character of a garrison as that of an ordinary settlement.

As might be expected in such a state of society, military domination assumed the place of law; and there at the end of the earth, and beyond the correct-

ing influences of public opinion, the authorities, high and low, exercised generally a cruel despotism over the unhappy convicts. Crime was sought to be repressed by violence alone—punishment, and not the reformation, of the criminal was the ruling principle. There were only two classes—settlers and officials on the one hand, and convicts on the other; and these two social elements were in antagonism and at perpetual war with each other. The settlers, whose only pursuits were stock-raising and wool-growing, obtained from the Government as many convicts as they chose to feed, clothe, and house. Those of the convicts not wanted by settlers were employed on Government works, such as making roads, clearing the forest, or building docks. It would be presumed that settlers who obtained servants on such easy conditions would have been kind and indulgent; and that officials whose only business was to superintend public works from which they were supposed to derive no immediate pecuniary profit, would have been as lenient as possible to the workmen—yet the case was far otherwise. The settlers punished the servants by flogging, and cheated them out of their stipulated allowance of food and clothing; and the officials sold a great deal of the commissariat stores sent out for the use of the convicts and pocketed the proceeds. The consequence was, that the latter were in a chronic state of mutiny; and that their masters, both settlers and officials, from long habit of unchecked and licentious wrong-doing, were too readily disposed to resort to the most violent measures of repression. Crime and violence were therefore rampant; and the effect on

the colony is as palpable to-day as was the finger-mark of the Almighty on the first murderer.

In this congenial atmosphere did our hero grow up and flourish. In his day he was famous, and his fame has survived him; for in the long winter nights, when the three-logged fire burns brightly and casts its sombre light on the dusky faces of the surrounding thick-bearded bushmen, the most welcome song of the evening is

"Bold Dick Donahue."

Donahue's early biography would be specially interesting, I have no doubt, to such as are curious in tracing the development of that type of genius which our hero possessed to such an eminent degree. Born of indigent parents in the city of Dublin, he had served an apprenticeship to the time-honored art of picking pockets; but the precocity of his genius keeping pace with the development of the physical man, he relinquished that business and took to the profession of housebreaking. As in the lower grade he evinced an adaptability and fertility of genius, coupled with a rapidity of execution, that often elicited the applause and patronizing smiles of his tutors, so in the higher walk of his profession he displayed such promptitude, boldness, and dash as astonished his contemporaries, and threw his rivals completely in the shade.

Donahue had a long and brilliant career, and by unremitting industry and perseverance, had worked himself at last into the wholesale business. In this line he went into a large speculation—not less indeed than that of undermining the Bank of Ireland, with a view of "settling its accounts." He had a peculiar talent for finance in general; but evinced a decided taste for "settling" the affairs of banks, and of jewelry shops in particular.

In this speculation he succeeded ad-

mirably for eight or nine months; had tunneled his way through till he had got under the very floor on which was deposited the iron safe containing the bullion and gold and silver coin of the institution, and next night would have brought his enterprise to a happy and successful termination by sawing through the floor and appropriating the contents of the coveted safe—but that the Fates were not propitious. The "*Blues*," as Donahue sarcastically termed all policemen, toward whom, by the way, he entertained at all times commendable disgust—the "*Blues*," who are always poking their noses into other people's affairs, "pinched" him on the very night he was to have reaped the reward of his honest toil and laudable perseverance. He was offered a free pardon, if he would turn informer and "peach" on his compatriots; but Donahue was made of sterner stuff, and preferred honor and an unsullied reputation to liberty and freedom. He was therefore sentenced to pass the remainder of his days in the penal colony of New South Wales.

Carter's Barracks, in Sydney, was in those days the dépôt, great reservoir, and receptacle of British felony; and here our hero was regularly installed in due time. Here he was assigned his cell, his plank or mattress, and his blanket.

"At home for life!" exclaimed Donahue, jocularly, as the turnkey ushered him into his "furnished apartments."

"No insolence, sir!" retorted that important personage.

"Insolence!" exclaimed our hero, really surprised at the novel interpretation. "Bless yer soul, sir, I'd be the last in the world to—I'm the pink of modesty, I am."

"Silence, sir!" indignantly interrupted the awful personage aforesaid, giving Donahue a shove which knocked him over against the wall. After which little

act of courteous hospitality he slammed the door to, locked it, and left him.

"If I had you in Dublin, my sweet boy, I'd teach you better manners in a brace of minutes," muttered Donahue, but not loud enough to be heard. "That's more than the best man in Dublin would dare do," he soliloquized; "but every thing is changed here, it seems. I forgot that I am at the andti—andti—what's this they call them? The andti—the and-tip-o-days. Yes, that's it; the and-tip-o-days, where every thing is topsy-turvy, upside down, and where a man is half his time head downward, heels upward, and fancies himself standing on his perpendiculars all the blessed time! There ain't no fancy about this, tho'! Here I am; caged up like a thief! Just the same as if I was a common pickpocket! No better, no worse. The door bolted and locked! Can't see the blessed daylight! And look here—this is pretty treatment for a gentleman!" and he held up the ghost of a blanket, through which he counted the iron bars in his cell window, and then dashed the spectre down upon his mattress—the hard plank. "There's bed and bedding, if you like! This is the and-tip-o-days, is it? Me, who used to have my boots polished by servants, boys to run my errands, and Nancy Dawson to dance attendance! And-tip-o-days, eh! I'm thinking I'll tip the bedding out of the window one of these days; and the mattress—well, the mattress I'll leave to the next lodger, with my blessing to boot!"

"That's a rowdy coon!" observed the turnkey to Mr. Crewel, the keeper or governor of the jail.

"Which is he?" asked Mr. Crewel.

"Him as I have just put into the stone-jug,"* replied the turnkey.

"That Dublin chap?"

"Yes."

"O! we'll soon knock that out of

him!" returned Mr. Crewel. "We'll cure him in less than a week."

Next morning at daylight the cargo of felony, of which Donahue was an item, was inspected in the yard, and the invoices or sentences of each one read over. One was a seven years' man; another, fourteen; another, life; and so on. This interesting piece of information ascertained, the barbers were ordered to cut off the hair and whiskers of each, and when these hirsute appendages had been chopped off, including a few slices of chin and cheek, the novitiates were put under the pump, well scrubbed, and then labeled with the motley prison clothes of gray and yellow. They were next leg-ironed, *each with a chain twenty-five pounds weight*, in which they ate and drank, and worked and slept. After which they were breakfasted on "Skilagalee," boiled Indian corn meal, so thin as to run down a given declivity with a velocity of a mile a minute. This sumptuous matutinal repast finished, they were taken out to work in gangs, some in the quarries and some to hew down trees in the forest, guarded in all cases by soldiers, armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets.

Our hero was put in the forest gang. Now Donahue never hewed any thing in his life harder than human flesh, and in such operations never used any other implement than his knuckles—utensils, by the way, which never failed in the edge. But when he began to hew wood with iron, and fell trees with an axe, the ratio of his awkwardness was in precise proportion to the novelty of the operation. As might have been expected, his hands blistered, his wrists got strained, and he became quite unable to operate on the stubborn trees, which insisted on iron being propelled with a considerable force of muscle. He put down the axe. "Go on with your work," ordered the soldier on guard.

* *Anglice*—cell.

"Can't," said Donahue; "my hands are blistered."

"Go on with your work, I say."

"Can't do a tap, sir. Wrist clean out of joint."

"You won't work, then?" said the soldier, sternly.

"Impossible!" replied our friend, deprecatingly.

"Very well," observed the soldier; "Mr. Crewel will cure you, I dare say."

Donahue was thereupon escorted before the governor of the jail, who heard what the soldier and he had got to say, respectively.

"My poor fellow!" began that potentate, "you were tenderly brought up. Had high rearing on your mother's back, when she was begging from door to door in Dublin city. Your delicate hands have been used to gloves, and the ugly work of felling trees don't by no means agree with them. Poor fellow! what a shame it is for Government not to send out gloves with axe-handles, and so save those delicate hands which have done such execution at picking pockets."

"Never picked a pocket since I was a *kid*," interrupted our hero in vindication of his honor. This was his sore point.

"My poor fellow! you're too honest for such work; it's your honesty has ruined you!"

"Not a bit of it!" said Donahue, stoutly. "I robbed many a man; but I did it in a manly way; never sneaked behind a man's back to do it!"

"My poor fellow! Let me see your mittens." Donahue showed his hands.

"My poor fellow! they're very sore. Are your hands the only sore part about you?"

"The only sore spot on my blessed body."

"My poor fellow! your blessed body won't be long so. Ho, flogger! Here, you jackal! Here is a nice little job for you! Not every day you get a Dublin

cracksman to practice on. Ha, ha! The poor fellow has sore hands and can't work. Let's see if we can't cure them. Take him to the triangles, flogger, and give him *fifty*. That will do to begin with. And now," he growled, with a ferocious scowl, "you imp of hell, do your duty; or, by —, I'll have your own flesh cut as fine as minced meat!"

"All right, Governor," answered the flogger. "I'll make skin and flesh fly; skin and flesh, sir. That's my motto, ha, ha! 'Tain't as I say it, sir; there's not a man in Carter's Barracks can handle a cat-o'-nine-tails with this child; and that's saying a great deal, sir."

"All right, then!" growled Mr. Crewel, smiling grimly; "go to work, and give this young gentleman a taste of your quality! Away with him!"

Donahue was tied to the triangles in a half-standing posture.

"There's a bit of lead for you," whispered the flogger, as he was tying Donahue's hands. "Take and put it between your teeth, and keep chewing it while I'm flogging you, or else you might bite your tongue or smash your teeth with grinding. The pain is terrible! That's all I can do for you. Let the cursed Governor not see you putting the lead in your mouth or I'll take it from you, for he'd like to see you bite your tongue and lips, and tear yourself to pieces, if possible. There now, don't bleat, (cry out) or the rest of the prisoners will be laughing and humbugging you."

With these friendly admonitions administered in bits and scraps, and in an undertone, while adjusting the intended victim to the triangles, the flogger stripped off his jacket, tucked up his shirt-sleeves, and commenced his bloody work. The first terrible stripe from the pickled and knotted "cats" sent a stinging agony through every nerve and muscle of his body. He did not "bleat" or roar, but he writhed like an excoriated eel, and bit and crunched the lead

between his teeth. It was then he felt the value of the flogger's friendly prescription. The first blow left great blue blisters behind it, but did not draw blood. The disciplined flogger, preparing for his second, slowly and deliberately drew the cats through the fingers of his left hand to unite the thongs and to give the greater force and pungency to his blow, when again down came the cats like drops of molten lead a second time on "maiden flesh"—a part of the body not touched by the previous blow—leaving, like its predecessor, great blue blisters behind it. This was what the flogger technically termed "chalking the track," and on this "track" the remaining forty-eight stripes during the next forty-eight minutes were dealt with astonishing exactitude, till the blood streamed like red-hot lava down the man's limbs, while not a scratch was made on the adjacent parts, it having been the executioner's standing boast that he could flog a man to death on a space not larger than a butter-plate.

The fifty lashes having been administered, at the rate, as we have said, of a lash per minute, Donahue was set loose. Doctor Savage, the medical officer of the prison, then walked up, felt his pulse, and pronounced him fit for work.

Donahue had been scarcely untied, when three more of his fellow-prisoners and shipmates were marched into the yard, tied to the triangles, and made to undergo a similar ordeal of fifty lashes each for being unable to work—one of whom fainted under the infliction—when Doctor Savage, after the usual serio-comic interlude of pulse-feeling, ordered them back to work again. After these another batch, and then another, and so the horrid work went on till *eighteen* were flogged without intermission.

Most of these men, it may be observed, were brought up through sheer wantonness, it having been customary

to subject newly-arrived convicts to the lash on the least pretense of provocation, to give them a foretaste of what they might expect in the event of their becoming refractory—in other words, to punish them by anticipation.

It will be easily imagined that these convicts were now much less able to work than before being flogged. Yet, because they "refused" to work, they were locked up, the sore parts rubbed with salt and water, and were again brought out to work next morning. Still unable to work, they were again brought to the triangles, received fifty more lashes, and were again brought out to work.

"This is a terrible life they're leading us, Dick," observed Bill Smith, a Liverpool magsman, as he and Donahue crawled at the foot of a tree, endeavoring, or rather pretending, to cut it down; "a terrible life!"

"Horrible!" was the rejoinder. "They want to kill us out of the way, and the sooner they do it the better for ourselves!"

"Though in terrible agony," observed Smith, "I don't feel as if I should die."

"So much the worse," returned the other. "The longer we live the more flogging we'll get."

"They say," continued Bill Smith, "that prisoners in this place sometimes cast lots as to which would kill the other in order to get out of pain. What do you say? Will you and I cast lots as to which of us will sink this axe in the other's skull? Whichever of us does it will be hanged, and then the two of us will be out of misery. What do you say?"

"Never!" replied Donahue. "I never killed a man in my life, and I'm d—d if ever I stand like a calf in the shambles and allow another to kill me, if I can help it."

"Well," returned the other, "I'll

get some one else to do it if you don't."

"Don't," remonstrated Donahue, in a kindly tone; "while there's life there's hope, and who knows but we might live to take revenge on some of these tyrants yet."

While Donahue was talking and pretending to work, but in reality watching his sentinel, Smith slipped from his side through the neighboring thicket, proceeding toward a gang of three or four men who were working close by. The next instant a crash and a groan were heard. Smith had sunk his axe in another convict's skull to earn the happy privilege of getting hanged!

This is not an isolated instance of such murderous desperation. Scores of similar cases could be cited from the convict chronicles of New South Wales.

Whether on account of his robust constitution, which seemed to defy all attempts at breaking it, or our hero's comely exterior, or the jauntiness of his deportment, Donahue at any rate became quite obnoxious to his keepers, and they flogged him and flogged him, until the doctor at last was forced to admit that he was no longer able to work, and had him sent to the hospital.

Being now a patient and almost dead—though the Fates ordained he was not to be killed with flogging—his manacles were taken off, and when able to go on crutches he was permitted to walk in the yard. He remained in the hospital for two weeks, at the end of which time he was as convalescent as convicts were allowed to become before being sent to work, and to work he was accordingly ordered for the following morning. In a few minutes after this pleasing intelligence was communicated to him he walked into the closet, and the next tidings heard of him was that he was a bushranger on the Bathurst Mountains. He effected his escape, as some enterprising gentleman in San Fran-

cisco contemplates achieving fortunes, by exploring the sewers of the city.

Having achieved his liberty in this romantic fashion, his first exploit on gaining the open air in dusk of evening was to go into a house on Brickfield Hill, take a gun from the mantel-piece and a flask of powder and some ball cartridge from a shelf, and when, with this scanty equipment, he was proceeding on his way, the mistress of the house, who happened to have been the only inmate at the time, feeling a sympathy for an escaped convict, freely furnished him, in addition, supper and a suit of her husband's clothes.

"The die is cast," he soliloquized as he proceeded on his way. "Life is a lottery, and I have made my draw. There is nothing for it now but courage and resolution. I'd sooner be hanged a thousand times over than live a life of such horrible torture. Halt! your money or your life," he roared, as a horseman came galloping toward him.

"What! so near town," was the exclamation of the astonished equestrian. "I am aid-de-camp to his Excellency."

"Dismount, sir, on the instant, or you're a dead man!"

The officer dismounted.

"Put down on the road your purse, watch, and such other valuables as you've got," ordered the brigand, his gun leveled at the officer's head, "and then turn your back and walk off. You shall be unharmed."

The gentleman obeyed, the brigand mounted and galloped away. The former, naturally very much crest-fallen, walked to his quarters, reported the "casualty," adding that he had been set upon by six armed bushrangers and had escaped death as by a special interposition of Providence. In corroboration of which narrow escape he showed several bullet-holes in his gold-laced frock-coat, which said bullet-holes had been inflicted on the unoffending frock-coat

by his own pocket-pistols after Donahue had galloped away on his horse.

The horse—a fine one—wanted but a free rein, and this his rider cheerfully gave him, and before ten that night both man and horse were beyond the Nepean River in the Blue Mountains, forty miles from the city of Sydney. Dismounting, he patted the arched neck of the proud and panting steed. "My noble fellow," he said, affectionately, "you've done bravely. And now I must introduce myself as Bold Dick Donahue, and you I shall christen Deliverer." Deliverer shook his streaming mane in token of future fidelity, and the docile animal walked up and down in the shades of the forest after his new master, who, possibly, assumed the title "Bold," as some gentlemen do "Honorable," and with a great deal more natural right.

After unsaddling Deliverer he struck a light, made a fire, and having finished his supper and felicitated himself on his happy escape, he filled his pipe and smoked with the gusto of a man who was enjoying one of the great luxuries of this care-beset life. He next examined his booty, and this with a great deal of quiet self-sufficiency. The watch was gold and jeweled in nine holes; the chain was also gold: together, they might be worth, Donahue thought, about three hundred and eighty dollars. The purse contained thirty sovereigns, and a diamond ring. Not bad to begin with; besides, a first-rate horse, bridle, and saddle. By the way, there might be something in the holsters. He looked. They contained a pair of cavalry pistols. Better and better. He was now well equipped at all points. He could not have been better prepared for the highway had he been a bushranger for years. With such a decent start he must be industrious, obtain a company, become a captain, and do the thing respectably. He lay down by the three-logged fire with the

saddle for his pillow and slept—it is to be feared—the sleep of the innocent and good.

He rose with the sun, visited Deliverer, and groomed him with a handful of long grass. He then had his breakfast, saddled his horse, looked to his arms, and was ready for any emergency. He heard a noise that sounded like a musket shot. He listened again. It was the crack of a bullock or stock whip. He mounted, unbuttoned his holsters, touched Deliverer, and in an instant was by the roadside, and in command of the position. The noise proceeded from bullock teams and their drivers coming toward him.

"Halt!" he cried, pointing one of his pistols at the foremost driver.

"Dick Donahue, or I'll be d——d!" exclaimed that worthy, in a jubilant voice.

"The same! Who are you? What have you got? Who is your master?"

"Smith—hungry Smith of Mudgee—is my master," quoth the driver. "He is one of the richest squatters in the country. I am his assigned servant. (Convicts lent by Government to settlers were termed "assigned servants.") I'm his assigned servant, curse him, and a worse master there ain't in the four quarters of the universe. These drays are his. We've got rum and tobacco, tea, sugar, and flour, and a whole lot o' things. Take them all, Dick—take them all—and take me too along with them."

"Where's your master?" demanded our hero.

"On the road behind us, coming from Sydney."

By this time the rest of the teamsters had come up, and one and all urged the brigand to rob their master's drays and take themselves as companions.

"As to taking you for companions, I shall think about that part of the business," he replied, patronizingly.

"Meantime, unload the drays and take the goods into the bush."

Having showed them his hiding-place, and ordered them to mount guard over the booty, he started off to meet Mr. Smith. He had not proceeded far before he encountered that gentleman and another squatter riding in company. Introducing himself with the talismanic words, "stand and deliver," and the equestrians obeying his command, he bound their hands, ordered them to lead their horses, and in this manner marched them to his place of rendezvous.

"There, gentlemen," he said, "these drays are emptied by my orders—a warning to all settlers to treat their assigned servants as men ought to be treated. I do not rob for riches, but to teach those who possess them to use them properly. Might is right all over the country, from his Excellency the Governor to the lowest policeman, and as long as I am king of the highway I shall insist upon justice being done to my fellow-convicts. For you, Mr. Smith, I shall inflict no corporal punishment on you this time, but if ever I hear that you flog your hands, or do not give them sufficient food, I shall visit you at your station, and flog you with your own cat-o'-nine-tails."

Having made this interesting announcement, and tied the two settlers to the drays, he went to his hiding-place, where he found the goods all safely deposited, but one-half of the sentinels quite drunk. These he rebuked, taunting them with their ambition to become bushrangers while lacking the paramount qualification of vigilance, observing that a drunken man was good for nothing, far less for the hazardous work of bushranging.

"Go to your drays," he said; "you shall be no companions of mine; you would soon bring us all to the gallows. For you," he said, addressing those who

kept sober, "you shall be my companions if you wish."

"I am yours," exclaimed one.

"And I," repeated another.

"And I," added the third.

"Right!" said our hero, and they all walked up to the drays. "Three of your men, Mr. Smith, have volunteered to join me. The others are too honest to become bushrangers. Take them back, and treat them well. I shall keep your two horses; and now, gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

Returning with his new associates to their hiding-place, he caused them to swear allegiance to him as their captain, which they readily agreed to do. From them he obtained a great deal of useful information. He was strange to the customs of the people and to the character of the principal settlers in that part of the country, and his companions made him acquainted with all these essentials in a fashion of their own. The greater part of the settlers, they informed him, were tyrants who should be either flogged or shot. They starved their hands, made them go barefooted and almost naked, and for the least misdemeanor had them severely flogged—a statement which was in great part quite correct. He need not be at all alarmed, they assured him, of being betrayed, for all the working-men in the country would be his friends, as they were all convicts or freedmen.

Secure in the fastnesses of the Blue Mountains, and with more provisions and even luxuries than they could consume in a year, the freebooters were in no hurry to decamp. On the contrary, they matured their plans of operation, put themselves in communication with the working hands for miles around, and obtained all necessary information concerning employers. The Captain now felt himself free for executing other dashing movements. Therefore, acting on information which was every day

pouring into his camp by trusty scouts and faithful employés, he broke up for an excursion.

* * * * *

About nine o'clock, one fine summer's morning, several horsemen appeared on the Bogolong sheep-station, and inquired for Mr. Robertson, the proprietor. Mr. Robertson was in the court-yard engaged in business of importance; but if the gentlemen would proceed thither the servant had no doubt his master would see them. The equestrians without dismounting proceeded as directed. There they found a man tied to an extemporized triangle, and a flogger preparing to flagellate him, while Mr. Robertson, seated in an easy-chair in the shade of an umbrageous *Eucalyptus*, was superintending the philanthropic ceremonial, repeating his injunctions to the executive of the "cats" to spare neither whip nor muscle in the operation on hand. He had, he assured that official in his happiest vein of humor and good-nature, plenty of hemp to make new "cats" when the old ones were worn out, and lots of pickle in which to season them; and he therefore exhorted him in the most persuasive accents "not to be over-particular as to a few slices of skin, or a few ounces of flesh, or a pint or so of 'claret,' assuring him that if he should betray any weak compunction as to the skin or flesh or 'claret,' he (said official) should take the culprit's place." Mr. Robertson was very funny that morning.

"Hold!" shouted the Captain, most unceremoniously interrupting his facetiousness. "Don't move an inch, any of you, at the peril of your lives! Untie that man, flogger—untie him instantly. Mr. Robertson, come forward and take his place."

Mr. Robertson was thunderstruck; he hesitated, turned deadly pale, and shook like an aspen leaf. He had heard of "Bold Dick Donahue," and surmised

it was he. Seeing he hesitated, Deliverer was prancing at his side in an instant.

"To the triangles, or take this!" shouted the brigand, holding his pistol at Mr. Robertson's ear. "Decide, and quickly; I have no time for parley."

Mr. Robertson, half dead with fear, tottered to the triangles and stripped.

"Bind him, flogger—bind him tight," continued the brigand; "and do you see this? Do you see this pistol?" he added, holding that convincing reasoner in rather unenviable proximity to the flagellator's head. "Do you see this pistol?" Oh, yes! There was no doubt about it. The flogger saw the pistol—never, perhaps, saw any thing plainer in his life; but it was rather, if any thing, too close to his ear. He saw it, however, and accepted the fact.

"Well," added Donahue, "the pistol is loaded with powder and ball. The ball will pass through your head, unless you make skin and flesh fly!"

"How much punishment shall I give him, sir?" asked the executioner, with a smile of fiendish joy.

"Fifty!" was the laconic answer. "This is not much, considering the many fifties he has himself given to others."

Mr. Robertson was accordingly bound, and the first lash from the willing and powerful arms of the flogger extorted a loud cry of agony from the sufferer.

"Give it him!" shouted the brigand. "There is no fear of a man who bleats." And again the "cats" came down with terrible force; and again a loud cry for mercy escaped the victim. Here, a respectably-dressed female rushed from the house into the yard, attracted by the cry for mercy, and supposing it to have come from the wretched man who was doomed that morning to suffer.

"I insist on it, George," she uttered, with passionate vehemence, "I insist that you do not punish that or any other

of the hands in such a manner. If you do, I shall take my children and leave the house." The flogger suspended his blow, and all eyes turned to the pleader for mercy. It was Mrs. Robertson.

But when that lady saw that it was her husband who was thus suffering, she stood petrified, scarcely believing her own eyes.

"What's the meaning of all this?" she exclaimed, rushing frantically to unbind him.

"One moment, madam," interposed the brigand; "I am Donahue, and your husband is being flogged by my orders."

"Donahue!" shrieked the unhappy woman, clasping her hands in the agony of despair; "oh, do not kill the father of my children!"

"You have not pleaded so, madam, for the unhappy convict whom your husband would have mangled this morning."

"I have—I have! Heaven be my witness that I have!" urged the lady, in passionate entreaty.

"Enough, madam!" rejoined the brigand, politely lifting his hat. "A less worthy man should be spared at your request. Untie Mr. Robertson." And the tyrant was released, while his amiable wife melted into tears of gratitude.

Having then charged Mr. Robertson, on the peril of a second visitation, to treat his servants better in future, he once more lifted his hat to the lady and was preparing to take his departure, when Mrs. Robertson, with genuine Australian hospitality, asked him and his men to take some refreshment—an invitation which Donahue accepted in the same frank spirit with which it was offered.

Thus for four years did this formidable brigand hold paramount sway over the whole north-western portion of the colony, and had under his absolute control nearly six hundred miles of territory. He had collected under his command

sixteen of the most reckless and daring spirits in the country, each of whom were under ban of death—so that desperation lent still greater daring to their depredations.

Donahue was a bold and judicious leader. By liberality—almost princely in its munificence—he conciliated the working classes, and dealt severe punishment, as we have seen, on those who became obnoxious by their avarice or cruelty. Very many of the wealthy colonists also favored and even respected him on account both of the severe justice—rude and lawless though it had been—with which he visited some of the heartless tyrants of those days, and the uniform and unqualified respect with which he treated females in all cases and under all circumstances. He was never himself known to offer the least disrespect to a woman; and if any of his followers ever transgressed the rigorous discipline he had in this respect established, the offender was punished with scourging or death, according to his guilt.

The Government of the colony was intimidated by his daring, and at their wits' end how to put a stop to it. In this dilemma the Governor convened a meeting of territorial magistrates. The meeting was held at Carter's Barracks, where official experience in the treatment of refractory criminals could be made available, and Mr. Crewel's peculiar knowledge brought into requisition. After anxious deliberation the magistrates decided on sending the military to fight the bushrangers. After this they dined. After dinner, they drank. After drinking, they speechified. The bushrangers should be shot—that was the substance of the speeches. They were all very brave, as people are apt to be after dinner. Colonel Stanfield, a gentleman of seventy, said that when he was a young man he would shoot or capture the bushrangers in a week, and this with only half

a dozen troopers. It was eleven at night. The gentlemen adjourned—all except the Colonel, who wished Mr. Crewel and Doctor Savage, both of Carter's, to accompany him to his hotel, because—well—because it was after dinner. Mr. Crewel and Dr. Savage prepared to escort the Colonel home. When the three gentlemen got outside the prison gates, they were set upon by a party of men who were lying in ambush in the dark shade of the high prison walls. The Colonel, however, managed to make his escape; but the Doctor and Mr. Crewel were pinioned and *gagged*. The captives were marched off in the direction of Brickfield Hill, where they were met by a gay cavalier in top-boots and a coat of the Newmarket cut. The cavalier peered into the faces of the captives.

"Do you know me, gentlemen?" he said. They looked and were confounded—it was the terrible "Bold Dick Donahue!"

"My poor fellows!" he began, simulating the tone in which he had been once addressed by Mr. Crewel. "My poor fellows, you recognize me, I see. Our circumstances are altered. Where have you left Colonel Stanfield? Ha, ha!" The truth flashed on the minds of the wretched captives. Colonel Stanfield and Bold Dick Donahue were one!

"Never mind!" said the brigand, "we shall have an explanation by-and-by. Meantime," he continued, addressing his men, "take your prisoners to our camp between Penrith and Paramatta. There we shall have something to say to them." The brigands, who had every thing in readiness for the successful execution of their project, harnessed a pair of blood horses to a dog-cart, into which they put the captives, guarded on both sides by two of their fellows, and then drove to their place of rendezvous with lightning speed.

They were now in the dark recesses of the forest, thirty miles from Sydney, and

many miles from the nearest resident. The wretched prisoners, seeming more dead than alive, fully realized their terrible situation.

"Untie them," commanded the leader. "They may now rave and roar as they like. The echoes alone can hear them."

The prisoners were unbound.

"Oh, for heaven's sake—" began Mr. Crewel.

"Hush, you blasphemous wretch," hissed the brigand. "How dare *you* invoke that solemn name!"

"But I," asked the Doctor, "what have I done to you?"

"You! you are more cruel, if that were possible, than your brother-tyrant. You are both cold-blooded, but *you* are the worse of the two."

"What do you intend doing with us?" faltered the wretched jailer.

"Nothing more than you both did to me," was the gloomy reply. "You have given me, in all, two hundred and fifty lashes and pickled my sore back with salt and water till the marrow, I thought, burned in my bones. The same treatment you shall get to-night. In case the worst should happen, and you do not survive your punishment, you shall be allowed ten minutes to make your peace with God, whom we all of us have too much offended."

There was no appeal. The sullen demeanor of the judge, who evinced neither anger, nor pleasure, nor uttered ribald jest, nor uncouth expression, but too plainly told the fixedness of his terrible determination. They knelt, these wretched men, and in silent prayer besought Him, whose assistance in the season of prosperity they had neglected to invoke, to sustain them now in the hour of their extremity. The brigand held his gold watch to the light, and when the ten minutes had elapsed he gave the order, "To the triangles!"

The prisoners were led to the place of execution, made fast, and the dread-

ful work began. Before half the punishment had been inflicted, both fainted. Cold water was thrown over them, and they revived. The flogging resumed. And thus from fainting fit to fainting fit the punishment went on until the two hundred and fifty lashes were administered. The morning's sun found the brigands in the mountains and the captives stiffened corpses.

The robbers were aware of the determination of the Government. They therefore prepared, like desperate men, to sell their lives dearly. When the military took the field Captain Donahue sent a challenge with his compliments to the officer in command. He mentioned the circumstance of his presence in the council and the feats of kidnapping the officials, and their punish-

ment. He said he was determined to fight, not to skulk; and therefore, provided he, the officer, would accept the challenge, he, Donahue, would fight the military on a certain day on the plains of Bathurst, and decide the issue.

The challenge was accepted.

The day came; they met—the Government forces numbering thirty men, the brigand and his comrades seventeen. They fought, on one side, with bravery; on the other, with desperation and frenzy. At the end of a two-hours' conflict, Donahue fell mortally wounded. His men, most of them, were killed; the remainder, dangerously wounded, were taken and executed. And thus ended the career of as bold and popular a brigand as ever was monarch of the highway.

CROWNED.

The south wind wooes the land,
And pansies ope their eyes,
And Loves walk hand in hand
Beneath the golden skies:
And lovers part, and south winds go,
And the gold falls from the sky in snow.

The robin builds her nest
Amid the apple blooms,
And chirps her young to rest
In sultry July glooms:
And blossoms fall, and robins go,
And the tree stands naked in the snow.

The sower scatters seed,
The reaper gathers grain,
And harvest meets the need
Over and o'er again:
And sowers pass, and reapers go,
And the spoiled field lies in the snow.

O truant robins, wait!
And fickle pansies, stay!
And lovers linger late
Beneath the skies to-day:
The morrow comes when all must go,
And the crown of life is a crown of snow.

SOUTH-WESTERN SLANG.

IT may be doubted if there is any other State in the Union which pretends to rival Texas in the startling originality of its slang.

In his category of persons who are "of imagination all compact," Shakspeare assigns the first place to the lunatic, above the lover and the poet. There are persons so artless as to believe that this was done simply in obedience to the necessities of the verse; but such have only once to become familiar with the vernacular of Texas to perceive that, in this matter, as in every other which he touched, Shakspeare was right, as if by intuition. Nature herself, elsewhere a dame so staid and so proper, there gives much reason for the issuance of a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*. The rabbits have somehow gotten the body of the hare and the ears of the ass; the frogs, the body of the toad, the horns of the stag-beetle, and the tail of the lizard; the trees fall up-hill, and the lightning comes out of the ground. In such a country it is not to be wondered at that their sesquipedalian adjectives get somewhat twisted in coming up out of the hard, waxy prairies. In short, Texas is one great, windy lunatic; or, if you please, a bundle of crooked and stupendous phrases, tied together with a thong of rawhide.

As a specimen of Texan ingenuity, or rather perverseness of imagination, take its code of morals, which is embraced in two sayings. The first is, "Revolvers make all men equal;" and the second is the famous utterance of Houston, "If a man can't curse his friends, whom can he curse?"

But it is in geography that this gift gives forth its most amazing manifesta-

tions. We all have heard some of our exquisite American names, such as Last Chance, Sorrel Horse, Righteous Ridge, Scratch Gravel, Pinchtown, Marrow Bones, etc.; but now read these from Texas: Lick Skillet, Buck Snort, Nip and Tuck, Jimtown, Rake Pocket, Hog Eye, Fair Play, Seven League, Steal Easy, Possum Trot, Flat Heel, Frog Level, Short Pone, Gourd Neck, Shake Rag, Poverty Slant, Black Ankle, Jim Ned.

Next after such slops and parings of names as these, Texas is notable for the number of its obscure personal names, tortured into the service of municipal nomenclature. These, together with a certain absurd classical Grub-street vocabulary, make our atlases contemptible, and an object of deserved ridicule for foreigners. The preponderance of these personal names in the South, especially in Texas, is probably to be explained in this manner: Smith owned a great plantation here; Jones, another adjoining; and between their houses, which were miles apart, nobody resided, since those who would have occupied the interval in the North were all grouped about the two mansions as slaves. In these little colonies there frequently grew up smithies, groceries, etc.; and travelers found it convenient to designate distances on the road as so far to Smith's, or so far from Jones', which presently crystallized into Smithville and Jonesborough. In the North the land was divided more equally among the people, and as none was prominent enough to aspire to the honors of geography, they gratified their collective quadrivial ambition with Rome, or something else. Athens, Jonesville, Winnipiseogee, Pig Misery!

In the course of a rather leisurely walk through Texas, and then across the continent with a company of emigrants, I noted a large number of curious words, names, and phrases not found in the current collections of Americanisms, a large moiety of which are indigenous to Texas; and they are herewith set forth, without any thing more than the most superficial attempt to make out their etyma.

Among names of revolvers I remember the following: Meat in the Pot, Blue Lightning, Peacemaker, Mr. Speaker, Black-eyed Susan, Pill-box, My Unconverted Friend.

The occupation of the Texans as cattle-breeders has given rise to a great number of new words, and new uses of old words. To illustrate: On the Trinity prairies I met a man, with a pinched face and a yellow beard, who was mounted on a clay-bank horse as lank as a Green Mountain pad when it has been about a month in the Horse Latitudes, and so sway-backed that the rider's feet nearly dragged on the prairie. Yet it held up its pikestaff neck so high that a line drawn across from the top of its head over the rider's head would have touched its little stump tail, which stood up like an ear of corn. He had a long coil of *cabestros* dangling from the pomel of his saddle, and was evidently in search of strays, for he asked me if I had seen a red mulley cow, with a crop and an underbit in the right and a marked crop in the left. I told him I had not; but that I had seen a brown-and-white-pied calf, with an overslope and a slit in the right, and a swallow-fork in the left; also, a black-and-white-paint horse, fifteen hands high, and an old gray mare, considerably flea-bitten, with a blazed face and a docked tail. He smiled faintly, and rode away.

Perhaps the only interpretation here needed is, that in Texas "mulley" always means *hornless*; that a "flea-bitten"

color is one dotted with minute specks of white and black, like pepper and salt; and that "clay-bank" is a yellowish dun.

The brands of Texas and their descriptive names would fill all the books of the Nuremberg Cobbler. Indeed, the State is one great tangle of bovine hieroglyphics, which the Texans read better than a book; but which I could no more make out than Mr. Pickwick could the sign-manual of Bill Stubbs. If, however, a Texan's reading is occasionally contested, he has a one-eyed scribe, who is more infallible, as a last resort, than any Vatican manuscript.

On the march the mighty herd sometimes strings out miles in length, and then it has "pointers," who ride abreast of the head of the column, and "siders," who keep the stragglers out of the chaparral. At night they "round up" or "corral" ("corral," in Texas, means also to herd without an inclosure, on the open prairie). The various reliefs during the day and night speak of being "on herd" or "off herd," very much as if they were performing military duty. It often happens, in a populated country — when they are honest drovers — that they are obliged to stop and "stray" the herd. While several herdsman are stationed around it to hold it fast, another rides in, selects a stray brand, and "cuts it out," by chasing it out with his horse. At other times they "bear off" a single animal, by riding between it and the herd, when in motion. Sometimes, too, when they have made a march through a dense chaparral, they halt, go back, and "drive" it, by riding systematically through it, in search of stragglers. Two men often "bunch" on the march, *i. e.*, unite their herds for convenience in driving.

The statute of Texas once was, (and may yet be) that all cattle which were allowed to pass the age of one year unbranded became the property of him whose brand was first put upon them.

One Maverick formerly owned such immense herds that many of his animals unavoidably escaped his rouanne in the spring, were taken up by his neighbors, branded and called "mavericks." The term eventually spread over the whole State, and is in use now, not only to denote a waif thus acquired, but any young animal. No great drove can sweep through this mighty unfenced State without drawing a wake of these "mavericks"—these *boves per dolum amotas*—and the temptation to let them remain has ruined the herdsman's character. Go to Texas and begin to speak of an honest drover, and you shall be rewarded with a smile.

With the Texan driver all oxen are "steers," and he has his "wheel-steers," his "swing-steers," and his "lead-steers." He never uses the former word in the singular, and very seldom in the plural, when it is almost invariably "oxens." He never says to oxen, "gee," but "back;" never "haw," but "whoa, come." The "cow-whip" is a very long lash with a very short stock, and is used only in driving the herd, which is often called "the cows;" but the "ox-whip" has both parts as long as they can be managed. I have seen a poor fellow from Ohio, totally unused to this enormous affair, swing it around his head in many an awkward twirl, while the Texans stood by and laughed to see him knock off his hat and "bat" his eyes at every twitch, to avoid cutting them out. [Cf. Italian, *batter d'occhio*—twinkling of an eye.]

After a long desert journey the oxen become much "petered;" indeed, I may say they become altogether "petered." Hence, on the first good grass which they "strike" they halt a few days, and allow the teams to graze undisturbed, which makes them "all a-setting" again. They have queer names for their oxen. In the North each farmer owns a single yoke, and from Maine to Indiana they

have pretty much the same names; but in Texas many men own many yoke, and you might fill a book with their grotesque names, such as Presbyterian and Methodist, Rock and Brandy, Benjamin and Filibuster.

Toward the last, when the teams are terribly thinned out, and their poor old bones lie all along the road quite back to Texas, then the emigrants begin to yoke in the cows. Like women, they are the "contrairiest" things in creation to manage. They run like the wind, then jump right up and down, and shake their heads, and twist themselves in a manner which is wonderful to behold. Sometimes an infuriated old mulley gets loose, and chases a man for rods, with her horns just missing an important portion of his trowsers at every plunge. After an incredible amount of pulling and "jiggering" about, they are gotten into the team, and then comes the driver's turn, and the refractory Nancy and Susan are severely fustigated.

For horses they use still another kind of whip, the "quirt" [from the Spanish]. A trig, smirk little horse is a "lace-horse," and he often has to "june," or "quill," or "get up and quill," or "get up and dust." [There is a large colony of Germans in Western Texas, and "june" is said to be corrupted from their *gehen*.] All over the South they feed a horse "roughness," (any kind of fodder, as distinguished from grain) but in Texas they "stake him out," and he gets nothing else but "roughness." I have even heard a Texan speak of land which he had "lariated out," meaning thereby that he had just bought it from Government, but not occupied it yet. It is amusing to hear one ask of another, when about to purchase a horse: "Is he religious?" Query: Do they have in mind the Egyptian *Ibis religiosa*? A mustang is generally any thing in the world but "religious," for he will both "sull," (have the sulks) and "buck." This latter operation con-

sists in plunging forward, and throwing the head to the 'ground, in an effort to unseat the rider—a motion of which probably no domesticated beast is capable, aside from this miserable and treacherous species of horse. In fact, a mustang is not "worth shucks." He will run "skygodlin" (obliquely); lie down and roll over; then "get up and scallyhoot" a short distance; then stop so "sudden," and "rare up" behind, that the rider continues his travels a little distance on his own account, and alights upon his pate. [With "scallyhoot" cf. *scat*, *scateran*; and Welsh *hwt*, hoot.] Several persons in our "lay-out" (*i. e.*, our company) in New Mexico "swapped" good American horses for mustangs, for some little boot of onions or "sech like truck," and made about as good bargains as Moses Primrose did when he exchanged a horse for a lot of old green spectacles.

In addition to the usual methods of hopping a horse, the Texans often "side-line" him, by tying a fore to a hind leg. "Better count ribs than tracks," is a proverbial expression of caution which may be heard on the frontiers, and which originated from this practice of picketing animals. When a horse is kept thus close for a long time, "his bones, that were not seen, stick out," but this is considered better than to have him stolen, and be obliged to go in pursuit.

The war originated a great many new phrases in the imaginative South—far more, if they were all recorded, than in the North. "Cousin Sal" is pretty generally lamented throughout the South as the deceased and only daughter of our very worthy and revered "Uncle Sam"—the same having been begotten by him in the bonds of lawful wedlock with "Aunty Extension." You may hear the word "Confederate" singularly used. For instance, when a Texan wishes to express the strongest possible approval of some sentiment, he will exclaim,

"You're mighty Confederate!" The Rebels had their "bluebacks" for money; but in Texas, where they have always clung tenaciously to their silver, they made slow progress, and were received with much reluctance. \$100 bills were there called "Williams," and \$50 bills "Blue Williams." Nevertheless, a Texan once told me, with a fierce glitter of satisfaction in his eye, that "he had \$100,000 in 'Williams' laid up against that day, which was certain to come, when he could exchange it, dollar with dollar, for greenbacks." The poor fellow! I should much prefer a draft for ten cents on the Old Lady of California street. Neither did greenbacks succeed well at first in invading the State. In March, 1868, they had gotten no farther west than Marshall, and everywhere west of that, when a man named a price, he meant "spizerinctums" (corrupted from *specie*).

The fierce military spirit of the South is shown in the scorn and contempt which they heaped on men who refused to go out to battle. * In Texas they were called, with a play on the word *women*, (in the South often pronounced *weemen*) and a hint at their former gasconade as to what "we" could do—"we-men." Some boasted that one Southerner could "whale" ten Yankees. Lieutenant J. W. Boothe, of the Seventh Texas Battalion, I am told, first applied to this sort the phrase "ten-strikers," which became immensely popular in that State. In the cis-Mississippi States they were generally dubbed "bomb-proofs."

A story is related of a brigade of North Carolinians, who, in one of the great battles, (Chancellorsville, if I remember correctly) failed to hold a certain hill, and were laughed at by the Mississippians for having forgotten to tar their heels that morning. Hence originated their cant name, "Tar-heels."

For a very obvious reason, the South Carolinians are called "Rice-birds." Wherever in the South you see a man

take boiled rice on his plate and eat it heartily without condiments, you may know he is a South Carolinian as infallibly as you may that a man is plebeian-bred when he picks his teeth in the horse-car without holding his hand before his mouth. On the other hand, when you see a man, at the traditional hour sacred in New England to mince-pie, get a cold, boiled sweet potato a little smaller than his calf, quarter it lengthways, take a quarter in one hand, and a piece of cane-brake cheese in the other, and eat them by the light of a pine fire, you may be certain he is a North Carolinian.

A Georgian is popularly known in the South as a "Gouber-grabbler" ["gouber" for *gopher*, pea-nut—a nut which is exceedingly abundant in that State].

For no particular reason that I am aware of, a Virginian is styled a "Clover-eater."

The cant designation in the Rebel army for a man of Arkansas was "Josh." This is said to have originated in a jocular attempt to compare Arkansas, Texas, and part of Louisiana to the two tribes and a half who had their possessions beyond Jordan, but went over with Joshua to assist the remaining tribes. Just before the battle of Murfreesboro' (the story hath it) the Tennesseans, seeing a regiment from Arkansas approach, cried out, a little confused in their Biblical recollections: "Here come the tribes of Joshua, to fight with their brethren!"

For the Texan soubriquet "Chub" I know of no explanation, unless it be found in the size of the Eastern Texans. It is related of the Fifteenth Texas Infantry, for instance, that at the muster-ing-in no member was of a lighter weight than a hundred and eighty pounds, while a large number made the scale-beam kick at two hundred.

On account of the great number of gophers in that State, and the former use of their skins for money, a Floridian is called a "Gopher."

This inexhaustible fertility of imagination was occasionally useful to the Rebel soldiers, in enabling them to eke out and variegate their lean commissary. A hog clandestinely killed outside of camp and smuggled in under cover of darkness, was called a "slow bear." Despite their strategy they were often detected, but then, so lax was Confederate discipline, they generally escaped by inviting in their officers to dine off the "bear." "Mud-lark" signified the same thing. In an attempt to vary their everlasting pork and corn-bread, when the latter waxed old, they crumbled it fine and fried it in grease—a mess which they called "cush." Many a Rebel cavalryman has told me that he had often received in the morning, as his day's ration, an ear of corn on the cob, and had sometimes gone forty-eight hours without a "snook" of any thing. When he munched a piece of crust, or any unmoistened provisions, as he sat in his saddle, he was eating his "dry Mike."

Southern smoke-cured pork, in distinction from the Northern salted article, in allusion to the famous negro song, was termed "Old Ned," from its sable appearance. North Carolinians call skim-milk "blue John." This is entirely gratuitous, and therefore an insult to old mulley, in a land where cream rises as thin as the oil on boarding-house soup. It shows, however, the fondness which the Southerners have for good milk and its corollaries. In no other place in the Union can you find the genuine Irish bonny-clabber, sung by Dean Swift: that is, sour, thick buttermilk. Let it get old, and rich, and a little turned, then take selected, red sweet potatoes, and steam them moist and treacle-like, and you have the best eating in thirty-seven States. My memory waters in the mouth while I write thereof.

In most of the Atlantic Southern States there is a dish to be found about hog-slaughtering time, named "pud-

dings." It consists of swine's flesh, bread, sage, and other matters of nourishment and seasoning, chopped fine, and then squirted out into links from the end of a sausage-gun. It is well worth eating, when neatly prepared. Then there are the delusive "kettlings," among the "low-down" people. Not to harrow the reader's stomach by a minute description, I will simply say that it is fried sausages, minus all the unhealthy and absurd meat which most people insist on stuffing into the intestinal integuments. "Collard" [probably corrupted from *colewort*] is the kind of cabbage found everywhere in the South, whose leaves, not heads, furnish the greens for the inevitable dish of bacon and greens. The word is so common that it is singular it has not found its way into the dictionaries. "Pinetop" is a kind of mean turpentine whisky of North Carolina.

As for diseases, "Bronze John" is pretty well known for yellow fever. It is amusing to hear the people of the South speak in such a matter-of-fact way of fever and ague as their regular occupation: "Jones, are you chilling it much this winter?" "Well, (chatter—chatter) Smith, (shiver—chatter) right (chatter—shiver—chatter) smart." Of course, this only happens in "chilly" countries. Then in Texas they have the "higul-cion flips," which is what the French would call a sort of *maladie sans maladie*; about equivalent, perhaps, to our "conniption fits," which the ladies can best define.

Of terms used by agriculturists there are several not recorded. Planters everywhere in the South say they have a good "stand," when the corn or cotton plants come up thick enough in the rows to insure an ordinary harvest; and in that case, if the cotton or other worms do not molest them, they will "make" a good crop. Texas is notable for the number of its soils. In Montgomery County there is what they call a "peach-bud."

Then there is the "chocolate" prairie, and the "mulatto," and the "mezquite," (producing chiefly mezquite, both bush and grass) and the "hummock," (yielding principally small honey-locusts) and the "wire-grass." A "tank" in Texas is a pond of fresh water, and a "swag" is a kind of hollow which seems to be peculiar to its prairies—narrow, shallow, and marshy and rush-grown at the bottom.

When a Texan driver wishes to mend any part of his wagon underneath, he often has to "cut" it, *i. e.*, throw the fore wheels out of alignment with the others.

But the Rawhide State particularly excels in that fusty savagery of idioms peculiar to the swaggering drawcansir of the South-west. When two roughs fall to quarreling about any matter, one of them usually administers to the other some species of a "snifter," or, more commonly, "curries him down with a six-shooter." When he wishes to express a peculiarly fierce and inexorable resolve, he avows his dreadful purpose to be "essentially jumped-up" before he will permit such or such a thing; or "dog my cats if you shall," or "dad—snatched if you can." When one of the fellows is a "gyascutus," and the other is a "kia-muck," you may look for some rare sport. You need apprehend nothing dreadful, for boobies seldom "John Brown" each other. Neither of them will, like De Quincey's unfortunate Aroar, fall into an "almighty fix," though he may get into a "dog-oned fixment;" or he may, in a very extreme case, become seriously "golumgumptiated." [Since this word means *befooled* or *obfuscated*, it is possible that it is compounded of *gull* and *gumption*.] "To have the drop on," *i. e.*, to have the advantage of, appears to refer to a cowardly state of things. The figure presented is that of one man prostrate under another, who is about to drop some jagged piece of stone or wood

which may impinge upon and bruise his eyes.

If there be one thing more than another which disgusted a Northern man in the South, it is the fondness which they had for speculating as to the fate of Booth. In certain circles in Texas a young rough had no more certain means of raising a laugh than to ejaculate, at every absurdest cranny of the conversation, a travesty of his famous (reputed) exclamation—*sic semper tyrannis*—in this shape, "Six serpents and a tarantula."

When a Texan goes forth on a sparkling errand, he does not go to pay his devoirs to his Amaryllis, his Lalage, his Dulcinea, or other such antiquated object of affection, but (employing a word worthy of a place in the pasilaly of mankind) his "jimpsecute." She, on the other hand, is said to receive attention from her "juicy-spicy." I knew a man in Texas once who had no more sense than to have a "jimpsecute," and this was all her name: Dionysia Boadicea Jeffalinda Jacobina Christiana Buckiana Caledonia Susannah Emily Wyatt Wilkinson Moore Wynne!

A Texan never has a great quantity of any thing, but he has "scads" of it, or "oodles," or "dead oodles," or "scad-oodles," or "swads."

In Texas you never have *things* in your house, or *baggage* on your journey, but "tricks."

"Moke," a negro, (seemingly derived from Icelandic *möckvi*, darkness) is a word chiefly in use among the Regulars stationed in Texas and in the Territories. The word also has Cymric affinities, and was probably brought into currency by Welsh recruits, who have occasionally drifted into the army from New York City.

"Fide on the jeck," for confident on the subject, is a singular instance of the barbarous corruptions of the Southwest.

Then there is another phrase, "human scabs," for money; as, "I'd like to strike somebody that I could blister, and raise some human scabs." There is more philosophy than poetry in that phrase, "human scabs."

"Rance snifle" is a strange combination of words to express a mean and dastardly piece of malignity. I have never heard it outside of Georgia.

In Texas "scringe" means *to flinch*.

Soon is used adjectively all over the South; as, "If I get a soon start in the morning, I'll be thar before sunup."

During the war we all heard enough of "we-uns" and "you-uns," but "you-alls" was to me something fresh.

AFTER DARK.

WE had been speaking—the Captain, Don Mateo, and I—of the recent manifestations at Stockton, which Elder Knapp with pious credulity attributed to the direct agency, to the immediate personal presence, in fact, of his old enemy, the devil. The Don, who is not a Don by birth like Don Quixote or Don Juan, nor by christening like General Don Carlos Buell or Don Piatt, but by courtesy from long residence among the South American Spaniards, insisted that this theory of demonology was the worst that could be offered for the solution of a mystery that neither our faith nor our happiness requires us to solve at all. The idea of a corporeal devil on earth, not in human flesh, was as repugnant to him as the inspiration of disordered nerves, the evolving of a new religion by hypnotism, or the communion of disembodied spirits through dancing tables or pirouetting Planchettes. “If,” he concluded, “the enemy of souls can thrust us from our stools, and take his seat at our feasts and firesides, an unbidden guest, our monuments may be indeed the maws of kites—the sooner the better.”

I suggested that nothing could be more natural than the explanation offered for the particular fact in hand. The devil, after brooding for nearly four hundred years over the insult he received when Luther threw his inkstand at him, returned to earth, retorted the indignity by throwing a spittoon at one of the cloth, and that his debt being acquitted, he would doubtless be content to remain hereafter within the bounds of his own parish.

“Your remark savors of impiety,” said the Don.

“And is disrespectful to the devil,” added the Captain. “One ‘must not calumniate even the devil or the inquisition,’ you know. Think of the imperial Satan of Milton, the accomplished Mephistopheles of Goethe, playing fantastic tricks in the nineteenth century that would have disgraced the temple of St. Anthony in the third. Bunyan was literal enough, but Apollyon never would have tried to keep Christian from the celestial city by throwing a spittoon at his head.”

The Don looked at his watch—he always does, as if to time himself, when about to claim the conversational floor—wiped his glasses—his invariable prelude to a pathetic strain, as though he would dry the prophetic moisture of a tear unshed—and without interruption, said:

“I admit that this is the most gross and sensuous sign of the outlying world that ever was given to a wicked and perverse generation, but we must not go too far and take our seats among the scoffers. These are mysteries which it is alike irreverent to question and irrational to deny—shadows of objects unseen that cross the domain of sense, but do not belong to it, and are not amenable to its laws.” The dry light of intellect illumines but a narrow circle of reason, and his life is close walled in who has no apprehensions beyond it. There are few so unhappy as to be free from superstition, and they are alike destitute of faith and spiritual sight. That existence is barren indeed which has no experiences that do not transcend the inductive philosophy. With your permission I will relate an experience of my own, which I have never before mentioned, except to the few parties who will appear in and

are a part of the narrative, and which, I assure you, is religiously true.

"When I was a young man I passed through a struggle that exhausted all the strength of my manhood, and in which I was vanquished. Wanting nothing so much as rest and absence from painful associations, I took passage on the first vessel that was to sail from Baltimore—careless of destination—landed at Rio, and drifted to Caracas, where I remained until I came to California. I was poor, and failing to find the traditional treasure buried in the ruins of the old city destroyed by the earthquake, I engaged in the business of baking. That, at least, would supply me with daily bread. My housekeeper was a widow who had lost her husband in the civil wars that had raged so constantly in Venezuela as to make the population between the sexes five men to thirteen women. She had one child, a little girl about five years old, whom she called Angela. Angela was a child to nestle in any one's heart. She was at once the most joyous and playful, the most thoughtful and affectionate little creature I ever knew. Her presence was the very cordial my soul needed, bringing rest and forgetfulness. For five years we were companions—playmates. I taught her to speak English, and from her prattle I learned Spanish. Every one loved her and seemed to mingle reverence with love. It was my custom to bake a basketful of cakes to distribute to the beggars on feast-days; Angela was my almoner, and the poor souls who received her bounty would kiss her hands and call her their 'dear angel'—their 'blessed little mother.'

"Her hair, black and silken, reached to her waist, and I would often playfully torment her for one of her curls, which she half playfully, half willfully refused, hiding herself, or running through and on top of the house to avoid my threat to take it by force. One day, the next

after a long romp of this kind, she came stealthily into my room with the first sad expression I had ever seen upon her face, and handing me a long curl she had cut from her hair, said: 'Don Matteo, here is a piece of my hair; I want you to keep it when I am dead—but don't tell mother.' I had often wondered who would protect Angela when she lost me; it had never before occurred to me that I might lose her. In that instant I felt that I must; that her words were prophetic, and that she was more necessary to me than I to her. I could only stammer, 'Why, Angela—why do you speak so?' and she, answering only 'Don't tell mother,' left the room.

"For a few days, though she was well and happy as ever, I lived in constant dread of her death. But my sad impression gradually yielded to her gayety, and after a week or two if I thought of the circumstance it was with the reflection that Angela could not always be a child, and that the first shadow of humanity—the sense of mortality—had fallen upon her path. A month had not gone, however, before she was stricken with a malignant fever: then my foreboding returned; in a few days it was realized—Angela was dead.

"We buried her at sunset on the third day after her death. When we were returning from the grave the city was shaken by an earthquake different from any other I have ever witnessed. It seemed as if an immense mass were detached from the interior of the surface of the earth, falling with an awful concussion into a subterranean cavern.

"The beggars had lost their 'dear angel—their blessed little mother.'

"I never knew how large a place Angela filled in my heart until it was made void. The tie that bound me to existence and reconciled me to it, had grown strong so silently I knew not how strong it was until broken. The music and sunshine of my life were gone.

"As I had sought rest in Caracas, I now realized that I must live in a deepening shadow, or give my future an aim, and fill it with activity and occupation. It was in the first flush of the news of the gold discoveries in California, and I determined to go to Rio, take passage for San Francisco as soon as opportunity should offer, and join in the race of fortune and adventure.

"About two years before, my nephew and his wife, from Baltimore, had made me a visit, and remained some months in Caracas. They were childless, and became greatly attached to Angela, whom they desired to adopt and take with them to their home. Neither her mother nor the priest would consent, however; and I was too selfish to add my persuasions to theirs.

"My preparations for leaving Caracas were nearly completed, when I received a letter from my niece in Baltimore, in which were these words:

"'Do write immediately, and tell us if any thing has happened to Angela. To-day, while we were at dinner, George suddenly turned pale, and upon my asking him the matter, he exclaimed, 'Don't you see Angela looking in at the window!'

"I glanced again at the date of the letter—I knew the hour at which they dined—it was the day and the hour Angela died.

"When I told her mother she only said, and without the least apparent surprise: 'The poor, dear child—to think she would go so far to tell George she was dead.'"

The Don has a faculty of sitting by one's side and listening as from a distance, with the power of translating himself into or out of the conversation at will. He often seems to regard his companions through a reversed mental telescope, the focus of which he changes and adjusts to suit the humor of the moment. As he finished his story, which

he had told rather as thinking aloud than speaking to us, he fell into a reverie; and if he remained conscious of our presence at all, he did not give attention enough to the Captain's narration to show any impatience at my occasional interruptions. The Captain is a Pole, expatriated for his part in the revolution of 1830. Having no longer a country, he is thoroughly cosmopolitan. He speaks English with a French idiom and a slight accent that I can no more transfer to paper than I could the tones of his voice, or the shrug of his shoulders, and I will not belittle his intellect by clothing his language in the rags of bad spelling.

"That is hardly to be accounted for, Captain, by the doctrine of subjective apparitions and remarkable coincidences," said I, to break the silence.

"No, nor upon any theory of psychology, magnetism or electricity—words which we use to cover a multitude of ignorances."

"When these will not suffice we can eke them out with 'mesmerism.'"

"Precisely. I read in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' only a few days ago 'that Mickiewicz, some years before he was elected professor of the Slavonic languages and literature in the College of France in 1840, had fallen under the influence of a religious charlatan named Towianski, who persuaded him he had cured Madame Mickiewicz of a mental insanity by means of mesmerism.' That is the method which modern history and science have of bolting facts they can not assimilate. Madame Mickiewicz told me herself that Towianski *did* restore her from hopeless insanity, and that, whatever the world might say of him, he had been to her a savior. Towianski was no charlatan, and if Mickiewicz yielded to a delusion, it was one that might have had more influence over a strong mind than a weak one. Denial, the refuge of the weak, is not always open to the strong and candid."

"Did you know Mickiewicz, the Polish Byron, Captain?"

"We prefer to call him the 'Dante of the North,' but neither expression is apt, for genius has no parallels. I knew him as a young man just entering life might know one already famous, for whom he feels an admiration that borders upon reverence. The first time I met Mickiewicz was at a *soirée* in Paris. It must have been as early as 1835. Gurowski and Chopin were also there."

"I wish I had your reminiscences."

"I would gladly exchange them for your youth."

"Was that the same Gurowski who was in the United States during the war, and whose criticisms upon some of our Generals and public men were so sharp?"

"The same. He was a man of great ability and strong prejudices. Most of the leaders of the Polish patriots were aristocrats, and desired to establish an aristocratic national government. Gurowski, though of noble birth, was a radical democrat of the red republican school. Like many others, however, extremely democratic in theory, in society he was an autocrat, the infirmity of his temper making him impatient of contradiction and intolerant of difference. A careless, apparently thoughtless man, he was leonine when aroused."

"And you have heard Chopin play?"

"Often. To fully appreciate Chopin's music, one should have been an artist and a Pole. He had but one sentiment outside his art—and that was Poland—until he met George Sand. Like him, she was an artist; but, unlike his, her art included every thing, even loving. She was to him a passion; he to her a plaything. No wonder she grew wearied, for he was jealous of the very flowers and birds she caressed. Byron's—

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence,'

was reversed in this instance, and Cho-

pin did not have the poor resource 'to love again, and be again undone.'"

"Have you read Liszt's life of Chopin?"

"Yes. Such candid sweetness, such drippings of honey—it ought to have been written by a woman. But Liszt has since become an abbé; and according to the French, men, women, and priests constitute the three sexes of humanity. Liszt dates Chopin's death from his separation from George Sand, and keeps him dying through three years and twenty-five pages. If Charles II thought politeness required him to apologize to his courtiers for detaining them so long in dying, Liszt certainly owes his readers a similar apology in behalf of Chopin. After the quarrel Chopin continued to teach music at twenty-five francs a lesson, (an extravagant price at that time) and upon one occasion was human enough, on being urged to play at a party soon after he had entered the *salon*, to astonish his hostess by declining 'to pay for his supper in advance.' It was during his bright days that I first saw him. At that party there was great curiosity to hear Mickiewicz improvise. He declined, and his friends were too polite to press him. I do not know, indeed, if he could exercise his gift at pleasure. Chopin seated himself carelessly at the piano, and touching the keys as if at random, (what a touch he had—the keys seemed to live beneath his fingers) commenced playing Polish national airs, his own Polonaise and Mazourkas. Gradually Mickiewicz drew within the charmed circle and began to recite, at first slowly and in a low voice, but soon with great rapidity and animation, what seemed to me then living poetry—poetry on fire. For an hour the inspiration of these two men blended in one, Chopin keeping up an accompaniment perfectly *en rapport* with the poet. It was an enchanted hour. No one spoke or moved, scarcely breathed, for fear of breaking the spell. When they

ceased, the enthusiasm broke over all bounds of fashion and decorum. Alas! after thirty-four years, I am constrained to admit that I can remember only generally that Mickiewicz's theme was something like that of his dramatic poem 'Dziady'—not a single line can I recall."

"This was before Mickiewicz met Towianski?"

"About three years before. I left Paris soon afterward, and never saw 'the prophet.' At this time there were a great many Poles in Paris, drawn there in part by the attractions of the gay capital, and in part by the hope encouraged by the oracular promises of Louis Philippe, that the French Government would espouse the cause of Polish independence. It was a mere game of diplomacy, however, and the Polish pawns were swept from the board. Living in the uncertain favor of a Prince, alternately elated and depressed, without home associations, without a country, without a future, is it any wonder that many of my poor fellow-exiles sought to forget the past and themselves in frivolities, follies, and dissipations? One of them, less mercurial than most of his companions, obtained employment as corresponding clerk in a bank at Strasbourg, where he married, and, I believe, still lives. I can not recall his name, but I have met him—'his word is good upon 'Change'—and I had from his own lips that for three successive nights—it was in 1838, I think—he dreamed that he was upon the bridge over the Rhine at sunset and saw approaching him an old-fashioned Polish wagon, or *bryczka*, drawn by four horses abreast, driven by a man dressed in a costume of skins and furs, such as could sometimes be seen in the remote provinces of Poland. The first morning after the dream it seemed strangely vivid; the second, the coincidence troubled him; the third, he accepted it as a direction—went down to the bridge at

sunset, where every thing fell out as it had in his dream. The driver, who was Towianski, accosted him as though expecting him, saying he wanted money to pay his expenses to Paris; that he was the prophet of Santa Maria of Ostrobramska, (literally, 'sharp-door,' from the peculiar shape of the entrance to a church in Wilna, where the prophet had lived) and that he had been commanded in a miraculous vision by his patroness saint to go to Paris and preach the deliverance of Poland. The means for the journey were provided, and the following morning the prophet proceeded on his way. When he reached Paris he drove directly to the house of Mickiewicz, and forcing himself into the presence of the poet, proclaimed his mission. Of course Mickiewicz supposed him to be crazy, but he had too recently suffered in his own heart and home to treat him otherwise than kindly, and he was startled when Towianski said: 'I know your thought—you believe me mad. It is permitted me to give you a sign of my messiahship. Your wife is insane, and you have no hope of her recovery. Go with me to the *hôtel des aliénés* at Charenton. I will restore her instantly to reason.'

"No wonder Mickiewicz was startled. Only a few of his most intimate friends knew that his wife's malady had assumed that melancholy form, and that she was confined in the asylum the prophet had mentioned. He yielded at once to the demand, possibly thinking that the asylum was of all others the most suitable place to which he could conduct his strange visitor.

"Soiled with travel, in his uncouth garb, with his singular establishment, an entire stranger in Paris, Towianski, without taking a word of direction, drove to the asylum, and, in his character of prophet, demanded to see Madame Mickiewicz. Esquirol, the doctor in charge, like most physicians—I mean French physicians who grew up in the traditions

of the eighteenth century—was a materialist, did not believe in God or devil, (the Captain evidently considered the latter the more dangerous heresy) and rejected all idea of miracles, past or present. Had he been at the asylum, it is quite possible Towianski would have been restrained as a patient rather than received as a prophet, but he was not; and the assistant consented that the interview might take place, if the prophet could, as he proposed, go directly to the room of the poet's wife without a guide. Towianski, without hesitation, led the way through the long and intricate halls to the room where Madame Mickiewicz was confined, in the ward of hopeless and dangerous patients. She did not know her husband, and was at once terrified and infuriated by the intrusion. Towianski ordered the attendants to release her from all restraint, and, placing his hand upon her head, commanded the demon, in the name of Santa Maria of Ostrobramska, to depart. The poor lady became quiet, and fell at the feet of the prophet. Her overfraught brain found relief in tears and sobs. She arose, threw herself into the arms of her husband, 'and was whole from that hour.'

"Did the demon thus exorcised take possession of her husband? By the verdict of common sense, he became insane from the time his wife was restored. The prophet had given him back his wife, and he at once accepted it as a token that he could also give him back his country.

"If it be true that, like individuals, communities may become crazy, never was one better prepared to receive the contagion than the Polish society in Paris, which for years had vibrated between hope and despair, and was bound together as one man by a common sentiment.

"The prophet immediately called a meeting of Poles at the Notre Dame. Three converts joined him in commun-

ion. After mass, when the priests had left the church, he addressed the meeting, recounting his miraculous vision, the supernatural cure of Madame Mickiewicz, exhorting the Poles to lives of holiness, and promising the deliverance of their country as the reward of their righteousness and patriotism. The beadles tried in vain to restrain him. That day a society of forty persons was organized, which increased within a year to nearly five hundred. Carl Roycki, the idol of the young officers, was nominated the General-in-Chief of the new crusade, which a higher power than the French Government was to crown with success. The prophet exercised a wonderful power over the morals, and a strange spell over the minds of his followers. They yielded implicit obedience to his maxims of temperance and self-denial; many of them married their mistresses, and all of their worldly goods was held as common property. He preached the doctrine of metempsychosis; and Kominsky, the Colonel of my regiment, as brave a man as ever led a forlorn hope, fancied he could remember when he was a cow! His wife went to the prophet and his companions, and besought them to deliver her husband from this midsummer madness, but they were all as mad as he.

"It would have been interesting to know how long this glamour could have been continued among men of the world, many of them learned and accomplished; but it was brought to a sudden close by the banishment of their leader from France. He had been in Paris about a year, when he appeared at the palace and demanded admission to the King. He was turned away. The next day he returned, and was again driven away, with the threat of imprisonment. On the third day he came again, denounced the French Government for double-dealing with Poland, predicted the overthrow of the house of Orleans, and also, it is

said, the violent death of the Duke of Orleans, heir-apparent to the throne, which occurred a few years afterward. Louis Philippe was the most accessible of monarchs when he had no fear of assassination. He could not have been ignorant of Towianski, and I have always believed if his request for audience had been conveyed to the King it would have been granted; but it was not, and, after the malediction, the prophet was sent out of France. The society he had formed was gradually broken up, and most of its members absorbed in the great currents of life. My old Colonel recovered from the hallucination that he had ever chewed the cud, except of sweet and bitter fancy. The spell upon the faculties of Mickiewicz was stronger. He intercalated brilliant lectures on Slavonic literature, with dissertations on the 'Worship of Napoleon,' (in the reign of Louis Philippe!) the 'Messiahship of Towianski,' and finally upon 'Rats.' He was permitted to retain the nominal professorship for some years,

but without the privilege of lecturing. After the accession to the throne of Louis Napoleon, he was restored to Court favor, and, in 1855, was sent on a diplomatic mission to the East. He died in November of that year, of cholera, at Constantinople.

"About three years after the banishment of the prophet, I visited Paris, and even then I found some of my old companions so deeply impressed and so fixed in the faith that in some mysterious way Towianski would prove the redeemer of our country, that I verily believe I was only saved from sharing their infatuation by the fact that I had incurred responsibilities and duties that divided with Poland my thoughts, my cares, and my love."

The Don seemed suddenly to bring us within his field of vision, and said:

"After all, the world would be poorer without enthusiasm and superstition."

"They are like the fire," replied the Captain, lighting his cigar: "good servants, but bad masters."

A CLOUD-BURST ON THE DESERT.

THERE is an undefinable, indescribable charm—a kind of weird attraction—which becomes most powerful and absorbing in traversing the burning deserts of the far South-west. To the wearied dwellers in cities, the silence and utter desolation of the red, sun-scorched desert, the naked, rock-ribbed mountains, the long, tortuous passes and cañons, the wide, treeless plains, strewn with volcanic ashes, and the slag and cinders of a burned-up world of the past, possess a charm which is lacking in the crowded streets, the rush, the roar and tumult of the town. Danger passed is something to look back to with a feeling of pleasure; danger yet to be

met comes in time to possess a charm of itself, and throw around the journey on the desert more of attraction than can be found in any trip through civilized and thickly peopled lands. Those who have never felt and enjoyed this sensation could gain no idea of it from a written description; those who have felt it always look back to it with pleasure, and experience at intervals an almost irresistible longing to return to the scene and go through it all again.

The dangers of desert travel have often been described, and recounted in a thousand ways by as many pens and tongues. Many a traveler has told us of his conflicts with the Apache, the Co-

manche and the Sioux, and that branch of the subject has been fairly exhausted; but one of the most common dangers, one which ever hangs suspended over the head of the traveler in the desert lands along our south-western border, seems never to have been touched upon to any extent. That danger is found in the terrible "cloud-burst" which in arid, treeless lands sometimes changes in an instant the whole surface of a wide landscape, and sweeps away in a moment objects which have served as landmarks for ages. The huge clouds which come up from the Pacific, and are borne over the Coast Range Mountains by the air-currents born of desert heat and ocean cold, entering some peculiar stratum of air, are operated upon in a manner which we are unable to describe—perhaps because we do not know any thing about it—and all the moisture contained in them becomes suddenly condensed and precipitated in overwhelming volume on the desert. Torrents roll forth from the barren mountains, tearing wide channels, many feet in depth, in the loose, gravelly sands of the plains, sweeping even great rocks before them in their irresistible fury, and disappear from the sight of the astonished traveler so suddenly as to leave him forever after in doubt as to the evidence of his senses: whether the terrible convulsions he has witnessed were in fact real or imaginary—actual occurrences, or the fantastic creation of a disordered fancy.

All who have crossed the upper arm of the Colorado Desert, from San Bernardino *via* San Gorgonio Pass, Toros, Dos Palmas and Chucolwalla, to the Colorado River, will remember the ragged-edged volcanic rift in the southern side of the Glacier Mountains, twelve miles east of Dos Palmas, known as Cañon Springs—a villainous locality, affording a very little water, which at times is poisonous to man and beast from the impregnation of copper and other minerals,

and always distasteful—with no grass, no wood, and millions of rattlesnakes, whose rank odor at times fills the whole place to such an extent that it is almost impossible to force a horse to remain there after his burning thirst has been slaked at the water-hole under the rocks. This is a common camping-place for travelers between Los Angeles and La Paz. Three years ago—in the month of March, 1866—a Government train, consisting of a number of large army wagons, heavily laden with supplies, forage, etc., etc., accompanied by a large detachment of United States troops, bound for Arizona, was suddenly overwhelmed while camping here in fancied security by one of these irresistible torrents from a cloud-burst, swept out of the cañon, borne forth into the rocky desert, and scattered far and wide in the pitchy darkness of a starless night. One officer, while being borne down the torrent, was recognized by a Mexican *vaquero* as he swept past the camp-fire, lassoed and pulled by the neck out upon the rocky edge of the cañon. Others, less fortunate, were carried miles away and left among the black lava rocks, bruised, exhausted, and half dead, as the roaring waters subsided among the desert sands. Passing there a few days later, we found Indians digging barley out of the sand among the wrecks of the wagons, miles below the camping ground; and saw one poor soldier dying at Dos Palmas from the injuries he received while being rolled over the jagged rocks by the torrent, from which he vainly sought to escape. His ribs were crushed in by the rocks; and when the falling waters left him on the desert, three miles from the cañon, he lay all night in his clothing, exposed to the cold wind, helpless, and even unable to cry out for assistance, had any been within hearing of his voice.

At another time, while lost on the eastern side of Cabezon Valley, in the

blazing heat of summer, the writer and a companion rode their horses at a gallop for at least fifteen miles along the dry bed of such a torrent, which had poured out of the San Bernardino Mountain on the day before; and though we sought diligently all that day and the succeeding one for water, only a lucky accident, or a miracle, saved us at last from perishing with thirst, so suddenly had every drop sunk down into the desert sands and disappeared.

It was in March, 1866, that the writer, having ridden through the wild and almost impassable defiles of the Red Mountain, on the eastern shore of the Colorado, and with infinite toil and trouble picked his way on foot down the pass on the north, dragging his weary horse after him into the valley of Bill Williams Fork, found himself at last safely on the northern bank of that accursed stream at "Aubrey City," awaiting the arrival of a friend from "up the creek," and enjoying the first "square meals" and comfortable bed which had fallen in his way for weeks.

We were bound for the Great Central Copper Mine, on the south bank of Williams Fork, twelve miles from its mouth, and expected to reach there in a couple of hours' ride, having sent word to William Thompson, the Superintendent, in advance, to meet us at Aubrey. The Fork had been up, and as the road to the mines leads along the stream, which it crosses and recrosses a dozen times in as many miles, it was not safe for a stranger to attempt passing up alone, on account of the quicksands which form in shifting bars all along its course, and are liable to engulf in an instant horse and rider. When the stream falls for a short time, the sand packs down solid, and loaded teams can pass up and down with perfect safety; but at high water the road is dangerous to the last degree. Thompson did not arrive that evening, and before morning the creek, swollen by a

passing shower, went up to an impassable point again. Two days more, and an Indian swam the Fork with a "paper" in his hair, informing us that Thompson would be with us the next day. He came at last, worn down with the trip, covered with mud, and not in the best of humor, having been down twice in the quicksands, and having nearly drowned old Blanco, the faithful mustang, which he had led down for me to ride back upon. At sunrise next morning we were off. For three miles the road ran along a hard *mesa*, and admitted of fast riding, then followed around the base of a range of precipitous hills, just above the water's edge, for some distance. We determined to keep the northern bank as long as possible, then ford the creek and take to the hills on the southern side. Soon the trail ran into the creek, and we were compelled to work our way along the bank, over loose rocks and under precipices, as best we might. At last we reached a point beyond which it appeared doubtful if we could force our animals; and dismounting, I left Thompson, with the horses, standing on a narrow ledge of rocks, and worked my way along on foot around a bold, projecting point to see if there was foothold for horses to be obtained. When just turning back to report the possibility of a passage I heard a cry; and running with all speed to the place where Thompson and the horses had stopped, saw him holding old Moro by the bit, and looking ruefully over the rock toward the bed of the creek. A glance was enough to reveal the situation. Blanco, having tired of standing still, had attempted to turn around, in doing which he slipped and went heels over head off the rock, into the water and quicksand below. His head alone projected above the water, his body having disappeared beneath the quicksand. We got old Moro to a place of safety and tied him; then went back and set to work with all

haste to rescue poor Blanco from death. Thompson wore, strapped on his thigh, a bowie-knife as large as a butcher's cleaver, made from a huge saw-mill file, and so heavy that he could cut through a sapling as thick as a man's wrist at every blow. With this he cut down willows almost as a man cuts grass with a scythe, and in a few minutes we had a wide bed of them laid carefully by the side of the poor, struggling brute. The surface of the sand was tolerably hard; but as we walked over it, it quivered like jelly. The light sand and water beneath are of unknown depth, and liable to engulf one at any moment. The sensation in traveling over it was such as one experiences sometimes in a nightmare, but never in waking life, save in an Arizona quicksand. A Mexican came up on horseback—bound like ourselves to the mines—and lent a hand. With many a weary tug and strain we succeeded at last in getting the horse out on his side on the willows, and stripping him of his saddle and bridle, allowed him a few minutes to breathe; then, with yells and blows, forced him to scramble to his feet, and ran him out upon a little island, where there was hard ground. The horses were now all brought together, and saddles and blankets arranged for a new start. Thompson walked out upon a sand flat which led to another little island, and, though it shook and quivered under him like jelly, pronounced it possible to run our horses over it. The Mexican started ahead, and his horse crossed in safety to the island in the middle of the stream. The crust of hard sand, weakened by the passage of his horse, began to yield under the feet of old Blanco; and in spite of yells and blows, he stopped for an instant, then went down like a plummet, and only his head was to be seen. His fall frightened Moro, and he halted, only to go down like Blanco, in the twinkling of an eye. Then, Thompson, like one possessed, threw off every

thing but his shirt and pants, and the air grew blue with curses. The first proceeding was repeated, and we soon had willows piled by the sides of the horses, as before. The dumb animals, with an instinct more than human, folded their legs under them and remained as quiet as if asleep, fully conscious that the least struggling would engulf them beyond the chance of a resurrection. Doubting our ability to lift the horses from the quicksands by our strength alone, we attempted to wade over the Fork to get assistance from a Mexican camp a little distance away. The stream, though rapid, was fordable, but the wide flat of quicksand on the other side was impassable. I fell through once, and was only saved from being engulfed and drowned in the treacherous sands by a pole which I carried horizontally in my hands, which sustained my weight, and enabled me to pull myself out and regain firmer footing. Floundering about in the mud and water, losing our spurs and falling over and over again, we succeeded at last in getting our horses out upon their sides on the piles of willows, and finally ran them at full speed to a gravelly bar, on which they could stand in safety until they were rested, and we had cleaned up our saddles and equipments, and made ready for a new start. It was now 10 A. M., and the sun, shining from an unclouded sky, made the air in the narrow valley oppressively hot. Thompson looked uneasily up the Fork, from time to time, and the horses appeared to fret and look apprehensively in the same direction; but I saw nothing of danger, and nothing was said about it. "Well, we are over the worst of it, and in fifteen minutes more we will reach the upper crossing and be out of trouble," said Thompson, with evident relief.

We were riding along the flat gravelly bar, congratulating ourselves on the escape from the loss of our animals in the quicksands, when a dull, roaring sound,

like the passing of a distant hurricane over the country, coming from the eastward, broke on our ears. "We must hurry, for, the creek is going to rise—I saw a black cloud up toward the head of the creek at daylight, and have been fearing a freshet all the morning," said Thompson; and we urged our horses into a rapid trot to reach the crossing. Suddenly the roar increased to a volume like distant thunder, and the Mexican, throwing up his hand, with the exclamation, "Mother of God, protect us!" wheeled his horse for the *mesa* on the north side of the stream, and dashed away at full gallop. One glance up the stream was enough—I shall never forget the sight! Around the bend ahead, and perhaps half a mile distant, was coming a solid wall of water at least ten feet in height, filling the whole valley of the Fork, and bearing every thing before it. We ran our horses at their utmost speed for the *mesa*; and just as we reached its foot, the water, driven out of the bed of the creek by the pressure of the coming flood, ran around us. We reached the top of the *mesa*, some thirty feet in height, and looked down upon a scene which beggars tongue and pen. The valley of the Fork along which we had ridden but a moment before dry-shod, was filled with a roaring flood from bank to bank. The purling stream, which a man could ford on foot ten minutes before, was now fully a thousand yards in width, from ten to thirty feet in depth, and with a current with which no race-horse could compete for speed. The whole face of the flood was covered with drift-wood; great cotton-woods were lifted out of the earth and borne away like straws: nothing could stand before the tremendous rush of waters. The air was filled with the rank odor of alkali and fresh earth carried down by the raging waters; and the surface of the flood was covered with a cream-like foam, showing how violent had been the action of the torrent above.

Near where we reached the *mesa*, a party of Mexicans were at work cultivating a small ranch, and as the flood approached them, attempted to run for the heights. A minute later, we saw them swimming for their lives in the edge of the torrent, while their house was going down the Fork bodily with the speed of a high-pressure steamboat. Their crops were already washed away, and they were reduced to beggary, even before they touched the shore and were assured of their lives. The deafening roar of the surging waters made it almost impossible for us to make ourselves heard by each other, even when a few feet apart; and words were idle even if they could be heard. We lay an hour in silence on the *mesa*, gazing at the wild waste of waters before us, and then turned our horses' heads for the black hills to the northward, knowing full well that we could not cross the flood with a steamboat, if we had one, and that we must seek a new road to the place we had left in the morning. Hour after hour we toiled on, dragging our almost worn-out horses up and down shelving hill-sides, and over loose, jagged rocks, which cut our boots to pieces and tore the shoes from the feet of the animals; and, just as night set in, we arrived once more at Aubrey, utterly exhausted with our fruitless day's labor.

All that long, dreary night we lay in our blankets in our friend's hospitable cabin, and listened to the roar of the waters and the splashing of trees in the flood, as the banks on the opposite side of the stream were undermined and went crashing down, to be swallowed up in the hungry torrent. Next morning we found that the flood, pouring into the Colorado from Williams Fork, had set back the waters of the river like a dam, and raised it bankful for miles to the northward.

That day the Fork fell rapidly, and next morning we determined to once

more attempt to get up to the mine. Our horses had just been saddled and made ready for the trip, when a man came down from a ranch about a mile distant, in breathless haste, to tell us that the hostile Apaches, or Hualapais, had made a raid upon him and run off his entire stock of horses and mules, seven or eight in number, toward the mountains. Irataba, the old desert giant, head chieftain of the Mojaves, had arrived on the evening with José, one of his young captains, and five young warriors, from La Paz, *en route* for Fort Mojave, where half his tribe reside. The old fellow at once ran up to the ranch, and soon returned to tell us that there were but five Indians in the band which had made the raid; and if we would make all possible haste we might overtake them before they were joined by another party, clean them out, recover the plunder, and ornament the pommels of our saddles with very elegant top-knots as souvenirs of a pleasure trip in Arizona. I have not space to tell the story of the hastily gathered Falstaffian army, which an hour later rode forth into the unexplored desert mountains to the north-east; of the long day's toil in the burning heat, the chase at night-fall, the ambuscade which we escaped, the bitter cold which nipped us as we lay hid all night in the chaparral, the pursuit next day, and the temporary escape of the Hualapais with their plunder, the exasperation of Irataba, who with his young braves had tracked the flying enemy like so many bloodhounds on the scent—and on foot kept up with our horses, which were going at a swinging trot, or even at a gallop; of the second and third expeditions, the burning of the Hualapai villages, and the bloody reprisals on either side which

followed in quick succession. Suffice it, that just a week after we made our first attempt to go up the creek twelve miles, we emerged from the desert on the northern bank of that delectable stream, opposite the mining camp, and were met beneath the wide-spreading alamos by an old Mexican, in ragged trowsers and wide, slouched *sombrero*, whose odd rig and huge American beard had earned for him the *sobriquet* of Robinson Crusoe. Angel—such was his patronymic—received us with outstretched arms, and welcomed us to the camp. He had been out on a little *paseo* that day—it was Sunday, and he was not obliged to work at the mine—but had not been very lucky. It is true that he had run across two Apache-Mojaves, a buck and a squaw, in a cañon in the hills, and got them both with one shot from his dilapidated old musket; but he had seen no other game, and was a little discouraged. It was not a good day for sport! He piloted us from island to island, until we were at last safely across the stream; and, as we went on up to camp, showed us obligingly where two men mounted on mules had been caught by the cloud-burst in a narrow cañon and overwhelmed in an instant. Both mules and one of the riders perished in the flood, but the other man climbed the rocks to a point where the water just touched his beard, and there clung, like a young chimney swallow to a brick, until the subsiding flood fell below his waist, and he knew that the worst was over.

These are some of the well attested effects of the “cloud-burst” on the desert, and of such are the “moving adventures by flood and field” which the traveler encounters on the American southwestern frontier.

TRINITA DI MONTE.

ROME, 62 *Piazza di Spagna*.—I have been out on the Corso this afternoon with several thousand other fools. This is the last day of the carnival; to-morrow is Ash-Wednesday. Once more in my own rooms, I sit down to write.

A harmless habit this, for the most part; but when one stops to think of it, what an ocean of chronicled small beer there must be in the world. Count up the boarding-schools with their gushing misses; the lonely people who have no one to talk to; the tourists, who are afraid they will forget something—there must be an inconceivable amount of these daily note-makings. It would be a curious subject for study, this—what people write in their journals. Almost every man lives a different life under the crust. Once in a while a whole diary gets into print; and there seems to be a strange law of inverse proportion about them, so that the bigger the fool the better the diary. It takes such men as Pepys and Boswell to succeed in this work. Compare with theirs the published note-books of our great authors. Digging into the grave of a great man don't pay. A few years ago some vandals of gold-seekers plundered all the ancient tombs of the Montezumas. They found a few little crude images of gold, to be sure; but what a mass of rubbish and old skeletons they turned over. Let the dead kings be. We never saw them but in their royal robes, and we have no desire to see them as disjointed bones.

But this is not what I meant to say. I have been out to the Corso, and afterward to Trinita di Monte: to the Corso, because every body goes there; and to Trinita di Monte, because they don't.

And in the Corso the motley world

simpered and smirked and giggled, shouted and clapped and howled, until they came near driving me mad. A narrow street that you can toss a rose across, high houses on both sides, with innumerable balconies, in the balconies innumerable ladies, in the street innumerable carriages, (a double line moving up and down) every opening between the carriages filled with men, the carriages spouting up to the balconies a double stream of bouquets and *confetti*, the balconies raining *confetti* and bouquets upon the street, men and women dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, as much outdoing the lilies as they outdid Solomon, a Babel of tongues, a Pandemonium of yells—this is called amusement in the capital city of Christendom, in this present year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine. Yet they are not entirely dependent upon these things for happiness. A half-dozen horses are adorned with rattles and sharp-pointed barbs, a narrow passage opened in the street, and the terrified beasts are sent flying down the long stretch, with bulging eyes and muscles that play like lightning. There are said to be three hundred and sixty-five churches in this city, all to save men's souls—and such souls!

"I said of laughter, it is mad." I turned away from the Corso gladly enough. Moreover, it was plain that all Rome was there, so I could go to my favorite lounging-place—the terrace before the church of the Trinita di Monte, where from the Pincian it overlooks the city—and be alone.

What a noble flight of stairs this is that leads up from the busy piazza to the quiet church—so wide, so gentle in ascent, that a dozen horsemen could ride

up the hundred steps abreast. I fancy that the old way up the Capitol, where triumphant armies marched to lay their laurels on Jove's shrine, must have looked like this.

And once here, a cool seat is sought, the cigar is lighted, the head leans back against the church wall, and we are happy. The uproar of the Corso sounds no louder here than a beetle's hum. The air is soft and mild, filled with the delicious perfumes of an early spring. Birds are singing in the great trees that line the roadway leading along the brow of the hill to the park. We sit so still, drinking in the luxury of the warm, glad day at every pore, that a little lizard, running along the stone balustrade, stops to look at us with curious wonderment. Evidently he is studying to know whether this is some new kind of statue to take the place hereafter of the bare-headed, togaed, solemn old Roman Senators that he has climbed over so often. He blinks at us once or twice, then looks over to the sun, as if seeking information from that quarter, and then, as if struck by some terrifying guess, disappears in a flash of green scales.

Yes, the sun is getting low. It comes disagreeably near the level of our eyes. We look across the red roof-tops of the city to see how close it may be to the ball of St. Peter's. And as we looked, God's daily miracle began in the sky.

The blue was suddenly suffused with golden warmth. A gray cloud that stood in waiting off to the left, flushed into brightest crimson; its mate, that hung a little farther to the right of the church, glowed with sudden flame; while close along the horizon ran an indescribable belt of tender green. Then the rays shot up into the clouds, that were piled upon one another overhead, and they kindled each with a glory of its own—gold, saffron, orange, scarlet, blood-red, and purple—while all the azure that had fled from the west was concentrated in

the zenith to give a *lapis lazuli* background to this painting of the clouds.

A sudden change in their color turned my eyes back to St. Peter's. The sun had dropped behind the great dome, and there stood the earthly church "clothed upon" with heavenly beauty. The light from beyond covered it, bathed it, permeated it from its lowest part to the summit-cross. Pillars, frieze, entablatures, cornice, bulging roof, and sacred symbol, preserving their symmetrical outlines, had lost all weight and opaqueness, all the foul stains of weather and storm, and glowed one undivided whole of matchless beauty, the visible embodiment of that ideal Temple "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

There are few who could look upon such a scene without a quickening of thought and emotion. May not Titian have received from some such scene the idea of his incomparable Madonna at Venice—where, ascending from earth, the mother, ever-young, stands against a background of the Father's glory, radiant, transfused, maintaining a majestic calmness in the midst of her rapture? My own thoughts ran swift to some whose dull, homely lives I had known—whose whole work, builded of unsightly stones, was made by the power of a light from beyond as beautiful as the handiwork of angels; to men and women who I knew were that day threading noisome alleys, sitting by the ragged pallet of the suffering poor, holding the thin hands of dying paupers—men and women whose uneventful years glow with all the glory of a seraph's pathway.

Bang! The evening gun burst through my reverie. The carnival is dispersed; the carriages begin to rattle through the streets below. My cigar is out; the color has faded from the sky. It is time to go home.

Friday.—It is Lent now, and fancy costumes have given way to sackcloth. One of the favorite penitential resorts is

the Coliseum; perhaps a poetical fitness is at the bottom of this. There are few spots that could need it more.

The Coliseum, though within the walls, is outside the activities of the modern city. This afternoon I chanced to be wandering among its ruins, when I heard the chant of a procession coming down the old Via Sacra. So I climbed up to the second or third story of its broken arches, where I found a seat well shaded by a bush above, and well cushioned with moss. A little bird, perched near by, made my orchestra; and a score of pretty flowers unfolding at either hand, made a double fountain of perfume. Cæsar, in his days of power, could not have had a more delightful seat in this his great theatre.

They came in presently, a score of men in brown gowns, with the hoods drawn over the face so that only eyes and hands were visible. Two by two they marched, the cross and flambeaux on the head; behind them the widows, all in black, fluttered hither and thither, a turbulent crowd that reminded one irresistibly of a flock of crows. First, they proceeded with slow solemnity to the great cross that stands in the centre of this three-acred area. Here they knelt a moment before repairing to the rude pulpit on the eastern side, where a tonsured monk droned at them for ten minutes or more. Then they made the circuit of the area, kneeling before each of fourteen stations, repeating at each a Pater-Noster and an Ave.

There was one old man with them, an ungowned accessory to their devotions. He is always on hand at the Via Crucis, and is doubtless a well paid supernumerary. With uncovered head, long white locks, and patriarchal beard, he keeps close by the priest, at the amen of every Ave bowing clear to the ground and kissing the earth. I have seen the old man peddling mosaics, and am sorry to say that in any transaction involving half a franc his piety is not so conspicuous.

As they passed from shrine to shrine their numbers were augmented by soldiers in gay uniforms, peasants in varied costumes, and lazzaroni in all odds and ends of dress. The sun meanwhile was sinking lower and lower, until it poured in through an arch here and there, lighting up a part of the worshiping group, and throwing the rest into deeper shade. The little birds now ceased their songs, the wind sank to less than a whisper, the chant and prayer rose unbroken in the gathering shadows.

The changing light, the contrasting costumes, the song and silence, gave picturesqueness and artistic effect to the scene. They were gone some time before I woke from my abstraction and thought to turn my steps homeward. Even then, though the evening was falling, I went first to "my study" on the terrace of Trinita di Monte.

No day seems complete until I have been up here and smoked a philosophic cigar in quiet. To-night, as I took my seat upon the wide balustrade, saying in my heart, "This also is vanity," a long, dirge-like moan came booming up from the streets below. It was the last vanity of Roman mummery—the mourners going about the streets. They came into the piazza from the Via Condotti, a long, double line of gowned and hooded men, three score at least, carrying candles, that set all the shadows in the street reeling. The coffin, borne upon men's shoulders, was covered with a pall of black velvet, embroidered with skull and cross-bones in silver; while before it proceeded a banner of the same stuff and design. Behind this, six priests in white chasubles; before all, the cross. They turned through the piazza to the left, going toward the Porta del Popolo. It was weird enough, looked upon from above.

I watched them until the last torch disappeared in the Via del Babuino. Silence so profound followed that when

the clouds broke away and let the moon stare down upon the city, it surely seemed that I had seen the last of Rome's living borne to the tomb. I fancied that I was looking from my solitary perch upon a dead city. Pompeii itself could not have been more solemnly still beneath that moon than was the city of a thousand tumults. The domes and crosses stood out darkly against the sky, but all the ugliness and unsightliness that the day reveals were now hidden; the wrinkles of time, the scars of war, were covered. I stole down quietly and reverently to my room, leaving Rome lying as peaceful and still beneath the moon, as one of her own saints beneath the soft shining of a consecrated lamp, awaiting the last trumpet and the resurrection call.

Sunday.—To-day was to be my last visit to the Trinita di Monte; so I went an hour before the Vesper service, and awaited the opening of the doors. A flight of steps leads up to the entrance; so from the little platform here one overlooks not only the city, but the terrace immediately before the church. In the centre of this terrace is a red, granite obelisk, brought from Egypt to adorn the circus of Sallust, now doing service in the city of the Popes, holding aloft the once despised cross. Every carriage in Rome goes to the park on Sunday afternoon; and every carriage that goes to the park drives as far as Trinita di Monte, wheels around this obelisk, and gravely returns to the park again. At the base of the obelisk a mounted dragoon sits statue-like, with drawn sabre.

If one were a cynic he might find subjects of cynicism a-plenty in these good people who go through this Sunday afternoon parade. Here is a coach with postilions; every buckle on the harness bears a coronet. Well, it is not many years since one could buy the title of a prince in Rome for three hundred dollars. One does not wonder, therefore, to find coronets "as plenty as blackber-

ries in August." Behind the duke comes the one-eyed hackman that drove us out to the fox-hunt last week; and in his hack are the two Italian girls, in cheap finery, that lived opposite us in the Viccolo della Frezza. Next, two young Englishmen, drawling "Ya-a-s."

Coming up the steps from the piazza is the family of models. Every one in Rome knows them by sight. The younger sister is the beauty. Did you ever see so pure an oval as her face, so clear an olive as her complexion, so rich a brown as in her eyes? The white head-gear and the scarlet bodice heighten the effect of the whole.

The few upon the steps of the church have grown into a crowd, and two-thirds of those present are either English or American. Chatter, chatter, chatter—how the tongues go: "So we have met again." "O, I left Mr. Blank at Bologna." "Will you go to Naples next?" "There is a gentleman that we met in the ball of St. Paul's in London." "It's the most abominable hotel on the continent, sir." "Weren't those lovely corals Mrs. S. showed us yesterday." All at once the doors open, and there is a rush of two hundred or more in a subdued scramble for seats.

The change from light and bustle to twilight and silence is oppressive at first. We look about us with bated breath and ready awe. The church is narrow—a row of chapels along each side that are unilluminated from without. A little lamp here and there glimmers faintly in some corner. A picture or two, a dimly-defined group of statuary, a few wax candles and artificial flowers, are all that we can see in the chapels. The chancel is still more obscure; but we make out the altar, canopied by a small dome that is supported by Corinthian columns of yellow marble. In the end opposite, over the door, is a curtained gallery.

Presently a boy assistant, in priestly

garments, glides in as noiselessly as a ghost, and lights the candles before the altar. Trinita di Monte is a convent church, belonging to the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Their pupils come in two by two, bow before the altar, and are seated in silence. The Sisters, in their turn, follow. All these are separated from us by a high iron fence dividing the church laterally. Afterward the priests appear and prostrate themselves before the cross. As they kneel in the gathering gloom, the organ in the gallery begins a low prelude. Then a woman's voice rises from the curtained choir, in a strain so pure in tone, so sweet and so spiritual in melody and rhythm, that it steals upon us as the echo of a far-off angel song. There are no labored flights, no sudden transitions, no trills or quavers, or other vocal tricks; but the melody flows as smoothly, as unaffectedly, and as pure as a baby's dream. When it has ceased, the priests kneeling in the chancel respond in rougher but subdued

voices. Back from chancel to organ loft the antiphon is passed; then the chancel takes up the strain anew; and we sit listening to this double monologue of earth and heaven, wherein each is meditating upon the love of God, thought answering thought, praise following praise. Meanwhile the shadows are deepening in chancel, chapels, and choir. The lamps before the shrines burn softly, surrounding themselves with a miniature halo. Now a few rays of crimson light, thrown level from the setting sun, rest high up upon a pillar here and there, like messengers from heaven about to bear away the prayers of saints. They tremble a moment over painting and statue, kissing farewell to the beatified guardians of the place; then move upward noiselessly, and are gone. The light dies out; the song floats still more faintly, and is lost. The worshipers rise and move homeward in the twilight; the candles are extinguished, and the church is left to darkness and to silence.

MANIFEST DESTINY IN THE WEST.

THAT remarkable succession of circumstances quoted oftentimes as "Manifest Destiny," is nowhere in history more wonderfully illustrated than in the rapid spread of Americanism from the eastern to the western shores of the North American continent.

Does this opening sentence seem to smack of the national self-praise and confidence in our sacred mission as exemplars of all the highest virtues of republicanism and free institutions? Belief in a manifest destiny ought, indisputably, to inspire us with enthusiasm to fulfill it to the utmost. But it was not of that belief or that sentiment we were thinking when we took up the pen to utter

our dogmatical first sentence. It was the result of a mental review of the written and unwritten history of the last eighty years, as it applies to the march of empire in the Western hemisphere.

It was about eighty years ago that Spain finally despaired of holding her discovered territories in the Pacific north of the forty-second parallel, and quietly retired from her most northern post on Vancouver and Quadra's Island, having first made a treaty with Great Britain to the effect that the British lion should not seize it in absence of its original claimant. Perhaps Spain hoped to gain a little strength in some way; or, at the worst, to make an advantageous bargain with

some power more beloved than Great Britain by the Spanish heart.

However that may have been, one of the high contracting parties to the before-mentioned treaty evidently regarded the agreement more as a matter of courtesy than fact. The British Exploring Expedition, under Vancouver, had made too many pleasing observations on the west coast, and along the picturesque shores of the great inlet named Puget Sound, after one of Vancouver's lieutenants, to cherish a very impressive regard for the sacredness of the contract. On the contrary, Vancouver continued to amuse himself for months with "taking possession" of various points along the coast of what is now United States territory, and in rechristening islands, mountains, capes, and rivers, which were already known and named by the Spaniards.

But the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which was to overshadow the heaven of promise then shining on Vancouver, had already appeared. Among the vessels of different nationalities then resorting to the north-west coast to trade with the Indians for furs, which were taken thence to China, were a number of American vessels, owned, some of them, in New York, but chiefly the property of a Boston company. These Yankee traders were the objects of peculiar contempt to the English companies in the same trade, because, as their officers represented, the American captains were unacquainted with the science of navigation which should lead to distinction in discovery, and otherwise inferior as officers and gentlemen. Instead of doing business in grand style, like the English companies, these American captains were guilty of gathering up at the islands on their route aulone shells, sandal-wood, and other trifles, for which they had contrived to make a market in China, and which they sold, in addition to their furs, for cargoes of teas and silks, to be con-

veyed in their turn to Boston—thus realizing a double profit.

It does not appear that the complaints or criticisms of the British officers had any effect in deterring these trading Yankee captains from the pursuit of gain in their own fashion. Certain it is that their industry and enterprise helped materially to advance the national commerce at a period when that commerce had but just begun to recover from the crushing effects of the Revolutionary War.

It is probable enough that Vancouver shared the prejudices of the English captains against the Bostonians. However that may be, he made the singular mistake of sailing in broad daylight, of a fine May day, directly past the mouth of that great, mystical river which under the name of San Roque was known to, although unexplored by, the Spanish navigators; was spoken of by other navigators, who only guessed its existence, as the "River of the West;" and which had acquired, in some other unknown way, on the other side of the continent, the name of "Oregon."

The reality of this much talked-of river, which it was hoped would open communication for ships with Hudson's Bay and the North Atlantic, was one of the things Vancouver wished particularly to prove or to disprove. Not so was it written in the book of Fate. As we have said, he sailed past it in fair daylight, with his eyes on it, and pronounced the opening in the coast to be only an inlet; into which, if a river flowed, it was of no importance. But he did not know that a few days previous, one of those Boston vessels so obnoxious to British ideas had sailed past that same opening under similarly favorable circumstances; and the captain had formed an opinion of it so different from that Vancouver entertained that he could not get the matter out of his mind. Discovery was not the business he followed. He was no leader

of a well furnished expedition, as Vancouver was. But he said to himself: There is the mouth of the much talked-of, long-sought river; and he entered his impressions on his log-book. Still bent upon business, he pursued his course up along the coast, so close in shore that he discovered a bay of considerable size and importance, which now bears his name. After leaving this bay, which he ventured to enter, he again bethought himself of the river he had discovered, and was heading in that direction when he fell in with the British Exploring Squadron. Being hailed, he held a conversation with the officers, to whom he very frankly made known his supposed discovery, with its latitude and longitude. To this communication Vancouver replied that he too had seen the opening, but thought it unimportant. It might have been something in the tone in which the English officers begged to differ from him that fired Captain Gray's heart with a determination to settle the controversy without further delay. Pursuing his course southward he came once more in sight of the opening in the coast, and the weather continuing favorable, sailed without difficulty through the northern channel, across its formidable bar, and brought his vessel to anchor more than twenty miles inside the line of breakers.

We have always felt inclined to envy Captain Gray the triumph of that memorable day. We hope he felt the grandeur of it, and enjoyed it. It is something to discover a large river anywhere. But this one—so long desired, and when beheld so broad, so blue, so beautifully set in picturesque mountain shores!

The glory and contentment were enough for that day. The next, Captain Gray went ashore, and after exploring as well as he could the neighboring country, thickset with noble forests, returned to his ship, and recorded in his log-book the river's name. "I have

called it," said he, "Columbia's River." Having remained several days to trade with the natives who crowded about the ship in their canoes, and to explore a few miles more of the river, he put to sea again, and went about his business in more northern waters.

What did Vancouver when the Yankee captain left him? He took counsel of prudence, and sent a lieutenant back with one of the vessels to take a second and closer view of the disputed inlet—if not outlet. When Lieutenant Meares beheld the terrors of the bar he decided not to take the vessel in, but to pursue his investigations in a smaller craft belonging to the ship's outfit. In this gig, or whatever it was, Meares entered the river and proceeded to ascend it. Having reached a small bay on the northern side fifteen or twenty miles inside the bar, he found there a small vessel at anchor belonging to a trading captain of his own nation—an Englishman, named Baker, who gave to the bay his own name, which it continues to bear at this day. Captain Baker had fallen in with Gray, and being told of his discovery, had made haste to confirm the report by actual observation.

When Lieutenant Meares had explored the river some eighty miles from its mouth, which his smaller craft easily permitted him to do, he returned to the commander of the squadron with his report, and Vancouver claimed for the British nation the credit of discovering the great river of the West. The actual river, he said, did not commence for some distance above Gray's anchorage! That was the quibble resorted to some years later, when British claims and boundary lines were being considered. That quibble, however, did not hold, as history assures us. That lucky persistence of Captain Gray's decided the question of right by discovery in favor of Americans.

Decency requiring that England should

pay some outward regard to her agreement with Spain concerning the north-west coast of America, and the United States being too poor and weak to set up claims, even if they felt disposed to dispute the right of Spain, the vessels of each nation were withdrawn from that portion of the Pacific, and silence and obscurity reigned once more over those remote seas. In the meantime important political changes had been going on in Europe. Louisiana, which then comprised all the territory not belonging to Spain, west of the sources of the Mississippi, and south of the forty-ninth parallel, had been ceded by France to Spain thirty years before the events just spoken of. But in 1800 France once more regained possession of Louisiana, and in 1803 sold it to the United States.

Could the British lion, hating the *fleur de lis*, and fearing the growth of the young American eagle, suppress a desire to seize some portion of the spoils of war, or the profits of barter? What had not been openly taken from Spain might be craftily alienated from the United States by the help of one of its princely corporations—and, according to leonine ethics, *should be*.

When President Jefferson recommended and set on foot the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, with a purpose of examining the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and discovering the sources of the Columbia, the British Government sought to forestall him by means of no common excellence at hand—the expert pioneers of the North-west Fur Company. When Lewis and Clarke left their encampment on the Missouri River in the spring of 1805, to proceed on their great journey toward the Pacific through an unexplored country, one of the leaders of the North-west Company was just on their heels. In October of that year they had reached the head-waters of the southern branch of the Columbia, and very fortunately were able to make their

way to the mouth of the lower river before winter set in. Not so fortunate was the British emissary who dogged their footsteps. An accident detained him in the mountains until the snows came on; and when at last he reached the coast it was on Frazer's River, far to the north of the Columbia, and which he mistook for one of the northern branches of that river. Thus, for the second time, Fortune, Fate, Providence, or what you choose to name the invincible destiny, signified to whom the empire should be given.

Although the Congress of the United States did not doubt the American title to the territories lying on the Pacific, north of one certain boundary, and south of one hardly less certain, as having been acquired both by discovery and purchase, yet it was very well understood that England meant to question that title; and therefore when John Jacob Astor, in 1810, conceived his great scheme of establishing a commerce at the mouth of the Columbia, Congress, headed by the President, promised protection and support to his undertakings. Occupation and colonization were safe and sure methods of securing the territory about which it might be inconvenient to go to war. But now again the North-west Company, jealously watching the American movement, endeavored to reach the mouth of the Columbia before Mr. Astor's company; and again, prevented by an accident, only reached that point after ASTORIA had been built, and garrisoned in the half-military style that the presence of powerful Indian tribes made necessary. The war of 1812, the treachery of Mr. Astor's partners—several of whom had been formerly in the employ of the North-west Company—and the pusillanimous behavior of Congress after the close of the war, virtually defeated for a time the prospects of an American settlement on the shores of the Pacific. The North-west Com-

pany, to whom Mr. Astor's British partners had sold out his trading-posts on the Columbia, had obtained possession of the country for purposes of trade; and finally, being merged in the Hudson's Bay Company, retained it under sanction of the convention of 1818, which left the boundary question an open one, and permitted the subjects of either country to hunt, fish, and trade without hindrance in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains for a period of ten years.

It was now that a struggle of diplomacy really began between the Government of Great Britain and that of the United States to bring about a settlement of their conflicting claims to the mouth of the Columbia, and the navigation of that river. Neither nation desired to go to war about it. The United States could not afford it. Great Britain remembered her former experiences in fighting her half-civilized relations on their own soil, and judged it would be an awkward piece of business to attempt a seizure of American territory.

In the decade following the convention of 1818, by a treaty with Spain the southern and south-western boundaries of the United States became fixed, it being agreed that along the forty-second parallel the line should extend to the Pacific; all the territory north of that line to which Spain had ever laid claim, to belong to the United States. The Spanish discoveries extended to latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$. Beyond that, the Russians claimed the coast. This allotment was any thing but agreeable to Great Britain, who, through the explorations of the Hudson's Bay Company, had obtained possession of a large extent of inland territory north of the forty-ninth parallel. The Columbia River, reaching by its great branches far into the interior of the continent, and having its mouth in a climate of almost perpetual spring, must not be given up without a close struggle.

Both Governments weighed their claims over and over in their secret councils of State. The United States founded their claim on the following several points:

The right purchased of Spain, the first discoverer.

The subsequent actual discovery of the Columbia by Captain Gray.

The settlement at the mouth of the Columbia by Mr. Astor; and the principle "that the discovery and occupation of the mouth of a river gives title to the entire territory drained by it."

The treaty of Ghent, in 1814, by which all places taken from the United States during the war of 1812 were restored, Astoria being one of them; and primarily, by the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, by which France came to an agreement with Great Britain concerning the northern boundary of Louisiana—said boundary to be the forty-ninth parallel from a point near or at the Lake of the Woods, indefinitely westward. And also by the treaty of Versailles, in 1763, by which the boundary question between France and Great Britain in North America was definitely settled—France owning the territory south of a line drawn due west from the source of the Mississippi, and Great Britain that east of the Mississippi and north of the forty-ninth parallel. Subsequently, the right of Great Britain to the territory east of the Mississippi was lost through the war of the Revolution, and her claim confined to the territory north of the forty-ninth parallel; no western boundary ever being spoken of.

The last point was that of contiguity.

As for Great Britain's pretensions to the territory drained by the Columbia River, the points sought to be made were these:

Discovery.

Contiguity.

The comparison of claims brought to light a mass of evidence by no means

flattering to the hopes of British diplomatists. Spanish records, and Spanish officers, furnished many incontrovertible facts concerning discovery and occupation. The officers and log-books of the despised Yankee trading vessels completed the evidence; and, unfortunately, fixed a certain taint of falsehood, very hard to be borne, upon British officers high in the favor of the Government. As for contiguity: if Great Britain succeeded in establishing her right to extend her territory to the Pacific, north of the forty-ninth parallel, she would still come out several degrees north of the mouth of the Columbia.

Thus affairs remained during the ten years following the convention of 1818. The United States was waiting to regain strength; Great Britain, perhaps, waiting for the same thing. In 1827 the convention was renewed for another ten years; provided, that "on giving due notice of twelve months to the other contracting party," either party might cause the agreement to be annulled and abrogated.

What both contracting parties desired to bring about was the occupation of the country by actual settlers, who would hold it by the right of possession for their own Government. That the English Government was not able to do this was a part of the special providence for which we are putting in this plea. For the Government of the United States seemed about this time to be under a spell, which, while it was pretended to be prudence, looked excessively like timidity. After refusing to sustain Mr. Astor in re-establishing his business on the Columbia, or to listen to the importunities of other private citizens who were enthusiastically enamored of different projects for settling the valley of the Columbia, it quietly ignored the growing power of the Hudson's Bay Company, extending from the mouth of that river to its northern and southern sources.

Fourteen years after the convention of 1818 the thirty or forty thousand Indians west of the Rocky Mountains had nearly all become more or less subject to the Hudson's Bay Company, whose employes moved among them with tolerable security, while the American fur companies, who ventured into the mountains from the eastern side, were forced to contend for every inch of the way. That they did contend for it, and encroached every year more and more on savage territory, defying the Indians and Hudson's Bay Company at once, was due to the character of their nation.

But it was not the fur trader who first made Destiny manifest: it was quite a different character. It was the missionary. It is always, or generally, we will say, your missionary who becomes the *avant courier* of commerce; and in that capacity might claim to be supported by the State as well as the Church. It seems like inverting the natural order of things; but man proposes, God disposes. News had been received by the various churches in the East, through the medium of the St. Louis Fur Company, that certain Indians west of the Rocky Mountains were inquiring about the white man's God. This was a call the Christian heart could not withstand, imbued as it was at that time with highly romantic notions concerning the red men—views, alas! to be violently dispelled after years of useless labor among them.

In 1834 the first Methodist missionaries, under the protection of the fur traders, went overland to the Rocky Mountains. Why they did not tarry in the neighborhood of their own countrymen, and among the tribe who were inquiring about the God who furnished plenty of horses, guns, and food to his worshipers, has never been made quite plain. However that may be, these two men, Lee by name, chose to pass quite by these interesting savages, and settle nearer the coast, right under the eyes

and nose of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had already begun to give farms to some of its retired servants in the Garden of the West, the Wallamet Valley.

It was the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to treat all Americans who came into their neighborhood, or demanded their hospitality, with the greatest courtesy. They only required that none of these adventurers should attempt to trade with the Indians, whom they had brought into subjection to themselves. Competition they would not have: it would ruin their business, and open the way for American settlement. But with missionaries—why, the case was different. Accustomed as the English all are to revere the Church and its ministers, the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were prepared to receive the missionaries with even more than their accustomed hospitality and courtesy. Plain men as they were, the right hand at the Governor's elegant table, and the best of lodging, with every privilege of gentlemen, were accorded to them, and the kindest offers of assistance freely made to forward the establishment of their mission.

Fatal misapprehension! In the next ten years, in spite of the restrictions with which the Company, now alarmed, surrounded the embryo settlement, it had become a colony of actual settlers, tillers of the soil, hardy American frontiersmen, who, with the mission—now a mission only in name—for a nucleus, had already arrived at the consideration of a plan for a Provisional Government. The rapid secularization of the Methodist Mission had been an event entirely unforeseen, and the British Government was once more outwitted, or, as we contend, quietly set aside by Destiny.

But the Methodist was not the only mission with which the Hudson's Bay Company had to contend. The Presbyterian Church, moved by the same tales

of Indian aspirations which had inspired the Lees to undertake their conversion, had found a small company of devoted souls willing to give their lives to the service of God in the wilderness. Of this company Dr. Marcus Whitman was the leader and governing spirit. Choosing differently from the Lees, he stationed himself east of the Cascade Range, between that and the foot of the Rocky Mountains, where he built up a mission, with several collateral ones, and faithfully taught the God-seeking savages, who brutally murdered him in return, after eleven years of labor.

Dr. Whitman, though a devoted Christian servant, was a no less ardent American. A favorite at Fort Vancouver, the head-quarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, he had many opportunities of acquainting himself with the feeling which animated its officers as subjects of Great Britain; and no one more heartily desired a rapid American settlement than he. Many were the efforts he put forth to induce immigration by making the proper representations to all who came in his way, and by means of correspondence with the East.

Nor was Congress idle at this time. Being pressed for a settlement of the boundary question, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton were holding long and secret negotiations, while certain Congressmen and Senators were continually "agitating" to prevent an ill-advised cession of territory, and to induce immigration to Oregon. Although little was known of what was transpiring officially, the secret rivalry ran high, and in 1842-3 the interest felt in the question of the Oregon boundary was intense. The following incident will best illustrate to what expedients British and American subjects were impelled by a desire to "come out ahead:"

In the autumn of 1842, Dr. Whitman happened to be dining at one of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, only a few

hours' ride from his station. At this dinner were present some of the Company's gentlemen, and several Roman Catholic priests from the "upper country"—for the Roman priesthood were encouraged to settle among the Indians wherever the Company's employes went. While the guests were still at table a messenger arrived, bringing the news of the arrival, hourly expected, of the annual overland express from Canada; and also the news that Sir George Simpson's company of Scotch Canadian immigrants, to the number of about sixty, accompanied the express, and were to settle on the north side of the Columbia, between that river and Puget Sound.

Dr. Whitman, whose ears were ever open to catch the least murmur indicating British aggression, heard in silence, until a too enthusiastic and jubilant young priest arose from table, and exclaimed: "Huzza, huzza! the country is ours. The Americans have lost it."

"Not if I live!" burst forth the irate Doctor. "I will bring you a thousand immigrants for your sixty, before a year has passed." And forthwith the doughty champion of Americanism proceeded to take leave of his entertainers, pleading important business as an excuse for unseemly haste. That same evening he drew rein at his own door, and, before dismounting, informed his wife and a brother missionary that he was going to Washington that fall. And he kept his resolution. In a few days he was off, late in the season as it was, and by keeping toward the south succeeded, not without considerable suffering, in making a winter journey across the continent. It does not appear in history how far he was able to influence Webster in his negotiations with Ashburton; but it is well remembered how bitter were his remarks on the contemplated exchange of a valuable portion of the Oregon territory, including Puget Sound, "*for a cod fishery!*" Codfish were plenty on the

Oregon coast, and so he plainly told the Secretary.

Neither can it be definitely stated that he kept his word about bringing a thousand immigrants. He certainly had the satisfaction of accompanying that number back to Oregon, and materially assisting them on their way. But it is probable he found most of these people ready for the movement, as he could not have raised a party of such strength, and by his own personal exertions, in less than a whole summer. It was the agitation of the project of land-grants to immigrants, in Congress, which had induced these natural-born pioneers, the people of Missouri and Illinois, to undertake the great journey. Doctor Whitman found them ready, and, taking them by the hand, led them safely, through months of sun and storm, to the promised land. One year from the utterance of that boastful sentence by a young Canadian priest the Doctor had redeemed his promise, so far as outnumbering Sir George Simpson's immigrants was concerned. From that moment there could be no doubt to whom the Oregon territory belonged.

For the four years following, emigration from the Western States continued to flow into Oregon. With every year's increase, the anxiety to have the boundary question settled was intensified on the part of Great Britain. The United States only seemed apathetic. In truth, our Government could have afforded at that time to let well enough alone. It had several thousand actual settlers in the Oregon territory to support its more technical claims. The Hudson's Bay Company, though still a powerful monopoly, no longer could prevent commerce to such an extent as formerly; while they were compelled to unite with the Americans in supporting a provisional form of government, drawing its form and principles after the American model.

But while Congress was content, the

Oregon colony was not. Their six or eight thousand souls were cut off from the aid and succor of the parent country by thousands of miles and months of time. They were surrounded by savages, and only too suspicious of the feelings and intentions of their British allies. Year after year they had memorialized Congress, asking the Government to take pity on them, and give the necessary notice to Great Britain that the convention of mutual occupancy was at an end. After repeated disappointments from promises long deferred in fulfillment, in 1846 the desired notice was given, and a few months after the boundary question was settled: the United States retaining the whole of the territory south of the forty-ninth parallel, and giving up their claim to the coast lying north of that and south of the fifty-fourth parallel—thus, no doubt, averting bloodshed.

England, however, never forgave the loss of the Columbia; but seeing it inevitable, bided her time to make up that loss whenever there should occur a favorable opportunity to ignore that proudest Americanism, the "Monroe Doctrine." Nor was it long before such an opportunity seemed to present itself. We were involved in a war with Mexico, at the same time that Oregon was clamoring for a territorial government, and arms and soldiers to protect herself from Indians. The moment seemed propitious. An entering wedge had been prepared by an Irish subject of Great Britain, who was negotiating for immense grants of land in California, and bending the Mexican Government to his design by alarming their Catholic prejudices against Protestantism, and declaring to them that the Americans were on the point of forcing upon them the hated religion. Incited by such arguments, possibly the California Governor might have been induced to give away several of the most valuable districts under his

authority, had not events hastened which put an end to the negotiation.

However it was that our Government had become informed of the intentions of its rival, it *was* informed, and just in time. Several authors have criticised very severely the course of the United States in seizing upon California as they did. It is said that early in 1845 secret instructions were sent to the commander of our naval force in the Pacific, and that the same year Captain Frémont was dispatched overland to California, ostensibly on a scientific expedition—really on a warlike one. It is recounted how Lieutenant Gillespie traveled *incog.* to carry other secret instructions to Frémont, who immediately turned back from his scientific pursuits, and joined his land forces with Commodore Sloat's naval forces to subjugate California.

Does any body believe that all this secrecy and "*treachery*" were necessary to take possession of that country, when its Governor, with his few hundred men, ran away at the first sound of war? The real explanation of the haste and the secrecy was the presence in the Pacific of a British man-of-war, the *Collingwood*, under the command of Sir George Seymour, with instructions, probably, to seize California the moment that war with Mexico was declared. The commander of the United States forces had exactly the same orders—to wait for the proclamation of war, that there might appear to be a sufficient excuse for the seizure. That he did not wait, but took possession of Monterey just *one day* in advance of the arrival in Monterey Bay of the *Collingwood*, shows conclusively that there was a proviso contained in his secret instructions verbally delivered by Lieutenant Gillespie, which meant that he was to wait for a declaration of war, unless he had reason to fear the British Admiral might forestall him. Landing himself a day too late, Admiral Seymour took on board his Irish confederate and

sailed away. Thus once more Fortune favored, if not the brave, at all events the vigilant. California, the peerless, became and remained ours.

But what to do with all this length and breadth of territory, unoccupied by any save a race of centaurs? It was true that Thomas H. Benton had said, in a speech delivered at St. Louis in 1844:

"I say the man is alive, full grown, and is listening to what I say, (without believing it, perhaps) who will yet see the Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean—entering the Oregon River, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our wide-extended UNION! The steamboat and the steam-car have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet even found their amplest and most appropriate theatres—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean, and the vast inclined planes which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat, and the flying car, are not yet seen upon this ocean, and upon this plain, but they will be seen there! and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near to Canton, as she now is to London! with a better and safer route, by land and sea, to China and Japan, than she now has to France and Great Britain."

But then nobody believed much in a Pacific railroad; and then, too, we had not conquered California, and did not know much about the Bay of San Francisco. Certainly it was a problem how to connect Oregon and California with the country east of the Mississippi, and how to people it, and what to do with such an extent of unprotected coast. Yet here is where our special Providence comes in.

Not many years before the events just mentioned, a religious fanatic, Joseph Smith by name, gained a powerful influence over a large body of people, leading

them from place to place; until finally they settled in Illinois, and built up a city called Nauvoo. But the Illinoisans, being an ill-mannered, bigoted commonwealth, soon took a dislike to the believers in the book of Mormon, and finally drove them out at the point of the bayonet, to seek their fortunes in some distant corner of the world. These persecuted "saints" had reached the western border of Iowa, and were halting for a rest before continuing their exodus, when the Mexican war broke out. Colonel Kane, who was sent to raise a battalion from their ranks, (a refinement of malice in a Government which had failed to protect them) tells us many interesting facts concerning them, in a lecture which he delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Colonel Kane succeeded in raising a battalion, which, together with the remainder of the army, was about returning home, when the discovery of gold in the newly-acquired territory of California created that fearful mental and moral epidemic called the "gold fever."

Did the "saints" raise a stampede for the mines, like any and every other class of people? No. Their mission was to build a great city, which was to contain a wonderful temple, besides other peculiar institutions. Faithful to their faith, they made haste to build it, and behold! in the midst of the continent, when the gold-seekers fainted on their wearisome march to the Pacific, they came suddenly upon a beautiful new city, set in among emerald hills, where, when California first became ours, was only blue air and silence. Says Colonel Kane (we quote from memory): "When the travel-worn gold-hunter reaches the mountain-top overlooking Salt Lake City, and sees for the first time this haven of rest in the middle of his exhausting journey, he falls down upon his knees and thanks God, with tears of joy streaming from his eyes." Here was provided rest, and

cleanliness, and fresh food. Who shall say that the City of the Saints was not a special Providence?

But that was not all that Mormonism did for the overland route. All of their number who were too poor, or too sick, or for any other reason could not easily remove to Salt Lake, remained at Council Bluffs for two or three years, and drew there merchants from St. Joseph's and St. Louis, who afterward remained to meet the wants of more permanent settlers. Thus the little trading-post of Council Bluffs became a town of the first importance in Western Iowa.

Opposite Council Bluffs, and a little to the north of the present city of Omaha, is a little town called Florence, the winter-quarters of the Mormon hosts, and where, as their grave-yard shows, many of their number died during the first winter of their compulsory residence at that place. Here, as on the Iowa side of the river, the ground was broken and planted for two or three years, leaving it mellow and sweet for the subsequent settler. All along the highway trodden by the fleeing thousands through the Iowa territory the ground was broken at intervals, and seed dropped in. This was done by order of the Elders, as the only means of providing for the weak and sick who might falter by the way, and be left behind by the stronger and more fortunate. From Nauvoo to Salt Lake City a road was beaten. Scarcely was it passed over by the last of the Mormon refugees before another innumerable caravan of California-bound wayfarers stretched from one end of it to the other. When the gold-fever had abated somewhat, and the only travelers seen upon that road were the annual trains of Mormon recruits, which left the vicinity of Omaha about the first of May, we went out upon it for a day's ride, and beheld it stretched like a garland of roses among the green swells of prairie, as far as the eye could reach. For the break-

ing of the strong sod by the heavy wheels of loaded wagons had given encouragement to wild roses and other prairie flowers, and the most luxurious growth of these marked the track of the emigrant trains, and pointed out their course—a symbol, let us hope, of that flowery chain of mutual interests and aspirations which binds to-day the Atlantic to the Pacific slope.

Upon Oregon, California, and Utah there followed Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Montana—each the result of one of those great and sudden impulses which move the "human sea;" not in that "low wash of waves," by which ordinary emigration is symbolized in one of our typical American poems, but in great tidal waves of astonishing power.

Forced to see the direction of events, the people easily accepted their manifest destiny; and in spite of internecine war, and heavy national indebtedness, the Pacific Railroad became not only an acknowledged possibility, but an acknowledged necessity. But even with growing States midway of the continent, joined on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains to those already matured, by good agricultural lands, inviting the settler, there was still a problem to be solved concerning a long stretch of country west of the Rocky Mountains, adjudged to be nearly worthless. That question, of how was a railroad to be made paying which traversed hundreds of miles of uninhabitable waste, has been answered within the last few months. Those wastes are *not* uninhabitable: on the contrary, they threaten to be overrun with people within the next six months. These fifty or one hundred thousand *silver*-seekers are not an agricultural people, it is true; but all the more they will need the aid of rapid transportation to supply their wants. Every thing must be taken to them, even their bread. For all which they require, they make returns in gold and silver. It would seem that

the railroad has been completed just in time to provide for these people; and that these people have come just in time to give employment to the railroad.

The dream of Thomas Jefferson, and the desire of Thomas H. Benton's heart, have been wonderfully fulfilled, so far as the Pacific Railroad and the trade with the old world of the East is concerned. But even they did not prophesy that Chinamen should build the Pacificward end of the road. It was of the Columbia River, and Puget Sound as a harbor, that the first projectors of a Pacific railroad dreamed. They knew that sailing vessels crossed the Pacific from a point on the coast about opposite the Oregon River, in order to avail themselves of the variable winds of that latitude, when the trades were against them. They did not reckon sufficiently upon the rapid development of steam power as an aid to commerce on the high seas, any more than they foresaw the future importance of the San Francisco Bay, or the Americanization of the whole of California within the present century.

Nor is the scheme of Jefferson, of Astor, of Benton, and other far-seeing men of a past generation, an unlikely one at this day. Another decade may see the ships of China and Japan unloading at the wharves of the Northern Railroad in Puget Sound, than which there is no more safe and commodious harbor in the world. Taking into consideration its capacity and excellence, together with the shorter and more direct course of vessels from this part of the coast, there is much to recommend it to the consideration of the commercial world.

The only lion in the way of making the Sound a great naval dépôt is the British lion, who has his lair upon Vancouver's Island, at the entrance to the Sound. It was an oversight on the part of the United States, the giving up the island of Quadra and Vancouver, on the settlement of the boundary question. Yet, "what is to be, will be," as some realist has it; and we look for the restoration of that picturesque and rocky atom of our former territory as inevitable.

PORTALA'S CROSS.

Pious Portala, journeying by land,
Reared high a cross upon the heathen strand,
Then far away
Dragged his slow caravan to Monterey.

The mountains whispered to the valleys, "good!"
The sun, slow sinking in the western flood,
Baptized in blood
The holy standard of the Brotherhood.

The timid fog crept in across the sea,
Drew near, embraced it, and streamed far and free,
Saying: "O ye
Gentiles and Heathen, this is truly He!"

All this the Heathen saw; and when once more
The holy Fathers touched the lonely shore—
Then covered o'er
With shells and gifts—the cross their witness bore.

OCCULT SCIENCE IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.

A CHINAMAN is not often astonished at any thing. From infancy up, he has been accustomed to hear very wonderful stories. Most of the people believe the accounts of the strange and miraculous feats performed by their innumerable gods and goddesses, and any new story of a similar character does not awaken much wonder. This credulity, as will be perceived, is in the way of teaching them the truth, it being very difficult to induce them to examine evidences, and to discriminate between the true and the false.

Chinamen seem, indeed, to have a fondness for the marvelous; and, never having been taught to trace many of the ordinary phenomena of nature to their true causes, they are easily persuaded to attribute them to supernatural agency. Thus, thunder is the voice, and lightning the messenger, of the thunder god; clouds are the dragon of the air, and rain is the water ejected from his mouth. The sea roars, and is troubled, when the dragon of the great deep is enraged, and is stirring himself up; and when the dragon of the earth chooses to move his body, or stir his limbs, the ground will be agitated: and that will be what we denominate an earthquake.

It is extremely rare to find a Sadducee among the Chinamen; on the contrary, every person, so far as we have learned, believes in the doctrine of a future state, and in the existence of spirits; and they believe in the existence of many orders or classes of spirits, and that those spirits interest themselves in all the affairs of mortals, and that their agency is potent: consequently, there is no manner

of business that a Chinaman might engage in but he would do well, as he thinks, to consult some of the spirits about it—no calamity may befall him, or sickness visit him, but that the spirits have had some agency in bringing it on; and therefore their aid must be invoked to remove it. As the spirits are invisible, and dwell among the things unseen, they may be supposed to know more of the future than we who are yet in the body: consequently, there is a continual resort to the gods, or to those who have a reputation as being the mediums of the gods, for information respecting the future; or, in general terms, Chinamen believe in signs and omens, and in the responses of the gods, and are liberal patrons of the fortune-tellers.

That the Chinese, as a nation, should be thus superstitious, is not surprising; since their ancient sages, whom they worship, and whose writings are held in the highest veneration, were believers in omens, and thought that the spirits were interested in the affairs of men.

Confucius, the chief of their sages, was a believer in Fate. He said: "Life and death have their determined appointment [or Fate]; riches and honors depend upon Heaven." He said: "If my principles are to advance, it is so ordered; if they are to fall to the ground, it is so ordered." He said: "Without recognizing the ordinances of Heaven, [the Fates] it is impossible to be a superior man." He was superstitious, as may be seen from some things which are related of him, such as these: "On a sudden clap of thunder, or a violent wind, he would change countenance; if his mat was not straight, he did not sit on it; when eating, he did not converse; when in bed,

he did not speak; he required his sleeping dress to be half as long again as his body;" and many other trifles of a similar kind. His admirers contend that most of these peculiarities were simply because of his extreme desire to preserve "propriety" under all circumstances; while most readers will be likely to see in them some indications of superstitious notions lurking in the heart.

Without encumbering these pages with dry details respecting the principles and modes of operating in fortune-telling, astrology, soothsaying, demonology, geomancy, etc., we will merely give an example in each department; designed simply to illustrate the state of Chinese life and ethics, as they exist in California.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

Near the corner of Jackson and Dupont streets may be seen a smallish, cunning-looking man, seated on a stool or chair, with a little table before him. On the table is a can containing a few slips of wood, and on each slip is inscribed a Chinese character and a few cabalistic words; also, in a flat dish are little rolls of red paper, on the inner side of which are similar characters or marks. He has writing materials; and there are cards lying on the table, which, being translated, read as follows:

Card No. 1. "Good and evil fortune have their exact [or prescribed] limits." The reverse side reads: "Calamities and blessings do not come by mistake."

No. 2. "Examining with deep penetration, we understand the successes or disasters of the future days." "Pointing out with perspicuity the period when troubles and annoyances of long standing will be turned to gladness and prosperity."

No. 3. "Fortunes told by means of the eight diagrams; destinies determined by a study of the face and hands: and all like the gods" [as unerring as the gods].

And here follows a list of a few of the subjects concerning which he professes to give information, viz.: "Trade; plans and hopes; removals; about selecting partners; seeking wealth; lawsuits; health; buying servants; family matters; as to burial-places; about journeying; as to when one's friends will arrive, and how they are faring on the way; in regard to sickness; what town to go to for trade; about going to work; about digging gold; about gambling; changing business or occupation.

"For information on either of these topics, separately, a charge of ten cents each. The price for revealing the destiny by the face can not be fixed beforehand. [This, we infer, depends upon the paying ability of the applicant.] For writing out a chart of destiny: a brief one, half a dollar; a more extended one, a full dollar.

"We also write letters for people, as they may dictate."

No. 4 is his medical card; for he seems to practice the healing art, as well as tell fortunes:

"Ko Poi On [the doctor's own name, or title] gratuitously cures external and internal diseases of every variety, and those wonderful and difficult to be cured by others.

"Prescriptions, [written] and plasters, pills, and powders [for sale].

"The party having received an entire cure, we will receive his thanks." [That is, we will receive such money, or other gifts, as his gratitude may prompt him to present.]

This fortune-telling doctor once showed us, for inspection, a written agreement between himself and a female patient, in which, in the event of his curing her of a certain malady within a certain specified time, she obligates herself to pay him the sum of fifty dollars.

The "eight diagrams" are principally depended on by this professor in revealing future events, and in bringing to

light things which are hidden from other mortals. These original eight diagrams, by combinations, are multiplied to sixty-four; and one is written on the wooden slip, and another upon the roll of red paper. The person who has come to consult about his fortune having drawn out one or more of each of these slips, the diviner takes them, separates the diagrams, re-arranges and recombines them, and, together with other signs, and by the use of the arts which he has studied, deduces an answer, which, while it may contain some distant allusion to the matter inquired about, is sufficiently obscure and mysterious to be received with confidence by ignorant and superstitious people.

These diagrams are said to have been invented by Fuk Hí, the founder of the Chinese monarchy, to whom they were suggested by his seeing one of them upon the back of an animal which came toward him once as he was walking upon the bank of a river. That animal is reported to have had the head of a dragon, and the body of a horse. The same diagrams were afterward modified by one Mun Wong, of the Chau dynasty. "The diagrams are merely trinities of straight lines, upon which has been founded a system of ethics, deduced by giving names to each diagram, and then associating the meanings of these names, according to the changes which can be rung upon the sixty-four combinations." [See "Middle Kingdom."] The "Yik King," one of the Five Classics, is called also the Book of Changes, and is held in great veneration for its antiquity and its occult wisdom, which is supposed to be contained in its mystic lines, viz.: in these eight diagrams, which form the basis of the philosophy and cosmogony taught by Fuk Hí. As may be supposed, therefore, this book, the Yik King, is very much studied by diviners, astrologers, and all who affect an acquaintance with the occult sciences. But it is a

book about which ordinary scholars profess to know but little, and concerning which Confucius himself said: "If some years were added to my life, fifty might be devoted to studying the Yik, [the Yik King] and then I might come to be without great faults."

The commentary on this passage reads thus: "By studying the Yik one comes to understand the doctrine of the lucky and unlucky, of decreasing and increasing, of gaining and losing, of advancing and retiring, of abiding and perishing, of living and dying: therefore, having learned all these principles, one need have but few faults. Because the sages have seen that the Yik was deep and unfathomable, therefore Confucius said, that in teaching men he would cause them to know that by no means might they omit the study of the Yik; and yet he would not have them suppose that it could be easily learned."

ASTROLOGY.

Having occasion, not long since, to step into the cellar of one of the Chinese stores on Commercial street, we found there a man busy with his pen, and quite absorbed in calculations of some kind or other. It was a store-room for goods, and there was little space left when half-a-dozen people had crowded in; moreover, the light in the apartment was very dim. But what might this man be doing? His paper is covered with Chinese characters, and with diagrams of various kinds; some of which are in black ink, and some in red. There are squares, and circles, and arcs, and triangles; there are straight marks, and crooked marks; perpendicular, horizontal, and oblique lines. It is not geometry, nor trigonometry, nor conic sections. On a shelf within reach are piles of books, and all of them evidently treatises upon the subject of this man's art, whatever that art may be.

We examine the sheet upon which he

is engaged, and we find a strange mixture of characters and signs. We find the names of certain stars and constellations, in combination with the "ten heavenly stems and the twelve earthly branches," which are the characters, being combined in pairs, that form the terms by which the respective sixty years of the cycle are named. We see, also, the characters which designate the hours of the day and night; also, the names of the five elements, as metal, wood, water, fire, earth. The characters forming the names for the years of the cycle represent, some of them the male, and some the female principle of the dual powers. On the sheet before us, these different sets of characters are arranged in many different combinations, and occupying various positions; alongside of some of the characters we notice a red mark, and we learn that these are the lucky signs, while the others are unlucky. We now satisfy ourselves, by inquiry, of what we suspected from the first: that this man is a fortune-teller; and, on further examination, we gather that the principal element in his system is astrology.

We borrow one set of his books; though but little light is to be gained from the books alone. To understand them, one needs a teacher, and that teacher should be the fortune-teller himself, who has spent a life-time in the study of this subject. In China, fortune-tellers—the blind ones especially—have boys apprenticed to them, who lead them about, and observe how their masters manage different cases; and, when they are at home, the master, by degrees, lets his pupil into the mysteries of his profession. Therefore, it could not be presumed that those learned in the art would gratuitously impart to others the knowledge which has cost them so much pains to acquire, and by which they obtain their support. Very many books have been written on this subject; "more than

a donkey could carry," as the people are accustomed to say. These books which we borrow were written, as the title-page asserts, by one Chín Hí, about nine hundred years ago; with additions by subsequent authors.

We ascertain that our astrologer is "working up" the fortunes of his customers. They have given him certain data, such as the year, month, day, and hour in which they were born; and in the hands of this astrologer these few facts seem to be sufficient. Like the "nervous centre" of the human system, they appear to be the centre or source out of which grows a diagram, and other diagrams grow out of that, and these diagrams swell into a chart, which continues to expand until we have a book of many pages. The book, however, will be large or small, according to the pay which the astrologer is to receive. He consents to lend us one of these completed manuscripts, on condition that no other person shall see it. The individual whose destiny is here "demonstrated," is thirty-one years old. As the fortunes of the following years will depend in many respects upon the events of the past, our professor has begun back at the twenty-first year of the age of his subject, and has written out a chart of the ten years up to the present time.

Having finished that decade, he next gives a synopsis of what the following decade will be, and then proceeds to particularize respecting the fortunes of each year—of which we offer a translation:

"*The Thirty-first Year*—[being by his arrangement the last of the third decade of the man's life] will have the seventh month with good and bad fortune intermingled, because the stars which govern at this time are some of them lucky and some unlucky: therefore, the man must be uncommonly careful, and walk with circumspection. Possibly, there may be deaths in the family. Still, the year will have some good fortune, with presages

of better luck in the year to come." Here follows a synopsis of what the next ten years will be.

"*Thirty-second Year*.—The evil has passed, and good luck has returned. What was lost may now be recovered; but unfortunately the *tai han* [the great circuit of ten years] will not be wholly good. Nevertheless, this being the beginning of a ten-year series, it is encouraging that it is so favorable; for it is a key to the remaining nine.

"*Thirty-third Year*.—This will be a favorable year for accumulating wealth, and for the general success of whatever is undertaken; with this disadvantage, that there will be a lack of the countenance and support of worthy and influential men: consequently, there will be need of particular caution and attention to business, without indulging any negligence whatever. In the second month, be doubly circumspect. In the seventh month, look out for something strange. In the midst of evil fortune, good fortune will suddenly arise. Putting this and the previous year together, they will on the whole be favorable for the increase of wealth; and the purpose of returning home may now be realized.

"*Thirty-fourth Year*.—If during this year the voice of the crow [a bird of evil omen] and of the magpie [a bird of good omen] should both be heard together, do not undertake any new enterprise. The first and fourth months will be remarkable for liability to losses: therefore, at these seasons be uncommonly careful. Expect to be somewhat troubled and vexed, and not altogether in good spirits.

"*Thirty-fifth Year*.—Much good fortune: prosperous business: wealth accumulating: all things to your mind: enjoying comfort and happiness.

"*Thirty-sixth Year*.—The *tai han* [the great circuit of ten years] and the *siau han* [the small circuit of one year] being both favorable, although there will be bad fates as well as good, yet the good

will overcome the bad. You may expect to meet with things which are to be feared, but the star *Kai Shan* will help to neutralize the evil influences; so that, on the whole, it will be a year favorable for general prosperity. The ninth month will not be one of unmingled good; still, there will not be cause for serious anxiety.

"*Thirty-seventh Year*.—Means of support less certain. Wealthy friends less reliable: therefore, avoid planning new enterprises; sweep before your own door, [be economical] and have few people in your employ—they may deceive you. In the second and eighth months, you may have to put on mourning: expect bereavements and sickness, and diminishing of estate; nevertheless, the omens are for the most part favorable.

"*Thirty-eighth Year*.—This all favorable. Wealth increases; a son is born. Two lucky stars. Within and without the house every thing succeeds, so that the adversity of the previous year is forgotten by means of the prosperity of this.

"*Thirty-ninth Year*.—Good and bad are intermingled; but the good predominates. The good and bad omens are combined in such a way as to show that the evil will turn to good, and that the year, as a whole, will average well. The sixth month will be bad; the other months better.

"*Fortieth Year*.—Good-omened stars predominate; but the star *To Lo*, of evil omen, may cause sickness: therefore, avoid exposure to either heat or cold; then there will not be danger. In the second and fifth months, things may not all go to suit you; but the other months will be better.

"*Forty-first Year*.—Omens bad. Can not promise good luck. Therefore be careful. Hold fast what you have. Hazard nothing, nor launch out into speculations."

Thus ends the second chapter of ten

years, and then we have a syllabus of the following decade, and afterward the specifications for each year—making, altogether, a book of twenty octavo pages, for which a fee of five dollars is exacted. The man might have had his destinies revealed up to his sixty-first, or seventy-first, or one-hundredth year, just as easily, had he been willing to invest more money in this way.

In a book called "The Mirror of the Mind," we have the remark: "If you desire a prosperous future, do nothing to destroy your future; then why inquire about your destiny?" Our astrologer's advice seems to amount to nearly the same thing; for where he indicates that such or such a month will be unpropitious, or that there will be certain unlucky omens, he recommends the use of especial caution, economy, or industry, in order that the evil influences may be counteracted. He might have added: By employing the proper means, a person may hope to succeed in his undertakings, though the omens be bad; while without the use of such means he can not succeed, whatever the omens may be.

This astrologer in the Commercial street cellar appears to be well patronized, for we find him busy at his diagrams every day, from morning till night; and he constantly has on hand a variety of subjects, whose fortunes he is working up.

People who frequently pass up and down Jackson street will encounter a very tall, lean, and somewhat stooping Chinaman, with a long, grizzly beard, a pipe in one hand, a quick, nervous step, and a rather sinister look from his flashing little eye. He also is an astrologer; but he better understands how to keep his arts and himself wrapped up in mystery than his brother professor of whom we have spoken. He locks himself within his room, and when called, comes and merely puts a portion of his grizzly head

out at the partly-opened door. If the caller is on legitimate business, he may come into the little anteroom; but the *arcana* of the inner sanctum few are allowed to inspect, although we once visited him at his rooms, when he was following his profession at Marysville. He evidently spends many hours of every twenty-four in sweet communion with his precious opium pipe, and often may his spectral form be seen darting in or out of the gambling-houses.

Besides the stars and constellations, with the heavenly stems and earthly branches, the horary characters, and the characters which are used in forming the sixty-year cycle, the dual powers, the five elements, and twelve animals—besides all these agencies which are employed by the astrologers, they also make use of certain other diagrams, which we find in their almanacs, viz.: the pictures of what are termed the "kings of the four seasons." Each season has its king; and on the head, hand, shoulder, belly, pelvis, knee, and feet of the figure are inscribed the characters designating different hours of the day and night; the location of these characters being shifted in each of the four figures. Therefore, whenever a child is born a record must be made, not only of the star or sign of the zodiac under which it is born, and of the year of the cycle, but of the season and particular hour. All these data are entered—in some cases, at least—in a great register, which is deposited in one of the temples within the district; and thus it becomes in a certain sense the Book of Fate. Should this register be lost, a fearful consternation is excited; such as was once experienced at Ningpo, when foreigners were charged with purloining this register from a temple, in order that by this means, as was asserted, they might, by their spells and supernatural influences, be better able to bring calamities on the people, and destroy their lives.

The data above referred to are impor-

tant elements in making out the horoscope of an individual.

The almanac in which we find these diagrams gives a brief statement of the popular belief respecting them, and we are told that "to be born in the ruler's head, [that is, at that hour of the day or night which belongs to the head of the ruler of that particular season] during all the life one will have no sorrow; those of a lowly condition will become rich, with sufficient food and raiment; those seeking political positions shall obtain them, and those of honorable parentage shall be advanced to greater dignity; and women born at this season and hour shall have peace, prosperity, and honorable marriage."

Those born at that period of time belonging to the hand, shall be successful in trade; going abroad, honorable men shall receive them; at home, they shall have plenty; their youth shall be peaceful, in middle age all things shall prosper, and in old age both hands shall be filled with accumulated wealth.

To be born at the time controlled by the shoulder is favorable; belly, ditto; knees, mixed—neither altogether favorable, nor altogether unfavorable; but to be born at the time indicated by the feet is decidedly unfortunate; yet, if one so fated practices fasting, (becomes a Buddhist priest or devotee) he may enjoy happiness and a life of peace; but he must not abide at his paternal home. If a female, she will be doomed to widowhood and a second marriage; if a male, to loss of wives, or to journeyings in distant lands, over hills, and far away from his native place.

DIVINING STICKS.

A common method of divination, and practiced universally by the Chinese, is by the "spiritual slips" and the divining sticks, with which the persons seeking responses go directly to the gods, presenting their offerings, performing the

prostrations, and offering their petitions; and then expecting the gods to answer by means of the slips or the divining sticks. These sticks may be seen on the altars of every Chinese temple. They are a pair of blocks, shaped like the new moon; flat on one side, and round on the other. The flat side represents the male principle of the dual powers, and the round side the female principle. To get an answer by these instruments, the individual, after worship and prayer, frames mentally his question, to which the answer, either "yes" or "no," may be given; as, for example, he asks: Shall I go to sea to-day? or, Shall I take Sam Kí for a partner? or, Shall I bet on such or such a letter on the next lottery ticket? Then he throws the blocks. One round side up, and one flat, is favorable; while both flat, or both round, are unfavorable. The favorable may be his answer "yes," and the unfavorable "no." If, out of three throws, he gets two favorable answers, he is satisfied; if not, he tries three times three throws. The method of divining by the spiritual slips has been already described on page 456, Vol. I, of the *OVERLAND*, and need not here be repeated.

MEDIUMS.

Like people in ancient times, who were rebuked for not only "seeking to the idols," but "to the charmers, and to them that had familiar spirits, and to the wizards"—"wizards that peep and mutter," so here in our city there are wizards—women that peep and mutter—and people "seek to them," "for the living to the dead." Living men not only seek to the dead idols, but through pretended "mediums" they seek to dead men. Their witches profess to be able to summon from the shades any person who may be called for, whether he be recently deceased, or whether he has lain among the dead longer than has *Sámuel*. *K'wai Ma* is the term by which

these women are generally designated by their own people; and the English word *hag* is a very suitable translation for it.

The objects about which they are consulted are various. A person finds himself involved in difficulties, and he fancies that a spirit from the other world can inform him of the cause of his troubles, and point out the course by which to escape from them; another wishes to know how to get rich, or whether a certain contemplated journey shall be undertaken; another desires information about absent friends, or missing property; and they presume that the spirits are able to tell them: therefore they apply to the mediums, to summon a spirit and interpret its communications; or, as they express it, "lend their mouth and their body to the spirit for the occasion."

In China, the rule is, when you apply to a medium, to take one pint and three handfuls of uncooked rice, thirty-six copper cash, and three incense sticks. These are ostensibly for the purpose of inviting the spirit, who may be supposed to be in need of provisions or money. If the spirit does not carry off the money and rice, the old woman can keep it; and this may be her fee. In California, should silver pieces be substituted for the copper cash, no objection will be raised by the *Kwai Ma*.

Having put herself into the proper state, and learned as much as possible of the circumstances, history, and expectations of the applicant, the old woman proceeds to summon the spirit whose presence is desired. A small handful of the rice is scattered around, the three incense sticks are lighted and stuck in the medium's hair; she begins to act strangely, and to mutter; her eyes close, and her head drops on the table which is placed before her, and still she continues to peep and to mutter. At length the spirit announces its presence, and a colloquy commences be-

tween it and the person on whose account it has been summoned. In many cases, as we are told, (for this is gathered from reliable parties, not from personal observation) the spirit begins with its own complaints, and with charging that the cause of the difficulties from which the applicant is suffering, is, that it (the spirit) has been neglected by surviving friends, and has been allowed to go naked and hungry; and, therefore, the very first thing to be done, even before proceeding further in the business before them, should be to bring in a plentiful meal. Whereupon, the person hurries off to a restaurant, and collects the articles which were ordered by the spirit, and all the repast of the most superior quality. The provisions are placed before the medium, who all this time remains, of course, in an unconscious state; and immediately the spirit, by its medium, addresses itself to the feast, eating and muttering still; expressing satisfaction with the taste of the viands, and pronouncing blessings on the giver of them. The spirit may give scraps of information touching the future; but it is quite common—indeed, it is its almost universal practice—to prescribe a course of penances and religious rites as the means by which the individual seeking its counsel may either escape from present calamities, or avoid troubles in the future, or secure that favor which he has come to ask. He, very likely, will be told what particular temple to patronize, what amount of offerings to purchase, and what number of masses to have said.

It is shrewdly observed by some of the incredulous people that the medium herself, not being *altogether* unconscious, has an eye to personal advantage in these directions, as she will doubtless receive a percentage of the profits on the articles sold, and on the fees paid in by those people whom she sends to the temple.

EXORCISM.

From the foregoing, it is evident that the Chinese consider it fortunate that the ghosts can be summoned from the spirit world when their services are needed; but they seem, also, to think that there may be too much even of this good thing; for they often fancy that they are visited by ghosts who come unbidden and stay too long, and who cause much annoyance while they stay; therefore, while they think it convenient to have at hand those who can raise the devil, they are, also, glad to know where to find those who understand how to lay him again if he is troublesome.

The Chinese live in constant dread of evil spirits: therefore, the exorcists, of whom there is no lack, find abundant employment.

There are various expedients for casting out devils, for expelling evil influences, and for guarding the door so that evil spirits may not enter; and there are charms designed to be hung up in the house, or worn about the person, which may prevent the approach of these spiritual adversaries, or render invulnerable from their attacks. We shall not undertake a full description of these till our readers and we have much more time to spare than at present; and on this occasion, one brief account must suffice.

The Chinese have no regular priests in this country; but there is a set of men who get their living by performing the offices of the priest, and sometimes by adding to those offices the functions of the conjurer. These people, whether they be men or women, are commonly termed *Nam Mo*—which means witch, wizard, sorcerer.

When a *Nam Mo* is summoned to expel a troublesome spirit from the premises, or to turn the devil out of a person, he generally proceeds in the following manner:

With his hand he seizes a pen and

dips it in a vermilion dye; with his mouth he repeats the form of a curse, then writes that curse upon a sheet of yellow paper; next, this charm, or curse, is burned, and the ashes mingled in a cup of water. Now he fills his mouth with this bewitched water; with one hand he seizes a piece of wood on which are engraved three stars and the words *Lui Ling*, the mandate of the Thunder god (Jupiter Tonans); with the other hand he grasps a sword, and assuming ferocious looks and attitude, he spurts the water from his mouth in all directions, smites upon the table with a crashing noise the mandates (or the bolts) of Jove, brandishes high in air his sword, striking and thrusting right and left, while rushing hither and thither, and stamping with his feet; and all the time cursing the devil, calling him by his name, in case he knows it, and saying: "I adjure you [such or such a devil] to come out of this person, or to leave this house and these premises, and betake yourself again to your own infernal regions."

By this time the devil is expelled; or, at least, he ought to be.

CHARMS, ETC.

We have spoken of charms as a means of protection from evil spirits, and preservation from evil influences.

Some people of other nations nail a horse-shoe over the door to keep out invisible enemies: the Chinese paste over the door, or in other parts of the house, a strip of paper with something written on it as a charm. The pictures or images of tigers or lions which may be seen in Chinese houses are for the same purpose, viz.: to guard the place from evil demons. Such charms are also worn upon the person, inclosed in a little bag, suspended from the neck or from a button-hole. An ear-ring with mystic character inscribed upon it is a charm; also, the image sometimes seen upon the children's caps. To lock up the life, or to

secure from death and procure longevity, a silver or gilded lock with certain characters engraved upon it is hung, in many cases, upon the necks of children. Ancient coins and other relics of antiquity are preserved as charms.

The Chinese are endlessly troubled with omens, and are very voluminous in their interpretations of them.

The flying of a crow or hawk over one's head is a bad sign; but the voice of a singing-bird in the same position is a good sign. Still, these signs are modified by the direction from which the birds may come, the course toward which they fly, together with other contingencies. There are auguries connected with the involuntary twitching of the muscles of the eyebrows, and arms, and other parts of the body, which have their peculiar import, according to the times of the day at which the twitching was experienced. Good or bad luck is announced in the hum of the tea-kettle, the fizzing of the frying-pan, the flame and sparks of a candle when first lighted, the whistle or moaning of the wind, the crowing of the cock, the chirp of the cricket, and so on; but it would be long before this chapter would come to an end were we even to give a catalogue of all the omens and signs.

This regard for omens, fear of the spirits, and anxiety about luck, is a source of endless annoyance and expense, not only to the people who are thus troubled, but to their neighbors, also. In China, if a man builds a house so high, or in such a position as to interfere with his neighbor's good luck, he may have to pull it down or remove it. If changes are made in the neighborhood of tombs, so as to disturb the propitious influences which had existed there, then some remedy must be found: either the disturbing cause must be removed, or the tomb must be rebuilt in another place. Sometimes, when families have continued mis-

fortunes, sickness, or troubles of any nature, they desire to know the cause; and so, by means of the priest, the *Nam Mo*, or *Kwai Ma*, they may learn that some relative is not resting comfortably in his grave; whereupon another resting-place must be found for the bones and for the spirit of the dead. A new house erected, or any other structure, may steal the good luck away from other houses, especially if the new building is higher than the old ones. When Selby & Co.'s shot-tower was erected, a few years ago, in this city, the Chinamen shook their heads, and presaged a fearful loss of luck to somebody.

Any want of success, miscarriage of business, or calamities of whatever nature, are wont to be attributed to the displeasure of the gods, or to some unpropitious circumstance. Storms at sea and continual head-winds are generally laid to the account of some unlucky thing, and, perhaps, to some unfortunate Jonah; and search is sometimes made to ascertain "for whose cause it is that this evil is come upon them." About fifteen years ago, a ship, with several hundred passengers, from China to this port, had a long and dreadfully stormy passage. The Chinamen were sure that the gods were angry; but what might be the particular cause of that anger they were unable to ascertain, until one day a wise one of the company discovered a venerable gentleman reading in the Confucian Analects. Here, then, must be the reason for all their raging winds and angry seas: Confucius, while living, never went to sea, and he taught that people should stay at home, cultivate their paternal acres, comfort their parents, and guard their ancestral sepulchres. Confucius was no friend to the ocean, and his books are like himself: therefore, these books must be disposed of. The old gentleman was forced to deliver up his favorite classics, and to see them cast overboard—an offering to the spirits of the deep.

TO SIMCOE.

OVER the same mountains, through the same park-like woods, where I have just ridden so safely and pleasantly, a few years since, immediately before the outbreak of a cruel Indian war, journeyed, in great peril, one of my most gifted countrymen—alone for most of the way, save a treacherous Indian guide. His poetical, terse, yet perfectly truthful description of the landscape, and the incidents of his journey from Puget Sound to the Columbia River, together with the thrilling events of battles, disasters, and ultimate victories, which occurred here, have made the ground classic.

In looking back at the Dalles, from an elevation of at least three thousand feet, it was but natural that the scene should appear of a somewhat rosier hue to me at the beginning of my journey, than it had done to the exhausted and fainting Winthrop, at the end of his; yet I was struck with the vivid truthfulness of his description. "Before me," said he, "was a region like the valley of the shadow of death—rugged, bleak, and severe. Racked and battered crags stood disorderly over all that rough waste. There were no trees, or any masses of vegetation, to soften the severity of the landscape. All was harsh and desolate, even with the rich sun of an August afternoon doing what it might to empurple the scathed fronts of rock, to gild the ruinous piles with summer glories, and throw long shadows, veiling the dreariness. I looked upon the scene with the eyes of a sick and weary man. In a log barrack I could just discern far beyond the river, I had that very summer suffered from a *villain* malady, the small-pox. And now, as then, Nature harmonized discordantly with my feel-

ings, and even forced the nobler aspects to grow sternly ominous. Mount Hood, full before me, across the valley, became a cruel reminder of the unattainable. The Dalles of the Columbia, upon which I was now gazing, must be studied by the Yankee Dante, whenever he comes, for imagery, to construct his Purgatory, if not his Inferno. At Walla Walla, two great rivers—Clarke's Fork and the Snake—drainers of the continent, north and south, unite to form the Columbia. It flows furiously for one hundred and twenty miles westward. When it reaches the dreary region I was now studying, where the outlying ridges of the Cascade Range commence, it finds a great, low surface, paved with enormous sheets of polished basaltic rock. These plates (*Gallice*, dalles) give the spot its name. Canadian *voyageurs*, in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, had a share in the nomenclature of Oregon. The great river, a mile wide not far above, finds but a narrow rift in this pavement for its passage. The rift gradually draws its sides closer, and at the spot now called the Dalles, subsides into three slits in the sharp-edged rock."

This place is now, and has been from time immemorial, a fishery for the Indians. The hill-sides were dotted with their horses—white, red, and calico—picking the scanty herbage; while the banks of the river were enlivened by busy *siwashes* of both sexes, catching and curing salmon. Certain offensive odors, which reached our nostrils, made me doubt their skill in this latter process. The log barrack which gave shelter to the sick stranger is plainly visible, but not alone, as then; hundreds of thousands having been spent by Gov-

ernment in building elegant quarters at that post, now nearly abandoned as useless. A busy town, with the name of "The Dalles," has risen up a few miles below that locality. Otherwise, the scene is precisely as described by Winthrop. None of his assertions, descriptions, or explanations are given at random, as is, unfortunately, so often the case with travelers in haste to write a book or a magazine article.

Crossing the Klikatat Mountain, we came to the valley of that name. It is a very elysium for cattle; hundreds of them, sleek and fat, we saw drinking in Klikatat Lake, a narrow pond, slightly saline. The valley is about thirty miles long, and from six to eighteen broad, and is bounded on the north by the Simcoe Mountains. The Simcoe Indian Reservation begins at the summit of the mountain of that name, and is about one hundred miles long, and forty broad.

The Klikatat, Yakima, and Simcoe, with other warlike tribes of Indians, in 1855, combined against the white settlers in Oregon and Washington Territories, hoping and expecting to be able to eradicate them from the country. Although a long war, bringing distress and sorrow to so many homes in the Eastern States, and, of course, keenly felt on the Pacific coast, has passed over us since, yet danger near at hand is more vividly felt and remembered than that we have not seen. Those who lived in Oregon at the time Major Haller's command was supposed to be cut off, and of the massacre at the Cascades, will not soon forget the sickening sense of insecurity, and the brotherly sorrow we felt, when those whom we had known were murdered by the Indians.

One of our party had chanced to travel, in December, 1854, with a rustic bride, from Salem, going with her husband, who was a miller, to the little village of the Cascades, on the Columbia, to live. She was shivering in a white

muslin dress, which she supposed essential to a bridal attire, and seemed glad to be told there would be no impropriety in changing it for a brown merino. All her little plans for the future, some of which she poured into a friendly ear, were cut short in less than a year; she, her husband, and mother, were hung in the mill by the Indians.

Hostilities had commenced with the murder of sub-agent Bolon and other citizens of Washington Territory, which was succeeded by the repulse of an inadequate force of United States troops, sent into the Indian country for the purpose of chastising those guilty of these outrages. Over this road, from the Dalles to Simcoe, the brave volunteers went to rescue our poor fellows from their perilous position. One hundred and twenty soldiers, surrounded by a thousand Indians! We looked with painful interest on the zigzag, apparently impracticable path on the bare, steep mountain side, up which they had toiled, carrying their wounded, to a clump of trees near the top, which afforded them protection. On a small brook, to the east of the present road, Major Haller was attacked on his march to the Yakima. The hardships endured by soldiers in the late civil war, so long continued, make us forget the privations and sufferings which many of our countrymen have undergone in Indian warfare. These were painful enough, however, with little of the glory awarded to the victors who have fought with civilized people. Several officers who were engaged in the Indian war of 1855, in Oregon, have since become famous. Sheridan, Ord, Wallen, Auger, Russell, among others. All of these became Generals, and Russell is dead. Being in a new country, where it was difficult to obtain transportation, our Oregon soldiers were for weeks without flour or other food than horse-flesh. In the last days of July we found the air on the mountains warm and balmy, fragrant from resinous trees and

myriads of flowers. It would have been pleasant to camp anywhere on the grass, but I could readily conceive, from seeing the snow-mark on the trees, that Colonel Nesmith's description of the horrors of his journey over these mountains, on the 17th of November, 1855, was not exaggerated. "The snow," said he, "was ten inches deep in our camp, and gradually increased in depth, until at the summit it was, at least, ten feet. We broke a trail by marching infantry in single file, until it would bear horses, and, by the most incessant toil, accomplished our march to where the Block House now stands, where the rear of the command arrived at twelve o'clock at night. Upon the summit of the mountain we became bewildered and lost in the most terrific, blinding storm of sleet and snow I ever saw. The trail was entirely obliterated; the sleet froze to our hands and faces; it was impossible to distinguish any object beyond our horses' heads. In short, we were lost among the clouds, and inclosed within a passing storm, which in two hours must have caused the destruction of the entire command of about eight hundred men. I had fifteen men being carried on litters, sick or wounded, and I felt that their lives depended on a speedy removal from that inhospitable region. Fortunately, we took the right direction down the mountain. I shall never live to be old enough to forget the 17th of November, 1855, on the top of Simcoe Mountains."

Being in the Eastern States, soon after the close of this Indian war, I found the land of my adoption to be held in low repute by those who chanced to know any thing about a country so outlandish. Every one knew something about California, which had yielded its millions of gold; but about Oregon and Washington Territories, which had as yet yielded none, nobody knew, and nobody cared. The ignorance of an otherwise intelligent gentleman was scarcely

exceptional: "Oregon is this side of the Rocky Mountains, I believe," said he to me, pleasantly trying to show an interest in the home of his guest. The first allusion I saw to Oregon in the newspapers, was a statement in a leading New York journal, that the late Indian war in Oregon had been fomented and instigated by the leaders of one of the political parties—not the one, of course, to which the editor belonged—to filch money from the General Government. So generally was this idea received as true, that I was once accosted with the remark, by an old acquaintance, not very refined, perhaps, but a fierce adherent of the party charged with the heinous sin: "You're a pretty smart set of people to make money, from what I hear of the way you made war on the Indians." Judge of my pained surprise to hear my countrymen—few, scattered exiles from the land of their birth and most pleasant associations—thus spoken of. Time, however, rectifies many errors. I do not suppose that so cruel a slander could now gain credence anywhere. And the worthy editor who wrote so hardly of us at that time, having since seen something of Indian life in his jolting over the plains to the Pacific coast, a few years ago, may now concede that the white settlers in Oregon may have been the sufferers, not the aggressors.

Simcoe, pronounced *Simque* by the Indians, and so spelled in Stevens' Railroad Report, is now an Indian reservation, in Washington Territory, about sixty-five miles north from the Dalles of the Columbia. A more beautiful mountain road than that leading from the Dalles to the Agency, I can scarcely imagine. Every element of the grand and sublime was also present, except extent of water. The mind is able to conceive of much that is beautiful; yet has, I think, a greater facility for the conception of the grand and terrible.

Niagara was not nearly so tremendous as I had imagined, but far exceeded any idea I had formed of its beauty. Of the mountain scenery, before which the recollection of the Alleghanies seemed dwarfed, some idea may be conveyed; but the peerless beauty of the landscape, the grass, and flowers, brightened by the sunshine streaming through drooping pine-branch, and feathery larch, casting tremulous, ever-varying shadows on the sloping sward: this I am powerless to describe; nor can it be understood, unless seen. For about forty miles, we were on a high, undulating country, crossed by clear, cold mountain streams. There was no undergrowth: a carriage might have been driven in almost any direction. The sward, which covered thickly the whole ground, was gay with lovely flowers: acres of the scarlet "painter-cup"—*castilleja*—making the forest aflame with brightness; golden coreopsis, larkspur, convolvulus, and great variety of asters, lupines of all varieties, and many that we had never met nor seen described—the whole surpassing in brightness and beauty the pristine glories of an Illinois or Kansas prairie, or the more lovely Wallamet Valley.

The sixty-five miles from Simcoe to the Dalles were surveyed when the former was a military post, and giant pines used for mile-stones, the figures painted white—many now nearly erased by the snows of fourteen winters. By the side of the road, we saw a place held by the superstitious Indians as of great mystery and sacredness: a short path of about twenty steps, ending in a fall of two or three feet over a stone—the whole worn smooth by frequent usage from time immemorial. If an Indian can run and slip over the inclined stone, without pitching heels over head, he may expect to be fortunate in his undertakings; but if he fail of accomplishing this, I should think not difficult performance, he may expect failure.

Ten miles from Simcoe, we came to a formidable descent, very steep, without rest or bench, for a mile and a half. During the war, many of the horses belonging to Colonel Nesmith's cavalry gave out in climbing this mountain, and he was obliged to have about one hundred of them shot.

At or before the close of the Indian war, Government erected expensive buildings in the Simcoe Valley, which have since been appropriated to the use of the Indian Agency. The houses are placed in a locality called Mool-Mool—signifying land of springs of water. A fine grove of oaks grows here, but not elsewhere in the valley, that I saw. The five large springs of water are cold and excellent. Here we met the energetic and jovial Father Wilbur, who is Indian Agent at this Reservation, and whom we had known as foremost in all good works. It was mainly owing to his efforts that the city of Portland has the flourishing academy, which was established in the beginning of her career. Also, in Umpqua Valley, in southern Oregon, he founded Wilbur Academy. The title of *Father* had, from his unselfish and universal kindness, fallen upon him while yet quite a young man. Here, Father Wilbur, with his most excellent wife, has devoted himself, for the last eight years, to elevating and instructing the eleven Indian tribes, numbering upward of three thousand, which are gathered on this Reservation. Eleven white families are employed at the Agency, as school teacher, farmer, miller, blacksmith, etc., whose duty it is to instruct the Indians in their several crafts. In this valley had lived the dreaded chief, Kamiakin. Too proud to yield himself to the restraints of civilization, as the tribes have mostly done, he has exiled himself from his old hunting-grounds, and lives in such state as he may, with a few followers, among the Spokans—peaceable, but not friendly.

When Mr. Wilbur went to the Reservation, eight years ago, he, together with Mrs. Wilbur, camped out in the woods with the Indians, for seventeen days, to show and encourage them in cutting timber and building houses for themselves. The following statistics, taken from the report of this year to the Superintendent, will show something of the progress made:

"Last winter the Indians elected one of their number—Jo. Stwire—by ballot, in place of Kamiakin, to be their chief. A saw-mill has been erected and kept in good order, and has furnished the Agency and the Indians with lumber for building houses, making fences, and other needed improvements. One hundred thousand feet have been used by the Indians, who furnished the logs at the mill and took away the lumber to their homes, all without expense to the Department. The quantity of grain ground at the flouring-mill, during the year ending June 30, 1868, was 6,684 bushels. Flour is made which compares favorably with the best mills in the country. The Indians of this reservation are not 'fading away before the face of the white man,' there being a small increase from year to year, with an increase of five hundred in eight years. The Indians belonging to this reservation number 3,400. The value of harness made and repaired in six months, where members of the industrial school were employed, was \$1,106. Much of the work of all kinds is done by Indians. After a few years' instruction, they do it well, thus giving them employment, the means to buy stock, and preparing them to take care of themselves in the future.

"During the year, they have built two churches; these are neatly finished. About two hundred are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, I am pleased to say, give evidence of being new persons in Christ Jesus. The Indians, as a whole, are increasingly in-

dustrious. They have built, with but little expense to the Department, twenty-five houses and thirty barns; have raised 20,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000 bushels of corn, and 3,000 bushels of oats; of potatoes and garden vegetables, a large surplus. They have about 1,500 head of neat cattle, and 11,000 head of horses.

"In conclusion, permit me to say, that, after a residence of more than twenty years in this country, and eight on this Reservation, I am better qualified to judge of Indian character, and of what is needed to secure and perpetuate peace with the Indian tribes, than I could do in former years. Let their treaty stipulations be carried out with uprightness. Put men among them who will respect law, and who will encourage them by a wholesome example, and they will leave off their wanderings, build houses, open farms, plant orchards, and adopt the habits of civilized white men."

On the north side of one of the churches was still to be seen the booth, covered with boughs, where the Indians had celebrated the Fourth of July, two weeks previously. Though intoxicating drinks, which so often render the gatherings of their white brethren inharmoonious, were not allowed, yet a domestic difficulty, common to the state of polygamy, from which they are only emerging, occurred, which sadly marred the dignity with which the dinner and all the proceedings had commenced. Since their election of a chief, a law had been enacted by themselves, that no man should have more than one wife, no matter how plethoric the state of his purse. But it was ascertained that General Scott—a well-to-do old Indian, who already had a wife—thought to add to his domestic establishment the daughter of a poor neighbor, with the consent of her parents, without asking that of the youthful maiden. Mrs. General Scott, being a woman of spirit, and meeting with her rival in her husband's affections at the

festival, incontinently began to beat her on the head. This lawless state of things was immediately stopped by the chief Jo. Stwire, who took the girl under the protection of himself and wife, and proceeded, as he thought was right and just, to chastise the man who intended to break the law. This case was tried by Mr. Wilbur, while we were at Simcoe, and adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. General Scott and wife were admonished to keep the law, and the chief was told—but privately, not to weaken his authority—that he must not, in future, execute judgment so summarily.

On the Sabbath, we attended one of the two churches built by the Indians, about four miles from the Agency. At the Agency there is a chapel, where the white families worship, and where the Christian Indians meet with them at the quarterly communion of the Lord's Supper; it being thought best that they should worship together occasionally, that they may feel that they are all one in Christ. The road to the church passed many of their houses. They reminded me of the French habitations in Canada East, being built along the borders of the stream, as the French build near the road. The houses were neatly built of boards; almost all had two rooms.

The congregation—more than the church could hold—were assembled. When they saw that white visitors—ladies—had come, rocking-chairs were brought from the nearest houses for them, and they were comfortably seated in the draught between opposite windows; for the mercury stood at one hundred in the shade. I never saw a more perfectly clean church, it being a labor of love with the women to scrub it the day after service. A profound gravity prevailed; none of the babies crying, though there were many of them. We could only feel emotions of thankfulness

to see the great change, even in the appearance of these people, reminding us of the man out of whom the evil spirit had been cast, who was "clothed and in his right mind." The church, capable of holding about two hundred people, is neatly furnished with pulpit and seats. Mrs. Wilbur gave them the paper for the churches, and began to paper one of them herself. After watching her a few moments, an Indian said: "Nika cumtux"—I understand—and would only suffer her to direct. One of them had recently been in Portland, where, for the first time, he had seen a sexton. On his return, after consulting with his brethren, he was appointed to that office. Mr. Wilbur was amused, the next Sabbath, to see every one shown to a seat with as much decorum as if done by the sexton of Grace church. The behavior of the congregation compared favorably with that of the most decorous anywhere, and was superior to that I had seen in the rural districts of Kentucky and Indiana, forty years ago. Indeed, the only disturbing element was an irrepressible yearling of our party, who, never having been to church before, was not aware of the proprieties, showing the dissimilarity between the two races. While the Indian children remained perfectly quiet, she, after making frantic efforts to mount the pulpit, and being restrained by her nurse from accomplishing that feat, seized and appropriated to her own curly head the hat of the respectable Indian preacher, Thomas Pearne, very much to the diversion of her Anglo-Saxon *confrères*; though, I suspect, to the horror of the young aboriginals. The people were suitably dressed; the women in gingham or calico, with straw hats; very little jewelry, of which they are so fond, was worn. The men were, many of them, in clean suits of linen; one—but he was a bridegroom, Dan Boone—was gorgeous in beaded buckskin.

The service began by Thomas Pearne, the interpreter, praying in Indian. He seems an eloquent speaker. Then a hymn in English was sung, in which all joined—many in the words, all in the tune. They had learned, at least, the chorus of each hymn, and that part was sung with increased vigor. My heart thrilled with sympathy while they sang, as if they felt it, "I'm glad salvation's free." The airs were mostly lively; but some, on a minor key, seemed to suit their voices. "We are passing away"—a refrain sung to many of their hymns—was very touching. Mr. Wilbur then slowly announced his text, at the end of each sentence of which, and of his sermon, Thomas Pearne rapidly, and with earnest gesticulation, repeated in Indian: "Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of the angels, and have not love in my heart, I am no better than the noise from striking iron, or the sound of a bell"—and so through several verses, adapting the words to the comprehension of the interpreter; many of the audience—all who had been in school—having a pretty good knowledge of English.

In consideration of the fact that his auditors had not been accustomed to much mental effort, Mr. W. interrupted his remarks by singing. Once he said: "It is very warm; you have been working hard; you will get sleepy; I do not like to speak to sleepy people: let us sing." I think I have seen congregations of superior mental ability with

whom such a course might have been attended with happy results, provided they sang with the spirit these Indians did—not delegating that duty to a choir. A number of hymns, translated by one of their number, were sung, and sounded sweetly. After the services were closed, in accordance with the custom of that church, a "class-meeting" was held. The older members expressed themselves in Indian—Mr. Wilbur explaining some of it to us. Many spoke in "Chinook jargon," of which we understood enough to see that they suffer sorrows like ours, and have the same sources of comfort.

Two years since, when it was thought necessary to employ friendly Indians against the Snakes in eastern Oregon, I had seen a large company of warriors, accompanied by many of their women, engage in a war-dance as a preliminary to their operations. The contrast between that assemblage of hideously painted savages, whose countenances were rendered still more revolting by their efforts to intensify their passions of hatred and revenge in their incantations of demonolatry, and the placid and devout appearance of the congregation at Simcoe, was wonderful and delightful. Why this pleasing spectacle is so rarely seen among the Indians under the care of Government, may be a question not easy to answer fully. One reason, I fear, is, that the world is not blessed with many Father Wilburs.

THE COMING.

I gathered flowers the summer long ;
I dozed the days on sunny leas,
And wove my fancies into song,
Or dreamed in aimless ease.

Or watched, from jutting cliffs, the dyes
Of changeful waters under me —
The lazy gulls that dip and rise,
White specks upon the sea ;

And far away, where blue to blue
Was wed, the ships that came and went ;
And thought O happy world ! and drew
Therefrom a full content.

My mates toiled in the ripening field,
Nor paused for rest in cool or heat ;
The yellow grain made haste to yield
Its harvesting complete :

My mates toiled in their pleasant homes,
They plucked the fruit from laden boughs,
And sang—"For if the Master comes
And find no ready house !" —

And far and strange their singing seemed,
And harsh the voices every one,
That woke the pleasant dream I dream'd
To thought of tasks undone.

Yet still I waited, lingered still,
Won by a cloud—a soaring lark ;
Till, by-and-by, the land was chill,
And all the sky was dark.

And lo, the Master!—Through the night
My mates come forth to welcome Him :
Their labor done, their garments white,
While mine are stained and dim.

They bring to Him their golden sheaves ;
To Him their finished toil belongs ;
While I have but these withered leaves,
And these poor, foolish songs !

MADELEINE.

NEAR Beauvais is the forest of Compiègne. It was formerly a royal, and is now an imperial forest, having been for many centuries preserved for game of all sorts. Its old oaks have witnessed a somewhat melancholy chase, for here it was that the unhappy Joan of Arc was hunted to the death. To-day, the woods resound with the horns and shouts of the imperial huntsmen; and yet, out of its splendid palace, the *cortèges* of Louis XIV, of Louis XV, and the gay train of Marie Antoinette, sallied forth to play at stag-hunting, little dreaming then that an alien would usurp their manors, and hunt with crowned heads over their broad domains.

In the year 176—, there existed on the outskirts of this forest, and about three leagues from the royal residence, an old-fashioned château belonging to the Comtesse de Livray. A long avenue of lime-trees led from the gates of the lodge to the house; and a small stream, that ran through the park, was tortured into miniature lakes and cascades, with fountains wherein slimy nereids everlastingly disported. To-day, the traveler, as he passes by the old walls of the park, can hardly fail to notice, near the gates of the lodge, the remains of a cottage, which, simple as it must have been, yet, like many others, had contained within its four walls a romance of real life—a simple story of a class whose type is, year by year, becoming less, finally to exist no longer. In those times, the servant, whether male or female, formed, as it were, a part of the family: the one may have been foster-mother to the young Marquis, and watched over the birth and nurture of the younger scions; the other, when young, was, perhaps, the

Comte's huntsman, and initiated him into all the mysteries of the *chasse*. In either case, these remained as privileged retainers, proud of belonging to the estate, outside of which they knew nothing, save the scraps of information that they gathered from the numerous visitors to the château. For the Comtesse delighted in being surrounded by her old servants, and having her house full of guests. To-day, all this has changed. While the servant has prospered, the master has retrograded. Formerly, the nobles of France increased their revenues and enlarged their estates, from generation to generation. Now, the accumulation of many generations is frequently dissipated in one, especially if the possessor follows the ruinous career of modern fashionable Parisian life. In the last century, the faithful old servant had his hamlet on his master's estate. To-day, the ephemeral valet may contribute to the elegant caprices of his master, but never gains, nor does he care for his affection.

Jacques Pasquier was head-game-keeper of the forests of Livray. His father and grandfather had been keepers before him; he knew by tradition, joined to his innate love of *vénérerie*, every glade, and thicket, and covert, and had a kind of grim acquaintance with their inhabitants. The late Comte was much attached to Jacques, and the Comtesse made him head-gamekeeper after her lord's death; at the same time settling him in the house, of which, as we before said, nothing but the bare walls remain.

At the time of our story, the Comtesse was about forty years old. She had never been pretty, but was one of those lively, witty, good-natured ladies that a

good heart, good fortune, and good health very much assist in forming into a charming woman. An excellent education had expanded her mind, and the consequence was, that, during *la belle saison*, her house was crowded with a gay and intellectual assemblage of visitors.

Jacques had an only daughter, a handsome brunette, with blue eyes—a contrast which has the effect of giving a girl all the piquancy of a dark beauty, joined to the soft melancholy of the blonde. Ten years previously, Jacques had experienced the mournful satisfaction of burying his shrew of a wife; and now lived peacefully, watching poachers, and at the same time keeping an eye upon his pretty daughter. The Comtesse, who had seen Madeleine almost as soon as she was born, was very fond of her, and frequently made her come up to the château, as she liked to have her about her.

At that time, the fashionable amusement was play, and the game most in vogue was *bouillotte*. Every evening, the table was prepared; and every evening, young and old, of both sexes, crowded around it, all intent upon the game.

One evening in May, when the earth was still warm from the sun's heat, the Comtesse had arranged her table in a small pavilion near the middle of the park, and surrounded by flowers. An embroidered bag, containing the mysterious numbers, was held by some one in attendance; and this evening, Madeleine was appointed to the office.

Among the young men who surrounded the table of the Comtesse was the Chevalier Lionel d'Artigues, a younger son of a younger branch of a noble house, who, by dint of a natural inclination for pleasure, and with the help of some usurers, had run through the whole of his fortune in Paris. The Chevalier wore a coat, the embroidery of which shone

with a lustre not precisely that of gold. However, he was a good-looking young fellow, and wore his somewhat faded clothes with an air and manner that bespoke his lineage. He had obtained an introduction to the Comtesse in consequence of his talent for improvising verse; and the Chevalier made himself as agreeable as possible, in the hope that he might mend his shattered fortunes.

This evening, it came to pass that he staked his only remaining gold piece, apparently with indifference; he smiled, yet shuddered inwardly, and the gold and the lights danced confusedly before his eyes; at the same time, one of the numbers appeared to him to stand out more prominently and clearly than the others: upon this he placed his money, and won everything.

Then it was that, for the first time, he noticed the young girl who held the embroidered bag, offering to each player one of the balls contained in it. She had a serious, reserved air; her blue eyes were overcast with a gentle melancholy, and had a strange expression; her dress was a striped petticoat, surmounted by a plain bodice that confined a muslin kerchief. This costume was that of the peasantry, and yet its wearer seemed to be peculiarly familiar with the Comtesse; and when she condescended to reply to her mistress, did so simply by an inclination of her head. The greater part of the time she appeared to be thinking of something else; and lifting her splendid eyes, which appeared to have caught the hue of heaven, she stood there, utterly indifferent to the game.

The Chevalier was much struck with the appearance of this young girl—so silent, so calm, even so dignified, as she stood looking down upon all those faces animated by the anxiety to win: just as at the corners of streets one sees a Madonna in her niche looking sorrowfully down on the busy wayfarers.

"Why, how is this?" cried the Com-

tesse; "you haven't put down your number, Chevalier."

"I beg your pardon; but I am quite absent to-night."

"Ah, yes," said one of the guests; "some new caprice or other, I suppose."

"It is no caprice, I assure you: this time it is love," replied the Chevalier, with a smile addressed to the Comtesse, and a glance of his eye to Madeleine.

"That is all very well," said the former; "but your reputation in the world is bad. They say that you turn the heads of young girls, and—"

"Pray, don't believe a word of it," said Lionel, casting an uneasy look at Madeleine, who was whiling away the time by floating full blown roses in the marble basin, and watching them glide over the surface of the water, and apparently indifferent to the earnest denials of the Chevalier, who continued by saying: "It is true that I am preoccupied to-night, and a country lady has made me sigh—the more so, that she pretends to be ignorant of my love and admiration."

This gallant speech was spoken in the usual florid style of the day, and the Comtesse applied it to herself, giving a slight lifting of her eyebrows in the direction of the Chevalier: but the young girl still watched the roses floating on the water.

And then the company begged the Chevalier to tell them some of his adventures; and the ladies and gentlemen crowded round him. Scattered fragments of his history had made him famous; and they longed to hear in detail what they had only learned from rumor. The poor Chevalier, hard pressed, made a sign to the Comtesse, and pointed to the girl, who was still floating the rose-leaves in the marble basin.

"Oh, never mind Madeleine," replied the Comtesse. "You can speak before her."

Notwithstanding which assurance the

Chevalier spoke in a low tone; and for the first time in his life, was discreet in his revelations. Madeleine, in the meantime, remained cold, impassive, and apparently inattentive to his recital—a few words of which must have reached her ears. This apathy piqued the Chevalier; and much through spite, but still more through admiration, he fell in love with her more than ever. The narration of his adventures being over, he seized the opportunity of asking, in a low tone of voice, of one of the company, whether this young girl, who was so shy and silent, lived at the château.

The other replied: "What! do you mean Madeleine? No; she lives at the hunting-lodge; her father is head-game-keeper. Unfortunately, she is—"

"My goodness! it's daylight," cried the Comtesse. "We must be reasonable, gentlemen; and to-morrow, those who have lost can have their revenge."

The Chevalier could get no further information, but was determined to know the girl's history on the following day. Meanwhile, he succeeded in slipping away; and gliding behind a great yew hedge, he arrived at a long, grassy inclosure that he was sure Madeleine would have to cross on her way home. The morning began to shed its rosy tint over nature, and Madeleine soon appeared, looking straight before her, walking with a quick, free step, never stopping to listen to the last notes of the nightingale, nor to the early strains of the lark—not even gazing on the glowing dawn, as it flowed down the hills. She was about half-way across when she was met by the Chevalier, who exclaimed:

"Stop! you lovely piece of animated marble, and listen."

The young girl stopped in all confidence, and greeted him with a smile that showed the whole range of her pearl-like teeth. Encouraged by this, the Chevalier tried to kiss her, but Madeleine sud-

denly became pale as death, wrenched herself from the arms that would have detained her, and, without a word of reproach or exclamation, fled like a frightened deer; so that when Lionel, recovering from her rude repulse of him, would fain have called her back, she had disappeared. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection, that if she had repelled his more ardent advances, yet she had welcomed him by one of the sweetest smiles that he had ever experienced; and again, that she had never cried out for help.

Full of pleasant thoughts he turned his way back to the house, and on the way to his room met one of the guests—a young man whom he had associated with in Paris, but who was a constant visitor at the château.

“My dear fellow,” said the Chevalier, “I have just had one of the most delightful adventures possible. You know the gamekeeper’s pretty daughter called Madeleine. Now don’t look so wonder-stricken when I tell you that she has fallen desperately in love with me; and it is only just now that I left her on her way home. You appear to be incredulous, but I assure you that I had it from her own lips that she loved me; and she has agreed to meet me to-morrow, but begged and prayed me not to breathe a word about it.”

His friend had hitherto listened with an air of mocking incredulity, but now answered:

“I suppose, also, that she begged you not to tell her husband.”

“What!” said the other; “is she married? The little coquette never told me a word about it.”

“She is not only married, but your adventure will create an immense sensation on account of the miracle that Love has worked. Why, Chevalier, you will be more famous than ever. All will flock to you. You will be sought on all sides by persons like herself.”

“What do you mean?” said the Chevalier.

“I mean,” said his friend, with the same mocking smile, “that she is deaf and dumb.”

It was but too true: Madeleine was deaf and dumb. The smile had played upon her childish lips, intelligence flashed through her wandering looks, but speech came not. Her mother had stormed and fretted, and almost accused her husband; whilst he, poor man, looked upon it as a judgment upon his wife for the intemperate use of her tongue. A fever carried her off when Madeleine was nearly eight years old; and the father led his child back to their solitary dwelling, listening sometimes with the hope that sound might come from those inarticulate lips. But all was vain: Madeleine shot up a tall, lovely girl, but speech and hearing were forever denied her.

By a strange coincidence, a farmer in the neighborhood had a son who was likewise deaf and dumb. Such a thing had been hardly known before, and when it became certain that it was so, the country-folk shook their heads as at a prodigy; but when Madeleine, afterward, was found to be similarly afflicted, they mourned over it as an infliction from Heaven. The Comtesse de Livray, partly from pity, partly from curiosity, took the boy into her household.

Pierre—for thus the farmer’s son was called—was a painful object to look upon. His head was large and well developed, but his eyes were wild and haggard, as those of a madman who remembers words but to whom thought is but a blank; at other times he would fret impatiently, like a child who has an idea but can not give it expression.

An English doctor was traveling through France, in the suite of a family who had letters for the Comtesse. His

spécialité was the development of intercourse with the deaf and dumb; and he undertook not only to make Madeleine and Pierre understand him, but also to converse with one another.

The girl was then fourteen years old; Pierre, one year her senior. Madeleine promised to be a beauty; and although no one could tell her so in words, yet her eyes and a looking-glass sufficiently convinced her of the fact. Pierre was tall and strongly built, with a complexion that was bronzed by exposure to the sun and air. He passed his days in the woods like an Indian, and returned at the hour when the working-men led their horses to the watering place. Frequently, when he entered the village, the children would hoot after him, and pelt him with dirt and stones. One day he caught one of his persecutors in his powerful arms and held him in the air for a moment, with a savage expression of countenance; but suddenly a kind look stole over his face, a tear rolled heavily from his eye: he placed the child gently on the ground, and moved swiftly away.

The Doctor found Madeleine the more apt pupil of the two. Her weird look, her half-supplicating attitude, and, above all, her fresh, innocent face, made all the visitors at the château love her. Pierre, although he could not renounce his vagabond life, still followed the Doctor's lessons pretty closely. If now and then his intellect could not awaken from its lethargy so as to understand something, he would look into Madeleine's bright eyes for explanation. In truth, Madeleine was as much his teacher as the good Doctor. One day he played truant, and went off to the woods; on his return Madeleine received him with a frown (not a very angry one); Pierre cast his eyes down, and became very red. At another time he brought her a large bunch of heather. Madeleine took it, and swept her hand along the borders

of the woods to signify that they were far-off; after that she went to her window, gathered a sprig of jasmine, smelled one flower after the other, made a gesture of dislike for the wild plant, and inhaled with delight the perfume of that which she had plucked, at the same time pointing to her climber—as much as to say: I have not been wandering about all day; I have only to stretch out my hand to have a finer bouquet than yours.

Pierre followed her signs eagerly. He took the sprig of jasmine from her, and kissed it.

The next day was Sunday, and Madeleine wore a branch of heather in her bodice.

These two poor children were alone in the world. They would have been friends had they not been lovers. Never did Love enter into two hearts more pure, more fresh, more entirely devoted, and less spoiled by the world than these two. They were married. A year afterward, Pierre, beside himself with joy, ran about the park, met the Comtesse, stopped before her, and, pointing to his cottage, motioned with his arms as though he dandled a baby, then made two or three gambols, and bounded home again to look at his new-born child. Madeleine was then nineteen.

The events of the first part of our story happened in the spring, and now it was autumn. The Chevalier's friend had not betrayed him, so that he could again present himself before the Comtesse. He still preserved his love for Madeleine, and every morning walked along the banks of the small brook that flowed by the keeper's house, but he never entered it, as he knew that his eloquence would be thrown away; so whenever he caught a glimpse of her, he was obliged to content himself with laying his hand upon his heart, and copying the pantomime of the ballet. At length, he who had pretended wakeful nights and wasted health to others, be-

gan positively to have sleepless nights and grow thin, without being able to say so.

The days were shorter than they were on his first visit, and the Comtesse determined to get up a classical masquerade, selecting "The Awakening of the Dawn" as the subject. All the *salons* of the château were called into requisition.

A moon was represented slowly sinking in the west; party-colored lights were stars; the guardian angels of the night glided about in gauze dresses and gilded wings; Cupids and demons were not wanting. The Comtesse took the part of Aurora, and waited, in a rose-colored boudoir, the hour of her rising. She was surrounded by a bevy of watchers of the morn, and fauns and dryads wandered here and there. The Chevalier represented Night, being stretched on a bed of poppies, and covered with a dark mantle. His sleep was rudely interrupted by the figure of a man entirely covered with bells, who jumped about, causing an awful jangle. As any ordinary tympanum would suffer from this discord, Pierre, the deaf and dumb, had been chosen as the Awakener. Night and his attendants, of course, fled swiftly away, and Aurora rushed in with her troop, making signs to Pierre to take off his coat of bells, and assist at a collation about to be served. In the hurry of dressing, and through the anxiety of his wife that he should be correctly costumed, Pierre had forgotten his cap, with a large bell attached to it in the place of tassel, having taken it off to give his wife a last kiss ere he ran across the park.

The Chevalier got away from the gay scene as soon as he could, and strolled out in the moonlight among the lime-trees, whose yellow leaves were already beginning to strew the ground. Insensibly, or by force of habit, he found himself at the keeper's lodge.

Madeleine was sitting up, waiting for

her husband's return. No light was necessary, as the full moon was streaming through the uncurtained lattice. Never had she looked more beautiful. She had loosened her long, black hair, and it streamed over her white shoulders, as she sat there looking at her child—her child, two months old, rosy, dimpled with a skin like satin. The child awoke, and held out his little arms to his mother; she snatched it from the cradle and covered it with kisses, her hair almost entirely hiding it; then throwing back her tresses and holding her child at arm's length, the little one beamed upon her with a smile—the first he had made. His mother folded him to her bosom, danced him up and down, sighed from the depths of her loving heart—for, alas! she could not sing those nursery songs to her babe with which other children are soothed to sleep: she could only give him her long hair to play with.

A fearful thought seized upon her mind—an idea which drove the blood back to her heart. What if he should be afflicted like her, like his father!—she could not analyze her sufferings: she only knew that she was afflicted, and would not that her child should suffer.

She went and gathered a rose-branch that clustered at the window, and waved it to and fro in the air; but the child, who had gone to sleep again, woke not.

Madeleine thought the rose-branch made a great noise.

Then she took a tress of her hair, and struck it on her hand; but the child slept on, and Madeleine's tears fell fast upon its pillow.

At this moment the Chevalier opened the door of the cottage. Madeleine could not hear him. She was kneeling by her child's cradle. The moon's rays fell upon her prostrate form—prostrate from very anguish. The Chevalier made a step forward.

Suddenly the mother was possessed with a new idea—one last test, whether

her child could hear or not. She saw Pierre's forgotten hat on the bed; she took it up, and shook it so vigorously that the large bell dropped off and rolled on the floor.

The child sprang up, with a frightened look, and wide-awake. Madeleine, beside herself with joy, jumped about the room; and taking up the bell, began to ring it to her dance, not keeping the best of time. The Chevalier, frightened at the noise, had only just time to retreat to the door, when heavy steps were heard at the porch.

It was Madeleine's father, who, hear-

ing the bell ring, thought that it was his son-in-law returned, and came to greet him; but seeing his daughter ringing the bell, and finding a man in the room, he took him for a thief, and belabored him with a thick stick he caught up.

The Chevalier escaped, leaving a part of his cloak in the hands of the old man; and the following day, pleading business, he took his leave of the Comtesse. But the fragment of his garment, however, was enough to tell his mischievous friends at the château the story of his foolish passion and Madeleine's providential escape.

VERNON; OR, MULBERRY LEAVES.

SWEET-SINGING Horace could be happy only when amid the quiet and delightfulness of his Sabine farm. The poet must have enjoyed a climate very like our own; and climate, after all, is an important wheel in the machinery of human circumstances. The sudden transitions from heat to cold, and the ever-varying temperature of the lands where Boreas rules, have made nervous, energetic people, but have given them an irritable and querulous disposition; and a man who can emerge from his house at morning in all the glory of linen clothes, and face the cold storms of the afternoon, without having an inroad upon his good temper, should be enrolled a corporal in the company of Job. Here, we know only the change of seasons by the crops and fruits: winter is only a moist twin-sister of the summer; and life glides on without any interruption from "this horrid weather." If Thoreau could but have built his hut in some California valley, the solitude that often made that sweet soul almost ill-natured, would have ripened in him a warm, genial, whole-hearted philosophy.

The year of 1868 was about wrapping his death-coverings about him, when we turned southward—the Colonel and I—in search of health and a home. The new industry of silk-producing had attracted our attention; and here we were, in Los Angeles, to spy out the land.

There are many considerations which weigh upon the desires in locating a home, but, I fancy, the æsthetic inclined the balance when we reached, one morning, the crest of the hill that overlooks the valley of San Gabriel, and drew rein to let our panting horses breathe, and give ourselves opportunity to gaze around. We stood upon the brink of an old *arroyo*, and beyond lay a basin, seventy-five miles long and twenty wide. Far away in the yellow, parched fields the glittering river wound,

"Gleaming like a silver sickle,
Flung amid the golden grain."

On the left, the lofty, clear-cut mountains reared their heads toward heaven, decked with their wonderful beauty of sunlight and shade. Two mammoth peaks were summited with snow, dazzling in whiteness, in harmonious con-

trast to the deep purple of the rocky faces below them, which so vividly reminds one of the heather-clad hills of bonnie Scotland. Before us, distinctly seen, though so far away, rose San Bernardino Mountain, standing like a grim sentinel, adorned with a havelock of snow, fashioned by the skill of some deft handmaiden of Nature. To the right the rolling hills formed a barrier, sunburnt, and speckled here and there with sheep, whose white backs made a sort of dim, living mosaic on the dun earth. At the base of hills and mountains the dark, thicketed oak groves and clumps of feathery willows beckoned us to shadow and rest. The middle plain sloped gently to the river; and at its head the old mission church, with its stately sides and pretentious chimes, stood guardian of the upper vale, in the centre of a little cluster of low houses, almost hidden by the leafy hedges. The bells were chanting their orisons as we looked and listened, and their faint, floating notes alone broke the delicious quiet.

"I think we need go no farther, Judge."

"This is the most beautiful spot we have seen yet," was my assenting reply.

"Let us ride to the village, and find the lord of this domain; some dusky *ranchero*, probably, who would sooner let his lands run through the sieve of *monte* than sell to a settler."

Down through the hamlet we rode, and by the church, near whose door a few lazy Mexicans were lying in *dolce far niente*, directing our course between the rough cactus fences toward a low adobe, above which tall, rustling sycamores spread their giant arms, as if in mute benediction.

"Not much thrift here, Colonel," said I, as we drew near the house, and could see the ragged, live fence, skeletons of old carts and long-divorced wheels, among which skulked two sorry curs, who had lost both tails and manners, and who set up a Cerebean howl at our

approach. The house had two rooms, between which was a wide passage-way, where sat the proprietor, in a deformed rocking-chair, spelling out a newspaper through a pair of brass-bowed spectacles. As he rose to meet us, we saw we had found a character—of medium stature, with a shambling walk, a head of fine proportions, thatched with wisps of straggling hair, a tangled beard, in a suit of homespun, and a shirt that had shed its buttons. This land-brother of a dilapidated Merlin gave us greeting:

"Good-day, gentlemen; won't you tie up and come in?"

"Thanks; no. We merely came to inquire about this land lying below you. Who owns it?"

"You had better come in, then," said our host, with a side-glance at us over one oval of his glasses; and, throwing our bridles over a branch, we took seats with him.

"Strangers in this part of the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"Think of coming here to live?"

"We had some idea of it."

"Then you'd jest better squat."

The Colonel and I exchanged glances; and gave them both to the speaker. *Negari non potest*; but that "squat" is an inelegant word, both in conception and realization. But we had come to this country to "rough it," and this might be only an idiosyncrasy of the region.

"Yes, you'd better squat!" continued our adviser. "The hull of this yere land belongs to Guv'ment. I say it, and I know it. I've been in this country since '41, and am posted, you bet! Some of these land-grabbers swear they have got a title to it, but I know better, and I squatted here and have fought 'em for ten years, and I'll beat 'em, you bet!"

He looked as though he had not only "squatted," but had taken root, all save his arms, which Don Quixote might have imagined to be belligerent windmills.

We found we had stumbled upon a personal aggrievement, brought about by one of those land-monopolizing frauds that have cursed and retarded this country so long; but which, happily for honest, industrious men, are rapidly being exploded.

"I tell you what, strangers: I wish you would squat on a quarter below me, and help me fight it out. I go in for heading off any rascality, and I know all the points of this case. I've written to the Secretary of the Interior, you bet!"

"Well, if this is public land, we might as well have it as any one else," said I, at length. "What do you have to do to 'squat?'"

"I'll take my plow and run a furrow for you round the lines—I know 'em—and then you must put two hundred dollars' worth of improvements in ninety days," said this bucolic Solon, who seemed to have "the law" at his fingers' ends. And, without further parley, he disappeared, and we soon after saw him harnessing two Rosinantes to a plow and driving them around the house: "Come along, gentlemen;" and we followed him to the corner of his fence, where he paused for a moment: "You must drive the plow and follow me in the line of that ere peak: that will be the north and south line."

It was with some inward misgivings that I took the reins and grasped the handles; for, as the Irishman said, "who the devil can hold a plow with two horses tugging away at the other end?" But, by a sort of inexplicable compromise, the horses and I worked together, and it was not long before we had run a furrow around two plats of one hundred and sixty acres each—not without a protest against such work from me—when we reached again the starting-point, where the Colonel stood, laughing at me, acting as the "natural object" of the survey: "This 'squatting' is pretty good exercise, I think, old fel-

low. It's your turn for the next proceeding."

"Now all you've got to do is to get a house and live here," said Don Daniel, which we afterward learned to be his name, and who proved to be of great aid as well as amusement.

"Well, sir, we thank you for your assistance here," said the Colonel, after vainly having offered recompense to our illustrious helper, who drove homeward.

We looked around when we were alone. "Live here!" The nut of fact lost its shell of romance, and lay bare before us. It was a little dubious to contemplate. A bare plain, stretched out for a mile, which was to be ours, if we would live on it! But all things must have a beginning, and we first needed a house. There was not a bit of lumber in town, the scanty supply having failed; and we were finally compelled to buy a little shanty in the village, pull it to pieces, and re-erect it on our little domain. We were neither of us carpenters, but we did succeed in getting the house together, after a fashion, though we often sat down on the ground, with blistered hands and aching backs, and questioned about going any further. Our loquacious friend did not desert us, and often lent us aid and comfort.

"I guess you are not much used to hard work," he at last remarked.

It was an axiom.

"Now for water," said the Don, when we had made our hut habitable. "I've got a right smart stream at my house, big enough to turn a mill, and I guess we can engineer it down here."

And down it came, with skillful enticement over hillock and hollow, till at last it bubbled before our door. Then it began to look brighter; and having fairly settled in our house, in rude simplicity, having tacked on a little kitchen to it, and erected a snug barn, with its embracing *corral*, with a Chinaman to cook, and good hands to labor, our work was

fairly begun. And then, such tearing up of the ground that followed! The squirrels were ousted from their homes, the owls hooted their discontent, but the plows went round and round, rolling up the turf, and close behind them came the sower, throwing broadcast the seeds of future harvest. Then came the time for planting the mulberry-cuttings, to give food to future silk-worms. One hundred thousand apparently dry sticks found burial in the moist, recipient earth, and ere long became ambitious to leave. In four months they were a foot in height on an average, and bore leaves larger than the hand; and these the worms are now devouring with increasing relish—eager, like their human brothers, to yield, even to death, for the fair sex. The garden next demanded care; and from their lowly beds were soon springing the welcome vegetables.

Trees, however, are of slower growth, though, compared with their progress at the East, wonderfully rapid. An orange must be ten years old before it bears, and other fruits and nuts nearly as many. We tried the hazardous experiment of transplanting bearing trees; and though sadly scarred by careless carriage, they soon adapted themselves to their new quarters, and to-day “birds lodge in the branches.” In this cattle country, they call such a process as this “taking time by the fetlock.” And this reminds me of what an old settler was saying about the proper time of the month to transplant: “If you do it when the moon is in *pedigree*, you are sure to get rain.” Sad wiseacres, these old settlers! And the best conclusion to arrive at is, to do just the opposite from their advice. In the vulgate of quack medicines, “It never fails!”

It was not long before three miles of fence crept round our place, protecting our fields from the forays of marauding cattle; and a good fence is the most expensive part of a farm in this country, as

lumber is very scarce, and we rarely get any except what “slops over” from a full San Francisco market.

And so changed has the land become that the oldest inhabitant can know it no more. Not without cost or labor; but bringing with it health and vigor; crying an avant to dyspepsia and inertness; sending the blood with tingling vigor through the frame, and hardening the flaccid muscles. And, above all, it has brought content. It might seem that such a life as is here suggested might be lonely and full of longings for the busy haunts of men; but a conscientious farmer in this abundant country has no time or desire for such thoughts. And who, that has devoured with a working appetite the homely fare of the ranch, will exchange it for the distempered products of the city cooks, whose brains are as *fricassee* as those they serve, by constant straining after some novelty?

It is doubtful whether there has ever been a satisfactory solution to that little conundrum of Miss Capulet's: “What's in a name?” A name may signify a great deal, either of recollections of the past, or of hopes for the future; or it may be used simply as a fine-sounding term, the offshoot of a lazy carelessness. This State is a paradise for saints, as witness the wholesale scattering of the holy calendar over the hills and vales. It is as if a saintly snow-storm had flecked the land in the olden time, recalling to the observer the climax of Shakspeare's line: “*Sans* every thing.” We called our home “Vernon,” in memory of by-gone days, of kind friends and associates; and a beautiful home it is, very alluring to those who visit it from the inclement East.

It is wonderful how rich a repayment a little expenditure of labor gains in this fruitful land. There is little of the toil and hardships that throng around the life of a farmer in New England. Vegetation leaps instead of creeping, and seed

seems endowed with miraculous powers. A little care makes the once barren plain smile with fruits and flowers. Does one wish a vineyard? A thorough pulverizing of the soil and laying out of cuttings, is all that is necessary. For three years they increase, needing no water, only demanding occasional cultivating, when they stand out like rough, giant spiders, crowned with leafy garlands and purple fruit, cheering at once to the senses and the purse. The culture of trees asks a longer time, but their long delay in bearing is amply repaid by abundance of fruit. With water, vegetables and flowers are perennial, and, as to the kinds, there is hardly a limit. The hardy apple of the North greets the sun-loving orange of the South; the fig, banana, and palm grow side by side with the maple and chestnut. It is as if Mother Ceres, in distributing to the zones their peculiar plants, had left one belt where all might mingle.

And a new industry is coming forward—the culture of silk: expected, by its friends, to become a leading interest in the State. And if a nearly perfect climate, and a most luxuriant growth of the food necessary for the worms, are any presages of success, their hopes are destined to be realized. Many have turned their faces to this pursuit, and many acres have been devoted to the mulberry; and, if a beginning is made rightly, and with some thought for the future, regardless of mere present profit, there can be no limit put to the success of the enterprise.

I shall never forget our first experience with the worms. It makes one crawl to think of it. Our frames for the feeding of the dainty creatures had been some time in readiness—horizontal structures of lattice-work, standing in the bright light of the cocoonery, waiting for the crawling tenants. The Colonel was in San Francisco, and one morning a dispatch was handed me. How rapidly

has the pure cream of correspondence degenerated into the condensed milk of the telegraph!

“Have sent you ten ounces of worms. Look out for them.”

A brief pair of sentences, conveying volumes. An ounce, I remembered, contained forty thousand worms; and a turn at the multiplication table made the result formidable enough. Four hundred thousand twisting, curling creatures, all to be looked out for! Truly, I thought, it will need more than one pair of eyes. In imagination I pictured myself surrounded by this writhing consignment—a great improvement upon the ancient Medusa; and, indeed, the prospect was any thing but flattering. To attempt to cope with such an opponent seemed more than absurd; and as a man in delirium is said to “see snakes,” it was a fair conclusion that I was destined to be a victim to dire disorder. Still, what must be, must be; and with a feeling of calm resignation, and fancying that the bystanders looked mournfully at me, as who should say farewell, I entered the door of the express office.

“A package for you, sir,” said the obliging clerk.

A package only! Probably, the crawlers were under some anæsthetic influence. I took the flat bundle, about two feet square, that was handed me, and putting it under my arm, came boldly forth, though, I must confess, I did not press that bundle very closely. Arrived at the ranch, I proceeded to investigate. Two wrappers unfolded, there came to view several sheets of white paper folded together. These opened, the mystery was apparent. The papers were covered with tiny lozenge-shaped eggs—gastro-nomically, not geometrically speaking—of a violet hue, looking for all the world like spots of delicate paint dropped from a whirling brush, scattered closely over the surface. There was no end to courage now; and the papers were duly placed

upon their proper frames, to await development.

The warm rays of the sun fell upon these lilac receptacles of future dress-makers with an inviting geniality, and an "open sesame!" A few hours' exposure to heat commenced the work of persuasion, and watching eyes were soon gratified at sight of many little, writhing animalcules, of a black color, with brightly polished heads—ambitious little fellows, too—raising their necks high in air, and stretching after an invisible something. That something proved to be a mulberry leaf, crisp and tender, from the top of the stalk; and when their minute legs grasped this welcome stranger, it was not long before their mandibles were at work, the effect being visible in the appearance of small holes in the green tissue, as they ate. They had evidently fasted long, and were determined to make up for past denial; and each one must have eaten many times his own weight ere his name had been on the rolls of the tax-collector of the *bombyx*es two hours. Each day brought a fresh installment of these interesting reptiles, and they mingled strangely in dreams; and it is fortunate that they never wander from their places, else imagination might have been based upon reality, and the downy couch peopled with any thing but proper occupants.

When they had been in the world about three days, these sixteen-legged creepers became drowsy, and rested from their labors; after about twenty-four hours' slumber re-appearing much larger, and of an ashen hue, with appetites much increased. In the life of a silk-worm there are five stages, each marked by a great increase in size and hunger. They soon began to eat the huge, coarse leaves, and in the last age, when they had become more than three inches in length, the noise of their feeding sounded like the rattling of rain upon glass; and our little wagon was busily

employed in carrying loads of leaves from the plantation to the cocoonery. About thirty-eight days from their hatching the worms entered into their final condition, abstaining from food, and looking about for a place to climb upon. Bundles of straw and twigs being placed over them, they rapidly ascended, and, having each selected the place for his abode, proceeded to spin about him his cocoon—an operation lasting about five days. These were then carefully gathered, and, being placed in the sun to stifle the chrysalis inside, our first crop of cocoons was marketable—ready for reeling.

One can hardly think of a more interesting occupation than this, requiring little manual labor—only attention and care. Yet to the observer the thought occurs, how many myriads of these little balls must be evolved before enough is obtained for the fabrication of a piece of silk, and on what a large scale the business must be conducted, in order to establish a complete industry. In Europe, in China and Japan, every family has its little cocoonery, and in these thickly settled countries the gatherer can garner countless numbers of the tiny produce; and, until our country is more fully settled, and the culture of silk becomes universal, it is necessary to conduct the business on a large scale to insure success. It is true that the growers of this State turn their cocoons into eggs, for which there is a large, constant foreign demand; but this, though amply remunerative, is not destined to build up manufactories here—a result demanded by our progress and capabilities.

It is possible to continue the feeding of worms throughout the year, save, perhaps, three of the winter months, thus giving constant employment to the person engaged in the business; and it is not too much to hope and expect that, ere many years have elapsed, large coconeries will be established, furnishing

material for the busy looms of our own State factories.

Yet, this paper was not intended to be an essay upon silk, nor yet a discourse on political economy; but only a brief transcript of our doings at "Vernon," which is intended to become a home for the worms! And if such an industry can ever flourish, it must prosper here in this sunny valley.

One would hardly expect to find in this sequestered region a cosmopolitan population, gathered by the four winds, and swept hither by the advancing wave of civilization; but a most nondescript collection of people is to be met with here. It often seems as if we were beyond the limits of the United States, and that the current which animates the heart and great arteries of our General Government pulses but feebly in this distant vein. The dubiously-welcome collector of the internal revenue, and the stamps that serve as strengthening plasters to legal documents, are almost the only links that unite us with the busy world. Our neighbors are a band of polyglots, each a remarkable unit, and their various dialects and curious expressions afford a never-failing amusement. Yet, all seem to live happily, and without quarrels and disturbances. To men in every pursuit, our State extends the open arms of invitation. To those in search of health, wealth, or happiness, she gives a hearty greeting. And her

call is not unheeded. Homes are springing up everywhere, on lands where once the field-poppies bowed in solitude, and California steadily advances in the path of prosperity and eminence—in deed and in truth a goodly, happy land.

And, as I write, the soft, fresh air rests sweetly round our little cottages. The song-birds are ceasing their blithe carols. The incense from the fields, where the rattle of the reaper is heard in its cruel yet necessary work, floats gently along. The bands of horses hurry homeward—

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

The mission bells are tolling the vesper chimes, as we sit on the porch, enjoying the fragrant weed. The quick, cockney-whiskered terrier thanks his divinity that the teasing flies are gone, and lies in a corner, curled up like a ball of tow; while the meek-eyed setter half dreams of the chase, and stretches herself out, with scarcely open eyes. "Tom," that glossy, frolicsome, mischievous colt, stretches his head over the fence, whinnying for a little more grain. The linnets, that have built their nests in the rafters, are peeping from the overhanging vines, and chirping their good-night notes. The evening breeze skims over the bearded grain, and the harvest courtesies in polite answer. The gathering shadows flit across the dying landscape, and wrap their curtains over our home and its surroundings.

And my pipe goes slowly out.

ETC.

THERE can be little doubt that Californians have fairly improved the opportunities offered by the late influx of visitors to this coast. If the susceptible tourist has not been impressed it certainly is no fault of ours. California has expected every man to do his duty, and it has been done. So that, whether we have entertained our friends singly, in a modest buggy to the Cliff House, or in companies over the whole country at the rate of forty miles an hour, we have done our duty, and have received our reward, in seeing our many virtues reflected in the admiring gaze of our guests. A few of them have already reached the point of replying "superb!" to the mere attitude of inquiry, in advance of any definite question; and on the features of some may be seen that expression of vague delight which the *Argo's* passengers probably wore during the first few days at Colchis, and which irradiated the face of Telemachus on his arrival at Paphos. Let us hope, for ourselves, that the straight nose of Master Telemachus may never be turned up in disgust, nor that Jason will endeavor to steal away from his charmer. For there be cavaliers, who allege that excessive hospitality is one of the barbaric virtues, and point to Asia, and Oceanica, and — Egypt. But we have not yet imitated Cleopatra and the dissolved pearls, by offering our visitors gold in solution — and their stomachs have haply received nothing more destructive than native wine.

We will be "at home" all the summer; the country is opulent, and the guest-chambers are ready. And, while we welcome the *material* in the "hundred Chicago merchants," shall we not have good cheer and greeting for what is much better? The mountains are lifting their heads to look out for Agassiz; the breezy slopes and free air of the sedate woods are calling to Whittier and Bryant; a strange, new type of national character is waiting to be analyzed by Emerson; there are occasions

and episodes in our new civilization for Lowell and Holmes to celebrate; and, far in the south, the chiming of mission bells woos Longfellow from his Italian rest to the orange groves and hazy atmosphere of Western romance.

MR. SEWARD'S reception in California has been, on the whole, more in keeping with the best instincts of hospitality, and more in harmony with his avowed mission of simple recreation, than most public receptions of great men are apt to be. He has been welcomed with enthusiasm; but in his welcome has been infused that spontaneity and informality which relieved him of the attitude and fatigue of a formal response. He has thus far escaped a public dinner and speeches involving more than five minutes of vague good-humor; and nothing more serious than a weak arm, lamed by the assiduous hand-shakings of impulsive Californians, has come of these attentions. Let us hope that he will look back hereafter, not unregretfully, upon the few weeks spent among a grateful people, to whom their long cherished, just completed Pacific Railroad had brought nothing more honored, more honorable, or more consistent with its best spirit, than William Henry Seward.

It is not a very pleasant commentary on our public spirit that the Mercantile Library of San Francisco has had to assume the attitude of mendicancy before the public; and it is still less complimentary to our taste that the only successful popular attempt to raise money for it was based upon an appeal to an instinct which had about as little to do with a love of literature as it was possible to conceive. Several thousand dollars were netted from a theatrical benefit, in which the Vice-President of the Association played, for that occasion only, the character of "Elliot Gray," in the play of *Rosedale*. What dormant love of litera-

ture this extraordinary appeal was to waken in the public heart of San Francisco never was satisfactorily explained, perhaps because San Franciscan generosity—which shrank from assuming the debt, but covered with a mantle of charity this peculiar attempt to pay it—estopped all impertinent criticism. The public indorsed the act as “noble,” “sacrificing,” and “generous,” by paying from two dollars and a half to five dollars apiece for seats. Stripped of extraneous rhetoric, it was satisfactorily demonstrated to an admiring world that the city of San Francisco contained one man who, in the noble interests of literature, was willing to place himself in an attitude suggestive of the ridiculous, and that there were two or three thousand people who were willing to pay from two and a half to five dollars to see him in that attitude. Whether it was expected that any impulsive millionaire, looking upon literature as personified by “the Young Dragoon,” would, in a burst of enthusiasm over the Gypsy dell, incontinently offer to pay the Library bills, we do not know. The enthusiasm centred upon the hero Vice-President, and not upon the cause; bouquets were thrown to him, but not checks to the Library. The substance was lost in the show, and Literature was

comfortably left out. Such, at least, are the apparent results of the appeal. It is possible that there may be a deeper movement, to which this is but surface play and ripple. We trust there is, and wait to see.

A CONTRIBUTOR avails himself of these less formal pages of the OVERLAND, to give—

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

The ship lay off the harbor bar,
Befogged, becalmed, bedraggled;
And round her not a single star
Through all the darkness straggled.

And there she lay, condemned to wait—
Her voyage's end uncertain—
For far athwart the Golden Gate
Hung down the misty curtain.

A landsman, pacing up and down,
His bitter luck deploring,
Could almost hear the bells of town
Above the breakers' roaring.

Lo! overhead a patch of blue,
One bright star in the centre—
“See, see, the light is breaking through!
Now, Captain, let us enter.”

The Skipper gazed on sky and star,
In reverence standing under:
“My friend, we're bound across the bar,
And not at present yonder.”

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE NEW WEST ; OR, CALIFORNIA IN 1867 AND 1868. By Chas. Loring Brace. New York : G. P. Putnam & Son.

That California will survive the perils of being "written up," as she has survived those other critical periods of her adolescence—fire, flood, and vigilance committees—we have but little doubt. But it must be confessed that she is at present in a position of some delicacy and peril. To be the continual theme of rapturous praise may be as trying to States as it is to individuals; and to be the subject of that vague compliment expressed in such adjectives as "wonderful," "surprising," and "astonishing," is very apt to estop any real criticism. Gratitude and reciprocity of courtesy are good things in their way, and are serviceable in after-dinner speeches; but on the whole, they are hardly safe to base books of observation upon. Unfortunately, most of the works lately written about California have been projected as often from obligations of good feeling as from accuracy of judgment. Whether there is some subtle glamour in the air which takes captive all but the sense of enjoyment in the traveling book-maker, we know not; but a majority of those who have written about us seem to have exhausted themselves in trying to impress the reader generally that they had a good time. To describe that which seemed *strange* to them rather than that which was truly *characteristic* of the country; to praise the several points of interest with a singular and appalling similarity of adjectives; to point out some of our salient faults without perceiving that they are simply exaggerations of our national failings; to call certain peculiarities "Californian" that are only *Western*; to perpetually refer conditions of race and society to conditions of climate; to attempt to take a photograph of a social aspect whose expressions are continually changing even on the camera; to give a sketch of Cal-

ifornia to-day, without perceiving that it will not answer for to-morrow; to forecast the prosperity of the State for the next fifty years from the records of the past fifteen—to do all this in a wild, hilarious fashion, with a general suggestion of heady Sonoma wine and clinking glasses, and a dreadful next day of revision, errata, appendix, foot-notes, preface, and a nervous anxiety as to whether it is the proper thing—this has been the blessed privilege of most writers on California, since Fitz Hugh Ludlow and Bellows. Perhaps the latter gentleman can hardly be considered responsible for what he wrote of California and Californians at and after the period of the Sanitary Commission, when his generous bosom was swelling with patriotic gratitude, and he was fain to call in the electric wires to safely discharge himself of poetic praises of California. But, as a general thing, the later books on California have all the painful monotony of Visitors' Albums at noted places, and are surprisingly alike in detail and commentary. There is the usual voyage, and the genial, accommodating Somebody—the usual astonishment at the size of Some hotel—the never failing trip to Seal Rock—the aspect of the city, and representative Somebodies—the markets—FRUIT!!!—the Mint—gold bars—growth of the city in twenty years—probable growth of the city a thousand years hence—San Francisco the capital of the globe—China trade—Chinese in California—representative Chinese Somebody—San José—CLIMATE!!—Sacramento—the Geysers—Yosemite—WINES!!—vigilance committees—opinions of prominent Somebodies on things in general—hospitality—thanks to every body—Pacific Railroad—greatest work of the age—thanks all around, etc. While these details are invariably the same, they are of course more or less truthfully or artistically executed; and they sometimes rise to the dignity of thought-

ful analysis: as in Sam. Bowles' "Across the Continent," and in this later volume of Mr. Brace.

Yet, we confess to some disappointment with Mr. Brace's "New West;" perhaps, because we expected a freedom from the ordinary weaknesses of tourists—which we are now convinced is superhuman—perhaps, because, at first glance, his handling of the heterogeneous facts he has collected seemed clumsy, and his classifications cheap, showy, and even suggestive of advertising. But the reader who overcomes this first impression sufficiently to give Mr. Brace a careful hearing, will find that in many practical points he is well informed—that he had kept his eyes well open, even if they were not always directed to the right point, and that his publisher, perhaps, is to blame for the capital letters, page headings, and the general *fan-fare* of trumpets throughout the volume. It may be possible that the new California fever of 1869 has accelerated the bringing out of this book, and that material from which a much better book might have been made has been hurriedly sacrificed to meet the exigency. At present the work is neither a narrative of travel, tourist's journal, nor philosophical study of the country. Its divisions are accidental, and the author talks of twenty or thirty different subjects in one chapter—gliding from one to the other with an ease that suggests, if it does not really indicate, superficiality. The remarks upon wines, mining, and agriculture are exceptions to this, and show what Mr. Brace can do when he gives time to it. But we are impressed throughout the book that he is continually grappling with more than he can handle; and that, in his conscientious desire to try all the stops in this great California instrument, he seldom manages to give us a whole tune, or music that is entirely harmonious. Sometimes this oppressive fullness leads to amusing complications. In a chapter which commences with Building Associations and cheerfully digresses to Blankets and Evil Speaking, Mr. Brace has the following paragraph:

"There is much kind charity exercised in private toward the self-respecting and decent poor, whose sufferings in California are beyond belief, because here men are ashamed to beg. Mr. Swain has given the most touching instances of labors among this unfortunate

class. Clergymen, in general, occupy in this State a very influential and honored position, and have fairly remunerative salaries."

In making this extract, it is but just to the author to say that there is nothing in his volume to justify the supposition that there was any intentional satire in this remarkable conjunction of the concluding sentence.

Of Mr. Brace's accuracy and judgment we can not speak as positively as we can of his truth and sincerity. He is, probably, as accurate as a man could be under the ordinary conditions of a visitor. When he talks rapturously about the "divine" climate, we must, of course, take into consideration the fact that he had just "recovered from a tedious fever;" and we fear, too, that we must account some of his tributes to our generosity to the exceptional Higgins' election bet and hand-organ procession, which he witnessed. He met "good fellows" everywhere—the urbane host was omnipresent. A few months of such pleasant company and pleasant sight-seeing bore fruit, as we have seen. A good deal of what printers might call "fat"—copious extracts from newspapers, reports, etc.; a chapter on "correspondences between the Pacific coast and Syria"—substantiated by scriptural quotations, in which Hebrew poetry is reduced to practical prose, and the resemblances very much strained—a prophecy of a great independent Pacific Empire in the future, and we have the substance of this latest book on California.

Perhaps it may be the best that we shall get, or, at least, as good as we deserve. But we still indulge in the hope that there may be some one, who, coming unheralded and unannounced, unknown and unconsidered of men, may be even now quietly taking our measure; some comprehensive and catholic man, independent of praise or obligations of hospitality, that may be silently absorbing the flavor of our civilization, giving to his labor of love years where the ordinary book-maker gave months; wandering over the country afoot, avoiding the dreadful round of sights, but haunting the nooks and by-paths; mingling with the true pioneers of this wonderful young empire, in their pioneer outposts; losing himself in trackless forests, and on mountain trails, where no tourist ever strayed; or losing himself—as no tourist has ever been

able to do—in the trackless city, merging his individuality with the mass, moved by their impulses, and swayed by their instincts; and so saturating himself with the tone and color of a volume, which shall furnish—as no other book has furnished—a faithful text for the coming historian.

BY-WAYS OF EUROPE. By Bayard Taylor.
New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Mr. Bayard Taylor's last book of travel is prefaced by a familiar letter to the reader. It contains the statement—which we think most readers will regret—that it is positively Mr. Taylor's last appearance in the character of a traveler; and certain other egotisms, which are not so new, and which, we are sorry to add, are neither genial nor pleasant. For Mr. Taylor's personal disclosures have very little of the calmness and perfect good-humor which redeem the egotism of other clever men. Artistically good as is the construction of his "familiar letter," it is artificial in tone, gratuitous in attitude, with a certain personal fussiness in its confidences—all of which make it unpleasant reading. Why Mr. Taylor, after twenty years of successful travel-telling—a success marred only by this inherent quality—should deem it essential for the public to know that he deprecates and renounces that which has made his reputation, can only be accounted for by the supposition that Mr. Taylor's opinion of himself is better than that which he conceives to be entertained by his readers—an opinion natural and human enough, but one which can not be gravely offered by an author without the imputation of egotism. Nor is the information concerning the causes which led him to become a writer of travels sufficiently interesting to conceal merely personal details, and the central fact that Mr. Taylor likes to talk about himself. His ingenious defense of his egotism is intended to be amusing; and is, perhaps, even more so than was intended. When a man gravely assumes that posterity will be interested in the unimportant details of his life, and makes it an excuse for *ante mortem* confidences, he originates a conceit much funnier—because seriously intended—than that suggested by Dr. Holmes, in his famous motto to his "Autocrat" papers, of

"Every man his own Boswell." Yet most readers who are dependent upon others for their opinions—and the class is much larger than people are willing to confess—will be glad to know that Mr. Taylor refutes the old slander that Humboldt had said of him that "he had traveled more and seen less than any other man living;" and will be glad to know it even at the expense of learning, in addition, that Humboldt had begged him "not to undervalue what he had done."

In giving this space to Mr. Taylor's weakness, it needs to be added that it does not prevent him from writing very entertaining books; and that, in the "By-Ways of Europe," he has furnished us one of the most original collections of sketches of travel we have ever read. The conceit of presenting out-of-the-way nooks and by-paths in the traveled highways of Europe and Asia has been cleverly and successfully carried out: so well, in fact, as to lend something of the charm of discovery to Mr. Taylor's always entertaining skill in describing localities. His digging up of Andorra—the little "Republic of the Pyrenees"—forgotten in the world's history, and his visit to "The Grand Chartreuse," are felicitous strokes of fortune, to say nothing of their graphic power. His "Catalonian Bridle Roads" are characteristic bits of roadside Spain, as good as any thing Mackenzie left us; "Balearic Days" is an interesting description of comparatively little-known Minorca. Mr. Taylor's style seems to be a kind of graphic Realism peculiar to himself—the little poetry in which he indulges always being within the limit of the average reader, and never sufficiently positive to shock the sensitiveness of the severely practical. But while Mr. Taylor always impresses us with the sense of truthfulness and fidelity, we never forget that he belongs to the nineteenth century and the American nation; and that he considers himself free to indulge in its expansive poetry, "ideas," prejudices, "manifest destinies," and other privileges. In one or two instances, he apparently remembered, also, that he had been a lecturer and a semi-political martyr. His high sense of literary art—which is so often the only conservative feature in men of Mr. Taylor's temperament—only restrains him at times from "orating." An amusing instance of this truly American

tendency, as well of the special weakness we have before alluded to, is given in his account of his visit to Garibaldi at Maddalena, and his non-reception by that red-shirted hero. A man of lower literary culture would have ridiculed Garibaldi for his churlishness; a man of higher instincts would have entirely omitted the purely personal episode, or dismissed it in a line; but Mr. Taylor dwells upon it with a fatal persistency that is quite inconsistent with his philosophy or dignity, and scarcely increases our respect for Garibaldi or himself. Perhaps one of the hardest of literary and social feats is to receive a snub gracefully; and it is not altogether surprising that Mr. Taylor has failed. Yet we must repeat here, that the volume is original, apparently truthful, and exceedingly interesting; and that, with a felicity rare enough in these days to demand praise for a man less popular than Bayard Taylor, the poetic and practical suggestiveness of its title-page is fully and thoroughly carried out in the volume.

HANS BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN, AND OTHER BALLADS. By Chas. G. Leland. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers.

When we add to what we have already said about "Hans Breitmann,"* that Mr. Leland has succeeded in the always hazardous feat of repeating a good thing, and has continued the public interest in his felicitous creation, we have said enough to show that he has done that which puts him pretty well along in the front of American humorists. His second book was a test: if he could succeed in taking his German-Yankee hero out of the conditions and atmosphere in which he first presented him, and give him a new setting, without any abatement of interest or characteristic humor, it was quite evident that he had *created* a character in American literature—as distinct, if not in some respects even more original than Mr. Lowell's Conservative Yankee. This, every reader of "Hans Breitmann About Town" will see that Mr. Leland has done. The reckless, skeptical, poetic, philosophic, hard-headed, sensual Dutchman is no less pronounced and fascinating in

ward-meetings and "boledicks," in the unheroic city of New York, than he was when he "goppled up doorkies" in his march with Sherman to the Sea. He has fairly earned his right to live in literature, and we already begin to wonder how we have been able to do without him, and why we had never met him before.

The great charm of Hans Breitmann is that he is something more than funny. Many of his admirers will, of course, be amply satisfied with the easy fun of his characteristic orthoe-py, even if they do not really appreciate the special knowledge of German idioms, which makes it artistically good, and therefore higher as a literary work than Artemus Ward's spelling, or Bird-o'-Freedom Sawin's dialect. But the occasional lyric strokes, the rarer touches of dreamy German sentiment, the sly satire on the later Teutonic philosophy, better show the true genius of the creation, and the felicitous use to which Mr. Leland has put his studies of German literature, which in other hands have so often been an useless elegance, or a simple incentive to very mild translations. It is doubtful if we really yet appreciate the full force of this grotesque creation—this singular hybrid of the qualities of two races, and the ideas of two worlds—or the moral and satiric power it holds as yet unexpended.

The verses entitled "Breitmann About Town" suggest something of this power, in Der Breitmann's free comments on certain social features, *e. g.*:

Dey vent to see de Ridualists,
Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,
In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
In winter among de showers.
"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Or the following, which will, perhaps, be more obvious to some of Hans' admirers:

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
De prandy make dem creep,
A trop of id's enough to make
A brazen monkey veep.
"Dey say a viner house ash dis
Vill soon ge-bildet pe,
Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Quite as apparent is the satire in "Hans Breitmann in Politics;" but, to our fancy,

* Vol. I, Sept. 1868.

there is greater strength, subtler irony, and a fairer exhibition of Mr. Leland's talent, in the following extract from "Schnitzerl's Phil-osopede," with which we reluctantly close this notice :

De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir ideés,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mighdt dravel many vays.
In his "Bestimmung des Menschen"
Der Fichte makes peliefe
Dat ve brogress oon-shndly
In vot pehind we leafe.

De shbarrow falls ground-downwards,
Or drafels to de West ;
De shbarrows dat coom afder
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man hat not vings or fedders,
Und in oder dings, 'tis saidt,
He tont coom oop to shbarrows ;
Boot on nests he goes ahét.

O vliest dou troo bornin vorldts
Und nebulozer foam,
By monsdrous mitnigh shiant forms
Or vhere red tyfels roam,
Or vhere de chosts of shky rackets
Peyond creadion flee ?
Vhere'er dou art, oh Schnitzerlein !
Crate saint ! look down on me !

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY: A social and artistic biography. By Elise Polko. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

The life of Mendelssohn affords a striking illustration of the theory of those who pretend that what is commonly called a gift is but an inspiration due to spirit matter that was once human, and has become purified after having cast off its mortality; for if ever man was spiritually endowed it was Felix Mendelssohn. His gift, or inspiration, was music: not the mere musical performance that is learnt mechanically, but an intuitive, interior sight, that made him comprehend without study and execute without practice. At the age of ten he played a very long and difficult concerted piece for the piano, after having heard the celebrated Moscheles play it once. At fifteen, his fourth opera was performed, and highly commended by the critical school of Germany.

Mendelssohn was born in 1809, and died in 1847. He was reared in luxury, and allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations. He

was strikingly handsome; his features, when he was playing, were lighted up with an intense expression, and his large, dark eyes burned with enthusiasm. All the women were in love with him; crowned heads sent for him; the Prince Consort Albert of England wrote a letter of thanks on his text-book during the first performance of *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, and sent it to him, addressed "To the noble artist, who, though encompassed by the Baal-worship of false art, by his genius and study has succeeded, like another *Elijah*, in faithfully preserving the worship of true art;" Goethe Tonans wished him to be continually with him. He lived in a world of bright eyes, noble birth, and high talent, loved, noticed, and applauded, and yet he never was known to depart from the line of virtue, dignity, or reverence. He married his only love, and was faithful to her all her life. Three weeks after his father's death he writes: "I scarcely ever pass an hour without thinking of him; but as you knew him in his own home with us, in all his kindliness, you can well realize my state of mind. The only thing that now remains is to do one's duty, and this I strive to accomplish with all my strength; for he would wish it to be so, if he were still present, and I shall never cease to endeavor to gain his approval, as I formerly did, though I can no longer enjoy it!" Mendelssohn was no prig, however; there was nothing of *Tartuffe* about him; that which he wrote about was honestly meant and diligently acted up to. His early death threw a gloom over a large circle of friends and relations, not to mention the whole musical world.

Of the merits of the book we are noticing we have not much to say; as is often the case when a woman undertakes a labor of love, she loves overmuch. Such is the case here. Not only is Mendelssohn a god, but all around him are demi-gods. Every one's intellect is Titanic; the pretty women are angels; every thing is superlative, and Madame Polko's spectacles are of the highest magnifying power. Notwithstanding this pardonable exuberance, the book can not fail to be interesting; and there is an appendix, containing the transcript of many letters, both from Mendelssohn and others, that will afford pleasure in the reading, especially to those conversant with the works of the great master.

HOW LISA LOVED THE KING. By George Eliot. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Although "George Eliot" has written the best prose of any female writer living, and, perhaps, we may add, of any who have lived, we do not think it essential to the completeness of her genius that her poetry should be equally remarkable; and we are not surprised that in this poem, at least, it is not. It must be ranked far below any thing by Mrs. Browning—a circumstance the more unfortunate, as the style somewhat suggests that lady, and is good only so far as it approximates to hers. In other words, we fail to find the originality which would give it a distinctive voice among the very few good female singers of our day. "How Lisa loved the King" seems to have been in the old-fashioned, passive, hopeless way of the poets—a way that we can stand in Shakspeare and Tennyson, but which we don't want in George Eliot, and didn't like in "The Decameron," whence it was taken. It is possibly some improvement on Boccaccio's prolixity, but not much. Its defect is rather a want of some positive quality, than any fault of judgment, taste, or ambition.

THE INGHAM PAPERS: Some Memorials of the Life of Captain Frederic Ingham, U.S.N., etc. By Edward E. Hale, author of "If, Yes, and Perhaps." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

The author of "The Man without a Country" is always sure of an attentive audience. And yet, though Mr. Hale has written many good things besides the deceptively realistic story that has made him famous, he has always the appearance of one who is conscious of having said a good thing to which he ever after vainly attempts to find its fellow. In carefully analyzing the successful story, it became apparent that its success was due to two leading characteristics: it contained a moral, and was told in such an exact simulation of apparently immaterial facts that it deceived every body. But all of Mr. Hale's stories, though holding a very well-defined moral, and being a palpable attempt to deceive with their realism, have not been successful. The neatest literary trick wins but once.

And so we grow weary of this unvaried pre-Raphaelism of story-writing. In the book before us, we have the same hardness of outline, the same rigid folds of drapery, the same minuteness of detail. Every sketch of the well defined Fred. Ingham contains the same wearisome detail of flaws in the glass, patterns in the carpet, cracks in the plaster, and mathematical calculations which serve to make up the stock-in-trade of the ingenious author. The highest ambition of the story-writer is but to compel Sophronia to ask, wonderingly, as she closes the book: "Do you suppose this is true?" And if brother Ned, who has a hearty contempt for all book-makers, replies that all novelists are liars, he only states in a rough way what all admit; for nobody pretends that novels are expected to deceive any body. They do not deceive any body, though that eccentric philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau thought it wrong to teach children through the medium of fables that represent animals addicted to conversation. If writers have no higher ambition than to capture the judgment of their readers by the cheap trick of describing a flower-bed like a botanist, or a drawing-room like an upholsterer, we shall have no more sentiment; and, worse than this, the suggestive vagueness, the hazy glamour of real unreality which your true artist throws over his picture, will give place to the dreadful truthfulness of the photograph. Mr. Hale's pre-Raphaelite successes have already had a pernicious effect on the imitative world of literature.

But Mr. Hale has higher ambitions than to deceive his readers into a half-belief that he is telling a truth. He has a wholesome lesson in each of his little sketches; and in some, as "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" there are two or three good hints which the thoughtful and sharp-eyed reader will not be slow to discover. In that pleasantly-written paper, first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we see how a foreigner might, under favorable conditions, learn something of American life, manners, and habits of thought; and at every call which is made by the royal guest (if it were he) and his cicerone, we have some comments (by implication) on our own way of life that can not fail to strike home. And that he sometimes

forgets petty detail in pursuit of the central thought of his story, is shown by such occasional lapses as that which occurred in "Daily Bread," in which a child goes to sleep a girl and wakes up a boy—not a small mistake, to be sure, but small when the child becomes, as here, a mere incident to the drama. The reader need not look for this in the present edition: it has been carefully corrected. And then, there is about all of Mr. Hale's writings a hearty, homely philosophy and shrewdness of common sense which should excuse much that is not so pleasant and winning. He is always kindly, human, and tender: if he loves his realism, it is because it is his own and can be none other's.

THE BRAUNVILLE PAPERS: Being Memorials of the Braunville Athletic Club. Edited by Moses Coit Tyler, Professor of English Literature in the Michigan University. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. pp. 207.

The apostles of Athleticism are irrepensible. Like all champions of reforms, they are unremitting in their endeavors to make the whole world of their way of thinking: accordingly, of making many books designed to show how blessed a thing it is to be an athlete, there is no end. The preachers of the gospel of gymnastics and out-door exercise are like other enthusiasts, too, in their one-sided persistence. They cling fondly to the belief that there can be no music, poetry, painting, eloquence, religion, health, or truth, without some regular system of muscular training; and acting in this belief, they are continually inviting us to live in the woods, scarify our cuticle with rough towels, and practice the noble art of self-defense and light gymnastics, if we would be healthy, wealthy, wise, and all the rest of it. The majority of mankind are averse to this manner of life, and seem to consider that existence dearly paid for which is bought by constant crucifixion of the flesh. Because the author of "Braunville Papers" is athletic we shall have no more spring-mattresses or late morning naps. A relentless crusade is preached against ease, comfort, and that general laziness which is so delicious to the average man; and wheth-

er we will or no we are tragically lugged out by the ear and compelled to "take exercise" with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, or what not. And who persists in the guilty pleasure of cushioned arm-chairs, late rising, and the moderate exercise of the ordinary run of men, is consigned to the fate of those who "will not live out half their days." As though days so filled with labor and sorrow were worth living.

Mr. Moses Coit Tyler is no exception to his kind; and his "Braunville Papers" are full of the same wild enthusiasm for muscularity, and the same fine scorn for the flabbiness of the unregenerate, that characterize the genus Athlete. He does not feel half so anxious about the National Bank as he does about the National Belly; he does not know whether our currency be inflated too much, but is very sure that our lungs are inflated too little. And so he goes at his readers, "hammer and tongs"—to use an expressive provincialism—to beat into their heads that athletics is your only true and saving science—all others are shams. But it must be confessed that Mr. Tyler has brought vast ingenuity and much learning to his task, and has made a diverting book on his subject. We have a display of classic lore, physics, wit, and descriptive power, that is quite captivating. Plato, Socrates, Galen, Aristippus, and other ancient celebrities, are made to do duty as apostles of the latter-day faith in gymnastics and muscle generally; and the result is a very readable, though somewhat disconnected book. Having been written for a weekly journal and published by installments, it is of the newspaper newspaper, and lacks the dignity of a book which has been committed in the cold blood of an avowed author.

But if all reformers would present their favorite hobbies in such a breezy, fresh, vigorous, and attractive form as the author of the "Braunville Papers," they shall gain more readers, if not more converts. It is quite possible that the brawn of the writer has something to do with the sinewy vigor of his style; but, at any rate, it is bright and terse enough to draw one to the author, and through every page of his book. We may have a quarrel with his imperfect logic, but his literary limbs are all sound: there is no

limping. But, after all, one is forced to believe that the author, earnest as he is, writes chiefly for men of elegant leisure. He has much to say about modern contempt for the body, as though men, who feed their bodies with the best their purse can afford and clothe them with fine garb, had any profound contempt for their fleshly habitation; but, when all is said that is said, the few men who have leisure to do what the editor of "Brawnville Papers" would have them, are too lazy, and the many who have not leisure are as far out of the reach of his arguments as a legless man is beyond the influence of a stern tract on the sin of dancing.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES. By Harriet Martineau. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

The work before us is a collection of sketches written for the *London Daily News*, to which paper Miss Martineau was a steady contributor. The memoirs were collated by Mr. J. R. Robinson, one of the gentlemen connected with that journal, and are divided into Literary, Scientific, Professional, Social, Political, and Royal Memoirs, each placed in the order in which they appeared, and forming a remarkable series of sketches.

A striking feature of this work, and one which can hardly be accidental, is the longevity of almost all the characters treated of in it. Harriet Martineau is to-day in her sixty-eighth year; and she evidently, and very pardonably, loves to parade the age of authors and eminent people. Mrs. Opie, with whose history the book opens, was past ninety when she died, and was the survivor of that well known literary band at Norwich whereof the Taylors, the Sayerses, the Smiths and the Enfields were prominent members. She was nearly marrying, when a widow, a brother of Lord Bute, who was George III's prime minister. Speaking of Christopher North, our author says, "He was not very old" (he was sixty-six) "when he died." She delights in Samuel Rogers, who was ninety-six; in Walter Savage Landor, who was eighty-nine; in

Humboldt, who was ninety; in Miss Berry, who was so old that the wits of the day called her elder Berry; in Joseph Hume, Lords Lyndhurst, Palmerston and Brougham; in Prince Metternich, etc. The youngest of her heroes is fifty-nine, and the oldest verges on a hundred.

The whole of the forty-six eminent and illustrious personages, whose lives are sketched in the work before us, died in the space of fifteen years: namely, from 1853 to 1868; and when it is remembered that these, with the exception of three, were only English, the thought is saddening how great must have been the loss over the whole world during that period. Here we have Macaulay, Hallam, and Humboldt as literary and scientific writers, but how many more equally eminent were stricken down in America, France, and Germany; we find warriors like the Napiers, and bishops like Whately, and judges like Denman, and politicians like Lyndhurst and Palmerston; yet France has mourned, America and Germany have mourned, their illustrious sons who have passed away during that brief space of time.

To turn to Miss Martineau's sketches. Confined, as they necessarily were, to the narrow limits of the columns of a daily paper, what they have lost in detail they have gained in compactness. We have presented to us an epitome of the life of these worthies, and an epitome excellently well done. To give extracts were impossible, for each essay is an extract expressed from the writings, works, or deeds of its subject. For example, speaking of Macaulay, she says: "In 1857 he was raised to the peerage: a graceful compliment to literature." And that is all: could less be said? Not a word about his installation; not a line about his conduct in the House of Lords; and, what will appear stranger still, not a word about his death, saving at the heading of the chapter, "Died December 28, 1859." As ever, most of the men and women, the outline of whose biography is here limned, are more valued after death than during their lives; and it is while reading their history that we become sensible of our loss.

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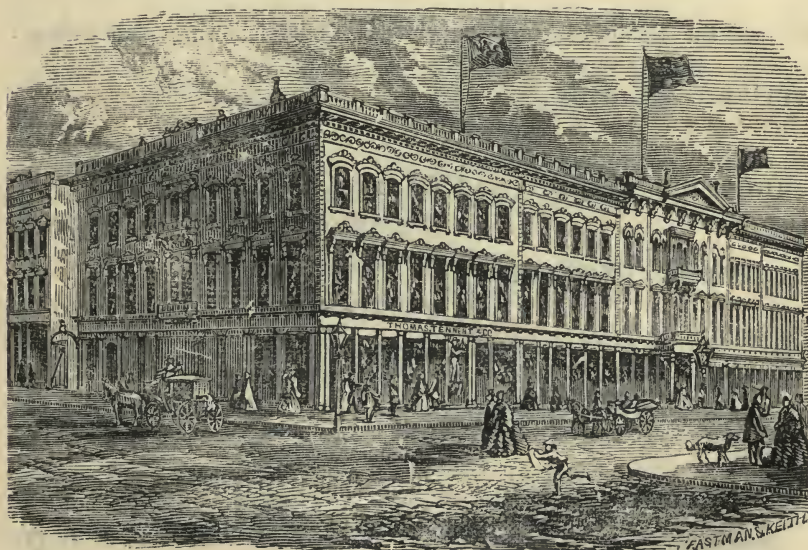
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
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VOL. 3.—SEPTEMBER, 1869.—No. 3.

THE CRUISE OF THE "MONADNOCK."

NO. II.

THERE is an old saying, that "to know a man well, one must winter and summer with him." He is seen then in his varying moods. He is taken when off his guard; when not acting a part, but appearing in his true and natural self. Any little peculiarities, offensive or innocent, that might be concealed in the intercourse of an ordinary acquaintance, will then be sure to come to light. An eight-months' cruise at sea, perhaps, affords still better means of testing one's temper and disposition; for, on shipboard, there is no escaping the observation of others, especially of one's messmates. The very monotony of life at sea serves to bring out more distinctly the individual character. One is little noticed in a multitude, and yields more or less to the personal influences that surround him. But the individuality that is often lost in larger communities, is sure to be developed on a man-of-war. The officers come to know each other thoroughly, and to see themselves, also, more as others see them. And so it is remarked that there is less of disguise or artifice among them, and more of an easy, natural simplicity, than are found in almost any other class. The discipline of the service, and the evident necessity of self-control, naturally operate as a check upon the too free display of personal feeling; so that occasions of serious offense are rarely given, either by word or deed. But it will sometimes happen that all such restraints are broken over under the overmastering force of passion. In former times, such outbreaks were wont to find their issue in a personal rencontre at the next port, not unfrequently attended with fatal results. The practice of dueling, however, has yielded to a wise regulation of the Navy: under which, as some of the older ones declare, the manners of the officers have not at all improved; while others still insist that insult now is more

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rare than when resented with a challenge, and that the bearing of officers toward each other is more uniformly courteous than formerly. However this may be, the existence of a mutual feeling of jealousy between the two classes known as *staff* officers and officers of the *line*, aggravated on occasion, and sometimes exhibiting itself with considerable violence, was more than once brought to the notice of the writer. It happens that just now an attempt is making to adjust, in some fair way, the claims of these two classes, and to settle the long vexed questions of rank and privilege between them. As the reader may be ignorant of the distinction so long made in the Navy, a word or two of explanation may not be amiss.

On entering what is called the ward-room of a man-of-war, in which the officers below the rank of Commander, and above the rank of Midshipman, are quartered, it is always observed that the officers ranking as Lieutenant-Commanders, Lieutenants, Masters, and Ensigns, are assigned to rooms on the one side; while the Chaplain, Surgeon, Purser, Chief-Engineer, (if it be a steam vessel) and Officer of the Marines, are ranged together upon the opposite side. The same division is also made when they sit together at their meals. The former are known as line officers, the latter as staff officers. They differ, also, in that the one class has received a course of instruction in all that pertains to naval science at the Academy, while the other is taken, for the most part, directly from civil life. In the former, too, may be witnessed more of an *esprit de corps* than in the latter. The gradations of rank are also fixed absolutely among them; while the staff officers have only a relative rank, subject to any changes that Congress may make from time to time; a Surgeon, for example, after a certain term of service, ranking as Lieutenant, with a few years more as

Lieutenant-Commander, and so on, rising, with the lapse of time, to the rank of Captain. This rank, however, with the staff officers, is little more than nominal, entitling them to no real precedence in the service, except in matters of etiquette. None of them are invested with authority, unless it be specially conferred; whereas, among the line officers, if the one in command be disabled or away from the ship, the next in rank takes his place, of course. Thus, it might happen that a young Ensign or Midshipman, or even a boatswain or gunner, (who are also in the *line*) might find himself in command, with all the staff officers on board subject to his orders. A rule like this is naturally felt to be a very sore grievance to some of the senior staff officers, who, from their long service and experience at sea, are, perhaps, more competent to command than many of the subordinates of the line. Especially humiliating is it, in port, to an old Surgeon, or Chaplain, ranking as Captain, to receive his orders from a stripling of a Midshipman, and be compelled to ask his permission to go on shore. It is true, instances of the abuse of authority are not common; but they are always possible, and sometimes occur. The rule itself is, therefore, thought to be an injury to the service, by driving from it the ablest of the staff officers, who will not sacrifice their manhood, nor allow their dignity to be offended. The evil is increased, perhaps, under the present demand in the Navy for skilled and educated engineers. This class of officers, since the introduction of steam navigation, has become a very important branch of the service. Some of them are, in every way, competent to the management of a vessel; their knowledge not being confined to the details of their own department. Evidently, with this change in the service, some corresponding change must follow in its order and discipline. Otherwise,

the most skillful of the naval engineers will find their way into the merchant service, where, as they believe, their abilities are more truly valued. Nor can it be expected that professional men of good education, acting as Surgeons and Chaplains, will be content, under the present order of things in the Navy. Sooner or later, the service must, in some way, be remodeled, if its highest efficiency is to be maintained. Doubtless, a distinction something like the present must always exist. As a class, officers of the line only are supposed to be instructed in navigation, and, therefore, to be competent to the command of a ship at sea. The other officers are trained for a different purpose, and, with few exceptions, are fitted only for their peculiar duties. But can not some system be devised, under which the services of the best men in this class might be retained, without offense to their personal dignity? There is one change, which, it is believed, may secure an end so desirable. Let the dignity of nominal rank now belonging to staff officers be entirely abolished. Along with it, the distinction now existing between the two classes, with its mutual jealousies, will entirely disappear. Then, let the Chaplains, Surgeons, Engineers, etc., take their places, to be recognized only in their professional character, and to be respected only according to the manner in which they shall discharge their respective duties. One continual source of annoyance to these officers, now, is a traditional assumption of superiority on the part of the line officers, founded upon the real authority which their rank confers, and the mere fiction of rank allowed to the other class. With the introduction of the change above suggested, this assumption would soon cease, and in its place would arise a personal respect proportioned to character and the real value of professional services.

The reasons for a change like this ap-

ply with special force to the office of Chaplain in the Navy, which, from the low esteem in which it has come to be held, is much better abolished than sustained; utterly failing, as it does, to serve the purpose for which it was established. The writer affirms—not only from his own observation, but from the almost uniform testimony of naval officers—the unfitness of a majority of the Chaplains in our Navy for their work. And this arises not so much from personal defect at the first, or mistaken appointment, as from the viciousness of the system under which they discharge their duties. It is almost an impossibility for a clergyman to retain long together his position as Chaplain and a due respect for his ministerial office; and, losing the latter, he is exposed to temptations often fatal to his usefulness as a teacher and exemplar of Christianity. No clergyman fit for duty elsewhere would accept an appointment to duty on a man-of-war, understanding the surrender he must make, not only of his independence as a minister of Christ, but of his own self-respect. They who receive such appointments do so, little knowing the life they are to lead; and, through their own inexperience, often fall an easy prey to demoralizing influences. If Chaplains are to be appointed for use, to impart the restraining and enlightening influences of religion, they should be men of tried stability and experience, who have been found useful elsewhere. And such men can not be found to take the appointment knowingly, under the present condition of things in the Navy. But let the office of Chaplain, with all its appendages of rank, be abolished, and let it be understood that he who holds religious services on a man-of-war—whether for a day, or a month, or a year; whether only in port, or on a long cruise—stands in his place simply in his character as a man and a Christian minister, and it will not be difficult to supply every squadron,

and every large ship in the Navy, from the ranks of the ablest and most useful clergymen of the land. They can go by invitation, or by appointment, without, in many cases, surrendering but for a time their field of labor; and the temporary change would be a relief and a recreation, which many of them, worn with care and study, would be glad to find.

So, also, under a system of competitive examinations, to become subject to such special regulations as the discipline of the service might require, Surgeons, Engineers, and Paymasters could be found. Rank would be nothing to them, provided they were adequately paid, and treated with due respect. They would serve the Government faithfully and contentedly, and would, no doubt, very soon raise the standard of excellency in their several departments. The writer submits the foregoing to his friends, among the officers of both classes in the Navy, as the solution of a grave problem.

The course of our squadron lay from Cayenne to Bahia, in Brazil, in which port we came to anchor on the 17th of December. The weather was fine, and the soft land-breeze that came over the bay reminded one of a pleasant summer day in the North. The harbor is a beautiful one, the banks around rising gradually to the height of a hundred feet or more, covered with the richest foliage, and crowned, here and there, with the villas of the Brazilian gentry. Bahia is the port where, during the late war, the Confederate ship *Florida*, then lying at anchor, was cut out by the *Wachusett*. The act was in violation of the rights of a neutral nation; and the reader will remember that the Government of the United States was obliged, afterward, by the laws of nations, to disown it, and tender an apology to Brazil. The Commander of the *Wachusett* was not ignorant of the offense he was committing; but determined, nevertheless, to risk his commission for the benefit that might

accrue to American commerce, already damaged very seriously by the depredations of the *Florida*. He escaped, however, with a reprimand. The Brazilians were satisfied; but the English residents of Bahia, who profited largely at our expense, were loud in their indignation.

The town of Bahia is well located, on a point of high table-land that runs out into the sea; and as the breezes, both from sea and land, sweep over it constantly, is not unhealthful, nor oppressively hot. It is one of the oldest cities on the continent, having been founded by the Portuguese, in 1539. The population, at present, has a considerable share of the same element, both immigrants, and the descendants of others in former days, of pure blood. Some of them are intelligent, enterprising men, largely engaged in commerce and manufacturing. I visited quite an extensive cotton factory, owned and run by one, in which the labor was performed chiefly by slaves. Near by, was a fine plantation, belonging to the same person, with an orange grove, said to be the finest in South America, producing the variety known as the navel orange, so called from a little protuberance in the rind, containing the seeds. The pulp of the orange is solid throughout, and deliciously sweet. No variety so fine finds its way to the Northern markets. Most of the Portuguese, however, in Bahia and vicinity, have intermarried—or, rather, intermixed—with the aborigines and the negroes. It is in this class, chiefly, that the nobles and grandes of the realm are found, under the name of Creoles. They are often miserably inferior, in body and mind, but as haughty and exclusive as any princes of the blood in the old world. There seems to be, throughout Brazil, very little of race antipathy, and African descent carries no taint with it. Mulattoes, and even negroes of full blood, having gained their freedom, sometimes accumulate consid-

erable property, and their wealth is generally the passport to social favor. A negro was pointed out to the writer as the owner of a large number of slaves, among whom was a woman whose color could not distinguish her from the fairest of the whites. She was purchased of her master by a subscription among the European residents, and her freedom given her. Three-fourths of the population are negroes, and many, perhaps most of them, of African birth; Bahia being the port from which the slave-trade is chiefly carried on. The streets are full of them, the men half-naked, and the women nearly so; their faces and breasts often tattooed in true savage style. Physically, they are by far, as a class, the finest-looking people there; for the most part, tall, erect, and well made, the men being often upward of six feet in height, with a magnificent development of muscle, and the women equally fine in shape and figure. Of course, they have the African type of feature; but their expression is sometimes pleasant, and even handsome. These Africans are the beasts of burden, horses and mules being little used. They carry you about the town in sedan-chairs. The lighter burdens are borne on the head; the heavier, on the shoulders of men, suspended from poles; half-a-dozen stout fellows carrying, in this way, a ton's weight, or more, of merchandise, stepping together to the tune of a rude chant, with different parts, in which they all join.

Many of the foreign residents of Bahia are English, who, by the way, are the most successful merchants in all the ports of South America. They have here a very pretty chapel, in which, every Sunday, they attend the service of the English Church, sustained in part by the English Government, and partly by voluntary subscription. By invitation of the Chaplain, some of the officers of the squadron attended the service of Christmas-day. The weather was

very warm, in singular contrast with a Christmas at the North. But the chapel was tastefully decorated with green branches and flowers; and the service, in which an American clergyman joined, recalled the joyous solemnities of the day at home. As it continued, we could hardly help thinking how sadly incongruous would be the scenes of another war between England and America, and how Heaven would smile upon the mighty energies of these two Christian nations if united always in the peaceful triumphs of their religion. What blessings of civilization might they jointly share, and confer upon other nations and peoples besides, if their power and enterprise could be employed only in a spirit of honest and friendly competition, and never in the work of mutual destruction!

The English Chaplain we found to be a man of culture and refinement, very much interested in the topography and geology of the country, making them the studies of his leisure hours. It was refreshing enough to listen to the conversation of such a man; and we could hardly decline his kind invitation to share the hospitalities of his country house, some twenty miles from town. Meeting him at the station, we soon found ourselves drawn along on a Brazilian railway, at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour. Some English capitalists were persuaded to build a road here of sixty miles in length; the Brazilian Government pledging seven per cent. on the outlay, and agreeing ultimately to take possession by paying the cost of construction. It proved a poor investment, being built at great cost, and without judgment in the route chosen. The country through which it passes is uninteresting, and not very productive. Sugar-cane, cotton, and tobacco were seen in the adjacent fields, but for the most part of inferior quality, their culture evidently being careless and thriftless. The planters work their land, as

they do their negroes: to get as much out of them as possible, and give as little back as possible—a process of exhaustion which the richest lands will not endure for many years.

While at Bahia, we were questioned as to the probability of immigration from our own Southern States. A number of gentlemen had already visited Brazil with a view to obtaining grants of land from the Government for the colonizing of several thousand families. Of course, the very limited observation allowed by our brief stay in the country, hardly afforded the means of judging fairly of its agricultural resources. The production of coffee in some districts is well known to be profitable, and all that travelers into the interior have reported of the surpassing wealth of soil may be true. But it seemed to the writer that no greater blunder could be made than for American citizens to migrate with their families to Brazil. Their own domain was broad enough and rich enough for generations to come; and even the reverses and sad privations attending the social revolution at home, would be less grievous than the evils they would encounter here. The event has justified this opinion. The few who left their homes in the United States for Brazil soon returned, disheartened and disgusted, and the thousands whose thoughts were turned for a time in that direction, are now attracted by the richer soil and more genial climate of California.

A passage of four days, with no incident worth recording, brought us to Rio de Janeiro, whose magnificent bay, so much "finer than the Bay of Naples," with its "Sugar Loaf" and "Cercovado" overlooking the town, and the loftier heights of the "Organ Mountains" in the distance—strangely unique and piercing the clouds with slender cone-like peaks, or standing against the sky like the battlements of heaven, along which Milton's fallen angels contended till

hurled into the abyss beneath—has been so often described, that I need not attempt the description here. The city of Rio, aside from its surroundings, which are delightful, is an ill-built, filthy town, with a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand, and every way inferior in interest to Bahia. Commercially it is, perhaps, the most important place in South America, and for this reason, as being also more central than any other large city in Brazil, has been made the residence of the Emperor. The city was all astir when we arrived with preparations for the war against Paraguay. Most of the soldiers appeared to be negroes, and those not of the best class. Recruiting, we were told, had not been very successful; but, as the allies were to furnish most of the men and do most of the fighting, while the Emperor was to foot the bills, this mattered very little. The revenue of the Brazilian Government being small, money was to be raised by negotiating its bonds in Europe. The investment there has probably not proved to be a good one. Notwithstanding the loss of Asuncion, his capital, Lopez still holds out, and Paraguay is not conquered, nor likely to be very soon. It would not be surprising if the Emperor found himself, at the end of the war, already continued nearly four years, without having gained his object, cheated by his allies, and overwhelmingly in debt. The war seems to have been undertaken chiefly to secure to Brazil, the Argentine Confederacy—whose capital is Buenos Ayres—and Uruguay—whose capital is Montevideo—the free navigation of the rivers rising in Brazil, tributaries to the Plata. A secondary object, and really the first, with the Argentine States, is to compel Paraguay to come into their Confederacy. Should Lopez ultimately be overcome, this latter object might be gained. But, in this event, it is probable that the Confederate States, which will one day include Uruguay,

no doubt will themselves control the navigation of the Plata and its tributaries, subjecting Brazil itself to their exactions.

An issue like this seems the more probable from the growing importance of Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and the strength and rapidly increasing population of the countries which they represent. Montevideo, our next port, near the mouth of the river Plata, an interesting town in itself, was especially so to us, from the evidence it gave of the life and energy of its inhabitants. The buildings, for the most part, were good, and those in process of erection much finer than any in Rio. The streets, too, are broader and cleaner, giving the town more the appearance of a North American city. One could hardly fail to notice the superior *physique* of the inhabitants, in part the effect of blood, and partly of climate. There is no admixture of negro blood discernible, and very little of Indian. The original Spanish stock has been pretty well preserved, and this in a climate favorable to health and physical development. The women are fair, bright-eyed, and sprightly; the men active, robust, and often handsome. We saw a number of fine-looking fellows from the interior, and could readily understand the contempt in which they hold the Brazilian soldiers, who were just then arriving, on their way to the seat of war. The town has a population of fifty or sixty thousand, and rapidly increasing. Beside its natural trade as a sea-port, it does an immense business in hides, tallow, and jerked beef. In the outskirts of the city, along the opposite shores of the harbor, are immense slaughter-houses, called *saladarios*, or salting places. Here thousands of cattle, driven in from the surrounding country, are slaughtered daily. An English gentleman, the proprietor of one of the largest, invited us to visit his establishment and witness the process of killing and curing. Our curiosity overcame the imagined re-

pulsiveness of it, and as it proved to be a little beyond any thing of the kind in the known world, and by no means disgusting, a description of it may not be without interest to the reader. Some fifty or a hundred cattle were separated from the herd, and driven into a small *corral*, in which a man stood with a *lasso*. As he threw one end over the animal, it was immediately drawn from the other, by machinery, and the victim was quickly hauled down a slippery inclined plane to a barrier, over which the executioner stood, with a strong-pointed, double-edged knife. This he instantly thrust into the back of the creature's neck, where the spine joins the head, pushing it forcibly into the spinal marrow. Of course, the animal dropped at once, paralyzed. Its body was received upon a platform car, on which it had stood, and on this drawn immediately out some fifteen or twenty feet. There it was quickly removed; and a man with a long, sharp knife stood by, first to cut the throat, and with another thrust, seemingly to penetrate the vitals. A large stream of blood immediately followed; and, in another minute, the body was drawn a few feet farther, where men stood with sharp knives, to remove the hide. This they did with incredible quickness, and passed the carcass along to others, who cut it in pieces; separating the lean from the fatty portions, and passing each along to their proper places. The former were wheeled away in barrows, and thrown upon tables, where men stood with sharp knives, to lay them open and reduce them to proper thickness for curing. This being done, they were dropped into vats, from which they were soon withdrawn and thrown upon each other, with layers of salt between. Immense piles were made of the flesh thus thrown together, to be measured only by the cord. After one of these is made up it is pressed under huge beams and weights, and after the water is ex-

pressed, the pieces are removed for drying. This is done by the sun, in the open air, the pieces being hung upon wooden frames. The hides are dried in a similar manner. The fatty portions are conveyed to huge caldrons, from which, after melting, the tallow is drawn off into casks, for shipment. The bones are boiled to remove the fat, and then burned to make bone-ash, for manure. The hoofs and a portion of the bones undergo a similar process, for neat's-foot oil. The shin-bones are carefully cleaned, dried, and shipped to England, where they are manufactured into knife-handles. Thus every part of the animal is disposed of, and with such celerity, that the whole process of killing and distributing did not occupy more than ten minutes. In this one establishment the slaughtering of a thousand cattle was considered an ordinary day's work, and one man did all the killing, which for two hours would be nearly at the rate of two every minute. The whole bloody process was conducted with so little pain to the animals, and with so much order and neatness, that the most sensitive person could only look upon it with interest. Some conception may be formed of the magnitude of the business thus carried on from the fact, that twenty or more of these *sala-darios* could be counted along the shore, in which an average of ten thousand cattle were slaughtered daily. Of course, the supply from the interior must be correspondingly great. To furnish this, the ranches are stocked more abundantly than any that were known here, in the early days of California. Ten, twenty, and fifty thousand were often the property of a single person; and one ranch, owned by a woman, was said to contain 240,000 cattle. In the interior, horses were also formerly raised in such numbers that they were killed, like the cattle, for their hides and tallow.

While in Montevideo, we had the pleasure of meeting, besides a number of

agreeable American and English residents, several very intelligent gentlemen, who were natives of the country. From conversation with these, we concluded that it might be here, if anywhere, that Napôleon's dream of the dominancy of the Latin races on this continent, so absurdly sought to be realized in Mexico, might be, in part, fulfilled. The immigration from Italy, France, and Spain is very large, and rapidly increasing. There are few English and Germans, comparatively, and still fewer North Americans. In the city of Buenos Ayres, out of a population of 250,000, (the largest city in South America) there are said to be 80,000 Italians. The preference of all these foreigners here, however, is for republican institutions. All the more intelligent of them have a high admiration of our own government and laws. They are familiar with the writings of our ablest statesmen, having translated the "Federalist" into Italian and Spanish. There can be no doubt that, in time, a powerful and stable republic will be established in South America, making the present Argentine Confederacy its basis, and ultimately drawing to itself Uruguay, Paraguay, and Chili; that the Andes, ere many years have gone by, will be crossed by railroads, and, as at the North, the Atlantic and Pacific be united by bands of iron. The country in the interior is described as surpassingly rich and beautiful, with a variety of productions hardly known elsewhere, and with the finest climate in the world. North America, including Mexico, is the Western home of the Anglo-Saxon. There, for centuries to come, he will find room for his energies, and the rewards of his industry. South America will continue to invite to her shores the overplus of the Latin races, offering all its delights in, in the old world, and tempting it by a wealth of production more abundant, and by a wiser and juster apportionment of earthly blessings.

WHITE PINE.

BENT on a "prospecting expedition," and provisioned for a six months' stay in the wilds of eastern Nevada, a band of venturesome and hardy miners started from Austin, in the spring of 1865. Wending their way eastward, over lofty mountain ranges and across wide-spreading alkali plains, passing range after range which had indications of silver, but which did not come up to the standard of their ambition, they at last reached a locality where they were tempted to examine minutely the "croppings" and "indications;" and finding rich ore, they pitched their tents and remained some time, at what is now known as the Piute District. Urged onward still by some restless spirit, they looked across the valley with hungry eyes and the ambitious hope of approaching fortune, and longed to explore the rugged heights and lowering peaks of the snow-covered mountains before them. The fact that those mountains with their rugged croppings peering out from under the dazzling snow-drift were before them, was alone a sufficient incentive to those bold men to climb them. Descending from the chilly heights of the Diamond Range into what is now known as Mohawk Cañon, they rested awhile to observe the "float" that may have been scattered round the foot-hills in the olden days when these sombre-looking piles tossed in the agony of primeval convulsion. They traced the cañons in their windings, and with their picks and spades chipped the projecting croppings of the well marked strata, and bared the half-hidden boulders which had broken loose from the heights above and rolled randomly to the lowest level. And there was the "float!"—the rock

permeated with chloride and bromide of silver! And then the thrill of excitement!—the tremor of hope rewarded, of fortune reached, of ambition gratified! Everywhere around them the little band looked upon the indications of rich and boundless silver mines—the "float" covering the cañon and the hill-sides, the rock streaked with the sulphurets, the chloride tinging with its hue of green, and the bromide adding its shade of deepest blue—here, indeed, there must be silver mines of wealth untold!

When, in the dusk of the evening, they rested from the wearisome tramp of the day, and discussed the indications, a Red Man appeared at the door of the tent, bearing a little piece of green-tinged rock, and on it glittered the "horn silver." With the rising of the morrow's sun, those eager and indefatigable treasure-hunters climbed the steep and rugged side of the double-peaked hill, covered with the stunted and struggling white pine groves, the untrodden snow making the ascent more treacherous still, by filling up crevices and gullies with its drift. But before the sun was at its zenith, they were on the summit ridge, between the two bald peaks, whose only mantle was that same treacherous snow: "From there I took the little piece of rock," said the Red Man, who, from those lofty peaks, had often looked upon the silver land in the primitive innocence of his untutored, unambitious life: "From this spot I took the little piece of rock," he repeated. Heavily and fast fell the pick, and eagerly and anxiously they watched the croppings of the chloride. As deeper and deeper the pick cleared away the rock, the great deposit of ore was laid bare.

And this was the famous mine now known as the Original Hidden Treasure. The photograph of the Indian who led the way to the discovery of this mine has lately been taken in Shermantown; and thus this son of the mountains has immortalized himself.

It was the 10th of October, 1865, that this same brave little band of California miners met in their tented camp, to rehearse the results of the expedition. The only record extant of the proceedings of that memorable day—memorable because pregnant with the brilliant future of the hitherto untenanted deserts of eastern Nevada, and portending the fortunes of many an embryo millionaire—the sole chronicle and abstract of that day, is found in the mining laws of the district, where it is said: "A company of miners met on the above day for the purpose of forming a district. Motion made and carried that this district be known as White Pine District—bounded on the north by the Red Hills, and running thence south to a point where the mountains run into a foot-hill, thence east twelve miles, thence north, and thence west to the place of beginning; the district being twelve miles square." Such is the somewhat vague definition of the limits of the White Pine Mining District, as laid down by the original meeting of miners, on the 10th of October, 1865.

The forests of white pine, which cover the hills and mountains, from their summits to the cañons, suggested the name of the district. These forests, as the traveler first looks upon the hill-sides, give the country the appearance of being heavily timbered. But, on a closer inspection, they dwindle into a meagre insignificance, as the mind naturally reverts to the pine forests of California; the majesty of whose groves, and the apparent antiquity of whose growth, strike awe into the beholder, as he stands beneath their wide-spreading

shades. In the White Pine District, forty feet in height, and thirty inches in diameter, are the measurements of the largest trees, and these tower almost peerless over their fellows. But still, white pine trees of stunted growth, and the equally stunted mountain mahogany, whose low branches interlock, and give a welcome shade to the sun-scorched prospector who may recline beneath their foliage, in the sultry summer days of June, July, and August, cover the hill-sides, and afford an abundant supply of fuel for all the requirements of the miners and the mills. And then, too, the cedar and the nut-pine thickly spread themselves over the hills and cañons; and the bunch-grass flourishes everywhere; and, in the valleys below, the broad acres are covered, in spring and summer, with grass, which affords excellent hay for winter provender for stock. In regard to water, recent explorations have developed springs which promise to meet the demands of the district. There is already a large company organized for the purpose of carrying water to the height of Treasure City; for, on the hill itself, there is no trace of water. At the present time, the supply is met by huge water-casks, in which this necessary element is hauled up the steep grades by four and six-horse teams, and sold from door to door by the bucketful, at the rate of from four to six cents per gallon. Until the end of May, the miners had their heaps of snow piled about their tents and cabins, from which they drew their supplies for drinking and cooking. But the hot sun of the summer quickly thawed away all the snow; and now the miner has to carry his can of water or his pot of cold tea to the shaft, when he goes, at the early dawn, to delve into the chlorides and bromides.

The White Pine mountain range extends almost due north and south, in a length of some twelve miles, and reaches an altitude of over 9,000 feet. It carries

a well defined curve in its outline; and the contour of the landscape, as viewed from the summit of Treasure Hill—when tinted by the golden rays of the setting sun, flickering over and illuminating the snowy covering that caps the ridge, and tinting it with every hue—is at once strangely picturesque and romantic. The range, at its northern extremity, rises gradually from the plains, to stretch majestically through the whole length of the district, terminating abruptly at its southern limits; while numberless “spurs” branch off at right angles, spreading their arms down to the cañons—some abutting abruptly, as if violently broken off; others sloping gently to a point. The cañons for the most part run east and west, the main one encircling Treasure Hill. Starting from what now is the site of Hamilton, one may ride completely round the silver hill, following the great cañon to Swansea, then passing through Shermantown, onward to Eberhardt City, and through Applegarth Cañon to Hamilton again. Scattered through the length of this main cañon, where the gently-sloping “spurs” from the White Pine Range and from Treasure Hill offer the best sites, and where the water facilities are most available, are the mills for crushing the ore and turning the rude rock into precious “silver bars.”

Eastward from White Pine Mountain is the Middle Hill, as the discoverers named it, but now more popularly known as the Base Metal Range, from the fact that its silver is largely intermixed with the baser metals—chiefly copper, galenite, and antimony. The altitude of this intermediate and minor range is about 7,000 feet, though, looked down upon from the peaks of Treasure Hill, it seems dwarfed, and gives one the idea of an attempt to “hide its diminished head.” Running parallel with the great range first described, as well as with Treasure Hill, it holds an intermediate

rank, both in altitude and position, and extends not more than three miles in length, between Hamilton and Sherman-town.

Treasure Hill, the great centre and attraction of the district, is still to the eastward of the Base Metal Range and of the White Pine Mountain, and nearly parallel with them. Rising gradually from Hamilton, it reaches its greatest altitude immediately above Treasure City, where its two rugged peaks tower nearly 9,500 feet into the air; thence, still onward, down to the cañon leading toward the Duckwater Plains—a distance of six miles—in a direction from north-east to south-west. In its course, after leaving the Eberhardt Mine, it branches off into two nearly parallel spurs; the one reaching as far as, and overhanging, Eberhardt City and Menken; the other, verging slightly to the right, or westward, and running downward past Shermantown and the celebrated California Mine. On the east, the face of Treasure Hill is, for the most part, bluff, rugged, and precipitous; and here and there is the most decided evidence of primeval convulsion. On the northern face, the slopes are gentle and undulating, gradually losing themselves in Applegarth Cañon; and along this reach are many excellent mill-sites, with an ample supply of water in the immediate vicinity. Round toward Hamilton, the ascent is still tolerably easy, and the road-makers have availed themselves of these moderate slopes to wind their grades up to Treasure City. On the northern side, however, passing along the Pocolillo Flat, is perhaps the easiest grade of all, though certainly the longest. The spurs that branch off from Treasure Hill, on the western slopes, are somewhat precipitous and rugged, and carry a very large proportion of the baser metals in the ore; in fact, the ledges here are really the same as on the Base Metal Range, and as on the White Pine

Mountain. These ores can not be milled, but must be reduced by the smelting process.

On the south-west slope are the celebrated Bromide, Chloride, and Pogonip Flats, which gently undulate from the southernmost of the two peaks, down toward the main cañon—now the road from Hamilton to Shermantown. On these flats the richest ores of the district, next to the Eberhardt, have been found; and they are the most easily mined and milled, perhaps, of any silver ores in the world. The fame of White Pine has arisen from these flats; and to-day they present an appearance of being thoroughly honey-combed. Wherever there was the faintest trace of chloride, the prying miner has burrowed with pick, and spade, and blast. Sloping gradually down from the peak above to the cañon below, Pogonip Flat offers no shelter whatever from the fury of the bleak, cutting blasts, which sometimes sweep over it; and here, too, it is that the dense, piercing fog hangs from hour to hour in the dull, dreary days of the winter. Hence "Pogonip" is now the conventional term for a roaring, piercing, cutting, bleak, merciless snow-storm, with all the furies of Boreas cut loose and filling the air with hideous noises. And, leaving this bleak, cold Pogonip Flat on the right, and following the bend round to the Eberhardt, just above the present grade, one passes a grim, rugged, frigid point, which—when covered with the mid-winter snow, and when the piercing wind is howling in fitful blasts, and the chilly, damp fog clings in trailing icicles to mustache and beard, and the thin, humid air strains the lungs in breathing—is one of the most hideously infernal spots the imagination can picture. With the road now passing under the bluffs it is passable; but even this road, in mid-winter, with the drifting snow piling against you as you struggle along, breasting the strong wind, is a dreary, cold, repulsive

walk. But life in White Pine, with all its changes of heat and cold, of "good luck" and "bad luck," of "rich strikes" and "unmitigated bilks," gradually brings the hardy miner to look with a callous eye upon the roughest "Pogonip," and to walk through the dreariest place on the hill with cool unconcern.

On the summit of Treasure Hill are two peaks, bearing north and south from each other, in the line of its greatest length. Around the southernmost of the two, and beneath it, and far away into it, miners have traced the precious chlorides. The northern peak has thus far developed no deposits of ore. Around it the miner's strong arm strikes no drill, nor swings a pick, to delve for hidden wealth: there solitude yet reigns, in its cold, forbidding aspect; and there, too, is the cemetery—there are lain in their long sleep, and for their last home, the toil-worn, weary pioneers, whose spirit and enterprise led the way to the wealth, the greatness, the power, the grandeur, of the Great Republic; men to whom Athens would have given a statue, but to whom the modern civilization, in the eagerness of the race, and the selfishness of egotism, awards a lonely, unnamed, dreary spot, beneath the shadow of the rugged, barren peak of Treasure Hill.

In the geological formation of the district, argillaceous slates, quartzite, and limestone predominate, developing continuous croppings covered with oxidized iron. Limestone is the prevailing rock, and the bulk of the ore deposits, or chloride zones, are in coralline limestone of the Silurian age. Descending from the southern peak, the upper layer consists of a siliceous rock; the second is silicified, encrinal limestone; the third is calcareous, sandstone and calcareous shale; and then comes the strictly mineral-bearing zone, in coralline limestone. The outcroppings may be found in a "sag" at the Original Hidden Treasure

Mine, immediately on the northern side of the peak, and may be traced thence, with a downward curve, on to Chloride and Pogonip Flats, in a south-west direction. This chloride zone may be traced, with certain "faults" or irregularities, and with certain undulations, around the hill to the spot whence we started. In certain localities, the ore is richer in silver, and the belt is, more or less, some two hundred feet wide.

A remarkable depression in the stratification is apparent on Treasure Hill, showing itself very clearly in the ore-bearing or chloride zone. At the same time, the stratification overhanging Applegarth Cañon, eastward from the hill, shows a convex outline. The whole aspect of the rocks and strata here gives the idea of a subterranean force upheaving the massive bodies from below and the massive bodies subsiding from the loss of the elevating power; and everywhere there are the clearest indications of the direct action of heat, and the *fumórolas* whence the steam and gases escaped from below. Scattered somewhat abundantly throughout the upper and second strata, but most abundantly in the silicified, encrinal limestone, are found the calcareous skeletons of the Echinoderms and other Radiata. The calcareous sandstone and shale are barren of fossils, and interpose a line between the above fossils and those of the coralline limestone below, where are found the fossiliferous, cellular plants of the Algæ family, and the coralline Brachiopods, somewhat intermixed. The first class of fossils named indicate the younger portion of the Paleozoic cycle, and may be placed in the Carboniferous age; the second class described show characteristics of the Silurian age.

Almost any piece of rock on Treasure Hill, whether from the depths of the deepest shaft, or from the bare surface, will "assay;" sometimes the result gives as low as one to two dollars

of silver to the ton of rock—just the merest trace of mineral. But in the regular ore, the amount of silver to the ton has been found, by assays, to reach as high as \$25,000. The "horn silver" has been found so pure that a pick has been stuck so deeply into it as to lift a slab from the ground; and, almost every day, one may find samples in the richer mines where he may stick his knife into the horn silver, and hold the ore hanging from the point. And, occasionally, one may see the chloride or the bromide marking the ore in the most fantastic manner. Some of these specimens are of exquisite beauty, to the eye of the metallurgist and the geologist; but so many have been taken away by visitors, and so many by less honorable hands, from the richer mines, that now the superintendents find it necessary to give only to those whom they know or who may be duly introduced to them. The mines of Treasure Hill will undoubtedly prove exhaustless, and of almost unlimited wealth. The ore is rich for the most part, the proportion of low grade being less than that of high grade; it is free from the baser metals, is easily mined, and facile to reduce to bullion. Though none of the mines have yet been worked to the water-level, enough has been developed to show their permanence and extent. Both wet and dry milling have been carried on in the district, and opinion is still divided as to the more profitable mode of the two.

The "base metal ores" may be classified as oxidized and sulphureted lead ores, oxidized and sulphureted copper ores, quartzose sulphureted, and calcareous chloride, silver ores. The first contain from 20 to 65 per cent. of lead, and yield by fire assay from \$40 to \$120 of silver per ton; the second, from 12 to 35 per cent. of copper, and from \$40 to \$250 of silver per ton. The sulphureted are richer than the oxidized ores, and it is probable that the latter will be

replaced by the former, as the ledges are worked to greater depths. While the mills have found the ores of Treasure Hill remarkably easy to work, the various attempts to smelt the base metal ores have thus far proved failures—not because the ores are “refractory,” but because the men who have made the attempts have either been wanting in experience and practical knowledge, or short of funds for the magnitude of the undertakings.

Three years ago White Pine was a desert, where only the foot of the Indian left its print upon the snow. Two years ago the White Man was attracted by the rumors of rich silver mines, and one party after another flocked to the bleak hills and snow-covered mountains. Gradually the tents and cabins multiplied in number; and the sound of the pick and the drill was heard, as the prospectors roamed over the ground. Suddenly “the rush” came; and to-day there are three thriving “cities” in the wilderness of three years since, and White Pine is a country with some fifteen thousand inhabitants. The county-seat is Hamilton, with its four thousand citizens; it is, from its location, the point of arrival and departure. Treasure City, perched away up on the summit of Treasure Hill, in the centre of the chief mines, some of which are situated on the main street, is the next in size, with its three thousand busy miners, brokers,

bankers, telegraph-men, express-men, saloon and store-keepers; here the major part of the business is conducted—certainly the larger portion of all the mining operations. Next is Sherman-town, quietly shaded by the heights of the surrounding mountains; boasting the most agreeable sites for residences, and numbering some two thousand citizens. All these three “cities” have their theatres and other places of public amusement and resort; they have their lectures, their schools, and their churches. And besides these, there are Eberhardt City, Menken, White Pine City, and Sunnyside—as yet, however, “cities” only on paper, and in the books of the real-estate brokers. Hotels, lodging-houses, and restaurants abound, where any thing that money can purchase may be obtained. The mines are scattered all over the district, though the richer ones, for the most part, are situated on Treasure Hill and its spurs. The yield of bullion for the month of June was about \$400,000—limited to this amount by the lack of mills to extract the silver from the ores. As milling facilities increase, so will the yield of bullion increase, until probably the amount will rise to ten millions of dollars annually. And all this is the result of the expedition of those few brave and venturesome men who started from Austin, in the State of Nevada, in the spring of 1865, “to prospect the country.”

THE STORY OF HERMAN.

SOME years ago, I was residing at the lovely island of Penang, in the Indian Archipelago, near the Malayan Peninsula.

It is the great entrepôt between the West and the far Orient, and here a motley population collects from all the world. The American and the Chinese, the English and the Indian, the French and the Arab, the Hottentot and the Malay, all meet as upon common ground.

It is a free port. Upon its broad anchorage float the junks of China and the proas of Malacca, along with the public and private vessels of all Christendom.

Nature has here wooed the adventurous. With an equable and balmy climate, the earth teems with every production of the tropics; the most luscious fruits, and a luxuriant vegetation to the water's edge; the bamboo, the palm, and the mangosteen, in graceful contrast with the nutmeg, the plantain, and the orange; while the impenetrable jungle-forests are bespangled with the brightest orchids. The scarlet coffee-berry adorns the hill-sides, the sugar-cane undulates in its valleys, and the rice plantations enrich the sea-coast.

Here lurk the fatal cobra, the crocodile, and the boa-constrictor; while the tiger roams secure in the tangled fastnesses. The bills of mortality number yearly, by hundreds, the human victims to this animal. Man is its *bonne bouche*, as the canvas-back is man's. But when tamed, and soon after capture, I have seen tigers as playful with their native keeper as he with his pet pariah-dog; while, than a young puppy (unless it be a plump rat) the tiger knows no greater daintiness.

Thus much for the flora and fauna of the Straits settlements.

The principal European hotel in the settlement was called the "Albion," kept by a Frenchman. It was an immense tropical building, with deep verandas encircling each story, and its graceful lawn was tastefully adorned with the plants of the equatorial regions. Built on an eminence, it fronted the sea at the distance of about the sixteenth of a mile; and upon its balconies the guests were wont to assemble in the tranquil evenings, and enjoy their mocha and cheeroots before a view of unsurpassed loveliness.

Among them was a man of wonderful attractions, Henry Herman by name. He was an Englishman, past the meridian of life, gentleman-like and imposing in his bearing. Tall and graceful, his forehead was slightly bald and his mustache dashed with gray. He had traveled much, and seemed to have profited by that travel. He spoke most of the European languages, and had a pretty taste for music and poetry. He was well versed on questions of science, and there seemed few subjects upon which he was not at home. He sang a good song, and was full of anecdote. In a word, he was a charming companion, and his unintermitting wit and agreeability thus whiled away many an evening. He knew the continent of Europe thoroughly, had visited the United States from Maine to California, and his views of our country seemed sound and just.

He appeared well to do in the world, and was collecting a number of Eastern curiosities for Christmas presents to distant friends. We regarded him as an affluent English gentleman of the old

school, whose hobby was travel, and who dived into novelties abroad, to reproduce them to admiring circles at his own hearthstone. I shall never forget the delightful evenings passed in his society, when, with almost spendthrift lavishness, he poured out the treasures of his brilliant mind.

I said that the "Albion" was surrounded by deep verandas. My own apartment was a front end one, on the second story. It was large and square, with three windows, closing with *jalousie* blinds, and a door opening upon the balcony. My bed was at the farther diagonal corner, and was covered with a thick mosquito curtain. A communicating door with the adjoining room, which was occupied by Mr. Herman, was blocked by a heavy wardrobe, which, not being quite so high, showed a few slats of its Venetian blinds.

My room was a good deal strewn with *négligé* furniture, as a bachelor's is apt to be—tables, chairs, sofas, etc., scattered about—and with little to tempt the rapacity of the robber. A few dispatches from our Government were kept in a safe; and, unless engaged with these, my habit was to retire to rest at about the hour of eleven.

It was the night but one before the New Year. At bed-time I had shut my door carefully, without locking it; closed the window-shutters, and, extinguishing the light, sought repose. The room was impenetrably dark.

I slept soundly for some hours, when, awaking, I seemed causelessly restless and disturbed, and was trying to recompose myself to sleep, when I fancied that I heard a slight stir upon the floor. I listened, but, there being no repetition, I thought it purely imaginary, and was resettling to rest, when I distinctly heard a chair jarred. I sprang to my bedside, and demanded, "Who is here?" when a voice, pitched in a stage-whisper—so as to be painfully distinct to me, yet inaud-

ible without—hissed in my ear: "Hush, or I'll cut your throat!"

I was utterly defenseless, and the threat implied that my antagonist was armed and desperate. The night was dark as Erebus. Glancing upward, I observed a light flickering from the adjoining room. I called loudly on Mr. Herman to the rescue. The same emphatic threat was more vehemently repeated. I renewed my call for aid, when all grew still. After a short lapse, Mr. Herman's voice drowsily replied, "Wait; I am coming." And soon, with a candle, he appeared. He was half dressed, without boots or coat. Finding me alone, he seemed surprised, and exclaimed, "Why, you have had the nightmare." This I proved absurd, showing how he had entered at an *open* door, when I recollected closing it. He then musingly said: "Some one *did* try my own door, but I thought it accidental. I wish that I could have come earlier." "I wish so, too," thought I; but, as nothing now could be done, we parted, and, locking my door, the night passed.

At my toilet, the next morning, I was surprised to hear, from a native servant of the establishment, that a gentleman lodging in the hotel, who was subject to fits of epilepsy, had accidentally, in one of these, stumbled into my apartment, and was anxious to apologize.

My answer was: "Francisco, nothing will induce me to credit this. Say to the individual that I deem it a case for a judicial investigation, and not for an apology, and that I shall proceed accordingly."

The breakfast-room was in a lovely summer-house, trellised with vines and tropical flowers, completely detached from the main building. Proceeding thither, I was confronted by an utter stranger, a burly Englishman, who suggested the idea of a prize-fighter aping the gentleman. With arms akimbo, and shambling gait, he accosted me with a

stuttering apology for his accidental intrusion. Avoiding an interview I brushed past him, with the renewal of my message.

At the breakfast table I met Mr. Herman, who seemed interested in the development of the affair, and who willingly consented to accompany me to the chief magistrate, to corroborate my testimony.

On the way to my gharrio the stranger overtook us, and most vehemently implored me to receive his apology. I again declined, and gave my reasons. He denied the threats, but confessed his intrusion; and alluding to his epilepsy, besought me not to ruin him, as my course threatened. Finding me obdurate, he took quite a new tack:

"Indeed, sir, you do not know what you do. You do not know me, sir, or you never would do as you contemplate."

"Had we ever met before?"

He replied that we had not, nor had we the remotest association in common. I said, then, that I could not imagine how this knowledge could affect my purpose; but who was he?

"For Heaven's sake, do not force me to say, sir. I know that you are incited to this by others!"—glancing sternly at Herman.

This I denied; and saying that my purpose was only to elicit the truth, and not to prosecute, and that any explanation satisfactory to the chief magistrate would be equally so to me, was preparing to drive off, when, with desperation, he said:

"Then, sir, if you force me to declare myself, reluctantly I must: I am a detective from London."

I was surprised, but promptly rejoined: "Then this gives tenfold force to my resolution. I should like to learn why a London detective prowls about my room at the dead hour of night, and threatens my life if I sound the alarm!"

Herman and he scowled at each other, as might have happened if one of

the neighboring tigers had unwittingly roused an antagonist.

"You are right," said the former. "If you knew as much about Bow Street as I do, you would know that these detectives are often taken from the dregs of the population. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' is as true as it is old."

And we drove to the office of the chief magistrate. He received us in an anteroom. He was an accomplished gentleman, and an upright officer. His duties were executive as well as judicial, he being a committing magistrate and judge of one of the courts. My acquaintance afterward ripened into friendship, but at this time a few official transactions had bounded our intercourse. I was struck with a peculiar reserve in his deportment. Upon my introducing Mr. Herman he stiffly bowed; and having heard our statement, replied:

"This seems a case for police discipline. You had better see Mr. McIntosh Percival, the Commissary of Police."

In vain I protested that it was not as such that I presented it—that it was as a burglarious invasion of my domicile, coupled with murderous assault. To no avail: we were bowed out, and redress seemed denied.

Then did Mr. Herman inveigh against this invasion of the rights of the subject and abnegation of justice, and inquired the course I now intended to pursue. I said that official duties would engross me for a time, but that during the day I would lay the case before the Governor. We then parted, and I was soon immersed in my morning routine.

Within an hour, however, I received a polite note from the magistrate, saying that as the court was in session he was unable to call on me, but begged that, notwithstanding the recent interview, I would see him again during the morning, as he had something of importance to communicate.

At my earliest leisure I sought him. He was now holding his divan, or court, with a commingling of Oriental and European pomp. Seated on a dais, surmounted by the arms of England, entwined with the lotus, mantled in judicial ermine, he was attended by jemidars in scarlet turbans and white muslin robes, girdled with silken cord, who were gracefully waving the punkas, or fans. Their features were as dark as ebony, yet chiseled with Grecian regularity. In front were the costumed court officers—as accusers and witnesses in the trial—and facing these, a huddled group of wild Malays, not unlike a deputation at Washington of our Western Indians. The swarthy culprit, strictly guarded, seemed stoically indifferent to impending doom. In the rear was a very mixed assemblage as spectators—pig-tailed Celestials jostling Klings from the Coromandel coast, or an Arab Jew frowning resentment for indignity to his beard, upon some mischievous Jack Tar from Cape Cod.

At the open archway beyond, with shouldered musket, gravely patrolled the uniformed Madras Sepoy, emblematic at once of the power and the precariousness of British rule in India.

When my presence was announced, the chief magistrate motioned me to a seat beside him, and, suspending proceedings at a convenient opportunity, with his usual gracious manner, said:

“You think I owe you an apology for this morning; but tell me, who was your companion?”

I replied: “Mr. Herman, a gentleman whom I know, and who can substantiate some facts connected with the subject in question.”

“How long have you known him?”

“Some six or eight weeks.”

“Do you know any thing of his antecedents?”

I replied in the negative.

“I thought so,” said he, smiling; and

turning to me, continued: “I have reason to believe him to be one of the veriest rascals that walks this world unhung. He is the notorious Percival Ashton, of London, a younger son of noble parentage, who, under the best auspices, commenced his career in England, but became both a fraudulent bankrupt and forger. His very life was forfeitable to the laws, when, by connivance, he managed to flee the realm. On the continent of Europe his course was tracked by villainies, but he escaped to America, where, in New York, and afterward in San Francisco, as Stanford Brown, he renewed his life of infamy. He has since turned up in Australia, and now here, where he assumes the name of Henry Herman.”

With this, he drew a voluminous package from a drawer, showing that, for a long time, the subject of our conversation had been under the espionage of the police of the world. The description of him in these papers tallied with what I have endeavored to portray, and proved that he was an intelligent and accomplished scoundrel, with intense plausibility, defrauding all—a fallen star, a second Lucifer.

The magistrate continued: “And I believe that it was he who threatened you. I have since seen the detective, who withdraws his statement; for he persists that he made no threat, but accidentally fell, and then found his way to his own room; that, naturally, he supposed himself the disturber, when hearing of it; but that he has since discovered the true locality, and his consequent error.”

I frankly said that I did not feel satisfied with this version; but that I was greatly shocked with the revelations concerning Herman, and asked the policy of the authorities in the case. He replied that there were difficulties in the way of any procedure; that no guilt against the local jurisdiction had been

fastened on Herman, nor had they any requisition from the Crown for his person; that his detention would cause embarrassment and expense; and that, perhaps, the best course would be to rid the island of him as soon as possible. I then said that circumstances seemed to point to me as a fitting instrument to attain this end; and that, with his approval, I would essay it. This he gave, and the interview ended.

It was New Year's eve. I was in my room, conversing with some friends, when there was a tap at the door, and Herman entered. He never appeared to greater advantage. He alluded to our singular reception in the morning, and then launched into a discursive criticism on public functionaries in general, and detectives in particular. I remember his telling an amusing anecdote connected with the first World's Fair in London; how all the rogues in Europe were there to ply their nefarious trades, and how cleverly they were checkmated, at the outset, by having tickets of admission given them, with private marks. The result was, that upon the great opening day, they found themselves all seated together in a corner devoted exclusively to their fraternity, with none to operate on but each other, which resulted in their utter discomfiture.

After all had taken leave, Herman still loitered. He remained, he said, to inquire the progress of the affair during the day. Without answering directly, I said: "We are nearing the close of the year."

He had taken a seat on a sofa, against the wall. He answered:

"Yes; it is almost over."

I continued: "And, sir, I think it is about time that our *aliases* should be over, too."

He started, and said: "I do not understand you."

"I believe," said I, "I have the honor of addressing Mr. Percival Ashton, of

London; *alias*, Mr. Stanford Brown, of New York and San Francisco; *alias*, Mr. Henry Herman, of Melbourne and Penang."

His face turned ashy pale. He dropped his cheroot, and a tremor overpowered him. He faltered out: "Well, sir, if you have the power, I yield myself a prisoner."

I had now bought the elephant; what was I to do with it?

"It is not my purpose to have you arrested," I said; "I merely wish you to abstain from evil to all, particularly toward my countrymen, and to leave the island at your earliest opportunity."

As I spoke, he collected courage. A ray of hope shot athwart his countenance, as he said: "But what do you take me for—a gambler?"

Here I was posed. With all his faults, he might not play for money; perhaps gambling was the least of his vices, and he wished to probe my knowledge. I regarded him fixedly, and emphatically said: "I know what you are, sir."

This was enough. After a pause, he said: "A ship is about to sail for Van Diemen's Land; is it agreeable to you that I leave in it?"

I assented.

He then said: "Men are the creatures of circumstance. Fate has precipitated my career. Will you listen to a brief review of my life?"

I had gained the desired end, and I, therefore, thought it best to decline, although I have since reflected what a graphic revelation it might have proved. He then thanked me, to use the words of this extraordinary man, for the very gentleman-like way in which I had broken the matter to him. Bidding me a final adieu, he extended his hand, which I had not the heart to refuse. He left me, and entering his own room, after double-locking the door, I heard him burst into convulsive sobs. God grant that they were tears of repentance!

We never met again. In three days he sailed, as he promised, and the drop-curtain fell between us forever.

The mystery was never solved. The detective, still stoutly denying any complicity, was retained in the local police for a twelvemonth, when, for drunkenness, he was dismissed.

I omitted to mention that Herman, in his last interview, had solemnly declared his ignorance of the whole occurrence.

In the somewhat circumscribed community of Penang it became quite a tea-table topic. Some thought it the one—some the other; but a belief gained ground that not improbably they were confederates, who, being unearthed, adopted the principle of *sauf qui peut*. The attributed motive was the possession of supposed important public papers which might aid the machinations of Herman, whose devices were as varied as his wanderings.

RENEWED.

On these bold promontories, that outjut
Impassively into the mobile sea,
Each morning, ere the shadow-gates are shut,
I, for an hour, am free.

The West is spattered thick with fading stars,
The East is blank for the unwritten Day;
A few white clouds drift up in silver bars,
And sea-gulls whirl in spray.

This is a sacred altar, and a throne,
Where most I worship, and where most I reign;
The only spot the air of earth doth zone
That hath no touch of bane.

Regality of space and hope are mine;
As one uplifted from the plane of thought
I catch the promise-dawn of days divine,
To prophecy once brought.

Nature, the myriad-voiced, salutes my ear;
The utterance that babel Day confounds
Becomes accentuation full and clear,
And revelation sounds;

And this the declaration of the Morn
Unto the isolated on the height:
"Rejoice! Go down to labor newly born—
The valleys gleam with light!"

Renewed for effort, I descend and sing,
Taking of irksome tasks a cheerful hold;
And evenings in reward perpetual bring
Sunsets of royal gold.

CELEBRATED HISTORICAL DIAMONDS.

FROM the earliest days, we find that the precious stones and gold and silver ornaments have been highly prized. The Hebrew women, then as now, were passionately fond of these glittering decorations. The ear-rings of Rebecca weighed half an ounce, and were of the purest gold. The Egyptians also wore these trinkets; and they have been found in most of their tombs. Silver ear-rings were greatly in vogue among the Thebans; and several of that metal, exquisitely wrought, have been found in the ancient sarcophagi. As many as eight forms of this ornament prevailed among the Romans; and the most fabulous prices were frequently given: those of the Empress Poppæa were valued at \$600,000, and a pair in the jewel-box of Cæsar's wife at \$1,200,000. All the natives of both Americas used this ornament. Among the ancient Peruvians they were marks of knighthood; and the Inca himself condescended to pierce the ears of the applicant with a golden bodkin and insert the ornaments. Bracelets are also of great antiquity, and considerably older as ornaments than ear-rings. All nations have used them. Columbus, Cortez, and Pizarro remarked them as worn by the natives of the countries they had discovered. The Egyptian bracelets were of different colors, of exquisitely wrought gold or fine enamel, and set with the most costly gems. The Gauls, Saxons, and Normans all wore bracelets. In the East they constitute a part of the regalia; and in all the portraits of Eastern sovereigns, the persons represented have these ornaments.

The Eastern nations have long been acquainted with the precious gems, the

localities where they are found, and the manner of cutting and setting them. In the Middle Ages, the jewelers of India, Mexico, and Peru far surpassed their brother artisans of Europe, though these latter then held a high and deserved reputation for their exquisite chasings in gold and silver.

The diamond—which is the purest form of carbon known—was called by the ancients “adamant,” and has long been celebrated for its rarity, beauty, value in the arts, and the fact that it can only be cut with its own dust. The Phœnicians carried on a large trade with the Romans and Greeks in the precious stones, which thence were circulated throughout Europe. The Venetians, Genoese, and Florentines, who, in the Middle Ages, brought from the East all her treasures, were then the great diamond factors of the world; and all the diamonds then used came from the mines of Visiapour and Golconda. These are situated in the East Indies, were worked profitably for several centuries, and constituted the source whence all these precious minerals were drawn until the discovery of the diamond mines of Brazil in 1730, which gave a great impetus to the trade. But though these stones became comparatively more plentiful, still their price was not lowered.

Diamonds are weighed by carats, (which are divided into sixty-two parts) signifying a small bean, and derived from the Arabian *qirât*. The diamond grain is less than the Troy grain, five of the former being equivalent to four of the latter. A carat is worth now about \$70. Though diamonds have, at times, risen and fallen with the fluctuations of the money market, they still always bring

a high price, if the stones be of good color, lustre, and weight. This article is not subject to the caprices of fashion, but is always valued; and a stone does not lose from the fact that it is old.

Diamonds are divided into—

1. The Table—cut with four flat surfaces. This was greatly in vogue about three centuries ago, and we find it frequently mentioned in the old dramatists and historians.

2. The Rose—cut in the form of the half of a polyhedron, resting on a plane surface.

3. The Brilliant—first introduced by the famous Cardinal Mazarin, and which since then has held the ascendancy. This is composed of two truncated pyramids on a common base. This method, though it exhibits the diamond to the greatest advantage, is attended with much waste, as more than half the weight is commonly lost. There may, however, be some compensation from the fact that diamond-cuttings are worth \$250 per ounce.

Brilliant diamonds are made from the octahedral forms, and Rose from the spheroidal species.

The art of cutting diamonds was first practiced by Herman, who resided at Paris, in 1407; and Louis de Berquen, of Bruges, in 1476, invented a polishing wheel, on which the gems were cut by their own dust. The Dutch long engrossed the trade of diamond-cutting; and there are now in Amsterdam more than ten thousand Jews engaged at the diamond works, and the company of diamond workers employs over a thousand men. The Hollanders have no longer the monopoly, but still a great majority of the stones worn are cut at Amsterdam, as living there is so cheap and wages exceedingly low.

During the Middle Ages, diamonds were exchanged between the great, and some have a particular and romantic history attached to them; and the Sancy,

so named from one of its possessors, perhaps excels them all.

The first owner of this gem was the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who wore it between three large rubies. After the death of Charles, the diamond fell into the hands of the Fuggghs, the famous German merchants, who sold it to Henry VIII, of England, whose daughter, Queen Mary, bought it as a part of her dower, when she was united to Philip of Spain. Since then, it has disappeared. There is, however, another version, which is more credible. This diamond was sold at Lucerne, in 1492, for about \$20,000, and passed into the possession of the royal family of Portugal. When the Spaniards held Portugal, the Prince of Crato visited England, taking with him this diamond, on which he persuaded Elizabeth to loan him \$25,000. This was insufficient for his purpose, and he so worried the Virgin Queen that she was fain to return him the stone, and trust to his honor for the repayment of the cash advanced. In 1594, Nicholas de Harlay, *Sieur de Sancy*, then Ambassador from Henry IV, of France, to England, next purchased it for \$14,000.

The *Sieur de Sancy* was a devoted adherent of Henry IV; and as the King then lacked money, his faithful friend came to the resolution of pledging the diamond to the Jews of Metz, and a trusty servant was sent for that purpose, with the understanding that if he were in any danger, he would swallow the gem: The roads were then infested with robbers, and the luckless messenger was killed. The *Sieur de Sancy* repaired to the spot where the murder had been perpetrated; the body was exhumed and opened, and the gem found. Brighter prospects, however, now shone on Henry of Navarre, and there was no longer any necessity for his followers to pledge their ornaments. The jewel, therefore, remained in the family of the *Sieur de*

Sancy, till it was sold by one of his descendants to the Regent, and worn by Louis XV at his coronation. It disappeared mysteriously in 1789, and was not seen again till 1830, when it was offered for sale in Paris, and eventually came into the possession of Count Demidoff. In 1832, there was a lawsuit between the Count and a certain Monsieur Levrat, a man of some note in Switzerland, who had purchased the diamond for \$120,000, payable in three half-yearly installments. But M. Levrat did not comply with his agreement; the cash was not forthcoming at the time stipulated, and the Russian nobleman brought suit to recover back his gem, which had been deposited at the *Mont-de-Piété*. At the hearing of the cause, the history of the stone was duly related, and the court eventually decided that the diamond should be restored to the Count, and that Monsieur Levrat should pay all the expenses. This jewel, which is pear-shaped, is of the finest water, and weighs fifty-three and a half carats. When among the French regalia it was set as a pin, and valued at \$200,000.

Charles the Bold had also two other diamonds. The first, which was of great size, lustre, and purity of water, was dropped on the road by one of his attendants, picked up by a wagoner, who rejected it as of no value, but afterward changed his mind, and, retracing his steps, found the (as he supposed) bit of glass, and sold it for a dollar to a priest, who, in turn, for the consideration of thrice that sum, transferred the stone to a merchant. The stone then passed into various hands, till it glittered in the ducal coronet of Milan; then worn by the Sforzas, and particularly valued by Ludovico il Moro, who vowed that he would never part with so precious a possession. But the decrees of Fate were stronger than his will, and the coronet of Lombardy was soon to pass from his line. On the downfall of that princely

house, the gem became the property of Julius II, who then sat in the chair of Peter. This stone, which is about the size of half a walnut, now adorns the Papal tiara.

The third stone, after a number of adventures, became the property of Mary of England, and from her passed into the possession of the descendant of its original owner; and by successive intermarriages, into the possession of the imperial house of Austria.

The Orloff, or great Russian, weighing one hundred and ninety-three carats. This, undoubtedly, once belonged to the Great Mogul, and was styled "The Moon of the Mountain." When that Prince was conquered by Nadir Shah, this, with other costly articles, fell into the possession of the victor, but did not remain long with him; as, when he was assassinated in 1747, the crown jewels were stolen, and for some time no trace of them could be ascertained.

Shafross, an Armenian, commonly called "The Man of the Million," resided at Balsora in 1747, and transacted a large business. One day the Chief of the Anganians called upon him and offered him "The Moon of the Mountain" and other jewels of less value, at a very moderate price. Shafross hesitated, but eventually closed the bargain; though he did not think it prudent to display his purchase at once.

Ten years elapsed, and the Armenian sent all the jewels to Amsterdam by his brother, and there put them up for sale. The English and Russian Governments at once entered into competition for the prize, but the imperial Catharine distanced all competition, and for the sum of four hundred and fifty thousand roubles and a patent of nobility became the owner of this diamond.

There is, however, another and more romantic story connected with this gem. Fame reported that one of the eyes of the statue of Scheringham, in the temple

of Brahma, in a distant part of India, was a diamond of great size and pure water; and a French soldier stationed at Pondicherry determined at all risks to win the treasure. He secretly deserted, traveled on foot, reached the temple, professed himself a worshiper of the Hindoo gods, and eventually became a priest of the temple. Watching his opportunity, he stole the diamond, and safely escaped to Madras, where he disposed of his prize to a sea-captain, for \$10,000; and he, in turn, to a Jew, for \$60,000, who transferred it to the Armenian, Shafross, for double that sum. Writers generally agree on the terms on which it was sold to the "imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ." This is about as large as a pigeon's egg; the lustre and water are unsurpassed, but the shape is defective.

The Pitt, or Regent Diamond, weighing one hundred and thirty-seven carats—the most perfect and beautiful diamond in Europe—has long been celebrated for its lustre, proportions, and fine water. Before cutting, this stone weighed four hundred and ten carats. Two years were consumed in the operation, and the sum of \$15,000 was expended. The fragments, which were retained by the original possessor, were valued at about \$10,000. This diamond was stolen from the mines of Golconda, and sold to Thomas Pitt, the grandfather of the Earl of Chatham, then Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, for \$100,000. It was then brought to Europe, and, finding no purchaser, Mr. Pitt was forced to lower his demands. The Regent finally purchased it for Louis XV, for \$450,000, less \$25,000 spent in the negotiation. It is now worth at least a million. A rumor—to which Pope lent his aid in the following lines—

"Asleep, and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole the gem away,"

was circulated that Mr. Pitt had stolen the diamond; and in refutation of the

calumny, he published a pamphlet, stating how it came into his possession on the downfall of Louis XVI. This was called the National Diamond, and exposed to the admiration of all who chose to examine it, attached to a strong chain, and under the supervision of two *gens d'armes*, who never quitted the apartment, day or night. "This diamond, pawned by Napoleon I, who wore it on his sword-hilt—stolen by a band of robbers—made a bait to seduce Prussia, and which has passed through half-a-dozen revolutions—still pertains to the crown-jewels of France."

The Star of the South, the largest diamond yet found in Brazil, now belongs to the King of Portugal, and when first found, was worn uncut. It then weighed two hundred and fifty-four carats, but has been reduced to one hundred and twenty-five. It owes its discovery to Antonio and Thomas de Souza, and Felix Gomez, who were banished, for some offense, to the most distant part of Brazil. The place of their abode was sterile, the soil exceedingly rocky, and the wretched exiles could hardly extract a bare subsistence from the earth. But appearances are often deceptive, and Nature frequently conceals her choicest treasures in the most barren wastes and the wildest regions. The sands contained quantities of gold, and the valleys abounded in diamonds. For six years these men continued their search, and Fortune at last smiled upon them. An excessive drought had laid dry the bed of the river Abaite, about two hundred and seventy-six miles from the district of Serro do Frio; and here, while working for gold, they discovered the Star of the South. One of them instantly carried it to the Governor; the gem was submitted to a close examination, pronounced genuine, and forwarded to Lisbon. The finders were set at liberty, and amply rewarded.

The Kohinoor, or Mountain of Light,

weighing one hundred and two carats, is the sixth largest of the paragons, or noted gems. When uncut, it weighed nine hundred carats, and was originally supposed to have formed a part of the Orloff, purchased by Catharine; the other section is supposed to have been found in the treasury of Reeza Hooli Khan, Chief of Coochow. The Indian chroniclers affirm that this gem was known to have been in the possession of the King of Anga, more than ten centuries ago, and there is a tradition that it confers a sceptre. This jewel was first seen by Europeans on the amulet of Cha-Gehan, the father of Amung-Zebe, to whom it had been presented by Mirzi-Mola, after he had betrayed his master, the King of Golconda. The stone was worn by a variety of Indian monarchs, till it glittered on the arm of the King of Cabul, who was a tributary of the King of Lahore, Runjeet-Singh. The King of Cabul was invited to the Court of Lahore, where he was entertained with the most lavish and princely hospitality, but at the same time was given to understand that he must part with the diamond. The royal guest, who was fully versed in the diplomacy of the East, replied by tendering the jewel, and was permitted to depart. The wily Prince had played a trick on his host, and substituted a piece of glass for "The Mountain of Light." Runjeet-Singh repaired to the palace of his former friend, ransacked it from top to bottom, but was unable to find what he desired. At last, a slave, for a heavy bribe, disclosed the fact that the diamond had been hidden under a dust heap, whence it was recovered, and Runjeet-Singh departed. When the Punjab was annexed, it fell into the hands of the English, and was brought to London in 1850. The recutting of this stone was commenced the 15th of July, 1852, by the late Duke of Wellington, and terminated the 7th of September. Thirty days, and twelve hours' work each day,

were consumed before it was finished. The appearance of this celebrated stone has been much improved by the last process to which it was submitted; the stains and yellow tinge have disappeared, and it shines in all its lustre.

No history of celebrated gems would be complete without a brief sketch of the famous diamond necklace, in which the Countess de la Motte Valois played such a distinguished part, and which proved so prejudicial to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. In 1774, Louis XV, desirous of making a present to the Countess du Barry, commissioned Boehmer and Bosange, the court jewelers, to collect the most precious and beautiful stones, and make them into a necklace. The royal command was obeyed; but ere it was finished, Louis XV was no longer numbered among the living, and another reigned in his stead. The necklace now was unique, and was valued at \$360,000.

This ornament was offered to the Queen, who refused it, saying that she would rather that the King would buy a ship, and strongly advised the owners to take it to pieces and sell the gems separately; and thus the matter ended, apparently. The Queen would not purchase.

One day, a lady of rank was riding in the country, and, stopping her carriage, two children came up to beg. The lady asked who they were, and they replied that they had papers which showed their descent from the Valois Kings of France, but that now they were reduced to the greatest poverty. The parchments were duly examined, pronounced authentic, laid before the King, and a moderate pension accorded to the descendants of the blood royal of France. A commission was conferred on the son, and the daughter was married to La Motte, a *gendarme*, and was then known as the Countess de la Motte Valois.

In 1772, about three years after the

marriage of the Archduchess Maria Louisa to the Dauphin of France, the Prince Cardinal de Rohan was appointed to represent the French nation at the Court of the imperial Queen, and thence wrote the most witty and sarcastic letters, in which her imperial Majesty was ridiculed and caricatured. At a supper-party, at which Louis XV was present, a drawing was exhibited, representing Maria Theresa as drying her tears with one hand for the dismemberment of Poland, while she extended the other to grasp her share of the spoils. The Cardinal Prince, who was of a very gay and volatile disposition, was unpleasant to the Empress, and she vainly solicited his recall; but Louis XV, who saw matters in a different light, could never be induced to withdraw his powers. The whole matter was reported to the Dauphiness, who never forgave the slights offered to her imperial mother, and never received the Cardinal, though he vainly tried to soften her anger. Still, he was interdicted the Court circle, and this occasioned him considerable mortification. His foes availed themselves of this matter, and added fuel to the Queen's anger by reporting what he had never said. All notes were returned unopened, and if she knew a memorial was handed from him, she refused reading it.

The Countess de la Motte Valois, who was then at Court, knew all that was passing, and conceived that the Cardinal would be a fitting subject for her ingenuity. This woman was admirably adapted for the part she meant to play. Nature had endowed her with a subtle and dangerous intellect, and poverty had sharpened all her faculties to the utmost. She was now in the flower of her youth—of a fair complexion, blue eyes, chestnut hair, and had a pleasing and ingenuous expression. Her manners were elegant and refined, and her conversation exceedingly pleasing. Such was the per-

son who was destined to ruin both Queen and Cardinal.

Madame de la Motte Valois frequently called on the Prince de Rohan for aid, and the latter as frequently regretted that he was debarred from the honors of a Court reception. The fair petitioner listened, and promised she would do her best to procure for her liberal friend the honor he so greatly desired. Strange as it may seem, the Cardinal, who had been so often refused, really thought that the influence of the *soi-disant* Countess was greater than that of some of the most wealthy and powerful of the nobility, who had vainly interceded in his behalf.

In a few days the Countess returned, and was the bearer of the most encouraging news. She had seen Marie Antoinette, conversed with her, had mentioned the Cardinal's name, and ventured to say that he felt severely the Queen's displeasure; and her Majesty had condescended to say that she would receive the written justification of his Eminence. The Cardinal was delighted at this good fortune, for which he had not dared to hope, and promised Madame de la Motte Valois a high reward in the event of her success.

The Countess again saw the Queen, and this time was the bearer of a note couched in these words: "I have seen your note. I am delighted to find you innocent. I can not yet grant you the audience you solicit. As soon as circumstances permit, I will let you know. Be discreet." Several letters passed, and the Cardinal thought himself in the seventh heaven at the prospect of a speedy reconciliation with his offended Queen. The wily Countess was not slow in profiting by the imposture. The Queen required 60,000 francs; would the Cardinal lend them? As a matter of course, the loan was granted. Another time, the Queen needed a similar sum, to relieve a distressed family.

Again the Cardinal was asked, and again he consented. The La Mottes were now well supplied with cash for a season; and as the Cardinal was in the way, and apt to be pressing about the promised interview, a hint was given him, as if from the Queen, that he would do well to go to his episcopal city; and his Eminence accordingly withdrew to Alsace. The Cardinal had no sooner gone to his duties, than the La Mottes also quitted Paris, to pay a brief visit to their former neighbors at Bar-sur-Aube, who had known them in their poverty, and astonished the good people of that vicinity by their splendor in dress, laces, equipages and jewels. The reader may easily imagine how the cash advanced by the Cardinal had been expended.

But the Countess and her husband were not satisfied with such petty depredations. She aimed at a larger and more extensive swindle. Madame La Motte de Valois caused it to be intimated that perhaps the Queen might be induced now to purchase the necklace. A visit from the jewelers was the result, and the promise of a handsome present if she succeeded. The Cardinal had returned, and the Countess informed him that the Queen was desirous of making the purchase of the necklace in question, but that he must negotiate the matter, and that her name must not even be mentioned. She further told him that the matter was to be concealed entirely from the King, and that the Queen would make the necessary monthly payments out of her income. Some notes, purporting to be from Marie Antoinette, had been received, and the too credulous Cardinal fondly hoped that he would ere long "bask in the sunshine of the royal favor." The negotiation was now commenced with the jewelers, and on the 1st of February, 1785, the necklace was delivered to the Cardinal, who, in turn, handed it to the Countess. The Cardinal arrived at dusk at the apartments

of the pretended representative of the Queen, was placed in a closet, the door opened, and a voice announces "a message from the Queen." A man enters; the Countess places the casket in his hands. The Cardinal looked through the door, and saw, as he imagined, the Queen's *valet de chambre*. His Eminence was satisfied, and retired for a season. That night, the Countess met the Cardinal on the terrace, told him that the Queen was delighted, and that she would signify the same by nodding her head. She well knew that as the Queen went through the passages she invariably bowed to all she saw, and the salutation was intended for no one in particular. It was enough, however, to satisfy the Cardinal, and sent him away exceedingly happy, and more at ease than he had been for some time before. A second note from the Queen induced him to visit Alsace again, and the conspirators were free to act. The necklace was taken to London, by the Count la Motte; and as it would have been dangerous to offer it for sale entire, it was taken to pieces, the smaller stones reset, and the larger sold. The money thus obtained was invested in the English funds, and constituted a decent revenue.

The time for the first payment arrived, and as the money was not forthcoming, the Cardinal was compelled to make it; but the Countess assured him that he would be no loser in the end. Still, he was surprised that, when the Queen saw him, she made no token, showed no sign of recognition, and never wore the necklace. What could all this mean? Still, the genius for intrigue of the principal contriver of the plot served her, and she informed the Cardinal that, for certain reasons, the Queen could not yet give him marks of her favor in public; but that, at a private interview, she would explain many things she could not commit to writing; and for that purpose, she would meet him at Versailles, in a grove,

where they might talk unreservedly, and where there was no fear of interruption. The Cardinal assented, and the ever-ready Countess promised to take back the answer.

The Count de la Motte had remarked a certain female, who strongly resembled the Queen, in profile, hair, eyes, and gait. The services of this woman were employed, and when dressed in the costume usually worn by the Queen, the resemblance was striking, and at night the difference could be scarcely detected. This Mademoiselle Leguet, or d'Oliva, was tutored to represent the Queen, but not admitted further into the secrets of the conspirators. The new accomplice was merely told that it was a little farce got up to have some sport with a nobleman of the Court; that the Queen would be an unseen, unsuspected witness of the whole, and that she would be handsomely compensated. The woman consented; and wearing a dress similar in all respects to that of Marie Antoinette, and using the same perfume, was told that she would be met by a man in a blue overcoat, wearing a slouched hat, who would kiss her hand, and to whom she would give a rose, and a box containing a miniature. The term of the second payment was fast approaching, and the Cardinal received a note from the Queen, informing him that she could not raise the sum required, but that at the next payment she would be more punctual, and in the meantime would settle the interest. This sum the Countess was willing to sacrifice, as it gave her more time, and she still hoped to escape.

The scene was rehearsed the night before it was to be enacted, and Mademoiselle Leguet played her part to perfection. The time at last arrived, and the Cardinal, at the gardens of Versailles, was anxiously expecting the Queen; but she did not come, and he was on the point of leaving the place, when the Countess

suddenly appeared, and told him that the Queen could not grant him as long an interview as she desired, but that he must make the most of the time at her disposal. The false Marie Antoinette was at the rendezvous; the Cardinal, enchanted at the success of his scheme, was entering on a long justification, when he was interrupted by the Countess, who told him that the Countess d'Artois and Madame were approaching; the pretended Queen disappeared, and the Cardinal returned to Paris. The duped prelate was again deceived by the adventuress, and additional delay was thus gained.

But these impostures were finally ended by the arrest of the Cardinal on the 15th of August, and, after a short interview with the King and Queen, his commitment to the Bastille. Cagliostro, the well known empiric, and his wife, were also remanded to the same place of confinement, where they were detained for some months; but as nothing to criminate them was elicited, they were liberated. The Cardinal and the Countess were brought to trial. The former behaved with the dignity befitting his birth, rank, and sacred profession. The latter indulged in certain recriminations against Cagliostro, who, much to the delight of the scandal-lovers, revealed certain secrets in the life of the Countess, but his testimony bore heavily against her, and she was convicted. The trial, which lasted more than a year, finally closed on the 31st of May, 1786. The Cardinal was acquitted of all the charges alleged against him; but was forced to resign all his posts at Court, and was exiled to his abbey in the mountains of Auvergne. The wits of Paris issued many sharp and biting squibs at the Cardinal's expense; and the unjust and bitter conduct of the Court gave rise to many and exceedingly injurious commentaries.

The Countess was sentenced to be whipped, branded on both shoulders,

and imprisoned for life. While undergoing the corporal punishment, the unlucky adventuress poured forth the most terrible accusations against the Queen; and, though instantly gagged, enough was heard to form the basis for some of the vilest calumnies that stained the fame of the daughter of the Cæsars, and which were repeated at her trial. The Count la Motte, who was absent, was judged by default; and threatened, if his wife were not liberated, to publish a pamphlet reflecting severely on the conduct of the Queen and the Count de Breteuil. Singular as it may seem, the menace was not without its effect. The Countess was permitted to escape, and the Duchess de Polignac crossed the channel, and offered the unprincipled pair a large sum if the publication were suspended. The bribe was accepted, but the volume was published. The copies now extant in the imperial library of Paris, were found in the palace when the Republican Government took possession of it. This affair of the necklace excited much attention at the time, and latterly a work in two volumes on the same subject was published in London, in which the whole matter was fully discussed, and the papers and documents used on the trial translated; but it will ever remain a matter of doubt. The writer became possessed of a volume on

this topic, bearing the autograph of the Countess.

It has always been the custom of the city of Paris to present the bride-elect of the sovereign with a handsome ornament, as a wedding present; and when Napoleon III raised Eugenie to the throne, the municipal commission voted the sum of \$120,000, to be expended for a diamond necklace. Eugenie heard of it, and begged that the money might be expended in the foundation of an educational establishment for the poor young girls of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here four hundred girls, under the management of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, receive an excellent education, suited to their rank in life, which will make them excellent wives and mothers. The benevolent Empress delights in visiting the institution founded by her charity, and each of the inmates knows that she has a friend in the imperial foundress. One of the apartments is decorated with a fresco painting, wherein the Empress, in her wedding-dress, surrounded by kneeling girls, offers the Virgin a diamond necklace. A witty and well known Jewish lady suggested that the Maison Eugenie Napoleon should be called "L'asile du collier de l'imperatrice."

Such is a brief history of all the celebrated diamonds that have yet been known.

THE AFFAIR OF THE VILLA A—.

PEOPLE who knew Rome in the last six years will most likely know the *Café Greco*; the notorious haunt of the Bohemians of the capital of bad art, and will have had the curiosity to peep into the smoke-blue back-room, which is mainly given up to the artists, and where almost every evening may be seen the best of the motley crowd who imbibe second-hand inspiration, and like ghosts hang about the places where things have been, wheedling unsuspecting travelers into believing that gilt is gold.

I used to hang about there myself. I used to haunt that back-room, and listen to Gibson's many-times-told yarns; the old-time reminiscences of D., who had known Turner in Rome, and still shone in the light the contact had imparted to him—he had seen a greater than Virgil; to the fiery colloquies of Poindexter, Rogers, Adams; the free debate of the turbulent crowd for whose sake the *Greco* was under police orders to be closed at 9 P.M., lest ere midnight a plot might ripen or a demonstration commence; and where until shutting-up hour some of us were always debating and smoking scelestic cigars until the lights burned dim through the dense smoke.

It was just at the time when Home, the notorious medium, was there, and the whole crowd had been tumultuously venting its polyglot opinions on the whole range of phenomena connected with the relations of spirit and matter. Most of the company, having finished their punches, etc., dropped out, leaving a knot of four or five English-speaking people—one of whom, however, was an Italian—in a more thorough discussion than the noisy democrats permitted. A.

was a Catholic, a Scot, and perhaps for these two reasons believed that all these things belonged to the devil's province; P. didn't believe a word of any thing about it; the others told odd experiences, or rehearsed their creeds; when W., who had taken small part in the talk, being taciturn by nature, and an old man who thought more than he cared to say, turned the conversation into another channel, saying: "If you care to spend the night with me to try whether we can learn something new in such matters, I think at least we may pick up a surprise for some of you. I can promise nothing certainly, but I once slept a night in the Villa A—, by the Lateran Gate, and heard things which I have never yet been able to explain. What say you, shall we make a party?" "Ay, for one," shouted P., "if we can smoke there." "Let's make a picnic of it, and have a jolly good time," said N., the youngster of the occasion. So we made it up for two nights later, W. engaging to get from a member of the family the permission to pass the night there, which was easily given, as no one had inhabited the villa, except the guardian, for many years.

Every body who has been in Rome knows the Villa A—, and its jealously closed grounds, with the superb stone pine. The princely family to which it belonged had almost always a Cardinal in it, and at the time of which I write the Cardinal was the head of the family, and the owner of the villa—a studious recluse, who lived in a house of the Capitoline quarter, immersed in his books, except when he went out for his state ride on the Via Appia Nuova, and never meddled with mundane affairs. W. knew

intimately well a nephew, one of those fast young Romans who, on small stock of gold, and still less of brains, keep the traditions of their ancestry, (nothing more) and affect English and other foreign society, in the dream of one day marrying a rich Inglesina or Americana. The Principe, as we always called him, had the most amiable and inoffensive of souls, and was honored by the appeal to his good-fellowship, readily joining the party, and gave us the *entrée*.

We asked the grave old guardian if there were ever any uncanny noises about the house; to which he replied, firstly, by a long, inscrutable look, only lifting his eyebrows up as much as to say, "What matters to you?" and, dropping his face into grim impassiveness, replied to the Principe, not to us: "If you like to stay in the Signorina's chambers your Excellencies will know as much as I do—perhaps more." The Signorina's chambers, we found, were rooms which had been, many generations ago, occupied by a wonderful beauty of unknown *provenance*, whose manner of exit was unknown, according to the traditions of the family, and the Principe's grandfather had told him that she was certainly carried away by the devil. In the largest of these chambers we installed ourselves, six in number, with full supplies of cigars, *sceltissimi*, in honor of the young Principe, half a dozen small flasks of Monte Pulciano from the Palombella, back of the Pantheon, (who does not know it, is not wise in wines) some bread and cheese, and a cold meat-pie, with a package of candles, and, fact worth noting, every man except the Principe had, without previous understanding, provided himself with wax lucifers and a roll of the taper they use to explore the catacombs. The room was not large, but long in shape, and out of it on one side opened two small chambers, into which we carelessly looked, without seeing any thing noteworthy,

except some magnificent old furniture, and heavy tapestry curtains, as in the long room; no pictures, but elaborately painted walls; and in one of them we noticed a boudoir-table, very elaborately carved, and very beautiful chairs, carved and gilded, with wooden seats and movable cushions, and a mirror of most ancient form. In the other of the small rooms no furniture, except chairs similar to the others, but from which two or three cushions were lacking. A small door, not easily to be noticed, led out into the grounds, and a door opened into what we will call the boudoir. In the long room were four curious spittoons, flat and low, with covers that raised by a cord running over an upright post at the back, and a side-table, small and half round. On the walls were brackets, which had evidently been put up for arms, and hooks where swords had been hung, for the panels were much scratched under them. Having finished the above inventory, we gathered round a bronze *scaldino*, which we had coaxed the guardian to bring in, to take the chill off the air of the long-closed rooms.

It was half-past nine; and lighting cigars, we began to discuss the chances of seeing or hearing any thing to pay us for losing a night's rest. The Principe did not know any thing about any story connected with the house; he knew nothing about his great-grandfather, and little about his grandfather. In fact, his knowledge of any thing but the pleasures of Roman life was extremely limited. He was handsome, dressed well, and, until he should catch his particular Americana or Inglesina, was able, by economy, to keep a hunter and go to the fox-hunt, dress in the last fashion, and promenade on the Pincio—but not much beyond. I proposed to tell a ghost story my uncle had told me, and which, of course, I would vouch for as *his* personal experience, but our cool-headed Scot said No; he didn't want his head filled with any

such notions now, for imagination did queer things sometimes, when excited: so we at last dropped into discussion of art matters. We had, after a time, almost forgotten our purpose in coming there, in a spirited debate on the question whether Tenerani could be regarded as a sculptor of real genius or a clever adaptive talent, in which all but the Principe took part; and, in talking, had broached a flask of wine, finished it, and opened another. We had nibbled seriously at our bread and cheese, and some one proposed an attack on the pastry. In fact, we had cast off all awe or apprehension; and some of the party all idea of things supernatural.

In the midst of this discussion we were all at the same instant struck by a sound at one of the doors leading into the side rooms—not a startling noise, but one very difficult to define, and we all stopped talking, as if a bomb had fallen among us, and looked at the same door—that which opened into the boudoir—when there was a rustling as if something stood in the doorway and was looking out into the long room. We looked each other in the face, and read the same expression: *something was there*. Two candles stood on the side-table, which we had moved out for that purpose opposite the door; so that we could have seen any visible object there. We had four others lighted on the table where the wine and eatables were placed—a deal-table, brought in by the guardian. We stepped in front of these that we might see more clearly; but nothing was there. Another rustle, as if something retreated into the boudoir, and then for ten minutes all was still again. Then it occurred once more, but this time seemed to enter quite into the long room, with a noise as of a person weary of sitting. After a moment, a door which we had not noticed in the wall, at the farther end of the room, opened, and a companion sound issued forth, with a light but firm sound of boots

on the floor. My first thought was, why if only a sound enters, should the door need to open; so complete was the impression that it was only a moving sound. It came down the room, and the other sound from the boudoir approached it, and together they came our way. We huddled a little closer together, to be within touching distance if any thing should happen. They moved along where the table stood as if it were not there; and as they passed, the candles went out, not as if blown out, but as if they had been put into a vacuum, or a vacuum had been put over them. The five of us put our hands simultaneously into the pockets where the lucifers were, to be sure that we had them. The poor Principe seemed in a bewilderment and stupefied, as if he had rather caught some panic from us than felt any thing remarkable in the phenomenon. He was the only one who spoke, and said, looking from one to the other of us, "What is it?" "God knows," whispered A. The sounds came nearer and still nearer, and we could plainly distinguish the rustle of a dress like a stiff brocade mingled with that of garments that rasped together with the steps and a slight clank of accoutrements. What was more strange even than the sound, was the impression of form and individuality which it gave. One knew that it was a man in Middle-Age costume, with a lady, dressed in a brocade with a train, hanging on his arm. I could have indicated the exact height of both. There was no obstruction to vision, but the impression of a real body being there was complete. I only remember in my life one similar sensation: it was hearing shells from rifle guns pass near me, the roar indicating a precise location for the shell; when suddenly, as it seemed, passing abreast of me, the explosion would take place far in the rear indicated by the puff of smoke, and the sound still kept traveling on till it reached the point where the

smoke still lingered, when one heard the sound of the explosion. So this sound of the promenade seemed left by something which had gone before. They passed where the *scaldino* stood near to us, and the fire disappeared from the embers as if water had been poured over them. They came within arm's length of us, and stopped, as we huddled together, and took hard hold of each other, to be sure that we were there, and after apparently looking at us for a moment, we heard a low, musical giggle—a lady's laugh, any one would have sworn—a sort of responsive chuckle from the booted sound, and they swept away again down the room. If you have ever, in groping your way in a dark room, felt that you were approaching a wall, by a peculiar heaviness which seemed to be the sphere of the wall, you will understand how these shadows had impressed us. There seemed absolute ponderability in them, and their moving away lightened the air.

I can hardly tell how I was affected: frightened I was not, for I had no thought of any danger, but a nervous panic would better qualify the feeling. I was almost incapable of self-control. I shivered as in an ague, and could not speak. All the others were very pale; I presume I was the same. The poor Principe was unable to stand; and shook, and knocked his knees together, as no tertian would have compelled him to. I could see the lips of two or three moving as in prayer, but no one whispered even—breath seemed almost suspended.

The sounds moved slowly down the room again, and then back again, but not so near to us as before. They did not seem to pay any further attention to us. I think we should all have been glad to leave as soon as our feet would move, but shame prevented each from proposing it; and when, after a few turns through the room, our invisible visitors passed through the door that led to the second room, and we heard them no

more, we took courage and a glass of wine. The coals in our *scaldino* came to life again, we got an appetite, and attacked our pastry, talking, though in low tones, over what it could all mean, and what would come next; for, since our courage had returned, we determined to see the thing out. The cigars and the sound of our own voices restored our habitual feelings, and the incident seemed like a passed dream.

Shortly before midnight a sharp, crashing sound was heard, followed by rushing, trampling, as of many feet; then screams of a woman, passing from the second room into the boudoir; then the fall of a piece of furniture, sounds of conflict; and the screams, growing more and more agonizing, passed back into the second room, and were there stifled as if by covering the mouth, until, finally, they were still; then a few groans, and all was still again.

The Principe fainted—we were all near to it—and A. muttered audibly his *pater noster*. After a few minutes of complete silence we took the candles and went into the boudoir. The table was overturned—nothing else had been moved apparently. We examined carefully every thing about the room; the door, which I had certainly heard broken open, was fast closed, and showed no sign of violence.

I am sure we all felt more comfortable out of the villa; and when the guardian, dismissing us by the gate, overcome by an unexpected total of *buona mano*, said cheerfully, "*A rivederle*," we all replied, or thought, "Not if we know it."

It was an incident to set one thinking—not one of those ghost seeings that might be explained as a trick of some clever juggler, or cunning brigand, to keep his haunt clear. In such cases, seeing is not believing, except to those who want to believe. The testimony of our hearing was confirmation stronger than many such trifles as visible ghosts,

and the whole thing so utterly different from any preconceived ideas of haunted houses and the *modus operandi* of returned spirits, that there was no difference of opinion as to the supernatural character of the demonstration. The respect due to the family, and the circumstances under which we gained access to the house, bound us to secrecy; but I felt the liveliest curiosity to investigate that chapter of the family record which had to disclose, or conceal, the history of the unfortunate lady whose end we felt sure we had heard rehearsed.

Circumstances befriended me in this research. Most people who have been in Rome know that there is a sort of spiritual police, whose business it is to become acquainted with all heretic strangers coming to the city, in order to ascertain how far they may be regarded as subjects for the Propaganda. The special put on my case on arriving, was a certain Padre S., a learned member of the most worthy of the Orders of Monks, the Benedictine. He was fond of discussion, especially when he had it all his own way, and his opponent granted all his premises. I am of a disputative habit, which the worthy Father mistook for an inquiring one; and as I always began to discuss theology with him, he rather took to me, and hoped in me. His knowledge of the libraries of Rome was immense, and especially of the MSS. He had some function in the Holy Office; and of course it was there that I was to look for the record I sought for, if anywhere.

I took, therefore, a new interest in Church history, and especially of that part which related to the noble Roman families in the past three or four centuries; and after feeding the padre's pride of erudition for two or three weeks, I led the history up to the A. family. Now, the present Cardinal was of the Redemptorist Order, I think it was called—one of the later and most active of

the monastic orders, and one which our padre considered rather in the light that a good Church-of-England man regards a Methodist, and wasn't reluctant to say things that were not highly flattering. I fired a shot at hazard one day after having discussed the Cardinal, and asked if there wasn't some story of an interference by the Holy Office in some of their family affairs. "Yes," he said, "there was an affair of which I remember something." Little by little I drew him to tell me the story, refreshing his memory in the interim by another look at the record.

Lorenzo A. was admitted a squire in the Order of Knights Hospitalers during the time it held the island of Rhodes, and while its navy was the scourge and panic of the Moslem Empire. Lorenzo took an eminent position in the Order, and commanded a galley which distinguished itself in the daring warfare of that time. His uncle was a member of the Sacred College; and the hope of the family was to see Lorenzo continue the dignity of their race. This Order had long been noted for its breach of the rules which once bound them to chastity and poverty; and so when one day he brought into Rhodes a Turkish galley richly laden and with a number of captives, among whom was a young Persian lady, it was not remarked that Lorenzo kept in his share of the booty the fair prisoner.

No one saw her face, but every body talked of her beauty; and Lorenzo himself, from the day of her possession, seemed to forget duty and the Moslem in his love for her. She was believed to have bewitched him, and drew upon him the reproof of the Grand Master, and a menace to put her out of the way of mischief. He took the alarm, and, under pretense of taking her to Rome for delivery to some holy order, for her soul's sake, took refuge in the villa we had visited, and lived with her in the utmost

seclusion. His family lived away from Rome: few in number, and ill at accord with their fellow nobles, they rarely came to it. As a passing amour no one was shocked by the *liaison*; but when it was known that the subject of his passion was a Moslem, and the old stories of witchcraft came on from Rhodes, parental and priestly authority were brought to bear on him, gently at first, but as it was found that no effect was produced, weightier injunctions followed. This produced no other effect than to cause him to shut himself up with his mistress, and, guarded by a few faithful adherents, he refused to leave the house, or permit her to be taken away. Nothing could produce such aberration but witchcraft, and the fair Persian was doomed.

One night a number of the familiars of the Holy Office, which had summoned in vain the refractory Hospitaler, entered the grounds, and having (by spiritual intimidation) gained the guards whose vigilance he relied on, they burst into the room where he kept her. The unfortunate creature was seized, gagged, and bound with cords; and Lorenzo, who had struck with his unarmed fist one of the holy men so violently that he died from the blow, and who still refused to yield her, even to overpowering force, was carried off with her.

Brought together before the Holy Office—for Lorenzo utterly refused to renounce her—she was charged with having put enchantments upon the Christian knight to make him forget his duty and destroy his soul in sinful pleasures, and commanded, on pain of torture, to release him from her incantations. This being translated into her own tongue, she replied, with great appearance of sincerity, that she had no knowledge of enchantments, and that the only charm she had ever cast on him was to love him so that to leave him were a thousand times worse than death, and that she could not cease to love him more than

life even if he himself bade her. Then the chief inquisitor asked her what love she could believe to exist between an infidel sorceress and a Christian knight; and how it could be that without sorceries he could so forget his oaths and his duty as to remain with her when the Church ordered him to go elsewhere. To this, when Lorenzo would have replied, he was restrained from speaking by the attendants; and the lady replied that she knew of no reason why she should not love him, or why he should have loved her, except that she so loved him that she would give her whole existence to do his pleasure; that as for being an infidel, she did not know what the things of religion were; that she was willing to be of any religion that he believed, for she wished not to be happy in any other heaven than his. Lorenzo, showing great violence in his manner, wishing to reply to the inquisitor, was prevented from speaking, but showed so great irreverence for the Holy Office that it was declared that her cunning words hid others and secret sorceries; and it was ordered that she should not be allowed to speak more, but since she had professed a willingness to embrace Christianity, that she should be baptized and receive the Eucharist, which she did with great seeming joy instead of pain at the contact of the body of Christ, and so it was hoped that her soul might be saved; but when commanded anew to dissolve the charm that held the knight under her influence and release him to his duty, she replied that God only could release the charm, He having made it. Disappointed in so much obstinacy, in spite of her profession of Christianity, the inquisitor then ordered her to be put upon the rack, which being done, she showed no sign of pain or obedience, but, briefly, she died, when it was hoped that the enchantments would cease; but, on the contrary, when the knight saw that she was dead he rose into an incred-

ible fury, and with most bitter and blasphemous language scorned and cursed the Holy Office and the Church, and called God and all present to witness that he abjured the Church, which he declared to be governed by devils, and not God. So great was his violence and blasphemy that he was stopped from speaking more, until he had been some time quiet, when he was asked if he would recant his blasphemy; but on being allowed to speak, he not only repeated what he had said, but also abjured his vows and the Order: so that, to stay any further wickedness, and in consideration of his being of a noble and most pious family, he was ordered to be beheaded, which was carried into effect, he still refusing to recant. And so it was believed that the Persian's profession of faith was insincere, and that she died in sorcery and in hypocrisy; but lest wrong

might be done her soul, and because she had, before dying, received the sacrament, she was interred in holy ground, while the knight was cast into the place where the bodies of heretics were thrown.

But I said to Father S., when he had told me the pitiful end of the story:

"Is it not possible that love may have caused all this apparent infatuation? I have known things as strange in my life."

"No," said the padre, "when a man is dedicated to the Holy Church, the Divine love is stronger in him than human love: and if, therefore, the human love conquers the Divine, it is sin, and must be from the devil. And when the devil operates through weak human creatures with such strength, it must be by unholy influences, which are witchcraft."

SUFFICIENT.

Citron, pomegranate, apricot, and peach;
Flutter of apple-blows, whiter than the snow:
Filling the silence with their leafy speech,
Budding and blossoming down row after row.

Breaths of blown spices which the meadows yield,
From blossoms broad-petaled, starry buds and small,
Gold of the hill-side, purple of the field,
Waft to my nostrils your fragrance, one and all.

Birds in the tree-tops, birds that fill the air,
Trilling, piping, singing, in your merry moods:
Gold wing and brown wing flitting here and there,
To the coo and chirrup of your downy broods.

What grace has summer better than can suit?
What gift can autumn bring us more to please?
Red of blown roses, mellow tints of fruit,
Never can be fairer, sweeter than are these.

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

I.

WHO believes that they are? Not one in a thousand; of their patrons, not one in ten thousand.

There is probably no feature of Republicanism—of Americanism, perhaps, should be said—which we have deemed so secure from attack. To them we have demanded that the civilized world should do homage; they have been, and still are, the envy of Europe; they are the most pleasing theme of newspapers and popular orators; on their account we have constituted ourselves a mutual admiration society, and have found them an unfailing source of self-gratulation. Indeed, our pride concerning our schools is exceeded by nothing save our ignorance of what they have in reality accomplished. It is this self-laudation which has blinded us to the defects which we may be sure exist.

The affirmative view is, of course, unpleasant; nay, it is most unwelcome. If it be true, either wholly or in part, the shadow of the great American Eagle is sensibly diminished, and the resources of Fourth of July orators and buncombe legislators are seriously curtailed. Moreover, it is never an agreeable task to attempt to dispel a popular delusion. The public is much more lenient toward him who winks at its vices, pats its foibles, and either upholds or covers its errors, than toward him who assails or gainsays them. Ignorance is sometimes bliss; and we are ever more ready to listen to that which coincides with our views, than to that which controverts them; but as the poisons of pharmacy are palatable and sweet while the more healthful drugs are distasteful and bitter, so in political economy and the science of education,

bitter truth is much more wholesome than sweet delusion.

We have to consider, then: 1. What ought the public schools to accomplish? 2. Wherein have they failed? 3. The causes of failure. 4. The remedies.

It is unnecessary here to assert that education diminishes crime—that, therefore, the schools should educate the people, so that crime shall be reduced to a minimum; nor to show in what way it does so. It is unnecessary here to assert that education increases the producing power of an individual, and therefore adds wealth as well as moral force to the nation. It is not necessary to show that when a man is ignorant it costs more to keep him when idle, more to restrain him when refractory, and more to reform him when vicious. It is not even necessary to make a single pretension in favor of universal education. Those who read these pages know all this, and have no doubts as to its necessity. Those who are incredulous will never read this article. "Educate the people," has been the oft-repeated admonition of all the great and the good for two centuries and a half. He who believes it to be unnecessary, will find nothing here to interest, while he who believes that we must do it, and that better than we are wont, is the true friend of his country and his race, and the one whose attention is solicited. It is not the object of this article to afford consolation or satisfaction to the enemies of the public schools; but their shortcomings and delinquencies are here presented, in the hope that, when exposed, they may be met and overcome.

What ought they to accomplish? Precisely that which they profess to do. I have no fault to find with the "theory of public schools;" but the real should be made to equal the ideal. The motives of the system are correct, its principles are good, and the theory, if not faultless, is yet so far in advance of the tangible results of the practiced system, that it is not worth while to question the correctness of the ideal. I would not be understood as saying that there is no good in the present system: there is great good; there is incalculable good. It is worthy of honor—it is worthy of love. It has done much for us, and, under our fostering care, and properly developed, will do for our posterity that which we must ever regret it has not done for us.

And what do they profess to accomplish? They pretend to educate our youth, and to qualify them for filling the responsible positions of American citizens. They pretend to inculcate good morals, to develop the physical frame, and to discipline the faculties of the mind so as to secure free, vigorous, and independent thought; to secure in their pupils a good degree of proficiency in reading, writing, and the casting of accounts; to "lead out" the powers of the mind, so that it may go forth alone, able to encounter and overcome all obstacles—to fortify it, so that it may be invulnerable against the attacks of error and adversity, and irresistible in whatever it may attempt to do. In a word, they pretend to educate the people; and "Education is the birthright of every American child," has become a stereotyped Americanism. Measurably this is true, but not unqualifiedly; to what extent, depends upon what we may consider as constituting an education. "I call that a complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices of life, both public and private," says Mil-

ton; while the man who toasted the three R's—Readin', 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic—would undoubtedly be content with something far less pretentious and complete. One writer, in all seriousness, declares that "to understand how to sew, to knit, and to love man, is sufficient for woman to know;" others, by their actions, at least, assure us that even this is more than is necessary. Similarly the Hindoos draw the boundary of female education just before the alphabet. In America, legislators, *littérateurs*, statisticians, the United States Government, and people generally, have united in regarding the ability to read and write as the Mason and Dixon's line running between ignorance and intelligence. He who can do both passes current for an educated man; while he who can do but one is an ignoramus.

Perhaps all of these estimates are to be found on one or the other extreme. Such an education as would have satisfied a Milton is impracticable in the school-room, and alike beyond the reach and the hope of the vast majority. When complete, we behold a man of gray hairs, far advanced in the walks of life, ripe for the grave, and past his sphere of usefulness. That which constitutes the more moderate yet more general estimate, is, alas! what so many imperfectly possess.

It may safely be asserted, however, that our public schools ought to qualify every one for the sphere in which he or she will probably move. It should so train the different faculties and form such habits of thought as shall enable each one to continue his mental, moral and intellectual culture, when an instructor shall no longer be possible. Every one should be able to read, that he may become acquainted with his duties toward his Government, his fellow-men, and his God. To such an one the accumulated wisdom of ages and the record of transpiring events furnish an unfailling fund

of entertainment, and the pleasures of life are immeasurably increased. He should be taught to write, as he can thereby turn his other acquirements to a better account; with his pen he may reach and benefit others at times when, and places where, his presence is impossible. Political economy demands that he should be proficient in accounting, that he may at any time know how he stands with himself and with others; and that he may see to it that the public finances are properly administered. The welfare of posterity and his own physical necessities demand that he should understand the fundamental principles of Physiology and Hygiene, that he may not himself wear out a sickly existence, nor entail a long chain of miseries on our race. Our schools should make better sons and better daughters, better fathers and better mothers, better husbands and wives, and tradesmen and statesmen, and citizens and patriots, and better Christians. They should lay broad and strong the foundations of that edifice which is to be erected in after-years. It is impossible that they should do more—more they ought not to attempt; but this they should do, thoroughly and well.

Have they accomplished so much? Are the statesmen of 1869 wiser than they of 1776? Are children more dutiful, fathers more provident, and mothers more domestic? Is the marriage vow more sacredly esteemed? Is the Church purer, crime rarer, and virtue more abundant? * Is learning more esteemed and

ignorance more contemned? Who dare give an affirmative answer? How many of our acquaintances read tolerably, and how many execrably well? Indeed, the manner of reading practiced by our professional men—lawyers, teachers, and clergy—is a stigma upon any system of education which inculcates any thing so egregiously bad. How many others are utterly unable to commit their thoughts to paper? It is a well known fact that all who can write, can also read; but the reverse is not true. Of those who profess to write, many can do no more than write their names, while many more, in nearly unintelligible hieroglyphics, succeed in composing only a ridiculous jumble. The father who, in a letter to his son, John, Jr., at that time attending a distant and expensive private school, counseled him to make the most of his advantages, and concluded with, "If you do not, you are a donkey, and I and your mother are your affectionate parents," is not a solitary, ludicrous exception in scholastic attainments.

Conductors of our leading periodicals assure us that a large percentage of their communications are rejected, not because they lack originality, or thought, but because the labor of correcting their inaccuracies is equal to or exceeds that of preparing a new article.

The census of 1860 reported over *twelve hundred thousand* adult persons in the United States, who could neither read nor write; but it is as difficult to ascertain how many, and who can read and write, as to ascertain how many, and who are well off, or have their names written in the Book of Life. It is computed, however, by those best qualified to make the estimate—by our best informed citizens—that the proportion of

* During the thirteen years ending with 1853, only 817 convicts were admitted to the Pennsylvania Penitentiary, while in the thirteen years from 1853 to 1866, 1,314 were admitted—an increase of 60.83 per cent., the increase in population during the same time being only 30.61 per cent. The returns of other States exhibit a like disproportionate increase of crime, and it becomes a grave inquiry: How much of this ought an efficient school system to have prevented? Probably in not a half-dozen schools are the pupils taught that the same crime is much more aggravated if committed during the night; that intoxication aggravates

a crime; that a half-hour's difference in time, in the commission of crime, makes the difference in punishment between a few months and imprisonment for life; or that stealing from a person, a house, and a store, are entirely different offenses.

our white population, who are utterly illiterate, is *double* the percentage given in the United States statistics; that fully one-fourth of our adult whites can neither read nor write. The reason why the actual number so much exceeds the number reported, is because the bombastic eloquence of our speakers and writers has created a peculiar sensitiveness among our people touching this subject.

The petty subterfuges to which people often resort, to conceal their ignorance, and to appear more wise and knowing than they are, have caused endless amusement. The man who declared that there had "been a great storm at sea, and all the ships were bottom-side up," because a maritime gazette which he held in his hands with the title downward displayed the pictured ships of its advertisements inverted; and the man who explained to a bystander that it was necessary for him to hold his book upside down, because he was left-handed; with the lady who gave as a reason, for the same thing, that she was cross-eyed, are by no means isolated cases. It is scarcely safe, therefore, to take people's own words upon a subject concerning which they are so sensitive. In a majority of cases they will put in the prisoner's plea of "Not guilty." If they take the pains to invent these little devices to deceive us, how quickly would they answer in the affirmative the plain and direct question asked by a stranger: Can you read and write?

If, however, you wish to know who can write their names, and who sign them with a cross-bones, go to your public records; go to your courts of justice; ask any one before whom acknowledgments are taken; you may even ask the teacher of your public school, not *who*, but how many, are unable to give their children written excuses for tardiness and absence.

But we are told to look at the illustri-

ous names' of some who were educated in the public school. Yes, look at them; and when we have found a man or woman with a dozen clear and intelligent ideas concerning respiration and digestion, with half as many more concerning hygiene, we have found a person educated, wholly or in part, outside the district school-house. Superintendent A. E. Rankin, of Vermont, aptly remarks: "A man, by dint of rare native gifts, and great industry and perseverance, with only the advantages of a common school education, rises to a leading position among men, and we shout: 'See what the common school can do!' But this is no fair test of the efficiency of the common school. These men learned little more there than to read poorly, and to write worse." The miserable pittance doled out in the public school is not worthy the name of education; and, for the most part, it is the seed which falls by the wayside and on stony ground.

Probably, no more humiliating proof of their inefficiency exists, than the fact that not more than one teacher in fifty can keep a plain and simple school register neatly and correctly, although a page of printed directions is bound up in every copy; not more than one in fifty can make out, neatly and correctly, an annual report to trustees and superintendents. Not more than one trustee in one hundred can transact the legitimate duties of his office in a strictly business manner; can tell the exact condition of the finances of his district, and make out an intelligible and correct report to the town or county superintendent. The reports of town and county superintendents are such, that when, a few years ago, the superintendent of a small county in a large State succeeded in making out a report of his eight schools, without making any visible errors, the State Superintendent thought it an event worthy to be acknowledged

and rewarded by being duly announced through the press, and trumpeted through the educational journal of the State to all the trustees and superintendents in the United States, as a feat which they could not accomplish.

Such are the acquirements of those deemed fitted to administer and conduct the system. Need we inquire after the accomplishments of those not qualified for such duties?

Saddest failure of all, they have failed to secure and retain in their service a large amount of eminent talent. Saddest, because without it they can not be elevated to their proper sphere. This, alone, is abundant proof that they have failed to realize the just expectations of their friends; for it has readily been conceded by all peoples, in all times, that the teacher's profession stands high above all others in nobleness and grandeur. Why, then, has it not succeeded in securing its due proportion of ability and talent? It is true that some of the most honored names of history belonged to men who were eminent as teachers of mankind; and we speak of a Confucius, an Aristotle, a Socrates, a Plato, and a Saviour, with enthusiasm and pride; but these names shine with a more refulgent splendor because of their very paucity. As the solitary star beams upon us with unwonted brightness through a rift in the clouds, but when the clouds are swept away it is lost amid a multitude of other stars—so these men shine upon us through the rifts of barbarism and ignorance. When shall these clouds be dispelled?

To be thoroughly practical, we will ask ourselves: How many teachers do we know of, who have achieved a national reputation? or, how many with a reputation co-extensive with the boundaries of our State? Or, if you choose, you may circumscribe the inquiry to the limits of your respective counties. Compare, then, this number with the number of eminent

lawyers, doctors, and divines within the same scope of territory, and judge of the probable amount of talent to be found within the school-house.

It must not be denied that we have a large number of noble men and noble women—men and women of unquestioned, if not unsurpassed worth and talent—enlisted in the educational corps of our country; but where shall we look for them ten years from to-day? Think you they will have risen to sublime eminence in the public school? or, will they have dropped away, one by one, before the withering blight of public indifference, and have sought, in some more sure field of labor, a recognition of their worth? Where is the gray-haired school-master? Has any one seen him? and did laurels crown his brow? Was he revered by those whom he had toiled to benefit—whose characters he had formed, whose thoughts he had shaped, whose ambitions he had created, and whose successes he had insured? If he has been seen at all, it was in the distorted visions of a dream, and the gray-haired phantom of the couch was covered with contumely and scorn.

Other professions delight to honor those who have honored or may honor the profession; but this, alas! boasts only of those who have been driven from its ranks, and have become bright and shining lights elsewhere.

It has become the legitimate recruiting place of the saddle-bags, the surplice, and the ermine. Can any calling, profession, or trade succeed, or be called a success, which only employs and retains in its interests a mediocrity of talent?

If we appeal to figures, the result is yet more appalling; the conclusions which we derive from them, we can not evade. We have been wont to parade before the public an astonishing array of figures, showing their aggregate attendance, expenses, etc.; but have these figures been examined in all of their

bearings? Is there no dark side to the picture? Is every thing "most cheering" and "most flattering," as so many of our school officials report? Let us see.

From carefully compiled tables, the following facts are derived. These tables were prepared for this article from blanks filled out by the superintendents of all

the States having a well organized system of public instruction, and of all the large cities; they are as reliable as any statistics which our Government requires, and they constitute at once, perhaps, the most cogent and unanswerable argument that can be adduced in support of the position which we have taken.

LOCALITIES.	Whole number of census children.	Whole No. enrolled in Public Schools.	Average daily attendance.	Number not attending Public Schools during the year.	Census Ages.	Per cent. of attendance on whole No. enrolled.	Per cent. of attendance on whole No. census children.	No. days school was maintained.
Maine.....	212,309	130,000	92,827	120,309	4 to 21	71	43	99
New Hampshire	77,138	77,138	52,476	93
Vermont.....	75,589	60,000	49,817	15,589	4 to 18	83	65	132
Massachusetts.....	261,498	211,489	190,954	50,009	5 to 15	90	73	170
Rhode Island.....	50,091	30,780	23,720	19,311	5 to 20	77	47	..
New York.....	1,376,982	949,203	419,957	427,779	5 to 21	45	31	126
Pennsylvania.....	800,000	660,163	414,537	139,837	62	51	121
Nevada.....	3,293	1,661	754	1,632	6 to 18	45	23	145
California.....	93,213	54,726	43,271	38,487	5 to 15	58	46	144
Ohio.....	995,250	704,767	397,486	290,483	5 to 21	56	40	142
Wisconsin.....	371,083	233,576	121,460	137,507	4 to 21	52	32	132
Michigan.....	338,244	236,739	125,471	91,595	5 to 20	51	34	128
Indiana.....	559,778	402,812	254,359	146,966	63	45	100
Illinois.....	716,918	614,659	92,259	6 to 21	142
Minnesota.....	114,421	65,807	29,400	48,614	5 to 21	43	26	60
Kentucky.....	365,334	170,405	112,508	194,929	6 to 20	66	30	..
Missouri.....	476,192	169,270	306,922	5 to 21	91
West Virginia.....	115,340	35,304	20,288	80,036	6 to 20	57	17	..
Iowa.....	372,969	257,281	148,620	115,688	5 to 21	57	40	103
Prov. N. Brunswick..	86,000	39,000	47,000	6 to 18
San Francisco.....	39,728	17,426	11,890	22,302	5 to 15	68	30	..
Philadelphia.....	150,000	80,410	69,681	69,590	6 to 18	86	46	225
Detroit.....	21,742	9,221	5,883	14,521	4 to 18	64	27	200
Brooklyn.....	108,099	60,000	27,795	48,099	5 to 21	46	26	..
New York City.....	226,187	96,294	42
Chicago.....	64,229	29,954	17,658	34,275	6 to 21	59	27	205
Milwaukee.....	23,660	10,481	4,908	13,179	4 to 20	47	21	210
Cincinnati.....	100,782	26,352	18,358	74,430	5 to 21	60	19	210
St. Louis.....	66,880	15,291	10,029	51,589	5 to 21	65	15	200
Savannah.....	3,500	964	660	2,536	6 to 18	67	18	..
Sacramento.....	2,630	1,096	1,085	934	5 to 15	64	41	200

From these tables it appears, that in the Northern States, where education is most fostered, and public schools have reached their greatest perfection, thirty-three per cent. of the census children, or those whom the law declares to be of school-age, in each year, do not enter the public school-house for instruction; in other words, *one-third of our youth are continually deprived of our free-school privileges.* This is in the States at large, including their large cities; if we separate the large cities and towns,

and examine them by themselves, this per cent. rises from thirty-three to sixty. Think of that, O ye cities, proud of your fine school-houses and your model schools: sixty children in every hundred are barred from your precious gifts!

The average duration of the public schools in these Northern States is less than one hundred and twenty days in a year, and the actual attendance during this time is forty per cent. of the school population; this, when reduced to school

years of two hundred days, or ten months each, gives an equivalent attendance of twenty-three children in each hundred. Thus, seventy-seven children in every hundred are daily absent from the public school. If to this we add the Southern States, the number can not be less than eighty-seven and one-half; so that really only one-eighth of our children are to-day in the public school.

The census of 1860 enumerated within the United States 107,880 public schools, and 57,124—more than half as many—private institutions of learning. This count does not include the thousands of private schools established all over our country by itinerant teachers, for three or four months in the year. If now we bear in mind that the average duration of the 107,880 public schools is only three months and a small fraction per annum, and that our private schools are maintained for the best part of the year, who shall attempt to say how much of that which we are wont to ascribe to the public school is justly due to the private?

As a matter of course, they are a financial failure. Think of it! Eight millions of children annually throwing away six millions of years of paid schooling! Who is responsible for this gigantic fraud?

The actual amount annually expended for public school purposes, exclusive of books and interest on houses and furniture, amounts to less than four dollars per census child. If a child's school life extends over a period of ten years, and is limited to the public school, then its education has cost the noble sum of \$40. A good hen turkey may be made to pay for the schooling of a large family of children.

But to secure this modicum of \$40 worth of education, it is found necessary to expend with it \$120 more—that is to say, of every \$4 expended, \$1 only is productive; only \$1 accomplishes its end.

If such are the results of public schools

in their birthplace and home, what must they be in Florida, where the only tax ever levied for school purposes, was a poll tax of \$1 upon each free negro? or of the broad State of Texas, without any organized system of public schools? or of the whole Southern States combined, the most active and enterprising of which* reports an attendance equivalent to only four children in every hundred for ten months in the year?

Again, we ask: In what *have* they succeeded? Are we perceptibly advancing toward a political or a moral millennium? Let the stern purity of our ancestors, and that wonderful Government which, after nearly a century of experiment, we and our public schools have been unable materially to improve, be our answer. Compare the earnestness with which love to God and good-will to man were inculcated in the schools of 1769, with the morbid sensitiveness which to-day bars the Golden Rule from their sacred precincts, and answer: Is this success?

With all our boasted improvements, if our cotton mills did not approach nearer to the ideal perfection of cotton spinning than our schools do to the ideal perfection of teaching, they would speedily bankrupt their owners. We say not that the former times were better than these; yet, with sorrow, we are forced to confess that we can not see that the schools of to-day make better readers, better spellers, better writers, better citizens, or better Christians, than the schools of fifty years ago. What was then lacking in facilities was made up in application and painstaking. The arts and sciences have advanced marvelously, but it has been accomplished by the labors of a few, educated wholly or mostly outside of the public school. Universal intelligence is yet afar off. Let us not shut our eyes to the true condition

* West Virginia.

of things. We have not been standing still. If our schools are not better, they are worse. As an American, I am loth to say that they are worse; as a friend of public schools, and as an honest man, I dare not say that they are better. Undoubted progress has been made in some

directions—in some, has taken place undoubted retrogression. I am content that every candid man shall decide the matter in his own mind. One thing is certain: the best friends of the public school are the least satisfied with its results.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—UNOPEN.

THE great crowd of pleasure-seekers know nothing of the remarkable natural scenery by which they are surrounded when crossing the Sierra Nevada by the railroad, and can have no conception of the magnitude of the work over which they are flying at the rate of from twenty to forty miles an hour. In fact, if the comments of a majority of recent passengers are any criterion by which the masses are to be judged, the only points of interest on the entire route are the meal-stations. Could any of those able-bodied men, or bright-eyed women, now so full of *ennui*, have been placed on these mountains, five years ago, with a good camping party, they would have found more solid enjoyment in traveling than one hundred miles, and spending the summer season at it, than there is now in being whisked round the world in the same length of time.

For this reason, I am tempted to recall some notes of an experience upon that highway, when it was as yet "unopen;" some record of difficulties overcome by its builders, of which the railroad traveler of to-day, lounging on the cushions of a palace-car, has no conception, and if he had, but little opportunity to demonstrate by observation; for the timbers that shed the avalanches, and shut out the snow, have, perhaps, also shed some of the romance, and shut out some of the picturesque of Sierran solitudes.

Leaving the almost perpetual summer of the plains of California, on a pleasant afternoon in October, 1867, in about eighteen hours I was carried by steam to Cisco, the then terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, thirteen miles westerly from the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Now began a walk memorable to me for what was, what is, and what will be, in the future. An engineer will appreciate the intense satisfaction I felt for the next three days. Two years previously, before a tree or a stone was disturbed, a party of us surveyed a route through these mountain wilds—now how changed!

For two miles beyond Cisco, the track had been laid. How I execrated the faithful manner in which the railroad company had placed the ties! Too close for a step, one had to keep up a dog-trot, at the imminent risk of a collision between his nose and bedded tamarack. *Twelve miles* of delving men; massive stone culverts, hanging on the steep slopes of granite mountains; a constant succession of blasts, with their grand reverberations; a granite roadway through tunnel and cut, and over fill; an immense serpent, whose convolutions rested on mountain spurs, and bridged deep ravines.

After walking awhile, seeing and enjoying so much, the thought occurred to me to take notes. An ever at-hand note-book, my shirt wristband, was

quickly covered with memoranda; spare bits of paper followed suit. The washer-woman has monopolized the first; of the last disjointed vertebræ I will strive to make a skeleton.

Coming from perpetual summer, the first objects to attract the attention of a climatologist were patches of snow dotting the gray and green mountains in every direction. Snow! The idea was quickly brought home by the sight of the hard-working Mongolians, in thick coats, with mittens and tippets; of buckets fringed with ice, cuts gemmed with icicles, and by a very strong inclination to get *warm* in any way I could.

Here and there, among the moss-covered trees bordering the cuts, were thousands of hewn tamarack ties, ready to take their places in the road. Now I walked through a granite cut, where Chinamen are as thick as bees, the various sets of "strikers" keeping in unison with their hammers on the drills, and thus unwittingly showing the foreman if there be a laggard; then over high banks, made principally from shattered rock—for earth here is the exception, and wherever found, is voraciously "borrowed." The upper side of this bank shows a culvert almost at grade; while, on the lower side, it modestly shows its usefulness fifty feet below grade. Surely, the masons who built these culverts were fortunate. Their crop of stones was most abundant, and close to their consuming point. Here is a bank eighty to one hundred feet in height, covering its culvert of two hundred and fifty feet in length; there a bridge, leaping a chasm of one hundred and fifty feet in depth. One thousand feet beneath me I see the "mountain schooners," each drawn by twelve mules. Their bells toll the knell, and their wheels creak the dirge, of their last year's labor on this route. Here is a "camp;" but, alas! none of the old style of snow-white canvas, with its

memories of refreshing sleep upon fragrant pine boughs; no, it is a Chinese camp, resembling a collection of dog-kennels, which, in fact, it is—each hut hastily made of "shakes," about four feet high by six feet broad, and eight feet long. This is a bridge, with—what? yes, cut granite abutments—the false works not yet removed, and the difficulty of "raising" in this rough spot fully apparent. Here is a cut: yet this is not granite! no, but a rock so soft that it can be whittled with a knife, and purely white, as if taking hue from the almost perpetual snows that have hitherto covered it, and strongly reminding me of that paradise for smokers, sixty miles to the east, where mountains of meerschaum laugh at adolescent folly for paying its weight in gold. The next cut is the hardest of granite; and a score and a half of carts and two hundred and fifty men are working, crowded together in a space of two hundred and fifty feet. Why not?—for though, from its lower side, one may look down a thousand feet, its upper side presents a "face" of eighty feet.

Ah! no one will be impressed by the sublimity of this scenery, when whirled through it at twenty miles per hour—a wall of rock on one side, and empty space on the other. What! we are nearing the summit, and there you shall see mountains of granite, sheer and clear, and shall ride along the verge of precipices, where a tossed stone will bound and bound again until it strikes one thousand feet beneath. Secure the back seat of the car, or cultivate intimacy with the engine driver. Look far beneath you at those puny pine-trees. They are six feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet high! Then, look up, far up, a thousand feet or more, at Lincoln Peak, whose granite breast has faced storms which have crushed and rended these forests. On this crest of Lincoln Peak, the Chief Engineer of the road,

Mr. S. S. Montague, as if prophetic, raised a white flag on the very day of Lee's surrender. Surely, this railroad will be a bond of peace and unity.

My afternoon is waning. "How far to the summit?" "Can't say; have been too busy with my own work ever to have inquired—it must be six miles," is the answer from a foreman. I traveled briskly on for fifteen minutes. "How far to the summit?" is my question to a "boss." "Do not know exactly—about seven miles." Another quarter-hour of hurried steps, and the light air tells upon unaccustomed human bellows. "How far to the summit?" is asked the third time. "About eight miles." This is discouraging; and so, resolving to trust to memory, I hasten on, and think the while that human nature is the same, whether goaded to constant exertion, as are these foremen, or allowed to become enervated, as in Central America, where the universal reply to "*Quantas leguas?*" is "*Allí, no mas.*"

The wagon-road below is lined with slowly moving teams, the drivers cracking their whips, and smacking their lips at the prospect of supper. The loud, sharp reports of blasts as of large rifled guns seem to crack the very mountains. Thus observing, I push forward, when a warning note is heard, and a rush of three-score Asiatics for a culvert betokens danger. I am eight hundred feet from the blast. Smiling at the frightened haste of these stupid fellows, I watch the effect. Bang! bang! bang! Grand is the sight. "Hurry down to this culvert, sir, hurry!" cries a foreman. "Why, there is no danger here." "Hurry here; the big blast is yet to go." Down the bank and into the culvert I, too, tumbled; and the next instant, with a sound as of thunder, a young volcano showered its stones in the air, rending trees, tearing the ground, and falling all about and over our hiding-place. "A lucky escape for

you, sir," set me thinking if I had not made a mistake in thus throwing away a chance of making more money, without exertion, in one day than ever before—namely, out of my life insurance policy.

As the sun approaches his setting, I arrive where the road is less advanced, where more divisions of the army of labor are concentrated; and, tumbling down the granite banks, climbing over the cuts, elbowing my way between crowded workmen, dodging my head from their striking hammers, and my feet from their picks, hurry on. Frequently comes a note of warning, and I must seek cover. Aching corns, barked shins, and a mountain appetite protest against night travel on an incomplete road-bed; and, therefore, when within a mile of the summit, unwillingly I seek the wagon-road.

At about an hour after dark the "Summit Camp" was reached. This is in reality a small town of one and two-story houses, built quite strongly, to resist the weight of winter snows; for here, last year, the snow naturally accumulated on a level, though the greatest depth upon the ground at any one time was thirteen feet. With thirteen feet on a level, what are the drifts, with walls of one thousand feet to make the eddies? Passing from drifts to slides, (it is natural) the way of these currents of snow is plainly shown by the devastation of the forests. At two places slides occur nearly every winter; and, while the country about is covered with fir, pine, and tamarack, the besom of destruction has here swept all, even the smallest trees, from the earth. These vast slides, starting imperceptibly far above, acquire a lightning rapidity, and an overwhelming force, when they reach the valley. The railroad is here well protected from them by being in excavation, the top of which will be roofed, so as to throw the snow clear of the grade.

After a hearty welcome at the Summit Camp from brother engineers, and a substantial supper, I gladly coiled myself under as many bedclothes as the human frame could stand, awakened only in the night by the dull boom of blasts in the tunnel, three hundred feet distant. At early morning I was up, and had breakfasted before the sun peered over the "Eastern Summit."

A day of astonishment, wonder, and great satisfaction was before me. Every moment was full of condensed enjoyment. After feasting my eyes upon the beautiful picture framed in by the east, with its foreground of Donner Lake, eleven hundred feet below, its middle distance of Truckee Valley, and its background of Washoe Mountains, the day's travel was begun by a visit to the Summit tunnel of 1,659 feet, single track, through solid granite. This tunnel was complete, except about forty feet of the enlargement, and nitro-glycerine was rapidly shattering that. Hence there is a mile of as heavy, varied work as is ever built by railroad companies in America. The railroad is cut in the face of a precipice, the projecting spurs from the mountain being tunneled. The surplus material did not need much carting, for what was not thrown clear of the road-bed by blasting, needed to be hauled but thirty or forty feet, where a "dump" of five hundred to eight hundred feet was secured.

In several places, where one side of the road-bed was at grade, the other slope would be in seventy-feet cutting. Royal have been the salutes fired from this escarpment; immense the peaceful execution done. What enjoyment to have been here two months before, in the heat of the battle between intelligent force and mountain cohesion! The powder bill alone for the month of July was \$54,000! From five thousand to ten thousand men were employed all the season. The times of firing along the

whole cliff were limited to three a day. At those times, an immense broadside cleaved a little of the shell from the grand mountain-side, transforming a goat's path to a way for the iron steed. Let me relate one instance of skillful execution. With one drilled hole, eight feet in depth, 1,440 yards of granite were thrown clear from the road-bed. The eight-foot hole was drilled near a fine seam, lightly loaded, and fired. This enlarged the seam, which was lightly loaded, and exploded. This operation was performed carefully, several times, until the seam was widened to a considerable fissure, when an immense load was put in, the fire communicated, and three thousand tons of granite were torn from their long resting-place, making sad havoc with the sturdy pines beneath. I observed one rock, measuring seventy tons, a third of a mile away from its accustomed place; while another, weighing 240 pounds, was thrown over the hotel at Donner Lake—a distance, certainly, of two-thirds of a mile. In fact, the whole valley is covered with drops from these granite showers. As the season here is short, much of the work has been carried on night and day. Here we saw a retaining wall seventy feet in height; there a tunnel of granite. Several blasts had just occurred in the tunnel ahead; we must see the effects of this strange nitro-glycerine, that—unlike powder, which rends the rock, again to be broken or moved with labor—seems to tear it in pieces, leaving it as easy to handle as ordinary "loose rock."

After stopping here a few minutes, we were conscious of an uneasiness on the part of our *chaperon*, the foreman, who opened the Summit tunnel. By interesting statements, etc., he succeeded in drawing us two or three hundred feet away, when he drew a long breath, and said: "Oh! I'm so glad you are out of that." "Why?" "There was a misfire of glycerine there, with a charge of

eleven bottles, (fifteen pounds) and the men are getting to work at it again."

The next tunnel was being heavily timbered as it was driven. The material, being decomposed and disintegrated granite, caused great difficulty in execution, and care in giving of the lines and grades. Every sill and post must be set in advance of taking out the body of the enlargement, which serves as a pier for false timbering. Here let me give one or two incidents which occurred along and in the vicinity of the above mile and a half in the old times, when there was not even a path for adventurous engineers.

The only way for the chain-men to work along these cliffs and those of the northern side was by being suspended by ropes from above, the chain-bearers signaling to those holding the ropes, up or down, forward or back. One night, nearly all the party had been off to a dance. The next day it became necessary for the forward chain-man to remain suspended and swinging in the air for about five minutes at one point. When ready to go on, his signals were not heeded. Understanding that all was not right, I carefully climbed up the rocks to the assistant above. There he was, all right, sitting braced in a fissure of the granite, the sun shining warmly down upon him, his arms and the rope on tension. An execration at his neglect to obey the signals was on my lips, but I remembered the dance, and luckily restrained myself; and carefully picking my way, stealthily got hold of the rope, then spoke. The sleeping assistant let go the rope, awoke with a start and the exclamation: "Oh dear! oh dear! have I dropped Mat?" Sometimes the men were reckless, and would venture on steep, smooth slopes, without the rope, getting off safely; while at other times, "something dropped," and the friction, sliding over thirty or forty feet of granite, with the projections not hammered,

would have its effect. Once we nearly lost our two chain-men. When within twenty feet of a precipice, they fell toward it, headlong down a steep slope, and barely stopped on its verge! All the party held their breath in horror; but Mat, jumping up, exclaimed: "Just our luck; I wanted you to have a holiday to-morrow."

What fun we had with "yellow jackets," which, it must be stated, have a terribly sharp sting in this sharp-set country. If our axe-man discovered a nest, he carefully avoided it; if the leading chain-man stepped into it, he gave no alarm, if he could possibly help it; and all watched for the back chain-man, Mat, whose liking for the insects was in direct contrast to their taking for him. Up would go the chain into the air, and down would go Mat, over rocks and precipitous places. It was of no use to try—you could not coax him back. A trick was one day played on our camp-dog, a fine mastiff, who accompanied us whenever he could steal away from the cook's sight. The transit party had crossed a ravine, and the level party was waiting behind for further work. A yellow jacket's nest was discovered, a hundred feet distant from the leveler. Now, Jersey was taught to fetch and carry, and the leveler, thinking to have some fun, against the protests of the party, threw a stick toward the nest. Jersey ran for it. In an instant he was rolling on the ground, howling with pain and stung by hundreds of the infuriated insects. For protection, he ran to the man who threw the stick. It is needless to say that he ran; but the dog and yellow jackets were too fast for him, and the last seen of him was with his hat down, coat-collar up, face in the ground, and heels kicking furiously.

An axe-man and myself spoiled the boys' dinner-hour, one day, by way of a practical joke. These mountains, where not visited by man, are haunted by vari-

ous animals, among them black, cinnamon, and grizzly bears. We had gone ahead of the party, prospecting a line among the brush, and just at our return saw what looked like an old "sign of a bear." The idea of a joke occurred to both; and carefully doubling our fists, to make a "bear track," in a way any old hunter will know, we made fresh bear tracks on all the earth in the immediate locality, and leading off the earth to a piece of sheer granite about thirty feet across. We managed, by working hard, to get the line party up to this point at 12 M., when, just as we were about to quit for dinner, the axe-man saw a "bear sign." In an instant, great was the excitement. "Yes; here, and here, are fresh bear tracks." Dinner was forgotten, and all hands went off on a bear hunt, which lasted an hour, when the call, "Halloa, boys!" brought them back to work; and immediately after, the shout, "Sold!" from the axe-man, caused an uproarious laugh, and various threats of retaliation.

But to return to my present trip. Bidding our hospitable guides farewell, and taking the horses kindly volunteered by the Superintendent, we struck over the ridge dividing Strong's Cañon from Coldstream Valley, thus getting the start of about five miles of railroad—the location of the road being around the head of Strong's Cañon; thence along the mountain-side, next to Donner Lake, until a 90°-curve pierces, with nine hundred feet of tunnel, the ridge, now so attenuated that it received the name of "Donner's Backbone;" and then the railroad line, having turned nearly 180°, runs nearly back upon itself, but on the other side of the ridge. It is one of the best places to "make distance" I ever saw, and enables the railroad to descend the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada with a grade of less than ninety feet to the mile.

The advantage of these valleys may be seen by a novice, if he will but stop

at the tunnel alluded to and look two hundred or three hundred feet below him, and a third of a mile distant. There, upon the other side of the valley, and on its bottom-land, is the identical railroad, which has again made a distance of three or four miles to attain that point to which he seems able to throw a stone. After crossing the ridge, we went on to Coburn's, upon the Truckee River, at the foot of the steep grades on the eastern side of the Sierra Nevada, and about fourteen miles from the summit. What a change was here! In the place of two pioneer houses, there was a town, (Truckee) one-third of a mile long, about two houses deep. Here we found the iron track again. From Cisco to this place was a hiatus of twenty-seven miles. The iron for thirty or forty miles of railroad had been teamed over this intervening distance, as also the pioneer locomotive on the eastern slope, the "San Mateo." Getting upon the top of a car-load of ties, we were again propelled by steam—two of the first thousand of the many million passengers who will ride over this road. Now the serpent of the other side of the mountains seemed to have changed his nature, appearing like a water-snake, for the track follows closely the winding of the river; indeed, it would be impossible to get away from it. For the first eight or ten miles we saw the ordinary mountain scenery, excepting at one place, where basaltic cliffs afforded a peculiar variety: here, piled upon end like the "Giant's Causeway;" there, corded up horizontally like huge piles ready for the burning. Then we reached what is more properly the cañon; and well could I remember my enthusiasm when first running a line down this then beautifully romantic stream. It was difficult for me to realize the difference in locomotion. What was then a long, wearisome day's ride, was now accomplished in an hour and a half, and in August, 1869, in thirty minutes. About

twelve miles from Coburn's, we came to the first crossing of the Truckee. A Howe truss bridge, with an arch and granite abutments of first-class masonry, now spanned the river in the identical place where we felled the tree which served as a precarious bridge for many a day. Stopping here awhile, the Division Engineer called our attention to the peculiar conical pinnacles of cement which fringed the mountains 1,200 feet above us, and at a horizontal distance not exceeding that. I well remembered our first sight of what we called "The Sentinels," and the enthusiastic climbing done vainly on a Sunday to attain them, when camped here two years ago. "We call those 'The Cinnabar Cliffs.'" "What! is there cinnabar there?" innocently asked my companion. "I can only give you the same answer we give to all who ask: 'If you don't believe it, go up and see.'" We proceeded on the cars to the end of the track, nearly to the State line of Nevada. The sun sets early in this steep-bounded cañon, and soon we were returning, at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, to Coburn's. This twenty miles has been "the work of a thousand men," not for "three years," but only for eight months; and our friends of the P. W. & B. Railroad have been fully equaled in their achievements.


From Coburn's, a gallop of seven miles took us to Pollard's Hotel, Donner Lake, where the stage changes horses at midnight, and where, at 4 A.M., long before dawn, I was awakened by the words, "Engine and train will start in ten minutes." Rising hastily, and snatching a slice of bread, I stumbled over the iced rocks to the engine, and getting on the fireman's side, enjoyed a cold morning ride. The moon was in its last quarter. I well knew the crookedness of the road, but had not observed it the previous afternoon, having been absorbed in admiration of the scenery, and recollections of the past. Now, however, it was

brought to mind: for, at one instant, the moon was dead ahead; then moving slowly around, it was directly behind; now on one quarter, then on the other; and at one place, I noticed, it passed three-quarters around us. I was reminded of the objection once made to me by an assistant transit-man, after working at the location of a continuous thirty-minute curve, on a side-hill, one whole day: "Mr. —, don't you think the engine will get tired of running on this curve?" I arrived at the camp in time to get an hour's sleep in my overcoat, before day fairly appeared in the cañon. A ride to the end of the track terminated in a walk four or five miles farther on. How interesting and amusing were the reminiscences crowding upon me! When walking, the minutest things attract one's attention; when riding upon the cars, one does not note even the grand whole. Here was a mountain-side of round, loose stone; surely the location here must have been a contour line, for there is but a slight cut on the upper side; but where are the stones? For a whole month, a large force was kept on that three hundred feet of road, rolling the stone from far above down the mountain-side. As fast as they were rolled, it seemed as if more appeared. It was Sisyphus, without the variety of climbing the hill. That long plateau of rounded masses below tells the story. There is the place where we met Indians fishing: a little hut projected over a deep pool in the river; an Indian, on his belly, spear in hand, watching for the unsuspecting trout, and transferring them from limpid water to limp grass.


This must be the "Devil's Grip." How changed! A gang of men, working for a month, have blasted out the huge boulders which formerly choked the river channel; and instead of the furiously curling, eddying, and dashing waters, one sees now but ordinary rap-

ids, and the name is changed to the more euphonious one of "The Narrows."

My reminiscences should end here; but having omitted one, let me insert it before closing. It is a remembrance of Horsetail Bend, on old Grayback Mountain, during my first horseback trip through the cañon, with the Chief Engineer. We came to a place where the foot-trail ran steeply up a pitch, then turned sharply over ninety degrees on a narrow projection of rock, and descended a slope of about forty-five degrees on smooth porphyry for a distance of fifty feet. "What shall we do here?" asked he. "Let us try a Central American trick;" and tying our *reatas* together, I made one end fast to his horse's tail, and belayed the other with a running slip around a projection of rock. "Now, whip the animal." Down he started on his haunches, full of fear; but it was astonishing how quickly he understood the thing; for as soon as he felt the stern strain, he rose, leaned forward, and walked down, with his feet square upon the surface of the rock; and what is more, liked it so well, that as soon as we had taken the rope from his tail, he jumped into the river, swam above the point, and presented himself at the jutting projection, for our kind services again.

A propos of animals, I am an advocate for the intelligence of the much-abused mule. To one of the first camps on the river we could easily enter from the stage-road, leaving the same in an extensive sage-brush plain, and after a mile or two passing through timber. My mule and self had been through there once, when we moved; and at that time, in order to turn off in future at the right place, (for the whole plain looked alike) I nailed on a pole a little chalked sign: "To C. P. R. R. Camp, 3½ miles .

A few days after, there was occasion to bring from Donner Lake an extra animal with my mule. Night coming on, and it being

very dark, I tied the animals together by the necks, and on entering the plain, journeyed at a slow walk, peering into the darkness for the place to turn off. Traveling in this way for a mile and a half, every thing dead and silent—the mules apparently partaking of the general inertness—what wonder that a moment of fear came over me? All at once, without warning, both mules threw up their heads, then their heels, and broke away from the road, over the sage-brush and stones, as though a wolf or bear were after them. They ran away with me; but the neck-rope threw the light animal, which brought mine to a stand-still. Very carefully, by the stars, I rode the creature in the direction whence we came, hoping to find the road. It was as dark a starlit night as one is ever caught in. That mule plodded right ahead, nor stopped until her shoulder was at the pole, and my eyes two feet from the sign, "To C. P. R. R. Camp, 3½ miles .

Stopping a moment, as if to satisfy me that she was right, she suddenly turned, broke into a gallop, and—I let her go.

Calling up these old experiences as I passed over the scenes where they had happened, their recollection gave, by contrast, exceeding pleasure to my walk as I wended my way down this mighty cleft path, with crags ranging 1,500 to 2,000 feet above me on either side, their crests and slopes covered with timber. Remembering that this was the last of the timber; that after a few miles more there was not a stick bigger than a sage-brush to cheer the vision, I could but think how the car-worn traveler from "the plains" will rest his weary eyes, and feast on this natural grandeur, so beautifully fringed and trimmed with evergreen. Will he? No! Ere the iron rails connect with those pushing from the East, the whole region will be denuded of timber. These monarchs of the forest will lie low; and, buried in the desert sands, will give in their short

decay more practical benefit than in their lengthy lives! Those immense piles of wood which the indefatigable choppers are piling up—where will they travel? what Indians and game will they frighten, as they feed the rushing, fiery demon?

Here is a beautiful purple porphyry, and there are fine specimens of the black tourmaline incased in granite, and close by we see a blue rock flecked with white. To-day a plumbago mine has been discovered here. All about are indications of valuable minerals. Soon the State line is reached; and, registering my name for December, 1865, and October, 1867, I wondered when I may register again.

This year (1869) I have been whirled over and beyond this interesting ground to that which has no pleasurable characteristics for me: the sage-brush wastes of Nevada and Utah. I do not envy the railroad men who there lived and labored. Uncle Sam did not seriously injure his domain with that land grant, as one little fact will prove. For many consecutive miles, in several instances, the cost of grading was exceeded by the cost of hauling water to the men and animals doing the work; for, be it remembered, the grading parties were kept from fifty to ninety miles ahead of the track-layers. This grading was not all light work, as the passenger will observe.

Fifteen-mile Cañon—which travelers will remember as the location of "The Palisades"—was graded in six weeks, one cut therein containing 6,600 cubic yards. Five-mile Cañon, just easterly, was graded in three weeks—grading force, between five and six thousand men. All have heard of the crowning

day's work—a worthy completion of this great undertaking, a lasting credit to all concerned—the laying of ten miles of iron in one day; and, for the information of railroad men, I will add my testimony that it was *well* laid: both curve and grade were against the working party. Eight men handled nearly one thousand tons of iron in one day. While speaking with Union Pacific men about this great feat, they claimed that they could excel it; but, said they: "The Central Pacific people were too smart for us; they waited until there was no more track to lay, that we might have no chance to compete."

One fact, which I have not seen noted, forcibly impressed me at the laying of the last rail. Two lengths of rails, fifty-six feet, had been omitted. The Union Pacific people brought up their pair of rails, and the work of placing them was done by Europeans. The Central Pacific people then laid their pair of rails, the labor being performed by Mongolians. The foremen, in both cases, were Americans. Here, near the centre of the American Continent, were the united efforts of representatives of the continents of Europe, Asia, and America—America directing and controlling.

On the wedding-trip of the East and West, in May, 1869, while passing over the grand old Sierra, along precipices where each foot of railroad cost as much as many an entire mining claim—where the wonders of the railroad are hidden from view by dark sheds—I could not help wondering why the railroad officials do not take off or hinge a couple of boards along these interminable galleries, and give the passengers a view of the finest scenery on the route.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

NO doubt there are such things. Saint Paul gave a strong instance, when he epitomized the Cretans; Tacitus and Cæsar did not hesitate to predicate a definite individuality of the Germans; and, following easily in the wake of all philosophic observers, every school-boy is now able to discourse fluently and epigrammatically concerning the peculiar qualities of any people under heaven. It is much easier to draw caricatures than to paint portraits; and the faculty of indicating, "with a few bold lines," the likeness of a soul, or a race, or an age, wins the applause, while it perverts the judgment, of the world. At the present day, your observer of men and epochs goes further. Not content with clapping his scientific label on a bundle containing a few million human beings, or books, he must needs explain why and how they came to be what he says they are; and by overlaying inaccurate observations with hasty generalizations, he erects a science of progress, or a science of humanity, or a sociology. Darwinianism in history is a nuisance. The time is not ripe for it, if, indeed, it ever will be. Polyyps, and trilobites, and terebratulæ may, perhaps, be multiplying and differentiating themselves on the principles of "natural selection" in the "struggle for life;" but dynasties, and institutions, and races of men in society, are quite as much affected by that un-Darwinian agent, the human will, to say nothing of the Divine.

It strikes me that we need to come back to facts; and by the time we are fully prepared to account for national characteristics, we shall, perhaps, find that we have fewer mysteries to explain than we thought. Knocking about the

world for a good many years, and dwelling among its inhabitants without intending to write books about them, I must confess that my preconceived notions of these things have gradually been confounded. I have met so many lively Germans, heavy Frenchmen, polite Englishmen, industrious Neapolitans, honest Arabs, intelligent Ethiopians, liberal Canadians, unimpassioned Southerners, rude and wicked Bostonians, and landlubbers from Marblehead, that I do not at all rely any longer upon the diagnoses of the books. I begin to doubt whether it will even be forever true of the Chinamen that, as a nation, they wear pigtails, and make a point of taking less wages than they earn.

I freely admit the existence of characteristics in people. An ancient rune says: "There's as much difference in people as there is in anybody, and more than there is in some." I also admit that families often perpetuate peculiarities of feature and mind; though these we are apt to overrate. When you consider that, going back only five generations, every one of us has sixty-two ancestors, it is no wonder that we "take after" some of them. Our character, as we write it for ourselves in life, is unique; but the up-strokes and the down-strokes must resemble somebody's; yet, out of sixty-two immediate ancestors of the recently arrived Jones, only five were by blood Joneses; is it not, then, a little too much to attempt to define the hereditary peculiarities of the Jones family? I know the Bourbon nose will be turned up against me; but it is not (except when blown) a trump. The possession of it did not put Eleazer Williams on the *fauteuil* of his ancestors; nor does

the absence of it disinherit the Comte de Chambord. Bourbon noses are common, not only in France, (where their existence might be explained on the hereditary principle, perhaps) but everywhere. They prove nothing—only, Bourbons wear them.

Going a step further, I admit the existence of local peculiarities, expressed in dialects, costumes, and (in the grown-up people who have not traveled) habits of thought and action. But here we begin to come upon debatable ground. How deep do these provincialisms go? Are they born with the children? Can not all men who choose, by persistently cutting off these habits at the top, finally kill them at the root? When Sarah Jane goes away to boarding-school, and comes back as Sallie or Jennie, she has acquired, to say the least, as much manners as mind; and she is a being from another sphere to the simple natives of the village, who are still talking and behaving as she used to do, before she doffed calico, and clad her soul as well as her body in silk. The mind of a child is, perhaps, not quite *tabula rasa*—not a mere sensitized plate, upon which experience shall be reflected, and at last fixed in character; but still less is it a picture already taken, which needs only to be plunged into the bath, and varnished a little with education, to be developed and made permanent. We inherit tendencies and capacity; but the first may never grow, and the latter may always be empty of achievements.

Did you ever let a phrenologist feel of your bumps, and pronounce upon your character? It is curious to see how acute will be the guesses of these philosophers concerning one's original temperament and tastes, and how wide of the mark they come when they touch upon those particulars in which the necessities of life have developed what were, perhaps, originally the less prominent faculties. The phrenologist, prac-

ticing his profession at a dollar per subject, can not afford to acknowledge ignorance. He is driven to take the indications which form, feature, movement, etc., afford concerning the original constitution, and to predicate upon these such shrewd, lucky guesses as may impress with wonder his unsophisticated clients. But an educated man baffles his penetration. We all remember what was charged against Socrates—that, in he was a man of gross animal instincts—and his famous reply, that such indeed was his natural character, but he had overcome and recreated it, by self-discipline. Now, while the phrenologist comes to absurd conclusions, his premises are often mainly correct. Nor is he such a fool as not to be aware how far life may have modified the tendencies of birth. That is an element of the problem which he omits, because he can not get at the value of it; and he assumes the risk of judging without it, well knowing that, in the majority of cases, the local and hereditary birth-traits of men are those which they develop in after-life, partly because it is easier to "follow a bent" than to rouse and train a sluggish faculty, and partly because, as a matter of fact, most men do receive their education in the family, and locality, and nation where they were born.

This gives the key to much of the peculiarity of place, and face, and race, which it is so fashionable to believe inherent and ineradicable. Admit the full force of inherited tendencies of every kind, and the agencies of life are yet far more numerous and influential. The passionate father has a passionate son; but the stormy anger of the son is due, one part to his descent from such a parent, and a hundred parts to the effect of that parent's fickle government and vicious example. Some Bostonians have a peculiar provincial accent, not because they were born in Boston, but because they live there, and are in the habit of

copying one another, which prevents their improvement. And so of many more important peculiarities of classes and masses of men. There are causes which, operating upon many successive generations, produce physical results; and these most obstinately resist the effects of education. In my opinion, the physical characteristics of races are far more firmly fixed than the mental ones. The latter are almost always assumed in the first place to be eternal, and all the agencies of society are brought to bear to make them so. Why do the Jews, throughout all nations, preserve so strongly marked an individuality? Because by all nations they have been ostracized and isolated; they have intermarried among themselves; they have perpetuated the influences which make them a marked nation.

The central idea of Christianity is individual responsibility; the characteristic element of Christian civilization is the elevation of the individual; and Democracy, which is the legitimate fruit of Christianity, bases its dogma of government upon these principles: that every man is individually responsible for his actions; that he ought, therefore, to have the largest personal liberty, since responsibility and freedom are correlatives; that the true function of government is to secure this liberty; that this end is best accomplished when all citizens, voting as individuals, express their wishes and choose their agents. I do not intend to argue the respective advantages of restricted, qualified, and impartial suffrage. It is sufficient at present to point out that democratic government rests on the expression of individual opinions, and requires of its citizens independent and intelligent action. The voice of the people, voting by classes, or races, or religions, is not the voice of God. Parties and party spirit do more good than harm, so long as the lines are drawn upon issues which permit the

crossing of every citizen. But parties based upon unalterable distinctions are fatal to Democracy. Irish parties, German parties, Native American parties, are not legitimately parties at all. How can a man, "by taking thought," become a Native American?

It is emphatically and clearly the duty of every patriot to discountenance political movements which tend to perpetuate differences of race, or any other than individual distinctions. The spirit of "Native Americanism" is but a thinly disguised aristocracy of birth. Give men the chance, and they will speedily show that the man in them is stronger than the family, or the birthplace, or the tribe. This is the spirit of Democracy; and if this is a mistake, then Democracy is a failure.

Yes, my friend and reader hitherto, I undoubtedly mean to allude dimly to the Chinese. The Chinese *question*, do you say? The Chinese *answer*, rather. For the question has been dinned by successive centuries into the ears of a people struggling for life upon an overcrowded soil, and their answer is coming now with an alarming fluency and copiousness. Our Democracy is put face to face with their Monarchy, our Christianity with their Paganism. We have galloped around the field a good deal, shaking our lances, while our strident trumpets challenged the world. All we wanted was a free fight between Truth and Error, and there was not the slightest doubt that the pestilential latter, wounded, would writhe in pain, and die amid her worshipers. Well, now, here she is: let her die. For one, I have faith enough to believe that the Truth will triumph, and modesty enough to doubt whether every bit of it is on my side.

What shall we do with them? The very worst thing is to consolidate them by persecution, or by that cool lumping of them in the mass, and ignoring them

as individuals, which will certainly make of them, sooner or later, a dangerous class. The first imperative necessity for us, having to deal with these people, is to understand them. This we shall not begin to do until we stop calling them, indiscriminately, JOHN. As for Chinese suffrage, that man who looks forward to large Chinese immigration would do well to consider it as a necessary sequence. How soon it will come, I do not pretend to say. The ballot in the hands of a segregated class, certain to vote in masses, is a public calamity, the curses of which are not unknown in American history; but the best safeguard is not to withhold the ballot, but break down the barriers of class. And the presence of any body of men in the community, intelligent enough to vote, and deprived of the privilege of voting, is the most perilous of all elements that can be included in a nominally democratic state. Men that are numerous enough to outvote a dominant party are likely to become strong enough to overthrow it by other means, if this peaceable path is closed to them.

We should, then, from the beginning, attempt to deal with this new element on the basis of individual, not national characteristics. Our experience with the Negro and the Indian should teach us this much, at least. Let us acknowledge the virtues, punish the crimes, protect the rights, and deserve the friendship of the individual Chinaman. Treat the particular Chang with justice, and the collective John will not trouble you. I am astonished to see how glibly educated and otherwise candid men retail the current slanders concerning this nation. There are very few things, indeed, that are true of four hundred million people. Yet I hear daily such statements as these: "The Chinese is a wonderful spectacle of an arrested civilization. It has made no progress for two thousand years." There are two

weak points in this comparison: first, we know little of China to-day; and, second, we know nothing of China two thousand years ago. But admitting that the progress of China, since the tenth century, has been slow, (which is the utmost that can be granted, in view of the brilliant dynasty of Taitsoo and his successors) the marvelous rapidity with which the Chinese on our soil adapt themselves to our civilization, shows that the fault is not in them, but in the circumstances of their empire; in overpopulation, continual war, and unwise exclusion from the world. China has suppressed Chinamen; relieved from this cramping confinement, how quickly are they resuming the stature of men!

Again: "The Chinese are without the slightest notion of truthfulness." David said this, once, of all mankind; but he was divinely inspired to an apology afterward. We say it deliberately of nearly half our human race, and vow we won't take it back, whatever happens: yet, in another mood, we gravely moralize that truth is the necessary foundation of human society; that without honesty between man and man, all business and government relapses into chaos. Has the Chinese Empire, then, existed through so many ages, without personal honesty anywhere in its citizens? Verily, there is nothing so likely to be seriously propounded by "able men" as your blank impossibility.

But, "The low condition of the Chinese is shown by the vast amount of treasure annually absorbed by the Asiatic nations. The people are hoarders; they have no idea of the uses of money." This is another of those stories, absurd in themselves, and easily disproved, which are accepted by virtue of the audacity with which they are put forward—counterfeit coin, actually current *because* they are brass! Divide all the treasure known to have been shipped to Asia since the Christian era, by the population

of Asia, and the quotient will not be a tenth of the amount that an average Californian habitually "hoards" in his breeches-pocket!

But why should I continue this catalogue of cheap fallacies? My only object is to show that we do not understand the Chinese, and that this fact, if we allow it to continue a fact, will cripple us in dealing with them. We can not exclude them. If it was ever right to do so, it is now more than wrong—it is impossible. They are here, and they are coming. To treat them as all bad, will make them all bad; to pronounce them invariably, *nationally* dishonest, will leave them no motive to be or become individually upright; while, to recognize their excellencies as individuals, will tend to improve them as a class.

Travelers talk and write a great deal about the "national characteristics" of

the Americans. Why is it, that from Mrs. Trollope—who pronounced it the habit of our nation to spit on stoves—to that late English essayist, who says we have no idea of dignity except stupidity—why is it, I ask, that they invariably make themselves ridiculous in generalizing about Americans? Because we have but one national characteristic, and that is freedom. The tendency of our institutions is not to make men alike. No philosopher can judge us *ex pede Herculem*. Our future glory and safety lie in this: that we do not undertake to harmonize classes, and assimilate races, but to educate men.

It is said of certain races, however, that they will not develop individual character, even under the influences of freedom. Suppose we try the experiment. If *we* do not, rely upon it, some day *they* will.

A SOUTH-SEA IDYL.

THERE was a little brown rain-cloud, that blew over in about three minutes; and Bolabola's thatched hut was dry as a hay-stack in less than half that time. Those tropical sprays are not much, anyhow; so I lounged down into the banana patch, for I thought I saw something white there—something white and fluttering—moving about. I knew pretty well what it was, and didn't go after it on an uncertainty.

The Doctor looked savage. Whenever he slung those saddle-bags over his left shoulder, and swung his right arm clean out from his body, like the regulator of a steam-engine, you might know that his steam was pretty well up. I turned to look back, as he was strapping up his beast of burden, till the poor animal's body was positively waspish; then he climbed into his saddle, and sullen-

ly plunged down the trail toward the precipice, and never said "Good-by," or "God bless you," or any of those harmless tags that come in so well when you don't know how to cut off your last words.

I solemnly declare—and this without malice—the Doctor was perfectly savage.

Now, do you know what demoralized that Doctor?—how we came to a misunderstanding?—or why we parted company? It was simply because here was a glorious valley, a mild, half-civilized people, who seemed to love me at first sight. I don't believe I disliked them, either. Well! they asked me to stop with them, and I felt just like it. I wanted to stop and be natural; but the Doctor thought otherwise of my intentions—and that was the row.

The next thing I knew, the Doctor had got up the great precipice, and I was quite alone with two hundred dusky fellows, only two of whom could speak a syllable of English, and I the only representative of the superior white within twenty miles. Alone with cannibals—perhaps they were cannibals. They had magnificent teeth, at any rate, and could bite through an inch and a half sugarcane, and not break a jaw.

For the first time that summer, I began to moralize a little. Was it best to have kicked against the Doctor's judgment? Perhaps not! But it is best to be careful how you begin to moralize too early: you deprive yourself of a great deal of fun in that way. If you want to do any thing particularly, I should advise you to do it, and then be sufficiently sorry to make it all square.

I'm not so sure that I was wrong, after all. Fate, or the Doctor, or something else, brought me first to this loveliest of valleys, so shut out from every thing but itself, that there were no temptations which might not be satisfied. Well! here, as I was looking about at the singular loveliness of the place—you know this was my first glimpse of it; its abrupt walls, hung with tapestries of fern and clambering convolvulus; at one end two exquisite water-falls, rivaling one another in whiteness and airiness—at the other the sea, the real South Sea, breaking and foaming over a genuine reef, even rippling the placid current of the river, that slipped quietly down to its embracing tide from the deep basins at these water-falls—right in the midst of all this, before I had been ten minutes in the valley, I saw a straw hat, bound with wreaths of fern and *maile*; under it a snow-white garment, rather short all around, low in the neck, and with no sleeves whatever.

There was no sex to that garment; it was the spontaneous offspring of a scant material and a large necessity. I'd seen

plenty of that sort of thing, but never upon a model like this, so entirely tropical—almost Oriental. As this singular phenomenon made directly for me, and having come within reach, there stopped and stayed, I asked its name, using one of my seven stock phrases for the purpose; I found it was called Kana-ana. Down it went into my note-book; for I knew I was to have an experience with this young scion of a race of chiefs. Sure enough, I have had it. He continued to regard me steadily, without embarrassment. He seated himself before me; I felt myself at the mercy of one whose calm analysis was questioning every motive of my soul. This sage inquirer was, perhaps, sixteen years old. His eye was so earnest and so honest, I could return his look. I saw a round, full, rather girlish face; lips ripe and expressive—not quite so sensual as those of most of his race; not a bad nose, by any means; eyes perfectly glorious—regular almonds—with the mythical lashes “that sweep,” etc., etc. The smile which presently transfigured his face was of that nature that flatters you into submission against your will.

Having weighed me in his balance—and you may be sure his instincts didn't cheat him (they don't do that sort of thing)—he placed his two hands on my two knees, and declared, “I was his best friend, as he was mine; I must come at once to his house, and there live always with him.” What could I do but go? He pointed me to his lodge, across the river, saying, “There was his home, and mine.” By this time, my *native* without a master was quite exhausted. I wonder what would have happened if some one hadn't come to my rescue, just at that moment of trial, with a fresh vocabulary? As it was, we settled the matter at once. This was our little plan—an entirely private arrangement between Kana-ana and myself: I was to leave with the Doctor, in an hour; but, at the expira-

tion of a week, we should both return hither; then I would stop with him, and the Doctor could go on!

There was an immense amount of secrecy, and many vows, and I was almost crying, when the Doctor hurried me up that terrible precipice, and we lost sight of the beautiful valley. Kana-ana swore he would watch continually for my return, and I vowed I'd hurry back: and so we parted. Looking down from the heights, I thought I could distinguish his white garment; at any rate, I knew the little fellow was somewhere about, feeling as miserably as I felt—and nobody has any business to feel worse. How many times I thought of him through the week! I was always wondering if he still thought of me. I had found those natives to be impulsive, demonstrative, and, I feared, inconstant. Yet why should he forget me, having so little to remember in his idle life, while I could still think of him, and put aside a hundred pleasant memories for his sake? The whole island was a delight to me. I often wondered if I should ever again behold such a series of valleys, hills, and highlands in so small a compass. That land is a world in miniature, the dearest spot of which, to me, was that secluded valley; for there was a young soul watching for my return.

That was rather a slow week for me, but it ended finally; and just at sunset, on the day appointed, the Doctor and I found ourselves back on the edge of the valley. I looked all up and down its green expanse, regarding every living creature, in the hope of discovering Kana-ana in the attitude of the watcher. I let the Doctor ride ahead of me on the trail to Bolabola's hut, and it was quite in the twilight when I heard the approach of a swift horseman. I turned, and at that moment there was a collision of two constitutions that were just fitted for one another; and all the doubts and apprehensions of the week just over were in-

dignantly dismissed, for Kana-ana and I were one and inseparable, which was perfectly satisfactory to both parties!

The plot, which had been thickening all the week, culminated then, much to the disgust of the Doctor, who had kept his watchful eye upon me all these days—to my advantage, as he supposed. There was no disguising our project any longer, so I out with it as mildly as possible. "There was a dear fellow here," I said, "who loved me, and wanted me to live with him; all his people wanted me to stop, also; his mother and his grandmother had specially desired it. They didn't care for money; they had much love for me, and therefore implored me to stay a little. Then the valley was most beautiful; I was tired; after our hard riding, I needed rest; his mother and his grandmother assured me that I needed rest. Now, why not let me rest here awhile?"

The Doctor looked very grave. I knew that he misunderstood me—placed a wrong interpretation upon my motives; the worse for him, I say. He tried to talk me over to the paths of virtue and propriety; but I wouldn't be talked over. Then the final blast was blown: war was declared at once. The Doctor never spoke again, but to abuse me; and off he rode in high dudgeon, and the sun kept going down on his wrath. Thereupon I renounced all the follies of this world, actually hating civilization—feeling entirely above the formalities of society. I resolved on the spot to be a barbarian, and, perhaps, dwell forever and ever in this secluded spot. And here I am back to the beginning of this story, just after the shower at Bolabola's hut, as the Doctor rode off alone and in anger.

That resolution was considerable for me to make. I found, by the time the Doctor was out of sight and I was quite alone, with the natives regarding me so curiously, that I was very tired, indeed.

So Kana-ana brought up his horse, got me on to it in some way or other, and mounted behind me to pilot the animal and sustain me in my first bareback act. Over the sand we went, and through the river to his hut, where I was taken in, fed and petted in every possible way, and finally put to bed, where Kana-ana monopolized me, growling in true savage fashion if any one came near me. I didn't sleep much, after all. I think I must have been excited. I thought how strangely I was situated: alone in a wilderness, among barbarians; my bosom friend, who was hugging me like a young bear, not able to speak one syllable of English, and I very shaky on a few bad phrases in his tongue. We two lay upon an enormous old-fashioned bed with high posts—very high they seemed to me in the dim rushlight. The natives always burn a small light after dark; some superstition or other prompts it. The bed, well stocked with pillows, or cushions, of various sizes, covered with bright-colored chintz, was hung about with numerous shawls, so that I might be dreadfully modest behind them. It was quite a grand affair, gotten up expressly for my benefit. The rest of the house—all in one room, as usual—was covered with mats, on which various recumbent forms and several individual snores betrayed the proximity of Kana-ana's relatives. How queer the whole atmosphere of the place was! The heavy beams of the house were of some rare wood, which, being polished, looked like colossal sticks of pea-nut candy. Slender canes were bound across this frame-work, and the soft, dried grass of the meadows was braided over it—all completing our tenement, and making it as fresh and sweet as new-mown hay.

The natives have a passion for perfumes. Little bunches of sweet-smelling herbs hung in the peak of the roof, and wreaths of fragrant berries were strung in various parts of the house. I found

our bed-posts festooned with them in the morning. Oh! that bed. It might have come from England in the Elizabethan era and been wrecked off the coast; hence the mystery of its presence. It was big enough for a Mormon. There was a little opening in the room opposite our bed: you might call it a window, I suppose. The sun, shining through it, made our tent of shawls perfectly gorgeous in crimson light, barred and starred with gold. I lifted our bed-curtain and watched the rocks through this window—the shining rocks, with the sea leaping above them in the sun. There were cocoa-palms so slender they seemed to cast no shadow, while their fringed leaves glistened like frost-work as the sun glanced over them. A bit of cliff, also, remote and misty, running far into the sea, was just visible from my pyramid of pillows. I wondered what more I could ask for to delight the eye. Kana-ana was still asleep, but he never let loose his hold on me, as though he feared his pale-faced friend would fade away from him. He lay close by me. His sleek figure, supple and graceful in repose, was the embodiment of free, untrammelled youth. You who are brought up under cover, know nothing of its luxuriousness. How I longed to take him over the sea with me, and show him something of life as we find it. Thinking upon it, I dropped off into one of those delicious morning naps. I awoke again presently: my companion-in-arms was the occasion this time. He had awakened, stolen softly away, resumed his single garment—said garment and all others he considered superfluous after dark—and had prepared for me, with his own hands, a breakfast, which he now declared to me, in violent and suggestive pantomime, was all ready to be eaten. It was not a bad bill of fare: fresh fish, taro, poe, and goat's milk. I ate as well as I could, under the circumstances. I found that Robinson Crusoe

must have had some tedious rehearsals before he acquired that perfect resignation to Providence which delights us in book form. There was a veritable and most unexpected table-cloth for me alone. I do not presume to question the nature of its miraculous appearance. Dishes there were—still, dishes, if you're not particular as to shape or completeness; forks, with a prong or two—a bent and abbreviated prong or two; knives that had survived their handles; and one solitary spoon. All these were tributes of the two generous people, who, for the first time in their lives, were at the inconvenience of entertaining a distinguished stranger. Hence this reckless display of table-ware. I ate as well as I could, but surely not enough to satisfy my crony; for, when I had finished eating, he sat about two hours in deep and depressing silence, at the expiration of which time, he suddenly darted off on his bareback steed and was gone till dark, when he returned with a fat mutton slung over his animal. Now, mutton doesn't grow wild thereabout, neither were his relatives shepherds; consequently, in eating, I asked no questions, for conscience' sake.

The series of entertainments offered me were such as the little valley had not known for years: canoe rides up and down the winding stream, bathings in the sea and in the river, and in every possible bit of water, at all possible hours; expeditions into the recesses of the mountains, to the water-falls that plunged into cool basins of fern and cresses, and to the orange grove, through acres and acres of guava orchards; some climbings up the precipices; goat hunting, once or twice, as far as a solitary cavern, said to be haunted—these tramps always by daylight; then a new course of bathings and sailings, interspersed with monotonous singing and occasional smokes under the eaves of the hut at evening.

If it is a question how long a man may withstand the seductions of nature, and the consolations and conveniences of the state of nature, I have solved it in one case; for I was as natural as possible in about three days.

I wonder if I was growing to feel more at home, or more hungry, that I found an appetite at last equal to any table that was offered me? Chickens were added to my already bountiful rations, nicely cooked by being swathed in a broad, succulent leaf, and roasted or steeped in hot ashes. I ate it with my fingers, using the leaf for a platter.

Almost every day, something new was offered at the door for my edification. Now, a net full of large guavas or mangoes, or a sack of leaves crammed with most delicious oranges from the mountains, that seemed to have absorbed the very dew of heaven—they were so fresh and sweet. Immense lemons perfumed the house, waiting to make me a capital drink. Those superb citrons, with their rough, golden crusts, refreshed me. Cocoa-nuts were heaped at the door; and yams, grown miles away, were sent for, so that I might be satisfied. All these additions to my table were the result of long and vigorous arguments between the respective heads of the house. I detected trouble and anxiety in their expressive faces. I picked out a word, here and there, which betrayed their secret sorrow. No assertions, no remonstrances on my part, had the slightest effect upon the poor souls who believed I was starving. Eat I must, at all hours and in all places; and eat, moreover, before they would touch a mouthful. So nature teaches her children a hospitality which all the arts of the capital can not affect.

I wonder what it was that finally made me restless and eager to see new faces? Perhaps my unhappy disposition, that urged me thither, and then lured me back to the pride of life and the glory of

the world. Certain I am that Kana-ana never wearied me with his attentions, though they were incessant. Day and night he was by me. When he was silent, I knew he was conceiving some surprise in the shape of a new fruit, or a new view to beguile me. I was, indeed, beguiled; I was growing to like the little heathen altogether too well. What should I do when I was at last compelled to return out of my seclusion, and find no soul so faithful and loving in all the earth beside? Day by day, this thought grew upon me, and with it I realized the necessity of a speedy departure.

There were those in the world I could still remember with that exquisitely painful pleasure that is the secret of true love. Those still voices seemed incessantly calling me, and something in my heart answered them of its own accord. How strangely idle the days had grown! We used to lie by the hour—Kana-ana and I—watching a strip of sand on which a wild poppy was nodding in the wind. This poppy seemed to me typical of their life in the quiet valley. Living only to occupy so much space in the universe, it buds, blossoms, goes to seed, dies, and is forgotten.

These natives do not even distinguish the memory of their great dead, if they ever had any. It was the legend of some mythical god that Kana-ana told me, and of which I could not understand a twentieth part; a god whose triumphs were achieved in an age beyond the comprehension of the very people who are delivering its story, by word of mouth, from generation to generation. Watching the sea was a great source of amusement with us. I discovered in our long watches that there is a very complicated and magnificent rhythm in its solemn song. This wave that breaks upon the shore is the heaviest of a series that preceded it; and these are greater and less, alternately, every fifteen or twenty minutes. Over this dual impulse the

tides prevail, while through the year there is a variation in their rise and fall. What an intricate and wonderful mechanism regulates and repairs all this!

There was an entertainment in watching a particular cliff, in a peculiar light, at a certain hour, and finding soon enough that change visited even that hidden quarter of the globe. The exquisite perfection of this moment, for instance, is not again repeated on to-morrow, or the day after, but in its stead appears some new tint or picture, which, perhaps, does not satisfy like this. That was the most distressing disappointment that came upon us there. I used to spend half an hour in idly observing the splendid curtains of our bed swing in the light air from the sea; and I have speculated for days upon the probable destiny awaiting one of those superb spiders, with a tremendous stomach and a striped waistcoat, looking a century old, as he clung tenaciously to the fringes of our canopy.

We had fitful spells of conversation upon some trivial theme, after long intervals of intense silence. We began to develop symptoms of imbecility. There was laughter at the least occurrence, though quite barren of humor; also, eating and drinking to pass the time; bathing to make one's self cool, after the heat and drowsiness of the day. So life flowed out in an unruffled current, and so the prodigal lived riotously and wasted his substance. There came a day when we promised ourselves an actual occurrence in our Crusoe life. Some one had seen a floating object far out at sea. It might be a boat adrift; and, in truth, it looked very like a boat. Two or three canoes darted off through the surf to the rescue, while we gathered on the rocks, watching and ruminating. It was long before the rescuers returned, and then they came empty-handed. It was only a log after all, drifted, probably, from America. We talked it all over, there by the shore, and went home to renew

the subject; it lasted us a week or more, and we kept harping upon it till that log—drifting slowly, O, how slowly! from the far mainland to our island—seemed almost to overpower me with a sense of the unutterable loneliness of its voyage. I used to lie and think about it, and get very solemn, indeed; then Kana-ana would think of some fresh appetizer or other, and try to make me merry with good feeding. Again and again he would come with a delicious banana to the bed where I was lying, and insist upon my gorging myself, when I had but barely recovered from a late orgie of fruit, flesh, or fowl. He would mesmerize me into a most refreshing sleep with a prolonged and pleasing manipulation. It was a reminiscence of the baths of Stamboul not to be withstood. Out of the sleep I would presently be wakened by Kana-ana's performance upon a rude sort of harp, that gave out a weird and eccentric music. The mouth being applied to the instrument, words were pronounced in a guttural voice, while the fingers twanged the strings in measure. It was a flow of monotonous, shaped into legends and lyrics. I liked it amazingly; all the better, perhaps, that it was as good as Greek to me, for I understood it as little as I understood the strange and persuasive silence of that beloved place, which seemed slowly, but surely weaving a spell of enchantment about me. I resolved to desert peremptorily, and managed to hire a canoe and a couple of natives, to cross the channel with me. There were other reasons for this prompt action.

Hour by hour I was beginning to realize one of the inevitable results of Time. My boots were giving out; their best sides were the uppers, and their soles had about left them. As I walked, I could no longer disguise this pitiful fact. It was getting hard on me, especially on the gravel. Yet, regularly each morning, my pieces of boot were carefully oiled, then rubbed, or petted, or coaxed

into some sort of a polish, which was a labor of love. Oh, Kana-ana! how could you wring my soul with those touching offices of friendship!—those kindnesses unfulfilling, unsurpassed!

Having resolved to sail early in the morning, before the drowsy citizens of the valley had fairly shaken the dew out of their forelocks, all that day—my last with Kana-ana—I breathed about me silent benedictions and farewells. I could not begin to do enough for Kana-ana, who was, more than ever, devoted to me. He almost seemed to mistrust our sudden separation, for he clung to me with a sort of subdued desperation. That was the day he took from his head his hat—a very neat one, plaited by his mother—insisting that I should wear it, (mine was quite in tatters) while he went bare-headed in the sun. That hat hangs in my room now, the only tangible relic of my prodigal days. My plan was to steal off at dawn, while he slept—to awaken my native crew, and escape to sea before my absence was detected. I dared not trust a parting with him, before the eyes of the valley. Well, I managed to wake and rouse my sailor boys. To tell the truth, I didn't sleep a wink that night. We launched the canoe, entered, put off, and had safely mounted the second big roller just as it broke under us with terrific power, when I heard a shrill cry above the roar of the waters. I knew the voice and its import. There was Kana-ana rushing madly toward us; he had discovered all, and couldn't even wait for that white garment, but ran after us like one gone daft, and plunged into the cold sea, calling my name, over and over, as he fought the breakers. I urged the natives forward. I knew if he overtook us, I should never be able to escape again. We fairly flew over the water. I saw him rise and fall with the swell, looking like a seal, for it was his second nature, this surf-swimming. I believe in my heart I wished the pad-

dles would break or the canoe split on the reef, though all the time I was urging the rascals forward; and they, like stupids, took me at my word. They couldn't break a paddle, or get on the reef, or have any sort of an accident. Presently we rounded the headland—the same hazy point I used to watch from the grass house, through the little window, of a sunshiny morning. There we lost sight of the valley and the grass house, and every thing that was associated with the past—but that was nothing. We lost sight of the little sea-god, Kana-ana, shaking the spray from his forehead like a porpoise; and this was all in all. I didn't care for any thing else after that, or any body else, either. I went straight home and got civilized again, or partly so, at least. I've never seen the Doctor since, and never want to. He had no business to take me

there, or leave me there. I couldn't make up my mind to stay; yet, I'm always dying to go back again.

So I grew tired over my husks: I arose and went unto my father. I wanted to finish up the Prodigal business: I ran and fell upon his neck and kissed him, and said unto him: "Father, *if* I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, I'm afraid I don't care much. Don't kill any thing: I don't want any calf. Take back the ring, I don't deserve it; for I'd give more this minute to see that dear, little, velvet-skinned, coffee-colored Kana-ana, than any thing else in the wide world—because he hates business, and so do I. He's a regular brick, father, molded of the purest clay, and baked in God's sunshine. He's about half sunshine himself; and, above all others, and more than any one else ever can, he loved your Prodigal."

GOLD-DIGGING IN AUSTRALIA.

TWENTY years ago, when news reached us in Australia that gold was discovered in an unknown country called California, and was actually being dug out of the earth with picks and shovels, as though it were pebbles or turnips, we thought the joke too pitiful for any one to believe. The rumor kept increasing, however, until people were induced to inquire where California was; when a newspaper editor gave a circumstantial account of its latitude and longitude, with other collateral information—and people were then just about as wise as they were before. They were, however, generous enough to appreciate the profound knowledge of the editor. After the geographical position of the country was determined by the recondite editor, its existence was no longer questioned; but as to the gold-digging part

of the story—that was all myth and moonshine.

By and by, a master-mariner spoke. He had just returned from California; had seen the gold, and had actually dug it up with nothing else in the world but an ordinary pick and shovel; and returned with his vessel to Melbourne only because it was nothing but common honesty to give her up to her owners, before proceeding to dig up his fortune. He was now ready, however, to pilot any one across who had the means and the pluck to go.

Few of us, at that time, in the pastoral little colony of Australia Felix—since less appropriately called Victoria—lacked either one or the other; and so a merchant in the little town of Melbourne laid on one or two schooners for the strange land. They were immedi-

ately filled with intending "gold-diggers" — a new word, by the way, thenceforth established in the vocabulary.

Excitement spread apace; every one became discontented with his lot; flock-masters were anxious to sell off and go digging, but nobody cared to buy. The "bone and sinew," who had no flocks to tend, began moving off in hundreds. The flock-masters were left without servants, the business people without customers: the fate of the little colony hung by a thread. Artifice was resorted to with the view of staying the exodus. Great lumps of "gold" were exhibited in the shop windows. "They were obtained at the Pyrenees, only seventy miles from the town of Melbourne. Where was the use in going all the way to a strange country to look for the precious metal, when tons' weight of it could be obtained at home?" It wouldn't do. The fact is, the "gold" was "Brum-magem"—lumps of melted brass candle-sticks. The "bone and sinew" laughed, and went their way across the seas.

We next improvised a prospecting party, with the object of searching for gold; and, to this day, I don't know what put such an idea into our heads. To the best of my recollection, I think we reasoned in this way: California was a new country; that was clear, for nobody had before ever heard of it. Australia was, also, a new country. Gold was found in California: therefore, there must be gold in Australia. Four horse-men started; I was one of them. Each had a sackful of material before him on the pommel of his saddle: one, for instance, had the tools; another, our blankets; the third had the tea and sugar, and commissariat equipments; and I was intrusted with the brandy and the dish-cover. "The dish-cover?" Yes; the dish-cover was intended to "pan out" with. It was round and deep; and as it was stated that the California diggers used tin pans

for panning out the gold, the dish-cover was just the thing. At the end of seventy miles we halted. We observed some sand-hills near a water-hole, a little way off the track. The master-mariner said that gold was found in sand, close to the water's edge; we, therefore, decided on trying one of the sand-hills. A hole, the size of a bucket, was dug in one of the hills, and the dish-cover filled with sand. I took it to the water-hole, and puddled the contents to the consistence of mortar. It was a momentous occasion, and the others stood over me in anxious solicitude. What should be the next operation? After weighty deliberation, we decided on spreading it out on the grass and looking for the gold with our pocket-knives. This was done, but no gold rewarded our pains. We drank the brandy in disgust, decided there was no gold in Australia, and returned home ashamed of our adventure.

A year passed. The exodus went on. A bullock-driver from the neighboring colony of New South Wales, where, by the way, the Rev. Dr. Clarke predicted, fifteen years before, that gold had existed, came to California, dug for gold and obtained it. A shrewd, yet uneducated man, he observed the geological formation of the gold-bearing districts here; compared them in his mind with similar physical formations in Australia; returned, and, in 1850, discovered the Ophir Diggings, in the Bathurst District, New South Wales. A few months later Esmond returned to Victoria, and discovered gold at Buninyong, fifty miles from Melbourne, on a run where, a year before, he had been shepherding. Very soon the Victorian Diggings established their superiority over any ever before discovered, and a counter-current of population now set in to the struggling little colony from all parts of the world. The town of Melbourne was unable to lodge the multitude of arrivals, and they improvised a town of their own, called

"Canvas Town," on one side of the river Yarra, by erecting tents on the town-common, and paid a dollar and a quarter a month ground-rent.

At Buninyong the workings were confined to the banks of water-courses; but two months after, the very extensive Mt. Alexander gold-field was discovered, where the diggers found that the heaviest deposits existed in the innumerable flats and gullies of that undulating country. They also found it in great abundance at the roots of the grass and a few inches below the surface on table-lands and conical hills; the gold in such places, unlike that found in water-courses, being very coarse and shotty. The writer has known several instances of a panful of dirt taken at random from the surface to have yielded from six to twelve ounces of coarse gold.

The mode of washing was very primitive. They carried the stuff in sacks to the edge of a water-hole, where each party of four had a tub or two and cradle. They puddled in the tubs, and after the third water the stuff was deemed fit for cradling. In this operation one man rocked, while another poured water from a huge, long-handled dipper into the cradle, on the stuff, as hard as he could work, washing all the fine gold away, of course, into the water-hole. When experience had matured judgment in this respect, the puddle in these water-holes was taken up, and put through sluice-boxes, when it was found to pay better than the original workings.

The sinking at Mt. Alexander averaged from ten to twenty feet, and was quite dry; or, if water was struck, the ground was abandoned as unworkable. The bottom was pipe-clay or decomposed slate, on which rested the wash-dirt, twelve to fifteen inches in thickness, and yielded from two to six ounces to the tub of four buckets of stuff. Half-ounce workings—I mean those yielding only half an ounce to the tub—would be

abandoned as unprofitable, but were, of course, afterward returned to, when the excitement had subsided.

The next great gold-field discovered, three months after the Mt. Alexander discovery, was Bendigo, thirty miles from the latter. Of this it was observed that "it put more poor men on their legs" than any other gold-field since or before. The sinking was from three to seven feet, "dry as a bone," all auriferous from a foot below the surface. It was nothing at all unusual for a party of four men to take up fifteen pounds' weight of gold in one ordinary day's work. A claim of eight square feet a man would be worked in a fortnight, when the party would net from \$2,000 to \$4,000. Several of such men invested their money in land, and settled down. That period was the turning-point in the destiny of Australia Felix. Land at that time would not be sold in less than 640-acre sections, nor now or then for less than \$5 an acre, while the cost of clearing and fencing would amount, at least, to \$20 more per acre. Had the Government made the land accessible to the early diggers—for the most part a hardy and thrifty set of men—Victoria to-day would be dotted with agricultural homesteads, and be the most prosperous country in the universe. Instead of which, they were virtually shut out from occupation, went into mining speculations, lost their money, and the consequence is that most of them are now working for wages and vagabondizing through the world. The policy in Australia Felix has ever been to charge high for land, to give monopolists great lordships and principalities, and throw every possible impediment in the way of a yeomanry class of settlers. Light from the sun is not more sure to follow than Nemesis to pursue a course so suicidal. For years the successive Governments of Australia Felix have been expending hundreds of thousands in bringing immigrants into the colony

from Britain and Ireland, for the purpose of cheapening labor. These poor people on arriving will work for any thing that is offered them, while their predecessors in the field, experienced workmen and laborers, take flight and go away to some other country, to be followed by those at present arriving, when they will have earned as much as will take them away. The consequence is, that the working population is leaking out of the colony on one side as fast as money is sent home to supply its place on the other. Wages are kept down to ten shillings a week, very little settlement going on. The monopolists hug their principalities, and trust to future generations to enhance the domains of their successors. Now, when money is scarce, and the working population poor, land is sold in lots as small as forty acres, but still at the price of \$5 an acre. The day for prompt and extensive settlement is passed, however.

In 1852, Ballarat, ten miles from Buninyong, was discovered. This, from its discovery to the present time, has been, and very properly, designated the metropolitan gold-field of Australia. Nothing like it has ever yet been heard of in Australia or elsewhere. It was interlaced with great "leads," or lodes, such as the Eureka, the famous Gravel Pits, the Red Streak, and several others, from which as much as fifty, sixty, and even seventy pounds' weight to the tub had sometimes been obtained. Here it was that deep and wet sinking first began, and "slabbing," or timbering, shafts first introduced. Here, also, in 1854, a memorable collision took place between the diggers and authorities, in which fourteen of the former and ten of the military were shot or bayoneted.

The *émeute* originated in the fact that from the first discovery of gold in Australia, the Government of the day imposed a tax of \$15 a month—afterward reduced to half that amount—on every

resident on the gold-fields, whether digger, mechanic, or business man, excepting only clergymen, school-masters, and its own employés. Such as failed to pay this tax, or to "take out a license," were fined \$25, or sent to work on the public roads for a calendar month. This was hard upon decent men, who happened to be out of favor with Madam Fortune. On the beginning of every month a raid, or "digger-hunt," was instituted, when those who had "licenses" stood their ground, and those who had not, took to their heels, across hill, and brake, and bush; and were chased by troopers and constables, with drawn swords and fixed bayonets, like so many highway robbers. The sport was very British in its way, and very animating; but the hunted population couldn't exactly see it. The miners on the different gold-fields repeatedly memorialized the Government against these outrageous proceedings; but no notice whatever was taken of their remonstrances. At length, on the 30th November, 1854, five thousand miners met on Bakery Hill, Ballarat, appointed a chairman, and unanimously resolved to take out no more licenses—giving emphatic expression to their resolution by making a heap of all the licenses in their possession and burning them on the spot. This was a bold proceeding: it was throwing down the gauntlet of defiance, which, on the following morning, was taken up by the military and police, a large body of whom was stationed in Ballarat—then, like all other mining centres, in a very disturbed and agitated state, on account of the trouble about the licenses. The military and police sallied out in battle array, with drawn swords and fixed bayonets, as usual. The diggers were not then prepared to resist, and so they abandoned their windlasses and ran off. The military and police fired on them and wounded many, because they would not stand and show their licenses, or, if

they had none, go to work on the roads like felons. The diggers, in no way slow at resenting the outrage, retired to their tents, brought out their guns and revolvers, and took the field against their persecutors. The writer cast in his lot with the persecuted and oppressed. Those who had no fire-arms seized upon all the axes, tomahawks, saws, and so forth, in the stores—every man arming himself with such weapons as chance or opportunity threw in his way, for the purpose of resisting the common enemy. The blacksmiths, besides, went to work and made several hundred pikes during the night. The military and police retreated to their camp and spent the remainder of the day in throwing up barricades; for, though they were 1,200 strong and well armed, the popular rage was universal; a good many of the diggers had fire-arms, and they expected the camp would be besieged. The diggers had no such intention; for, though they mustered 1,800 fighting men on the first day, only two hundred could be said to have been effectively armed—and, therefore, instead of acting on the offensive, they retreated to the Eureka Lead, a mile from the enemy, erected a stockade, ensconced themselves within it, hoisted the Southern Cross as against the Union Jack, sent scouts to the different mining centres soliciting reinforcements, and, for three days, awaited assistance or an attack, as the case might be. During these three days, the number of insurgents dwindled down to two hundred men of all arms; and, at daybreak, on Sunday, the 4th of December, were attacked in force by the military and police. The fight lasted for an hour and a half, and the diggers were defeated. The Government lost ten men, killed. The casualties on our side amounted to fourteen, besides the wounded and the prisoners. The writer was of the latter, and, with ten others, was committed for trial on a charge of high treason. This

being the highest crime known to British law, no bail would be taken, and we were detained in jail for four months, and finally acquitted.

Then, when blood had been spilt, and all the harm done, the Government, like Colonial Governments all over British dominions, appointed a commission of inquiry for investigating the miners' grievances, which they might have done before, when the impost was reduced to five shillings an ounce—still a grievous tax, but not so obnoxious as the license fee. By this arrangement only those who obtained gold were taxable, the unlucky seeker being exempt. I give this episode, to show how remarkably things were mismanaged in Australia. After this, a monument was erected over the fallen diggers, and things went on more smoothly.

It was in Ballarat the first great nugget was found. Toward the end of 1852, a mining party of four Londoners came out in the ship *Great Britain*, went to Ballarat, sunk a hole eighteen feet, took out a nugget weighing 108 pounds, and went back again in the very ship which brought them out. Several other large nuggets were found there also, one of which, eighty-four pounds, the writer remembers holding in his arms—a solid mass, and in shape very much like a blacksmith's anvil. But the Mt. Korong District was the one which was chiefly conspicuous for heavy nuggets, where they were always struck within a few inches of the surface, and where the last great one, weighing over two hundred pounds, was discovered not many months ago. A noticeable feature in "nuggety ground," is the circumstance that the wash-dirt is very poor, as if Nature concentrated all her force in the formation of nuggets only.

The deep sinking in those early days was from a hundred to a hundred and seventy feet. It is now over five hundred feet; and then, as now, water was

exceedingly troublesome. In the deep shafts, water was struck at seventy feet from the surface, when it burst up, as from an artesian well, to the mouth of the shaft, giving the miner scarcely time to escape, and, in many instances, burying him in its treacherous depth. To contend with such a body of water, it was found necessary for the owners of five or six adjoining claims to bail night and day for two or three months on a stretch. It really seemed as if they had been bailing a subterranean lake or river. This extraordinary quantity of water involved the necessity of introducing machinery and skilled labor now, for the first time, in the Australian mines. The miners, from experience, became by degrees educated and expert in their avocation. Observation, too, lent its aid; and, from observation, the fact soon became known that all great "leads," or lodes, trended east and west; while the great quartz reefs extended north and south. This observation has since been reduced to a positive science; so much so, that ground is now taken up fifteen miles ahead of a working lead, with a positive certainty of striking it, and mining scrip is bought and sold before ever the surface is broken. This theory is not, however, applicable to New Zealand, for instance, for there gold is found in what would seem to an Australian miner the most unlikely places—on the brow or side of the steepest mountains; so that he finds himself, no matter how experienced in Australian mining, completely at sea in New Zealand, where leads are nowhere traceable to any appreciable extent. My own theory regarding the whimsical development of the gold lodes or leads in New Zealand, as contradistinguished from the leads in Australia, is, that as the former country is well known to have sustained serious earthquake shocks and to be subject to volcanic action, an upheaval must have taken place, and the original stratifica-

tion been disturbed. Hence these eccentric leads, or patches, rather, on mountain-sides and precipitous spurs.

In the middle of the year 1852, the Ovens Diggings, 190 miles north of Melbourne, were discovered. They were entirely different from any diggings yet found in Australia, though, like every preceding discovery, they were very rich. By them the inventive faculties of the miners were taxed afresh. The country is exceedingly broken and precipitous; leads could not be traced there with such accuracy as on other fields; the gold, though abundant, was so light and scaly as to float on or wash away with the water in panning; it existed, for the most part, only in the beds of creeks; and, though there was abundance of water, it was not always available for mining purposes. The old process of puddling and cradling would not answer, because the gold was light, and sufficient stuff could not be put through to make it pay. The depth to bottom was about fifteen feet, but, instead of sinking, they "stripped" their claims, and took them down in large squares or "paddocks" of thirty or forty square feet. Water-races were cut, and the water conveyed a distance, in many instances, of several miles. A large reservoir was constructed close to the working, for holding and economizing the water from the races; then sluice-boxes were made by nailing three boards together—one on the bottom, and one at each side. When the boxes were laid down at the workings, they nailed on pieces of baize to catch the gold; and when all was complete, they shoveled the wash-dirt into the sluices, and let the water run through. The attrition of the water puddled the stuff and washed it away at one and the same time. Thus, tons of wash-dirt were passed through daily, and under this process the Ovens Diggings were found to pay almost as well as Ballarat itself.

With the introduction of machinery

into Ballarat, came a new puddling and cradling machine; so that now the steam power, which lifts the stuff from the bottom, pumps the water from the shaft into the puddling machine, which, together with the cradle, are each worked and rocked by steam power; and lifting, pumping, puddling, and cradling all go on simultaneously.

In 1857, a new era opened on deep sinking. Theretofore, when the miner struck rock in his shaft, he imagined he had "bottomed." In that year, a party of miners were sinking a prospecting shaft on the Back Creek Diggings—a country abounding in iron-stone—and at the depth of thirty feet struck the rock. They did not expect to bottom so soon, and on examining it found it was iron-stone—so different, of course, from pipe-clay, on which gold was usually deposited. Being enterprising fellows, they determined on sinking through it, and after four weeks' work came again on clay, and eventually struck gold on a

pipe-clay bottom. This established the fact that gold may exist beneath a stratum of rock, no matter how thick; and since then it is nothing unusual to go through three or four strata of rock, as is done at present on Sebastopol Diggings, a few miles from Ballarat; but not until the pipe-clay is reached is the true bottom found, or need gold be expected. This is the established theory in Australia. In New Zealand, again, it is different. There, with characteristic eccentricity, there are, to speak in mining parlance, three or four "bottoms," or auriferous strata—as in Rosstown, on the West Coast, for instance.

Reviewing all the circumstances of the Australian diggings, and considering the fact that great leads have been traced through pastoral and agricultural districts, where, some years ago, such a thing would not be thought of, I feel justified in asserting that Australia will be one of the most permanently gold-producing countries in the world.

GRIZZLY.

Coward—of heroic size,
In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber—whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade—
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
Point to hidden, Indian springs,

Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes;
Where the wild bee holds her sweets—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou may'st levy tithe and dole;
Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
Match thy cunning with his fear:
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill,
Yet remain an outlaw still!

THE BRONZE ADVOCATE.

RETURNING one afternoon from a visit to the Thiergarten, I passed under the magnificent Brandenburg Gate, and strolled along one of the pathways of the great boulevard "Unter den Linden." It was a mild and sunny day—such as often "breathes through the sky of March the airs of May"—so grateful to the inhabitants of a populous city after the lapse of winter; and this, the most beautiful street of Berlin, as well as of Germany, was thronged with happy idlers.

A little beyond the University, and nearly opposite the Arsenal, I paused to study and admire—for the hundredth time—Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederic the Great. The position occupied by this imposing monument is undoubtedly the most appropriate and the most significant that the artist could have chosen. At the upper end of this broad boulevard, which he himself designed and constructed—despite the owlish and croaking opposition of his time—right through the worse than Trojan chaos of unwholesome alleys, and confronting the memorials of his large munificence, and of the prosperity of his dynasty, Old Fritz sways aloft his sceptre of bronze. The spectator who stands at the base of the Egyptian obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, beholds around him the most brilliant constellation of mere architecture that one may find upon the globe; but at the foot of the statue of the great king he may, in turning on his heel, survey such gathered palaces of learning, arts, and arms, and all the "large effects that troop with majesty," as find no parallel in any other land. After it passes the statue a few paces, the avenue conducts across the narrow

Spree on a broad and massive bridge, and then expands into a spacious pleasure-ground, around whose borders are grouped the greatest of these palaces, and the cathedrals, with their burial crypts beneath. Thus, with that fineness of conception and study of effects which distinguish German artists, they have chosen to represent their almost idolized monarch as still leading on his people in the march of life; moving tranquilly onward amid the thronging souvenirs of its pursuits—learning, wars, pleasure, power—toward the universal goal, the grave. They have not made this thought obtrusive, or repulsive, for he advances in the undiminished pomp and splendor of martial triumph; but the inevitable destination of all is not thereby concealed from one who will merely cast a glance across the bridge and the park, where the two cathedrals loom above their gloomy vaults.

In close alliance on his left are the University and the Arsenal—Minerva and Bellona—the sleepless guardians of the Monarchy; hard by them, the Academy of Art and Science; just across the Spree, the palatial Old and New Museums; full in his front, the Protestant and Catholic Cathedrals, almost touching hands—admonishing to Christian charity; farther to the right, the vast gray pile of the ancient Schloss, now the governmental palace; close beside him, on his right, the Royal Library and Royal Opera—Apollo and the Muses—shabby without, but surpassingly rich in treasures; and last of all, and nearer still, the palace of the reigning King. As the successive monarchs look down from their windows, they behold, almost beneath them, the uplifted arm of their

ancestor, pointing them with pride to this, the noblest galaxy in Europe, which—to employ one of those ambitious bits of phrasing for which Berlin is somewhat noted—"stands like an exclamation point upon the Past, and an interrogation point upon the Future."

The martial atmosphere which seems to float along this boulevard, and among these clustered architectural trophies, breathes the Puritan earnestness and sternness of the great people by whom they were erected. From the earliest hour when they committed their bark to the uncertain current of national existence, down a wide span of their history, they struggled for bare life with enemies as watchful and as jealous of their growth as the treacherous savages of New England. If, therefore, the martial gods of antiquity and the heroes of modern times should seem, to the plain and simple republican, to have occupied more pedestals along the avenue than was their right, he will, though unable to repress a passing smile, bestow a thought of pity upon the once peace-loving people on whom the hard necessities of their genesis have fastened this military bondage.

From the victorious goddess on the Brandenburg Gate, who conducts her fierce steeds homeward from foreign conquest, through all its course, to the famous statues of the Lion-tamer and the Amazon, which guard the portals of the Old Museum, the Unter den Linden resounds like the Iliad with the clang of arms. Grouped round Frederic in subordinated rank, or standing near him on humbler pedestals, are: the Great Elector, worthy of his greater son; old Marshal Forward, Lebrecht von Blücher, who spoke at Waterloo "in Prussia's trumpet tone," side by side with Gneisenau, his Patroclus, and deviser of those plans of war whose execution made them both immortal; Scharnhorst, whose inventive genius gave to Prussia that mil-

itary system which has never been equaled in history; and the great captains, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, and York—all are here to swell the ovation of their monarch. The citizen of Berlin, when walking along this street, may almost fancy to himself he hears the silver clarion of Virgil, wherewith he recites the building of the grand old Eternal City:

"Dum conderet urbem,
* * * atque altæ mœnia Romæ."

Eight marble statues on the bridge across the Spree portray the tutelary deities who lead forth the youthful Frederic to a long and illustrious career; defend, support, and inspire him throughout its arduous warfare; reward him for its triumphs; and crown at last with wreaths the forehead of the dying warrior, when he falls upon the field. It may, perhaps, excite a casual smile from the beholder to discover how often the martial deities are summoned to conduct the young pilgrim through his journey of life. The warlike Pallas appears twice upon the scene, and exultant Victory bestows three times upon him her acclamations and her laurel chaplets. Even peaceful Iris is drafted into the Prussian service, and lends her gentle ministrations as a *vivandière*, and bends above his stricken and bleeding form with nectareous cordials and soothing balms and lotions from Olympian dispensaries! Hercules, also, helps him.

The very Caryatides, and the all-enduring and brawny-shouldered Atlantes, which adorn the majestic façades of certain government palaces, have, in obedience to a sense of military equity that does honor to the descendants of the Great Elector, been freed from the obligation of standing guard perpetually alone, and they are occasionally relieved by hussars, cannoniers, etc.! Often have I commiserated the poor, patient, uncomplaining wretches, bending their necks beneath outrageous burdens which Roman architects imposed;

and, in decreeing this relief, the Prussian courts of architecture did but display the same devotion to even-handed justice which has conferred world-wide and merited distinction on Prussian courts of chancery.

But all this martial pomp, and all these amusing overgrowths of military pride and inventiveness, while they display the tastes of a people unhappily compassed about with wars from their youth, have not swamped the "fair humanities." Berlin may well say:

"Since these arms of mine hath seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field."

But there is "little of this great world" of which she can not speak, and that better than others; for Berlin is a city of "much understanding."

While Frederic was still living, and occupying his palace in Potsdam, his subjects were accustomed to assemble beneath a certain linden, which flourished near the window of his work-cabinet, with their petitions in hand, waiting patiently to gain his attention. Whenever he happened to look that way, up would fly the petitions fluttering in the air, and off would come the caps of the petitioners. He would then nod a kindly recognition, and dispatch one of his stalwart hussars to fetch the petitions.

At the time I visited Potsdam, a century after the great King had been carried to his grave, the famous old Petition-Linden was living still, but seemed ready to topple over in the first wintry blast.

But it had done its appointed work, and was needed no more. The palace where it stood was no longer the favorite abode of the Prussian monarchs; for the growing sense of liberty demanded of kings that they should abandon their seclusion, and come into the busy capital. With their removal from the place migrated, also, the tradition of the ven-

erable linden. Frederic was no longer living to receive and grant the supplications of his people; but the familiar usage he had encouraged could not easily be put aside, even if his successors had desired to; and the very bronze which preserved the cherished lineaments became the heir and successor of the old linden, and, as it were, the advocate of the suppliants. From the first day when the monument was unveiled to the gaze of the public, it succeeded to its kindly heritage, and the silent effigy of the grim Old Fritz began its plea for mercy to the weak and poor among his people.

Whether by accident or design, the statue was erected almost under the windows of the little work-room of the reigning monarch—so near that he could, as he sat before his writing-table, on glancing down into the street, discern the countenances of the petitioners. A second window in the same room, looking down upon the Royal Opera, conducts out into a trellised balcony, from which there are entrances to the presentation-room, the private library of the King, his bed-chamber, and the room devoted to the reception of certain military standards. Here William I keeps the colors of the garrison of Berlin under his personal superintendence; and here certain callers have found him alone with board and pins, busy at the game of war, like a seven-years' child. It is one of the saddest spectacles of Europe, this military madness which has been fastened on a dynasty, and by it on a people, by the cruel training of their youth.

It is the custom of the present King to spend many hours every day in this his favorite work-room, either writing at his desk, or giving audience to his ministers and other persons admitted to his presence, or in perusing and dictating the telegraphic messages which require his personal attention in vast numbers. At such times, as he is reading messages

or conferring with his visitors, he is wont to sit beside this little window, leaning his arm along the muslin-covered sill, casting frequent glances down upon the passers-by, and returning with a friendly nod or beckoning of the hand the salutations of the humblest of his subjects. No Prussian who has ever visited Berlin but knows where to look for the "King's window;" and nobody ever passes beneath it, even at the most unseasonable hour of the day, without casting an eye toward it, to learn whether it is occupied by the august scrivener. Nobody ever makes a mistake, for everybody can tell at a glance that big, vacuous face, like huge Earl Doarm's, "with underfringe of russet beard."

If he sits alone, reading or writing, they pass along without taking further thought concerning it; but if, beyond him, can be discovered the heads and shoulders of persons engaged in conversation with him, they forthwith fall to cudgeling their brains, with that itching curiosity which distinguishes Cousin Michael, to endeavor to divine by some manner of means what portentous alliance or weighty matters of state are concocting, "still plucking the grass to know where sits the wind." With all his accredited phlegm, your true German is a thorough Paul Pry. If he can not, by any diplomatical palmistry, conjecture what will probably be the next movement on the great chess-board of European state-craft—a failure which the reader should understand occurs with remarkable frequency, for the German is the most unskillful of all men in setting "romance upon the throne of the Cæsars," and finds his vaticinations almost invariably toppled over by real events—if, I say, he can not devise any line of action for the royal Government that seems probable, then how much of perplexity and disquietude he gives himself! Who knows but something may happen!

Among all the curious and busy throngs which stream incessantly along the great avenue, as I stand gazing on the statue, there comes a man of sinewy frame, proudly erect, tall, self-contained, striding with long steps among the people, whom he reaches head and neck above. He is recognized by all, and greeted by all alike with profound deference; but he moves along with a sort of buttoned-up, contemptuous unconcern, nodding carelessly now and then, and only occasionally lifting his hat in return. The towering cliff of a forehead; the iron jaw; the square features; the half-closed, introspective eyes; the huge, muscular neck; the enormous ears, standing almost straight out from the square, close-cropped head; the grim tranquillity of expression, darkening almost to a scowl, convey to the beholder an impression of immense, but volcanic power. It is one of those calm, grand faces which confront us from the sculpture of old Egypt; but the ears are set lower, and the face is not so broad, but longer. There is not one trace of cunning or duplicity; but the straightforward and daring wickedness of a Margutte, joined to the pure intellectual force of a Themistocles. It is not the crafty and polished Mephistopheles, with "a laughing devil in his sneer;" but, rather, the vast energy and the consuming egotism of Satan, with a dash of rude and rollicking *diablerie*, which Milton did not dare impart. It is the pure, coarse Scandinavian brawn: a soul harsh, but not cruel: the most colossal being that has stood up in these modern times; for Bonaparte was, upon occasion, a sneak and a liar, which in this nature are impossible.

He moves on in his large indifference; does not even glance up at the all-attractive window; passes on over the bridge, and across the park beyond, to the government palace on the right, and enters the hall of the North German Parlia-

ment. Let us leave the statue a moment, and follow him: for this is none other than Bismarck.

He enters through the door close beside the rostrum of the presiding officer, who rises to his feet and returns his slight, spasmodic inclination of the head with a profoundly respectful salutation. All the members, except a few on the extreme left, rise in their places in silence. He advances along the aisle to the government benches, and takes his seat in the foremost place. He has made his appearance, to-day, in the uniform of his regiment of militia cavalry, in preference to the simple garb of a civilian, which he usually wears on these occasions—a phenomenon that will be scrupulously recorded, to-morrow, or a little later, in half the journals of the kingdom, and in most of those in Vienna, Paris, Florence, etc.

A Deputy on the extreme left is addressing the members in an earnest strain, and with something of asperity in his manner, in reply to the Premier's speech of yesterday. Bismarck at once directs his whole attention upon the speaker, riveting his eyes upon him with a fixed and stony stare, and withdrawing them only for a moment, now and then, to write upon a fragment of paper, sometimes only a single word. The attention of the deputies and the spectators is now directed almost as much to the listener as to the speaker; for the former, though sitting motionless in his place, with the same appearance of grim impassiveness he had when he entered, is evidently gathering his forces for a conflict. He drives his pencil through its few unearthly hieroglyphics with a certain exultant eagerness and emphasis which portend a gathering tempest. But there is no other indication of it whatever; for there is not a twitch of the half-closed eyes, nor a ripple of a muscle in the face.

Presently, the other concludes his address with a sonorous and magnificently

rounded peroration, and takes his seat, greeted by the applause of his numerous partisans. His oration was searching in analysis, vigorous in argumentation, and stinging with sarcasm, and has evidently turned the odds fearfully against the Premier.

Every eye now turns upon the latter, as he rises angularly and abruptly; and immediately there runs a subdued, but emphatic hiss through the hall, summoning the "buzzing, pleased multitude" to silence. The uneasy shuffling, stir, and whispering, which followed for a moment the other's conclusion, are cut off prematurely by the Premier's suddenness, and the audience again holds its breath.

The profound effect produced upon him by the eloquent response of his adversary, and especially by the applause which greeted it, become plainly apparent, for his customary tranquillity and self-possessed demeanor now change to violence. It is manifest that beneath that unruffled countenance a bluntly irascible Teutonic heart is pounding. He speaks rapidly, and with more than his ordinary harshness of modulation; he frequently breaks his sentences asunder in the midst, leaving them jagged, unfinished, and discordant. The waves of his passion heave and toss his syntax like a frail bark, and wreck it as upon the rocks. He not unfrequently contradicts himself in two almost consecutive utterances. Despite all this, however, his sentences, like the bolt from the cloud, fall scathing and resistless, in proportion as they are jagged and disrupted. They are terse, incisive, weighty, abounding in antitheses and in those "winged words" which burst asunder at a stroke all the sonorous and elegant circumlocutions of his adversary. He delights in those homely metaphors collected from the sphere of daily life and thought, which are level with the comprehension of the humblest; and he is not obliged to seek or grope about for them, for they seem

to well up into the channel of his speech from fountains of abounding fullness. He often employs several of them to illustrate a single topic.

But greater than all these are the robust and audacious thoughts which come trooping forth in this uncouth raiment; the large comprehension of affairs; the intuitive perceptions of character; the wide-reaching grasp of systems and policies. He shows that he is a Berliner, and not a Viennese, by the pungency of his wit and the truculence of his sarcasm, not less than by his frankness, audacity, and contempt for stratagems—the contempt of one conscious of a strength greater than stratagems. He declares in round, unvarnished phrase that Germany “can be redeemed only with blood and iron,” and that “none but a completed commonwealth can afford the luxury of a liberal Government;” and when these utterances meet with lusty rebuff, and are afterward triumphantly and tauntingly hurled back upon him, he condescends to no explanations or disclaimers. He makes so many and such untimely admissions that, if his only strength lay in the technical wholeness of his reasoning, he would be utterly overwhelmed and discomfited. Although he often leaves his logical fortress so full of chinks and crannies that the missiles of the adversary pierce it through and through, and batter down its walls in huge and hopeless ruin, he does not linger among the fragments, waging a desperate warfare of defense, but issues forth in an irresistible sortie, and carries the redoubts of the enemy by assault; not with the turbulent cohorts of bravado, but with the invincible though somewhat disorderly columns of conviction. When the smoke of the conflict clears away, the enemy discovers with chagrin that he is expelled from his own stronghold and submitting in silence to his defeat, although its parapets and salients are uninjured.

But while we are lingering in the hall, a considerable number of persons of humble degree have congregated about the iron railing which protects their silent advocate. The hour is now at hand when the battalions of the guard march past for their afternoon drill and parade. On this occasion, every body is certain to catch a glimpse of the King; for the battalion drums and colors must be brought from the little room beside his own; and when the troops defile below him, he never neglects to appear at his window, in uniform as faultless as a martinet's, his regulation-coat buttoned close to his chin, with the ribbon of the *Ordre pour le Mérite* hanging down over the lappet. This is, for the petitioners, the most auspicious hour—between the outward march of the soldiers and their return—and they are congregated in numbers to seize their occasion.

They are assembled directly in the middle of the principal thoroughfare of the capital, and are exposed to the peril of being trodden down by the horses and the thronging vehicles. But the great champion is there, too, and holds his tireless arm aloft with a regal gesture, bidding them part to right and left, and not molest his clients. This is inconvenient, and productive of mutterings among the occupants of the grand equipages which trundle along the flags, no doubt; but the people will have it so, and Old Fritz stands by them. Nobody ever knew a monument erected in any city, which did not molest somebody, and cause a waste of much valuable time, by compelling people to go round. It would be a high-handed outrage, truly, if these honest people, who have traveled all the way from Schnottz, or Trimollingen-Caldersson, to the capital, could not be permitted to refresh their esthetical culture and their patriotism, simultaneously, by gazing on the effigy of the Father of his country!

The citizens of Berlin are spirited:

they are brave: they "know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain." In 1848, they rose in rebellion against the authorities, and led on their mutinous cohorts under the inspiring war-cry of "Liberty, Equality, and the Right to smoke in the Thiergarten!" and vanquished all opposition. So, when they were summoned again to arms under the slogan of "Liberty, Equality, and the Right to look at the Statue!" the Government again capitulated. It not only yielded completely to the demand, but graciously provided for the faithful execution of its treaty stipulations, by detaching a number of *gens d'armes* to serve as Controllers of Petitions—a title, probably, never before conferred on any class of public servants. To these officials was assigned the duty of remaining continually near the statue, to vindicate to the people the unmolested enjoyment of this means of artistic culture.

And now the King is seen to rise from his writing-table; and, after disappearing in his library a moment, he presents himself before the familiar casement, with his broad babe-face lighted up with its usual kindness. Off, in a twinkling, go twenty or thirty hats—silk hats with a polish, silk hats without polish, plush caps, sheepskin caps, cloth caps, sweaty and frowsy; while several large blue-and-white handkerchiefs flutter gently down to the ground, and a number of petitions, soiled and greasy, flutter vigorously upward. Some of the bearers are so anxious to present their respective matters with the prominence which they deserve, that they quite forget all salutations. All manner of familiar, cabalistic, and blandishing gestures, nods, and beckonings are brought into requisition to attract his Majesty's earliest attention; the eager petitioners elbow and jostle each other about for the front positions, and some almost push themselves out under the heels of the horses. The King smiles and nods complaisantly, and

immediately sends out one of his gigantic orderlies to fetch the petitions. This official kindly offers to take the documents in charge, and transmit them personally into the hands of his Majesty; but—unaccountable perverseness!—nine out of ten reject the offer. It is absolutely indispensable that each individual should be presented to him in his own proper person and essence, in order that his "little matter" may be accurately propounded and thoroughly elucidated to his Majesty. "Would the orderly have the goodness to inform his Majesty that Hans Wurst had come? He certainly would recollect him, for he once drank a porringer of his brindled cow's milk at his house, when on a hunt. Would he, also, please state to him that Conrad Rothbart's mulley ox had unlawfully and feloniously broken into his cabbage garden, and abstracted, purloined, and devoured twenty-three heads; that the court had refused to requite him of his adversary; and that he had come to Berlin to ascertain if his Majesty could not issue a proclamation commanding said Rothbart to make restitution to him for the felonious purloinings and endamagements aforesaid. Then, too, (plucking him mysteriously aside and whispering in his ear) he could assure him he should be no loser if he could procure for him a presentation, for he had brought up four crocks of nice kraut to present to his Majesty, and he would give him one of them if he would not mouth the transaction."

The orderly smiles blandly an official smile, but informs his fellow-countryman that the King has a great number of "little matters" to engage his attention; and then offers to take to him his full written statement. After considerable persuasion from the orderly, and exostulation from the applicants, most of them consent to allow him to act for them by proxy. As soon as the King has received the papers, he holds them up before the

window, smiling and nodding an assurance that they shall receive his personal scrutiny.

And now the soldiers return from their parade; defile, with stately tread and glorious clangor of brass, before their sovereign; and move down the great avenue. They are compassed about by

a countless throng, who have come out to listen to the surpassingly sweet, rich music of Germany, with the ever new delight of Germans. The King disappears from the window; the petitioners are swept away in the music-loving multitude, and Old Fritz is left silent and alone in the gloaming.

IN THE TRACK OF A GREAT RACE.

THE approaching contest between the crews of our own Harvard and the English Oxford Universities, in which every American is interested, has called to the writer's mind the famous event of 1867, between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge, which it was his fortune to witness. Intense as is the interest usually upon this yearly event, among all Englishmen, a still deeper influence was created by the race of that particular year. For six successive seasons, Oxford had been victorious. The students of Eton were compelled to nurse a deep chagrin. Certain changes in the *personnel* of the Eton crew—whispers of great improvement in private trials—had made many of the knowing ones doubtful of what had been, in six consecutive years, an easy victory for Oxford. These facts, and the sympathy naturally felt for a plucky opponent, whose courage had not waned under defeat, combined to make the University race of 1867 an event of almost equal importance with the Derby, which had just transpired, where a noble Marquis, staking honor, fortune, and almost life, upon the speed of a horse and the honesty of a trainer, had lost all.

I had secured the promise of a cab for the occasion—which was to be mine at the usual extra fee which my American exterior had caused the cabby to demand—intending to drive along the

banks of the Thames, over the intervening seven miles between Oxford Circus and the starting-point at Putney. I was up betimes, but no cabby appeared; the while the rain came down in true London style. Some fair-haired Saxon or shoddy American had bribed my cabby from his allegiance, leaving me, at five in the morning, with the dubious impression that in all London there was no conveyance for me. The Portland Place Station of the Underground Railway was near at hand. A rapid walk brought me to it; my ticket was obtained, and I went below to secure the comfortable seat which would be an agreeable substitute for the rough jolting of a London hansom. Delusive hope! Several trains passed, all full, and I stood in the midst of a crowd, many of whom were fated to not see the great event of 1867. We Yankees are called the demons of invention: true to my national instinct, I did not give up hope. Another walk through the rain, which had somewhat slackened in its intensity, brought me to the boat-landing at Charing Cross, where, as luck would have it, a boat was putting off for the scene of which I was so anxious to be a witness. It was a private enterprise, having been secured for the special friends only of the Oxford men; but something in my appearance attracted the sympathy of one of the blue-ribboned men on board, who kindly

beckoned me out of the envious crowd, and invited me to become a guest of the very party whose defeat I was anxious to witness.

Let me recall that London morning: The rain has ceased, indeed; but I see no indication that it will not soon come on again, and with increased force. Over river and city a gray mantle hangs—damp, dense, and heavy—through which the near dome of old St. Paul's can be "seen as through a glass, darkly;" and a vapor seems to rise from the river, enveloping the shipping in a sort of moist glory. The houses on the Surrey side of the water seem to be alternately advancing and receding in a far distance, shadowy and vague in outline. Men and women in my vicinity shiver in the murky air. Not a genuine London fog this, which is simply night in day; but something worse. The old warehouses, and the antique Tower, with dingy and time-worn faces, seem to glisten with a clammy perspiration, as if rejecting the moisture which has been their morning bath for ages. An east wind is blowing, which penetrates every crevice of our anatomy and tingles in the marrow. There is suicide in the atmosphere; and yet a placid Londoner at my side descants upon "the beauty of the morning, after the rain." I look at the river—which draws a veil of filthy gray over its ugly secrets below, and seems to have absorbed the fog of centuries, and caught only its color—at the Thames luggers, their slant sails looming through the mist like gigantic, rakish, and shocking bad hats, and—keep a discreet silence.

At leisure to look about me, I begin to make myself acquainted with my human surroundings. Here are fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers of Oxford men, with here and there a bearded *alumnus*, somewhat incongruously mixed in with sportsmen of unmistakable exterior. I am crushed in be-

tween a rough-looking being with strong marine flavor and the late opponent of Heenan in the fistic arena, Mr. Thomas King, whose exploits in his profession are enthusiastically dwelt upon by my marine friend, who, I learn, also, has been, in former years, a "tooting coach," or instructor of the Oxford crews. A pair of soft eyes peeping out amid a cluster of Saxon curls belong to my *vis-à-vis*, over whose camp-stool bends the tall, spare form of a staid-looking Professor of Corpus Christi. The London swell is here, of course, with his silken mustache and languid air, looking with mute surprise upon the gray dawn of a foggy morning, as at a sight unusual to him.

Away we speed, past the Parliament Houses and the Victoria Tower clock, which just now marks the hour of six; past the old Abbey, under whose Norman arches repose the bones of many a good oarsman of the olden time; through the arches of the finest bridges in the world, upon the bosom of the historic, but very dirty Thames, whereon the fair Elizabeth was wont to take her airings, while Raleigh, Leicester, Bacon, and the lordly Essex wooed the maiden Queen. Past many a stately palace we go, and many a lovely villa, whose well kept grounds and shady walks attest the wealth and caste of the occupant. Now, as we are nearing Hammersmith, the banks are lined with people and vehicles—the latter of all sorts, from the trim dog-cart of the swell, with diminutive "tiger" perched up behind, to the two-wheeled monstrosity of the coster-monger, whose donkey must this day do duty out of his commercial sphere. It is like the drive to the Epsom Downs on a Derby Day, only that we are out of the throng, and can view the motley panorama without jostle and dust. We are steaming our way cautiously through a shoal of smaller craft that avoid us as we pass, and roll dangerously in our

wake as we leave them behind. Here we are at Putney. It is now half-past six; the tide will turn at a quarter before seven, and fifteen minutes later the race will begin. We can employ the time in studying the vast spectacle before and around us. On either bank of the river, which at this point broadens into a lordly stream, thousands of people are visible as far as the eye can reach. Along the edge of the bank numberless vehicles are drawn up, which have come early and obtained an excellent position. Hammersmith Bridge, with its many arches, spans the river about half a mile above where we lie, and upon every buttress, chain, and point clusters of human beings hang like bees. We are in the midst of every conceivable kind of river-craft; small boats are putting out from the shore with passengers, who, having friends on board the steamers, hope to obtain their influence and secure a place where they can better see the start, and follow the contestants. Our ears are filled with the din of many voices. All distinctions are beaten down to-day, and lord and commoner meet on grounds of perfect equality. I am presented to the champion of heavy weights, on my left, by my newly found Newmarket gambler, on my right. My nationality excites not the wrath of the brawny Hercules; my delicate *physique* does not stir up the spirit of his craft within him; he pities my tender biceps, and talks familiarly with me of boating. He drops an *h*; it is immediately supplied, in the most innocent manner, by my Newmarket neighbor, and we thus interchange friendship and aspirates in a becoming spirit. I now learn much of the past history of these contests. How, last year, the Light Blues (Cambridge) won their first race—after six consecutive defeats—over the Dark Blues (Oxford). The intelligence is communicated in a jargon of technicalities which bewilders my feeble intellect, and after a volley of

such expressions as "Coach," "Toot, "Bump," etc., I give up entirely, and retreat to the bow, where the air is purer, and "English is not spoken." At length a loud hurrah from the shore attracts my attention to a tiny boat putting out from the shore, with some light-blue objects appearing above the surface of the river. It is the Cambridge boat, a slight shell, about forty feet long, and seeming, with its human freight, about an inch above the water's edge. The men slowly propel the frail barge into the middle of the river, toward the tug which has been chartered by the Cambridge men for their families and friends. Here they rest on their oars, the two men in the bow just keeping the boat above the tide by a gentle movement of their oars. Now, from the same point on shore, the Dark Blues push out, and the shouting, which was loud before, becomes terrific. It is easy to name the favorite. The two boats are now side by side, not twenty feet apart, and we can, with our glass, scan the *personnel* of both crews. They are fine-looking fellows, indeed; their costume—light pants, close-fitting undershirts, with no covering on the arms—gives a good view of the muscles of the chest and arms, which look as hard and polished as the face of marble. The preponderance of weight seems to lie with Cambridge, but this idea may have been occasioned by the first glance at the grand *physique* of the Hercules who plied the stroke-oar for the Light Blues. A more perfect form I never beheld. His weight must have been above 180 pounds; his arms were marvels of muscular power, and his head was set upon shoulders that looked as if they could have borne even Samson's burden. In these English races a coxswain, or steersman, is employed; and as he is usually chosen as much for his delicate physical structure as for his skill, he makes a ridiculous *vis-à-vis* for the giant who confronts him.

The events of the next moment banish all thoughts but one. The race is about to begin. On the bow of the Cambridge boat the starter, with the umpires, is preparing to give the word; the boats draw nearer each other—their bows exactly on a line; the conditions of the race are once more explained to the crews. "Are you ready?" The men bend forward as crouching for a spring. "Then—go!" Sixteen oars take the water at the same instant; a cloud of spray rises round the forms of the men; but I can see that with that first dip of the oars—that one mighty, muscular sweep—that Oxford has gained the lead. There is a pause, as if every one of that vast concourse of spectators held his breath. Then a shout arose which made old Father Thames tremble beneath his banks. Away we go—in the wake of the flying shells—with all our steam power, unable to keep pace with the gallant fellows who are striving for honor in our van. So great is the excitement that the cry of "A man overboard!" on a neighboring vessel, is a matter of no moment. Under Hammer-smith Bridge, Cambridge gains a slight advantage; and an excited Dark Blue beside me exclaims: "Why, Hoxford is losing ground!" The superfluous aspirate excites but little notice. My eyes are on the crews before me: it literally seems, so close is the struggle, as if both boats were propelled by the same power. Now Oxford is not a yard ahead; and Cambridge is pulling what seems a winning race. The short, quick stroke of the latter is so much more strong than the long, steady pull of the Oxford, that I am surprised at the result of the two strokes. My sympathies are all with Cambridge—that gallant fellow with the stroke-oar has captured me. A drawling Oxford *alumnus* by my side declares that "nothing can beat the swinging stroke of the Dark Blues." I detest him at once, and leave his vicinity. The

boats are still propelled rapidly on—around bends of the river, through arches of bridges, under the lee of the river banks, out of the currents, into the middle of the river again, and across to the other side—every moment nearing the goal; the result still doubtful. Along the banks of the river, horsemen are riding furiously, vainly hoping to keep up with that mighty pace—handkerchiefs are waving, guns are firing, a whole city runs mad over the skill of the sixteen men, who are straining every nerve just before us. "Cambridge leads!" That cry sounded like a marriage-bell in my ears; and my heart gave a great thump of joy. Around that bend, just in our front, the advantage was gained. They are out of our sight. I am the only happy one in a crowd of mourners. The Dark Blues have lost; and I see their color reflected in the faces of those around me. Alas! "the hope rises too flattering sweet to be substantial." That signal flag upon yonder staff tells us that Oxford is again the victor; and gallant Cambridge must again bow before the decree of Fate. That long stroke has told. Over a course of four miles and a half, from Putney to Mortlake, the pace was held. That delusive gain we joyed over was but the pause for gathered strength, in which breath was drawn for the final strokes which were to give the victory. The time was twenty-one minutes—over rough water, and against bad currents, on a windy morning in April—marvelous speed! "The winner shall retrace the course," is boating law—to receive the plaudits of the crowd, no doubt. Back came the Dark Blues, with the same long, swinging movement, like the stride of a guardsman—which has won them the reputation of the crack boatmen of the English aristocracy; for, mark, they are all swells, who, in a London ball-room, with victory crowned, twirl their silken mustaches and affect the languid air of the Sybarite—these

young athletes. "Oxford can not be beaten!" This expression rang in my ears, and made me savage. I was watching for those brave fellows, whom seven years of defeat had not daunted. They come: it is a point of courtesy that the friends of Oxford shall entertain the crew of Cambridge: their boat is drawn up alongside. My Hercules leaps out, without the mark of over-excitement, save a flush which mantles to his temples with the rich blood of his race. He throws his oar to the deck: "I'll never row again on the Thames!" He has

been beaten for seven years, and will change his mind, should his arm be wanted for another contest. Thus ended that year's University races—the chief event of importance each season, surpassing the Derby in the character of its patrons—and certainly an exhibition which, once witnessed, can never be forgotten. Thousands of our young men will go over to see the race between our own Harvard. Let us hope they will not return with the expression of my Dark Blue friend: "Oxford can not be beaten."

A WEEK IN MENDOCINO.

"WILL you make your will, and have an order sent to the undertaker's, or be off to the woods?" asked a friend, one morning, who had a blunt, and, at times, a tragic way of putting things. If one is in robust health and a vigorous trencher-man, who is there on the earth, in these degenerate times, to congratulate him on such good fortune? But no sooner is there a gastric revolt at the diabolical inventions of some high-priestess of the kitchen, with a growing cadaverousness, than every friend is ready with an ominous warning. When we publish a list of the patent medicines recommended, the world will know how many disinterested friends we have. Just now, the earth cure is all-potent. Try it in any shape you like—as a mud bath, a powder, a poultice, or an honest bed at mid-day—and this chemistry of earth and sun will work wonders. Are we not getting back to first principles? You talk of the shaking-up which religious dogmas have suffered within the last half-century: what is there of all the medical theories of the last fifteen hundred years which now goes unchallenged?

Yosemite has been a little overdone of late. The sea-shore and the springs are dreadfully haunted by the young lady in rustic hat, garnished with pea-green ribbon, and who either writes poetry or reads the *Ledger*. There is comfort in the fact that the territory of this State is not more than half explored, and is not likely to be for some time to come. There are reaches equal to a degree of latitude untrodden, as yet, by the foot of any tourist, and where the clanking of the surveyor's chain and rods has never been heard; and some of these you may find within two hundred miles of San Francisco. Going still farther, there are vales where a white man was, till recently, something of a curiosity, and is honored with the title of "Boston Ti-ee"—the native for "carpet-bagger," I suppose. It is interesting to find a country where morganatic marriages are in high repute. The red-headed lumberman's cross-cut saw would not, by this arrangement, descend to his children; nor would an old hunter's powder-horn and ancient rifle, by the same prudential forethought, be handed down to some little vagabond half-breeds.

Two days' hard travel by stage, including forty miles by steamboat, and one may be set down in the wildest part of Mendocino County. We selected Anderson Valley, on the head-waters of the Novarro River, not so much for its wildness as because it was the most accessible spot unfrequented by the tourist. It will be hard to miss the Russian River Valley in getting there, and harder still, not to linger for a day or two to look at such pictures as no artist has quite succeeded in putting on to his canvas.

There was the mid-day repose of St. Helena, taking on a royal purple as the day advanced; the droning sound of the reapers in the valley, as the rippling wheat bowed to a sort of rural song of Old Hundred; and the very cattle, which, for aught I know, have figured in a dozen pictures, standing under the trees, with their identical tails over their backs. Even the great fields of corn, which rustled and snapped under a mid-summer sun, were toned a little by the long column of mellow dust which spun from the stage-wheels and trailed for a mile in the rear. The artists caution against too much green in a picture, and so this brown pigment was needed to give the best effect; and there was no lack of material to "lay it on" liberally, anywhere in that region. With the dropping down of the sun behind the low hills on the west, the shadows fell aslant the valley, and light and shade melted together into the soft twilight. It might have been a favorable time for sentiment. But just then the stage-coach rounded a low hillock, and a farm-house was brought suddenly into the foreground. A cosset, a flock of geese, a windmill moving its fans indolently to the breath of the west wind, a dozen ruminating cows—what more of pastoral simplicity would you have for the fringe of such a landscape? But you see it was slightly overdone. The stout young woman milking the roan cow rather heightened the effect,

to be sure. She really ought to have been there. But did any feminine mortal ever administer such a kick to the broad sides of a cow before? There was a dull thud, a quadrupedal humping, an undulation along the spine of that cow—and the stage-coach was out of sight. O, for the brawn and muscle to administer such a kick! It was more gymnastic than esthetic, more realistic than poetical. You will never find Arcadia where such a powerful feminine battery is set in motion on so slight a provocation. A cow might survive; but you need not describe the fate of any man on which such a force were expended. And seeing that so large a part of this world needs a healthy kicking, more is the pity that there should have been such a needless expenditure of force. By what mental law are grand and ridiculous scenes associated together? I can not summon the towering majesty of St. Helena, the golden ripple of the harvest fields, the receding valley, softened by the twilight, but ever in the foreground is this kicking milkmaid and that unfortunate cow. If a house-painter had dabbed his brush of green paint on your Van Dyke, you might be stunned by this very audacity, and turn your pet picture to the wall. But the house-painter and Van Dyke would from that time forth be associated together. So I turn this picture to the wall, only wishing that the kicking milkmaid and St. Helena had been a thousand miles apart.

The Russian River Valley "pinches out" at Cloverdale, a pretty little town, set down in a bowl with a very large rim—so large, that unless new life should be infused into the town, it will not be likely to slop over. Thence, you reach the head of Anderson Valley, by a jaunt of thirty-two miles, in a north-westerly direction, over a series of low mountain ridges, and through cañons, sometimes widening out into "potreros" large enough for a cattle ranch, and hand-

some enough for a gentleman's country-seat. Here the affluents of the Novarro River are drawn together like threads of lace; and the first trout stream leaps and eddies in the deep defiles, on its way to the ocean. There is no use of fumbling in an outside pocket for fish-hooks. The stream has a fishy look; but that band of rancheria Indians, who have gone into summer camp on a sand-bar, will settle the trout question for the next ten miles. They pop their heads out of a round hole in one of the wigwams like prairie dogs, and seem to stand on their hind legs with the others pendent, as if just going to bark. These are the aboriginal Gypsies, fortunate rascals, who pay no house-rent, who want nothing but what they can steal, or what can be got from the brawling stream, or the wooded slopes of the adjacent hills.

These funnel-shaped willow baskets, lodged here and there along the banks, are the salmon traps of the Indians, which have done duty until the spring run was over. When the salmon has once set his head up stream, he never turns it down again until he has reached the extreme limits of his journey and accomplished his destiny. The Indians understand this; and these long willow funnels, with a bell-shaped mouth, are laid down in the spring—a clumsy contrivance, to be sure; but the salmon enters and pushes his way on, while this willow cylinder contracts until it closes to a small nozzle. There is daylight ahead; the stubborn fish will not back down, and he can not “move on.” When an Indian gets hungry, he pulls up this willow trap, runs a spit through his fish, holds him over the fire a little while—and his dinner is ready.

There is no fish story which one may not believe when in a gentle mood. And thus, when farther down the stream, a settler showed us a wooden fork such as is used to load gabels of grain, with which, in less than a hour, he pitched

out of this same stream a wagon-load of salmon—why should we doubt his veracity? No lover of the gentle art is ever skeptical about the truth of a fish story. Faith and good luck go together. How was our faith rewarded soon afterward, when, taking a “cut-off,” at the first cast under a shelving rock, a half-pound trout was landed! It was a grasshopper bait; and another grasshopper had to be run down before another cast. It is wonderful what jumps this insect will make when he is wanted for bait, and the run is up the hill! Another trout snapped illusively, and we had him—larger by a quarter of a pound than the first. It was getting interesting! No doubt the settler pitched out a load of salmon with a wooden fork. A kingdom for a grasshopper! There they go in all directions—and the rascals have wings! The clumsy stage-wagon is creeping far up the hill. A beetle is tried; it won't do—no decent trout ever swallowed a beetle. A dozen splendid game fish were left in that swirl under the rock. Was there too much faith in that wooden fork story, or not enough? There was a hitch somewhere. But it was all right when the passengers dined that day on fried bacon, and we on mountain trout. If the grasshoppers had not been too lively, there would have been trout for all.

Anderson Valley is about eighteen miles long, and half to three-fourths of a mile wide. The hills on the left are belted with a heavy growth of redwood, in fine contrast with the treeless hills on the right, covered with a heavy crop of wild oats, all golden-hued in the August sun. The farms extend across the valley, taking a portion of the hills on either side. There never has been a Government survey made in the valley, but every man is in possession of his own, and does not covet his neighbor's. Land-stealing requires a degree of energetic rascality and enterprise wholly wanting here. So near, and yet so remote! It

is as if one had gone a two-days' journey, and had somehow managed to get three thousand miles away. I heard of a man in the valley who took a newspaper, and was disposed to sympathize with him in his misfortune. Why should the spray of one of the dirty surges of the outside world break over into Arcadia? Every body had enough, and nobody had any thing in particular to do. The dwellings had mud-and-stick chimneys on the outside, and an occasional bake-oven garnished the back yard. At the little tavern, such vegetables as "strangers hankered for" were procured at the coast—a distance of twenty-six miles. An old man—he might have been seventy, with a margin of twenty years—had heard of the rebellion, and lamented the abolition of slavery—a mischief which he attributed to a few fanatics. The world would never get on smoothly until the institution of the patriarchs had been restored.

Oh, venerable friend, dwelling in Arcadia! there is much broken pottery in this world which is past all mending; and more which is awaiting its turn to go into the rubbish heap. All that was discovered in the interior of a Western mound was a few fragments of earthenware; for the rest, Time had beaten it all back to the dust. The images, whether of brass, wood, or stone, could not be put together by any of the cohesive arts of our time. It is appointed for some men to go through the world, club in hand, and to break much of the world's crockery as they go. We may not altogether like them. But observe that the men who are stoned by one generation are canonized by the next. There was the great ebony image set up and so long worshiped by the people of this country. How many sleek, fat doctors climbed into their pulpits of a Sunday, to expatiate on the scriptural beauties of this image, and the duty of reverencing it as something set up and

continued by Divine authority! It took some whacking blows to bring that ebony idol down; but what a world of hypocrisy, cruelty, and lies went into the dust with it. Was there ever a reformer—a genuine image-breaker—that did not, at one time or another, make the world howl with rage and pain? Now, truth is on eternal foundations, and does not suffer, in the long run, by the world's questionings or buffetings. But a consecrated falsehood—whether sacerdotal, political, or social—is some day smitten, as the giant of old, in the forehead, and falls headlong. After all, it is by revolution that the world makes most of its progress. It is a violent and often disorderly going out of an old and dead condition by the regenerating power, not of a new truth, but of an old one dug out of the rubbish, and freshly applied to the conscience of the world. How many truths to-day lie buried, which, if dug up, would set the world in an uproar! The image-breaker often heralds a revolution. He overturns the idol, of whatever sort it is, letting the light into some consecrated falsehood—not gently, but very rudely, and with a shocking disregard of good manners, as many affirm. This rough-shod evangel, with the rasping voice, angular features, and pungent words—we neither like him nor his new gospel at first. But he improves on acquaintance, and some day we begin to doubt whether he really does deserve eternal burning.

The world is full of cant: it infects our common speech. The odor of sanctity and the form of sound words are no nearer the living spirit than are those petrifications which present an outline of men, but never again pulsate with life. Once in half a century it is needful that the image-breaker should come along and knock on the head the brainless images of cant. The sturdy man of truthful and resolute speech! How irreverent and impious he is! He makes the

timid hold their breath, lest he should break something that he ought not to touch. What has he done, after all, but to teach men and women to be more truthful, more courageous, and less in love with shams.

At the close of a little "exhortation," something like this, the old man said—rather dogmatically, I thought: "Stranger, them sentiments of yourn won't do for this settlement." No doubt he was right. They won't do for any settlement where they build mud-and-stick chimneys on the outside of houses, and fry meat within.

It is good to get into a forest where there is not a mark of the woodman's axe. The redwood is, after all, one of the handsomest coniferous trees in the world. It grows only in a good soil and a moist climate. There may be larger trees of the *sequoia* family in the Calaveras group, but that presumption will bear questioning. A guide offered to take us to a group of trees distant about a day's ride, the largest of which he affirmed was seventy-five feet in circumference, and not less than 260 feet high. Larger trees than this are reported in the Coast Range; but we have never yet seen a redwood which measured over fifty feet in circumference, nor can any considerable tree of this species be found beyond the region of sandstone and the belt of coast fogs.

It is curious to note tree and tribal limitations. The oak and the redwood do not associate together, but the madroño is the friend of both. The line of redwood limits the habitation of the ground squirrel, and within that line his half-brother, the wood-squirrel, arches his tail in the overhanging boughs, and barks just when the charge is out of your gun, with surprising impudence. There is the dominion of trees and animals older and better defined than any law of boundaries which has yet got into our statute-books. Who knows but races of

men have overleaped boundaries of Divine ordination, and so must struggle with adverse fate toward nothing more hopeful than extinction. The black man of the tropics planted near the North Pole, has the grin all taken out of him, and there is nothing but a frigid chatter left. There is the Indian of the great central plains. Have we got into his country, or has he got into ours? There is some confusion of boundaries; and the locomotive, that demon of modern civilization, is tracing new boundaries with a trail of fire. It is possible to put one's finger upon the weak link in the logic that what is bad for the Indian is good for the white man.

That gopher snake just passed on the trail, with a young rabbit half swallowed, illustrates near enough how one-half of the world is trying to swallow the other. Observe, too, that provision of Nature, by which game is swallowed larger than the throat. It is the smallest half of the world, it seems, that is trying to swallow the largest half, with good prospect of success. Half a dozen men have located all the redwood timber upon the accessible streams of this county. Looking coastward along the Novarro, there is a chain of townships spanning this stream for fifteen miles in length, owned by two men. You may write down the names of twenty men who are at this moment planning to swallow all the leading business interests of this State. They will elect Governors and Legislators. It don't matter that the game is larger than the throat. In fact, deglutition is already pretty well advanced—as far, at least, as with the rabbit; but with this difference, that our victims will be made to grease themselves.

If the day is preceded by three or four hours of moonlight, you will not often find a deer browsing after the sun is up. His work is done, and he has lain down in a thicket for a morning nap. It was kind of the log-driver to take us to the

hills with the faintest streak of dawn. But once there, he slipped away by himself, and in hardly more than half an hour there were three cracks of a rifle. He came round with no game. We had seen none. It was not so very interesting to stand as a sentinel on the hill-tops in the chill of a gray morning, yearning for one's breakfast, and wishing all the deer were locked up in some cañon with a bottomless abyss. A new stand was taken, when presently our friend pointed out the line of a deer's back, standing half hidden by a clump of rocks of nearly the same color. We must both fire together, and make a sure thing of the game. There was a sharp report, and the deer jumped clear of the rocks and disappeared. He fell in his tracks. There was a single bullet-mark. But our friend insisted that both shots had taken effect in the same spot. It was a fawn, not more than two-thirds grown, and the glaze was just coming over its mild, beseeching eyes. We were sorry for a moment that both rifles had not missed. The log-driver shouldered the game, but disclaimed all ownership. A little farther on a dead buck was skewered over a limb, and still farther, a buck and a doe were suspended in the same way. It was a good morning's work. Every shot of the log-driver had told. A slight pang of remorse was succeeded by a little glow of exultation. Venison is good, and a hungry man is carnivorous. It is a clear case that the taking of this one deer is right. The log-driver must satisfy his conscience for taking three, as best he can. His left eye had a merry twinkle, however, when, on handing over our gun, he observed that the cap only had exploded, and that the load placed there on setting out was still in the rifle chamber. Well, we got the venison, and the log-driver told his sly story with a keen relish, and some addenda.

This Arcadia is a wondrously human place, after all. Borrowing a pony to

ride up the valley three or four miles, night and the hospitality of a neighbor overtook us. A mist settled down over the valley, and under the great overhanging trees not a trace of the road could be seen. "Only give him the rein," said the settler, "and the horse will go straight home." We gave him the rein. An hour, by guess, had gone by, and still that pony was ambling along, snorting occasionally as the dry sticks broke suspiciously in the edge of the woods. If a grizzly was there, his company was not wanted. Another hour had gone by. Pray, how long does it take a pony to amble over three miles in a pitch-dark night? Half an hour later, he turned off to the left, crossed the valley, and brought up at a fence. "Give him the rein," was the injunction. He had that, and a vigorous dig besides. In half an hour more, he was on the other side of the valley, drawn up at another fence. It was too dark to discover any house. The true destination was a small white tavern by the road-side, and the light of the wood fire in the great fire-place would certainly shine through the window. The vagabond pony took the spur viciously, and went off under the trees. We were lost—that was certain. It was getting toward midnight. It was clear that this equine rascal was not going home. He had traveled at least four hours, and was now, probably, several miles outside of the settlement, unless he had been going round in a circle. A night in a wilderness, enveloped in a chilling fog, the moisture of which was now dripping from the trees, with the darkness too great to discover when the horse laid his ears back as a sign of danger, was the best thing in prospect. Some time afterward, he had evidently turned into a field, and a few minutes later, was in front of a settler's house. A ferocious dog made it useless to dismount; the bars were jumped—the diminutive cob coming down on his

knees, and a moment afterward bringing up under the window of a small house. The window went up slowly, in answer to a strong midnight salutation; and to this day it is not quite clear whether a rifle barrel, a pitchfork, or a hoe-handle was protruded from that window, or whether all this was an illusion born of the darkness of the night.

"Well, stranger, how did you get in here, and what do you want?" asked the keeper of this rural castle.

"I am lost; you must either let me in, or come out and show me the way."

"Likely story you're lost! Reckon that don't go down in this settlement. You ain't lost if you're here, are you?"

"Look here: I borrowed Jimson's pony to go up to Dolman's, and started back after night-fall. Dolman said, 'Give him the rein, and he would go straight back to the tavern.' I gave him the rein, and he has been going for the last four or five hours, except when he stopped two or three times at fences, until he brought up here."

I think the hoe-handle, or whatever it might have been, was slowly drawn in. A match was touched off on the case-ment, making about as much light as a fire-fly. The settler, shading his eyes, threw a glimmer of light on to the neck of the iron-gray pony:

"Yes; that's Jimson's pony—that are a fact."

A moment after, a tall figure glided out, as from a hole in the wall, and stood by the horse.

"Now, tell me, my good friend, where I am, what is the hour, and how to get back to the tavern."

"Well, it mought be nigh on to twelve o'clock, and you're not more'n two miles from Jimson's."

"I left at seven o'clock to go down to Jimson's, about three miles. Where have I been all this time? If I have

been nearly five hours going half of three miles, how shall I ever get back to the tavern?"

"Stranger, you don't understand all the ways of this settlement. You see that's the pony that the Jimson boys take when they go round courting the gals in this valley. He thought you wanted to go round kind o' on a lark; and that pony, for mere devilment, had just as lief go a-courting as not. Stopped out yonder at a fence, did he, and then went across the valley, and then over to the foot-hills? Well, he went up to Tanwood's first, and being as that didn't suit, expect he went across to Weatherman's—he's got a fine gal—then he came on down to Jennings'—mighty fine gal there. He's been there with the boys lots o' times."

"Well, why did the pony come over here?"

"You see, stranger, I've got a darter, too."

"How far has that wandering rascal carried me since seven o'clock?"

"Nigh upon fifteen miles—may be, twenty; and he'd a gone all night, if you'd let him. He ain't half done the settlement yet."

"Then I, a middle-aged man of family, have been carried round this settlement in this fog, which goes to the marrow-bones, and under trees, to get a broken head, and on blind cross-trails, for twenty miles or so; and have got just half-way back; and all because this pony is used by the boys for larking?"

"I reckon you've struck it, stranger. Mus'n't blame that hoss too much. He thought you was on it. Now it's a straight road down to Jimson's. But don't let him turn to the left below. Runnel lives down there, and he's got a darter, too. She's a smart 'un."

A few minutes later, as if the evil one was in that iron-gray, he took the left-hand road. But he sprang to the right, when the rowel went into his flank, carry-

ing with it the assurance that the game was up.

It was past midnight when that larking pony came steaming up to the little white tavern. The smoldering wood fire threw a flickering light into the porch, enough to see that the ears of the gamy little horse were set forward in a frolicking way, saying clearly enough: "If you had only given me the rein, as advised, we would have made a night of it."

This new Arcadia is not so dull, when once the ways are learned. The Jimson boys affirmed that the pony was just mean enough to play such a trick on a stranger. But the old tavern loft rang with merriment until the small hours of the night. It was moderated by a motherly voice which came from the foot of the stairs: "You had better hush up. The stranger knows all the places

where you've been gallivanting round this settlement."

When the sun had just touched the hills with a morning glory, we were well on the way out of the valley. Coveys of quail with half-grown chicks were coming out from cover. The grouse were already at work in the wild berry patches on the side of the mountain—one or two larks went before with an opening benediction; while the glistening madroño shed its shower of crystals. Looking back, there was a thin, blue vapor curling up from the cabins. We were reconciled to the mud-and-stick chimneys on the outside, with a reservation about the fried meat within. Peace be with the old man who said our little speech would not do for that settlement. And long life to the pony that mistook our sober mission for one of wooing and frolic on a dark and foggy night.

ETC.

USUALLY, whenever your free-born American was at a loss for some specific charge against Monarchy, there was always the flunkysm of a Court and Court journals to fall back upon. The amount of cheap satire—not to speak of the profounder moral and political lessons—extracted from this subject by provincial newspapers—and, indeed, some that were not provincial—would probably make a volume of passable *facetia*. But it would not be too much to say, that no Court journal—not even the imperial bulletin of Pekin—ever contained as fulsome reports, details as degrading to the chronicler, personal information as impertinent, and facts as infinitely small and unimportant, as these same journals have published, within the past two months, in regard to the person of the President of the United States.

That people would be thrilled, more or less, with the telegraphic announcement that a college of surgeons had made a *post-mortem* examination of the President's favorite horse, is, perhaps, not so strange—horses having a value quite independent of their official position; but that even that rare object, "the American freeman," walks the streets any more erect, or carries himself any more proudly, because he knows that on a certain day the President "ate his dinner quietly," or "smoked a cigar on the veranda," at Long Branch, we may be permitted to question. No one doubts that at such trying moments the President was firm to the Constitution of the United States, and consistent to his policy; but it would seem as if an intelligent press could uphold and support them in other ways than by *femme de chambre* details of his family, and *valet de place* reports of himself. Jenkinsism is, however, as often the result of imperfect ratiocination as bad taste—your true flunky being perpetually astonished that greatness is not accompanied by size or some other tangible quality, and as perpetually

noting the astounding fact. If this kind of thing is to obtain generally—and we have no doubt that we shall be told by an intelligent press that it is essential to progress, and that any doubt about it is timid conservatism—perhaps, it would be better that some officer should be appointed, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to issue bulletins chronicling the Presidential movements. "H. E. the President played billiards, and afterward walked on the terrace;" or, "H. E. the President walked out with a brother-in-law," would be pretty and imposing. When we state that it would have the additional advantage of creating an office which would require little more than a steady incompetency, we commend it to politicians.

THE Pacific Railroad still brings fresh installments of sight-seers. The Chicago party have gone home, having fulfilled their mission—whatever it might have been—and have once more resumed the staid walks of commerce. We were prepared to hear that, on their way back, they passed "resolutions" complimentary of all that they left behind; for "resolutions" are, in the hands of your American traveler by land and sea, the ingenious and recognized method of disposing of all obligations and responsibilities connected with the past, present, and future. Having performed this duty, they arrived in good order and condition, and thus far asserted their superiority over some California grapes, which got there in a very pulpy and vinous state, and would seem to indicate that we have virtues that will not bear translation. Then we had the Wisconsin party, who somehow seem to have got loose and strayed from their guardians; and then Admiral Farragut, who did not get a reception, and our Fire Department Engineer, who did. And there is, at the present writing, a Vice-President, and what not, impending.

The result of all this is obvious. We shall have to give up some of our pet provincialisms and some of our Japanese exclusiveness. This continual encounter of East and West may rub down some of our salient characteristics; this uncorking of the bottle may dissipate the flavor of our civilization; but it will broaden us on a national basis, and do us good — albeit not in the way those pioneers imagine who still look back with longing to the Robinson Crusoe-like exclusiveness of '49. And the sooner we learn the lesson that the Pacific Railroad was not built to help California alone, but Chicago, Omaha, and New York, the sooner we will be able to appreciate its magnitude and its real benefits.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

It is somewhat late to call attention to Little, Brown & Co.'s third edition of *The Works of Edmund Burke*, which we should have noticed before; but it has not been, and probably will not be superseded by any more convenient and tasteful presentation of the text of the great English statesman. The edition is in twelve volumes, with the addition of a very full and careful index, and is printed in large, clear type, on thick paper. The volumes are of convenient size for reference; and the set does not occupy too much space even in a small, select library. The

like adaptability of elegance, distinctness, and convenience is seen in the fifth edition of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, published by the same house. The present edition has an appendix, and is as complete as such a volume can be.

There is no better way of educating the public taste than by making the works of the best writers as accessible to the average reader as inferior popular novels, and by combining cheapness with an attractive exterior. More readers are affected by the "outsides" of books than publishers are apt to give them credit for; and there is a suggestiveness about a tasteful edition which influences even those who are unable to appreciate its literary merit. In this way, Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. are doing good service to literature with their "Household Edition" of Thackeray—which seems to combine cheapness without the sacrifice of taste or durability, and compactness without confusion or illegibility. At present the edition is composed of six volumes, comprising the author's principal novels; but we trust the publishers will extend it so as to include Thackeray's lighter miscellanies—such as *The Prize Novels*, *Yellowplush Papers*, etc.—which are still new to a surprisingly large number of people, whose knowledge of humor does not go back of "Artemus Ward" or "Nasby."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GHOSTS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

THE GATES AJAR. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

If Miss Phelps had no other claim to distinction than the faculty—so rare among American writers—of telling good short stories, she might be reasonably content with her popularity among readers of magazine literature. But the present republication of these stories suggests her claim to a reputation less ephemeral; and an analysis of two of the best, perhaps, justifies that claim to some extent. These two—"Calico," and "The Tenth of January"—are remarkable as studies of certain phases of local New England life; and possess a moral and literary value, entirely independent of the storyteller's trick, the sensational incidents with which they are surrounded, or the nervous force with which they are written up.

Yet it is very probable that to this nervous energy—which occasionally gives dramatic, but more often only theatrical effect to her style—she owes much of her popularity. The critic, however, will be apt to observe, that while this nervous power exceeds the ordinary feminine limit, it is still limited by feminine weakness, and can never be mistaken for continuous masculine strength; and that the sensational climaxes are very likely the result of an inability to keep up the strain. The short, gasping, choking sentences, in which Miss Phelps indulges at these moments, lend some plausibility to such a criticism; as though instead of relieving her nerves by tears, she had sought relief in a burst of periods. It is singular that all of the affecting passages are indicated by what may be called the punctuation of feminine sensibility.

It is possible that we attribute to weakness

what may be only the exigencies of the short story. The short story must end in some way; and if it ends in highly wrought catastrophe or climax, it is more likely to please magazine readers than if it vanished with a lingering flavor on the lips, as the best and most artistic stories are apt to do. We would like to give Miss Phelps the benefit of the doubt, if we did not find in her a dreadful disposition "to bear down hard"—if we may quote a pet phrase of *The Nation* to express a common fault of good writers. In "The Tenth of January" Miss Phelps bears down very hard indeed. In this story we had followed "Asenath" through her various troubles with tearful sympathy; but when Miss Phelps piled the Pemberton Mills on the already humped back of the unfortunate girl, and deliberately roasted her alive, to slow music made by the victim, we dried our eyes, and looked on steadily. There is a point at which human sympathy stops, and Miss Phelps had reached that point. It does not help matters that Miss Phelps has taken a real catastrophe—the Lawrence disaster—for her climax, if she mixes it with the unreal in such a way as to seemingly exaggerate both. It is this same unfortunate tendency which mars an otherwise perfect and original study of the trifling, but overpowering household trials of a young New England girl, in the sketch entitled "Calico"—a study so truthful, tender, and quiet; so honest in its sympathy, effective in its moral, and elaborate in its details, that it is with a feeling of exasperation that we encounter such cheap sensational tricks as "Charley's" putting her head on the railroad track while contemplating suicide, or the thunderbolt that knocked her into the arms of her lover. Nothing can be more utterly gratuitous and distasteful to true art than such offenses; and, we fear, nothing more indicative of the second-rate artist. We

notice it less in her other sketches, which are generally pitched in a higher key, and, though interesting, are more consistently and equally overstrained.

Miss Phelps has force, humor, and poetic feeling. The first and last are visible throughout the book; the second is pleasantly shown in "The Day of My Death," and in the outlining of "Moppett," in "Calico." She only needs taste and restraint to make a permanent reputation by them.

A separate consideration of *The Gates Ajar*, by the same author, is suggested rather by a distinctiveness of subject than by any distinctiveness of style; and, perhaps, by the fact that it is a later book. It is certainly a more mature and elaborate performance. While it preserves all the characteristic faults and virtues of *Men, Women, and Ghosts*, it is much more powerful in effect; and so long as there are death and bereavement in this world, and the necessity for books of consolation, it will have a permanent, intrinsic value. The question of the heterodoxy or orthodoxy of its consolations will, we fear, have very little to do with its specific value as a consoler. Wounded hearts that find balm and healing in it, will not greatly care if it is not indorsed by the Faculty. There will, of course, be those, equally sincere, who always find a good deal of the heroism of self-sacrifice—not a bad thing for wounded hearts, by the way—in being told that their natural longings and affections are sinful, as there are constitutions that are still only moved by calomel and ipecac. It is not very long ago that water was carefully kept from fever patients. We may deplore the theory that inflicted this needless suffering, but we can not but respect the conscientious invalid, who, with water within his reach, resisted the temptation. By which we mean simply to claim, in advance, for those who can not find consolation in Miss Phelps' "reconstructed" heaven, an equal sympathy with those who can.

In regard to heaven, we probably *know* as little of it as Miss Phelps does; and shall not commit the folly of opposing speculation with speculation. The person who first takes the trouble to define the indefinable, always has the advantage. That heaven, however,

is an abode of felicity, incompatible with our earthly conditions, is the general, vague belief of mankind. What constitutes the felicity, of course, differs with the taste and education; but the point of incompatibility has been generally, though vaguely admitted. Here, however, Miss Phelps takes a square issue. Perhaps it would not be entirely fair to her to say that she believes heaven to be a place where little boys find the balloons that they lose on earth, or where good girls like "Miss Clotildy" are permitted to have a piano—for these she uses as illustrations; but it would be no less unfair for us to look upon the Deacon's idea that heaven was a place to play upon a golden harp, (with which instrument, in a mundane sphere, he was unfamiliar) as the general belief of more orthodox folk. Indeed, Miss Phelps is probably as unreliable in defining the belief of other people as she is of her own. We are most of us a good deal better or worse than our creeds; and the few of us that do get into heaven will probably get there by reason of something which we may never be able to state with theological accuracy.

It is, perhaps, this very defect in logic which makes *The Gates Ajar* a consolation to bereaved humanity. Reason grates harshly on the suffering sense; logic can not "make Death other than Death;" but the flow of tender womanly sympathy, and the instinctive analysis of sorrow which is so peculiarly feminine, soothe where the clearest statement of an after-life fails. And if Miss Phelps has, with womanly tact, worked up some half-truths into pleasantly delusive perspective, who shall blame her? If the weeping wife be consoled with the thought that her departed husband awaits her in heaven, to renew the vows and conjugal devotion which were theirs on earth, why should we suggest to her that this fact would make a second marriage unpleasant? Women have, ere this, sincerely mourned a first husband, and as sincerely loved and wedded a second.

In the narrative on which those speculations are strung, Miss Phelps exhibits a characteristic disregard for human life: burning up one woman whose husband holds opposite views, and killing her own friend and consoler by cancer for the sake of her corroborative testimony, *in extremis*. The victims are artisti-

cally, and even pathetically put out of the way—the description of “Aunt Winifred’s” death being very touching, and not greatly overdone—but we can not help thinking that there is something as grimly puritanical in this sort of “lesson” as in any of the harsh doctrines she opposes. Yet we must repeat, that the book is wholesome for its feminine sympathy, and for its recognition of that Abiding Love whose gates are ever ajar.

MALBONE: AN OLDPORT ROMANCE. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

The admirers of *Malbone*—and we think the term will include most lovers of good literature—if they are not given to troubling themselves with such terms as “subjective” and “objective,” may perhaps overlook, in the easy charm of Mr. Higginson’s style, the subtler quality of his intellect. Usually, the American “social” story was made up of men and women who were either exaggerated from the exterior side of their natures into palpable villains, visible saints, or pronounced heroes—and consequently such people as no one ever meets in society—or they were drawn in that insipid, unheroic attitude in which the most original of us appear, outwardly, to our friends and acquaintances. But Mr. Higginson seems to have recognized the fact that very ordinary people become interesting under analysis, and that motives are much more fascinating to the better class of romance-readers than actions; and he has preferred rather to interest us with an analysis of the character of his hero, “Malbone,” than by any of the ordinary cheap dramatic tricks of action. In brief, we actually have a hero, who—without being externally endowed beyond his species as we meet them in society; without doing any thing very extraordinary, or saying any thing extra-fine; without being preternaturally heroic, brilliant, wicked, gloomy, or eccentric, but being, in fact, a man whom we should vaguely call a good fellow—is really the central and exciting figure in a romance. One can easily conceive how, under such conditions, society may be made interesting, and even heroic; and how Mr. Higginson may fill his novels with the men who fill our

drawing-rooms, by simply picturing them from other than the drawing-room viewpoint.

We do not mean to say that this view is entirely novel, even with American writers. Holmes and Hawthorne have both displayed rare skill in the dissection and analysis of motives; but Dr. Holmes’ *dramatis personæ* are always heroic in attitude, outward seeming, and action, and we at once recognize them as being a little larger than life—in fact, *dramatis personæ*; Hawthorne, less anxious for external effect, preferred, however, a morbid subject for dissection, and his scalpel was always devoted to disease and abnormal growths. But Mr. Higginson, with “Malbone’s” “multivalve heart,” really has something more common than the scientific term would denote, and does not find it necessary to exaggerate the outward aspect of his hero. It is satirical analysis applied to things within most men’s experience. This, if like any body’s else performance, perhaps resembles Thackeray’s—and Thackeray’s only.

And yet, with the single exception of “Aunt Jane,” we should be inclined to look upon the other characters as failures to this ideal. “Hope” is a kind of Yankee Pallas, a very abstract bit of American mythology—an idea, rather than a character—and one is not inclined to be hard on “Malbone” for being faithless to such an abstract proposition of a sweetheart as Mr. Higginson furnishes him in this idealized, New England school-mistress. She is so very superior to “Malbone” in moral power that we are not called upon to feel any deep sympathy for her when he is faithless; and we always remember with gratification that she has her “mission” to fall back upon when man fails her. “Emilie” is more human—compared, at least, with this chrysolite—but still, she is of the “deeply passionate” nature that belongs to the novelist’s “stock company.” In fact, we fail to find the female of the “Malbone” species among Mr. Higginson’s young women, or indeed any of those inconsistent, bewildering creatures with whom one falls in love. “Blanche Ingleside”—for whom we confess to have conceived a reprehensible attachment—comes nearer to ordinary humanity. But what, after all, are these girls—more or less angelic though

they be—to the sweet humorist who fills “Aunt Jane’s” chair? What are “Hope’s” morals, or “Emilie’s” passion, to the playful philosophy, the kindly satire, the positive truth, that flow from the tripod of this humorous sibyl? And yet “Aunt Jane” is more thoroughly feminine than the young goddesses who flit around her chair. Her positiveness, her prejudices, her instincts, are womanly and lovable. Could not Mr. Higginson have kindled a natural warmth in those cold-limbed nymphs with “Aunt Jane’s” sacred vestal fire? Or was the character created in satiric contrast to the young women of to-day?

The dramatic climax of the story is, perhaps, inconsistent with the simple plot, and the general introspective character of the narrative. We can not help thinking that Mr. Higginson here sacrificed to the popular demand for sensational effect that quiet strength and sustained repose in which he is much more natural and original. When sudden death or retributive catastrophe overtake the guilty in romance—which they rarely do in real life—the critic is generally justified in attributing it quite as often to a want of continuous strength on the part of the author as to an overwhelming sense of justice. We believe Mr. Higginson to be quite competent to carry out and continue the interest in character without this cheap labor-saving climax; and we are the more surprised that he thus sacrifices what we believe to constitute his greatest strength—the power of sustained analysis and introspective detail.

The style of *Malbone* is peculiarly charming. There is a sedate gracefulness about it; a vein of reflection that is serene oftener than it is really serious; a faint suggestion of irony even in its most formal attitudes; and a perfectly artistic and well bred ease and control of its movements, that permit a humorous antithesis of thought or playful turn of sentiment, without interruption to its musical flow and progress, or the labored effect of getting back again to propriety.

THE LIFE OF JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. BY Mrs. J. J. Audubon. New York: J. P. Putnam & Son. 1869.

The average American knows little more of Audubon than that he was a Naturalist

who executed some high-priced plates of birds, which are to be found in the book-racks of public libraries, but which only a few people are rich enough to privately possess. Some of the present generation may remember to have read in the School Readers, descriptive passages from his journal; but of his trials, wanderings, struggles to earn a livelihood, and the fact that he was forty-six years old before his own and his wife’s earnings furnished him capital enough to take the first step toward publishing his drawings, they will now hear for the first time.

It is eighteen years since he died. He was born in 1780, on his father’s plantation in Louisiana; and his youth and middle age belong to a period of our history of which President Monroe, and Irving, and Allston, and Vanderlyn, are part. He was educated in France, where his taste for Ornithology first showed itself, to the dismay of his father, who was rich and eminently proper, and who—like the fathers of all geniuses—objected to these vagabond excursions of the embryo Naturalist. He returned, at seventeen, to his father’s estate near Philadelphia, where he led the life of a young country gentleman, hunting, fishing, going to balls, astonishing the country beaux by the latest Parisian ruffled shirts, pumps, and black satin breeches; but not forgetting his drawing and bird-stuffing. After marrying Miss Bakewell, the daughter of a neighbor, and a descendant of the Peverils—of *Peveril of the Peak* celebrity—his troubles began. He engaged in mercantile pursuits and failed, as geniuses are apt to do. While a merchant in Louisville, Wilson, the Naturalist, called at his store to get subscriptions for his *American Ornithology*. The two men, destined in after-years to be serious professional rivals, had not heard of each other; and when Audubon showed Wilson—who simply expected a subscription—drawings superior to his own, and specimens he had never heard of, his astonishment can well be imagined. But we can not as innocently account for his after-coldness and evident jealousy of Audubon.

For twelve years he wandered in the West and South-west, getting a scanty living by portrait painting, teaching drawing, and finally, by teaching dancing. As a dancing-master, he seems to have been highly appre-

ciated at Bayou Sara ; and the man who was pronounced by Baron Cuvier, as having reared "the most splendid monuments which Art has erected in honor of Ornithology," being once requested by his admiring pupils to dance to his own music, created the wildest enthusiasm by the deftness of his pigeon-wings. Meanwhile, his brave and devoted wife, as versatile and independent as himself, taught as a governess ; and their joint savings finally brought them to England, and nearer the prospects of fortune and the publication of his drawings. There was nothing but discouragement for him in America. The drawings were finally published in England, by subscription—noblemen generously assisting him—in a style unparalleled before.

As an artist he was superior to Wilson ; but his prose was not as good as his painting. His list of species was more complete, and his contributions to the science of Ornithology are unsurpassed. In character he was boyish and enthusiastic, with some of Goldsmith's simple vanity and impulsive weakness ; in person, finely formed and of handsome presence—altogether, a remarkable figure in American history.

BLACK FOREST VILLAGE STORIES. By Berthold Auerbach. New York : Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

Although these stories were Auerbach's first introduction to the German public thirty

years ago, and laid a foundation for his present reputation, they possess very few of the elements that would make them popular with the average American reader. As studies of German peasant life they are possibly faithful ; but in the lives of coarse German peasants, faithfulness of detail at times does not make pleasant reading. There is an occasional vulgarity and coarseness, for which the translator is, perhaps, responsible ; but how nearly it is gratuitous with him we are unable to state. Much of the life portrayed is like the German *cuisine* : too strong and rancid for delicate, unaccustomed stomachs, and requiring some practice to digest completely.

One fact regarding these stories it will be well to remember, in the present unaccountable, and not altogether intelligent enthusiasm for German romance. There is nothing in the volume that is better in a literary, artistic, or dramatic sense than the average pictures of *American* village life, as portrayed in *Godey's* or *Peterson's* magazines, or the literary weeklies, and some that are not as interesting ; and there is not a single story that would probably be accepted by the conductor of any of our first-class magazines. The merely local coloring is no better, and not always as intelligent, as that given in ordinary books of travel with which most people are familiar. Any of T. S. Arthur's sketches, translated into German, would make a better equivalent.



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

CONTRIBUTORS AND CONTRIBUTIONS.

JULY—No. 1, Vol. 3. A Ruined State, by Mr. Socrates Hyacinth; The Cruise of the "Monadnock," No. 1, by Rev. J. S. Bush, D.D.; Chinese "Funeral Baked Meats," by Rev. A. W. Loomis; The Man with a Hole in his Head, by Noah Brooks; The California Gray, by Prentice Mulford; Under the Cloud, by Rev. Charles G. Ames; What our University should Teach, by Rev. J. D. Beugless; Faith, by Edgar Fawcett; Among the Clouds, by Albert S. Evans; Holy Week at Rome, by Mrs. E. B. Gould; The Real Estate Mania, by John Archbald; The Last Tie, by Dr. J. D. B. Stillman; A Lady's Trip to Hawaii, by Miss Agnes M. Manning; Coyote, by F. Bret Harte; The Water-Witch, by Geo. F. Emery; Etc.; Current Literature—Adventures in the Wilderness, or Camp Life in the Adirondacks; The Trapper's Guide; Alice's Adventures in Wonderland; The Villa on the Rhine; Breaking a Butterfly, or Blanche Ellerslie's Ending.

AUGUST—No. 2, Vol. 3. In Yosemite Shadows, by Charles Warren Stoddard; Bold Dick Donahue, by John Manning; Crowned, by W. A. Kendall; South-Western Slang, by Mr. Socrates Hyacinth; After Dark, by Newton Booth; A Cloud-Burst on the Desert, by Albert S. Evans; Trinita di Monte, by H. D. Jenkins; Manifest Destiny in the West, by Mrs. F. F. Victor; Portala's Cross, by Frank Bret Harte; Occult Science in the Chinese Quarter, by Rev. A. W. Loomis; To Simcoe, by Amanda Miller; The Coming, by Ina D. Coolbrith; Madeleine, by Mrs. J. Melville; Vernon, or Mulberry Leaves, by George F. Emery; Etc.; Current Literature—The New West, or California in 1867 and 1868; By-Ways of Europe; Hans Breitmann about Town, and other Ballads; Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy; The

Ingham Papers; The Brawnville Papers; Biographical Sketches by Harriet Martineau.

SEPTEMBER—No. 3, Vol. 3. The Cruise of the "Monadnock," No. 2, by Rev. J. S. Bush, D.D.; White Pine, by M. G. Pritchard; The Story of Herman, by Lloyd P. Smith; Renewed, by W. A. Kendall; Celebrated Historical Diamonds, by G. N. Richards; The Affair of the Villa A—, by W. J. Stillman; Sufficient, by Ina D. Coolbrith; Are our Public Schools a Failure? No. 1, by W. N. Granger; The Pacific Railroad—Unopen, by Robert L. Harris; National Characteristics, by Rossiter W. Raymond; A South-Sea Idyl, by Charles Warren Stoddard; Gold-Digging in Australia, by John Manning; Grizzly, by F. Bret Harte; The Bronze Advocate, by Mr. Socrates Hyacinth; In the Track of a Great Race, by Lawrence Barrett; A Week in Mendocino, by W. C. Bartlett; Etc.; Current Literature—Men, Women, and Ghosts; The Gates Ajar; Malbone, an Oldport Romance; The Life of John James Audubon; Black Forest Village Stories.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Admirable, as usual. It is full, from cover to cover, of most readable and varied matter. It is strange that literature should be so well represented at San Francisco, which most of us look upon as still a sort of unredeemed desert of diggings. * * There are few magazines you can read from beginning to end without skipping, as you can this one. A good deal of this may be owing to the fact that it has an object, being as its wrapper states "devoted to the development of the country." * * The solid is not overlooked. The practical reader is amply catered for; in short, as has always been the case with this magazine, every paper in it is thoroughly readable.—*London Fun.*

Well written, edited, and printed, and will be read with interest by amateurs in national literature.—*London Evening Star.*

A monthly from a remote region of the new

world, fully equal in literary ability and interest to many of those published in this metropolitan centre of old world civilization.—*London Tablet*.

This magazine, which is named after the real overland route, that of the Pacific Railway, and "devoted to the development of the country," is published in San Francisco, California, the State which boasted of one adult native, who is said to have voted at the last Presidential election. It has, if anything, improved since the first number was issued, and we have long wished to say a few words on some of its merits, of which we may remark *en passant*, the English press have spoken very highly. * * There is not an uninteresting article in the nine numbers already issued of the *Overland Monthly*, and our readers cannot do better than buy all that are published, and others as issued.—*Trubner's Literary Record, London*.

All along the line of the great railroad at its western end the *Overland* will be a formidable competitor and rival to the *Atlantic*, *Harper*, *Putnam*, etc. In real value it surpasses most of the Eastern magazines, and in its devotion to the Pacific interests it has a strong hold, not only on the dwellers beyond the mountains, but on all who are looking that way. * * The book notices are even exceptionally good, bestowing on popular books that happy mixture of blame and praise which it is so difficult to prepare, and sometimes so hard for an author to swallow.—*Springfield Republican*.

What we must consider one of the most remarkable literary enterprises of the day, since its unexpected excellence demonstrates the existence on our Pacific coast of the ability to write and the taste to appreciate magazine matter of the very first order. * * Contrives to be lively throughout without a single piece of fiction in all its contents.—*Advertiser, Boston*.

The recipient of various tributes of admiration from all quarters, it may seem vain for us to attempt to add to them. * * We are pleased to observe that in its book notices it treats Trojan and Tyrian alike, bestowing censure, when deserved, on the publications of its proprietors. Like everything in California, it is "devoted to the development of the country."—*Williams' Quarterly, Williamstown, Mass.*

Nothing in it that is bad and little that is not good. * * So far the *Overland* has kept itself astonishingly free from padding, and thus negatively, as well as in many ways positively, sets the older Eastern magazines an example as unexpected as it is honorable to the conductors of the new periodical.—*New York Nation*.

The January *Overland* sustains the well-won reputation of the half-dozen preceding numbers.—*Yale Literary Magazine*.

One of the handsomest magazines we have seen. It justifies its claim to be devoted to the development of the country by several excellent papers descriptive of the western part of our continent. * * Will well repay perusal; for, besides treating with much interest of topics of special character, it enters, with no mean degree of credit, the domain of general literature.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Like the people of the region from whence it emanates, the *Overland* deals with every day, living, vigorous facts. * * The great and important topics of the day are ably and elegantly discussed, the status of the great improvements of the country are intelligibly and clearly portrayed, and when it deals with literature, attention is given to such branches of it as are useful and real.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin*.

It is ably edited, and numbers among its contributors some of the most popular and brilliant pens on the Pacific coast.—*American Publisher and Bookseller*.

Interests us more than any of the monthlies. It is full of well written pictures of life on our

western shore, on the borders of that vast, and to us unknown ocean, that rolls westward so many thousand leagues; and whose waves, receding from our shores, kiss the feet of the almond-eyed Chinese, and haughty Japanese; whose murmur, as they pass the Golden Gate, is of far Cathay; and to gaze upon whose vast expanse, we have just built, with eager haste, a railroad through the Great Desert, and over the mighty Sierras!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Excellent, and San Francisco can already compete with the Atlantic cities in literature, as it has long done, successfully, in business.—*Daily State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.*

We cannot describe at length the various matters treated of in this well-ventilated, wholesome and spicy magazine. It is simply irresistible. The pictures of life in foreign places, such as Panama, the Fiji Islands, the Texan Prairies, Montana, are more life-like than photographs, and more absorbing than the voyages of Sinbad. We can pay the *Overland* the compliment of declaring that no one of the monthlies to which our desk is habituated has become so much like a bad habit—so near, dear, pleasant and hard to part with.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

One of the freshest and liveliest of all the magazines. * * The work of practiced pens and thinking minds, and we always hail its appearance with delight.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

Every number is an improvement upon the preceding ones, and, although it is only fifteen months since its publication was commenced, it ranks among the best periodicals published in America.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

One of the very best specimens of periodical literature which the literary market affords. The papers are very diverse in topic, and are always able and dignified, and not only abound in pleasant discursive reading, but in much valuable information. The poetical contributions also maintain as high a standard as the prose, which is a very rare fact in magazine literature.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It reflects Western sentiments in a more faithful manner than any of the Eastern periodicals.—*Chicago Courier*.

The *Overland Monthly* justifies its title by coming to us overland, by the identical railroad, two of whose rails, bestridden by a Pacific (not pacific) bear constitute its neat and unique vignette. But if it justifies its title, it far more than justifies any anticipations which might be formed by the reader unacquainted with its merit. Editorially and typographically it ranks with the *Atlantic*, the *Galaxy* and other first-class magazines of the Atlantic coast. * * The literary criticisms are uncommonly good.—*Chicago Post*.

From the Pacific coast comes to us a magazine equal to the best in typographical appearance, and of such excellence in a literary point of view as already to have become a prominent rival of the established Eastern monthlies. * * The *Overland* has leaped at once full grown into the literary arena, sustaining a comparison with the most pretentious of its rivals. California is a remarkable country, said by some observers to be producing a new race of men, and judging by this magazine, possessing both the culture and the vigor to handsomely sustain its own where older communities have assumed to monopolize the honors. So long as the *Overland* keeps up its present standard, it will be a welcome visitor in thousands of Western households.—*Journal of Commerce, Kansas City*.

Enjoys a reputation second to no other magazine in the country. Its contents are spicy, varied, and sparkling.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Evening Bulletin*.

This most excellent magazine was established something more than a year ago, and its appearance was met with the fear, that because of the comparative isolation of California from the rest of the

world, and its general dependence upon the Atlantic States for good literature, the enterprise would not prove a profitable one; but the experiment has been made, and a few months have sufficed to realize to the enterprising publishers the full fruition of success. Thus it is, we see the people of the Pacific side creating a literature of their own, through which medium they are beginning to assert a degree of intelligence equal in every respect to that of New England.—*Cheyenne (Wyoming Ter.) Leader*.

Among the few things *not* sensational, the still fewer which give us vastly more than they promise, is the *Overland Monthly*. Coming from San Francisco, it brings with it somewhat of the breadth, the freshness, the freedom of the far Pacific seas. It more than hints of the inexhaustible and as yet almost untouched wealth of the California vales and mountains; it reflects the brightness of their vivid colors, the exhilaration of their wonderful atmospheres. It is really refreshing to turn away from the stereotyped, much-harped-on themes of the distinguished, from the old things run so deep into the ruts of dullness, to names that we never heard before, and to themes new, unique, healthy, and suggestive. Then it is so delightful to find something a great deal better than you expected—so much more delightful than to expect a great deal, to be disappointed. Only we wonder that a thing can be so good that we hear so little about; though that is the very reason, probably, why we do hear so little about it.—*New York Independent*.

It is a striking evidence of the advance of the western half of the nation when a serial is issued on the Pacific coast that is equal to the best of old, long-established Eastern magazines.—*Lawrence (Kan.) Tribune*.

Its pages make one familiar with grizzly bears, Indians, miners, frontiersmen, the rough and tumble, adventure, danger and daring of frontier life, which have a freshness and interest not found in any other magazine. We had become somewhat cloyed with the sameness of magazine literature, and were ready for this work as an alternative, and shall look for its monthly visits with much interest, and hope it will not fail to be promptly at hand.—*Iowa City Republican*.

Every article is entertaining and instructive.—*Colorado Miner, Georgetown, Col.*

It is devoted to the development of the country, and certainly is fulfilling its mission.—*Nebraska Register, Rulo City*.

The *Overland* is chiefly valuable to Western men on account of the information it contains of every thing on the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Patagonia.—*Salt Lake Daily Reporter*.

We do not indorse its politics. It is a firm friend of the Chinese, our special aversion. It is, however, unsurpassed for chasteness and ability by any magazine in America.—*McMinnville (Oregon) Courier*.

This magazine has demonstrated the fact that the people of this coast are not only energetic, enterprising workers, but strong, forcible and clear writers. The *Overland Monthly* has been doing, in a quiet, unostentatious way, a world of good for the entire Pacific coast, and merits the generous patronage of our people.—*Pacific Tribune, Olympia, W. T.*

Replete with all the fresh, vigorous energy of the young civilization of California. Its articles display a degree of culture and finished composition which one would hardly expect from a place in which society is yet in so unsettled and changing a state.—*Western Catholic, Detroit*.

To our readers desiring an excellent and most readable magazine, we heartily recommend the *Overland Monthly*.—*Methodist Recorder, Springfield, Ohio*.

Fresh, sparkling, unique. It has a delicious flavor, like a ripe peach, picked and eaten under its own tree. The Pacific Road is to be thanked for furnishing "transportation" to this magazine. We can wait for our tea to come by water, for our gold and silver by the steamer, but we want the *Overland* by rail. There is nothing of the *Owl* in its pages, yet its frolicsome humor and boldness is chastened by taste and culture. We know of no magazine that contains such valuable criticisms on current literature.—*Georgia Register*.

We consider the *Overland Monthly* the very best compilation of entertaining and instructive information relative to the great Pacific country ever presented to the world. Apart from this valuable feature, too, its stories, its poetry and miscellaneous contents give it rank with the most famous magazines of the age, and put it far ahead of many of them.—*Enquirer and Examiner, Richmond, Va.*

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is rapidly obtaining the front rank among the periodicals of our country. The British press, with remarkable unanimity, accord it the first place among American Magazines, commending it specially for its freshness, vigor, and manly tone while treating of topics entirely novel in the literary world, and of great intrinsic merit.

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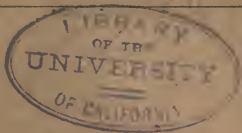
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VOL. 3.



No. 4.

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
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AUGUST 6TH, 1869.

C. CROCKER, Gen'l Sup't.



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 3.—OCTOBER, 1869.—No. 4.

KNAPSACK AND BLANKET.

ONE day, while passing along Battery Street, I saw, within one of those rough curiosity shops known as junk-stores, a quantity of old Army knapsacks. I entered, ascertained the price, became appalled at their cheapness—being twenty-five cents apiece—left a quarter, and emerged with one, the back of which, in white letters, informed me that it had formerly been borne by an armed man in Co. B, Sixth Infantry, C. V.

A knapsack, when first you inspect it, appears a hopeless tangle of straps, bag, and buckles. It is not to be put on properly without study and patience. I was three days learning the mystery of its proper adjustment. I had planned a tour on foot to my old home in the Southern Mines. The knapsack was filled with clothing and provisions; on its top was snugly buckled a heavy pair of blankets; yet, every thing being in readiness for the start, I discovered, on a preparatory trial, that I could not get the thing on properly. It hung too far

forward; it hung too far backward; it hung sideways. Straps, meant apparently to buckle somewhere, flapped about in dismal idleness, seeming to say, that when their place was found for them, they were ready to do their duty; but a masterly inaction was all to be expected at present. I perspired and lost patience over what seemed to me this diabolical military invention. I threw it on the floor, sat on a chair, and gazed upon it in a despairing study. At last, by accident, I mastered it. Do you know the exultant sensation which came over you when first you were able to swim four consecutive strokes, or skate as many yards? I felt thus glorified. It was too great an achievement to go unmentioned. Coggins was in his room. I visited him, commenced a conversation on traveling, drew it along to travel on foot—thence it flowed naturally to knapsacks. I divulged the possession of such an article. I expatiated on its carrying qualities for the foot traveler, and on the ingenious arrangement of straps, belts,

and buckles, by which a weight of thirty or forty pounds was equally distributed on the shoulders and spinal column. Secretly exulting in my newly acquired skill, and eagerly desiring to display it somewhere, I invited Coggins to my room, that he might behold a practical exemplification of the beauties and uses of knapsacks.

And when all this was accomplished I had forgotten the knack, and the thing proved as contrary as at first. I put it on a dozen times in every way but the right one; and worse than all, Coggins, who was to be the admiring witness of my skill in buckling on a knapsack, took me in hand and showed me my art, so recently found and lost.

x The Stockton boat, as I went on board, was fretting, fuming, smoking, and churning the muddy waters, with that mixture of fuss, impatience, and importance assumed by all steamboats half an hour before starting. It was a period of very low fares. Already the steamer was crowded, and every berth taken. Every available space on the lower deck was piled with boxes, barrels, bundles of long-handled shovels, bundles of pick-handles, and agricultural implements, for they had not yet finished torturing the earth's surface in the interior. The cracks and crannies of this collection were filled with Chinamen, with more bundles, shovels, mats, boxes, and their round, shallow, funnel-shaped hats. They had spread their blankets even in the few inches of space between the top of this pile of freight and the upper flooring. They were dimly seen in cracks far away in its interior. There was a cheerful circle perched on a crate of hardware; another couple had concentrated persons, mats, and opium-pipes on two flour-barrel heads, and very happy and contented they were withal. Down the gangway rattled and crashed the trucks, rushing on board more bales, barrels, and boxes, the deck-hands aim-

ing carefully, with the view of running over every man who stood within a foot of their course. This is the only amusement these poor, hard-worked fellows have. At last—bearing on his face and person the marks of the “Barbary Coast,” bad liquor, an empty pocket, and a prolonged spree—a drunken miner was trundled on board, and deposited with steamboat haste and unceremoniousness in a chaos of household furniture. Then came the slowly widening chasm between the boat and the pier; the final starings, farewells, shoutings, and handkerchief-wavings between those departing and the loungers on Broadway Wharf; and the *Julia* betook herself, steadily and resolutely, to her night's work. The pulsations of the engines became less labored and more regular; past long, clean clipper-ships at anchor we glided, gathering speed at each revolution. We gaze down upon the trim and orderly decks of a man-of-war; we note the flashing of the sentinel's bayonet, the gold bands of the officers' caps, the heads of neat and clean man-of-war's men thrust over bulwark and through port-holes; and then the city recedes and grows indistinct in its own afternoon cloud of dust and smoke. The bar-keeper clears his deck for action. About him, as a common centre, gather well dressed men, leaving their wives and families in the cabin, and broken down deck-passengers proffer their last quarters for a few more swallows of that damaging and deceitful comforter, whisky. For we must drink when we travel. “More steam,” tinkles that little bell, rung from the pilot-house. “More steam!” We take the hint, grope our way to the lower deck, and along dark, freight-laden passages, pitch the inflammable compound into our already corroded stomachs, and our quarters into the prospering barkeeper's drawer. There seems no such thing as natural repose for the American soul. We pace

the deck forward and aft with impatient steps. Below is heard the fierce hiss and tremendous sigh of steam rushing with explosive and terrific power through the hidden arteries of iron. Boiler, bolts, bars, cranks, and wheels are worked to their utmost tension in forcing the steamer's hull through the waters. Our paddles tap mockingly, and laugh at the resistance of the billows, as they come fresh from the Golden Gate. Yet it is not half fast enough. We are impatient that the Red Rock is so long being approached; when passed, we wish it would sooner fade in the distance.

Space for one's person now commences to grow less in the upper cabin. The waiters, in some mysterious manner, suddenly evolve a long dinner table, stretching from end to end of the apartment. Those having state-rooms flee to them for shelter. Unfortunate people having none are, by degrees, dispossessed of their chairs. The important black waiters commence a system of rushing, jostling, toe-treading, and momentarily threaten personal collision, until the unfortunates lingering in the cabin are fought out, conquered, subdued, and finally driven into a narrow reservation on the forward deck. There are no seats. They stand awaiting the sound of the dinner-bell. The black men, thoroughly masters of the situation, occupy much time in arranging the table. The tantalizing smell of the viands lingers in the nostrils of the chairless beings occupying the reservation forward, and arouses them to a hungry and impatient fury. In secret, the lordly black man rejoices at this collective stomachic misery. I believe it is his daily bread. But his countenance betrays no expression of joy or exultation. All over it is written the all-absorbing, all-important business of dinner-getting. At last the bell rings. We rush; we bolt our nutriment, hot and solid. The agony is over.

Two or three hours having elapsed—the rulers of the situation having leisurely supped—we may, at last, again sit. We watch and eagerly occupy vacated chairs. Benicia, with its little fuss of stoppage, loungers, and hacks, is passed. In the gathering darkness, the great bulk of the Sacramento boat, gleaming with fires below, with lights above, and, still higher, red and green signal lanterns—bearing its hundreds from the Northern Mines, or fresh by railway from the East—swells grandly by. The night wears on. The San Joaquin is entered. The air grows warmer. The hum of the musquito—the lively resident of this vast marsh of *tule*—is heard. The cabin grows more and more quiet. That poker game at yonder table—a decaying relic of former and flusher days, with its attendant orders, per waiter from the bar, for drinks—at last ceases. At first, we sleep in our hard-won chairs, with head reclining on the table. Our foot, our leg, our arm, enters into a condition of prickly numbness. A few reckless spirits slide prone upon the floor. We despise, at first, such conduct. Then we gaze upon them enviously. Upon our ears fall their tantalizing snores. We become at once sleepily reckless and resolute, pull off coat and boots, arrange them *à la* pillow, and go under the table. So does every body. The thick, sultry atmosphere of the cabin trembles with snores—snores gruff, snores abrupt, snores shrill, snores piping, snores apoplectic, snores asthmatic. By and by commence the stoppages, the bell ringings, the gong soundings, engine signals, consequent on the doublings, and turnings, and twistings of the boat in the now crooked and narrow channel of the San Joaquin. We hear the brush of the *tules* on the guards. We can feel the muffled concussions of the hull against the low, muddy bank. And, at last, all this ceases; we stop; the droning of steam through the escape-pipe is heard,

and the boat is tied up at the "Head of the Slough."

Mounting my pack, I stole from Stockton in the edge of the evening. A few promenaders regarded me with surprise; and more than once after I had passed, I overheard the remark: "Looks like '49." Previously, a few acquaintances—their incredulity as to my intention of making the trip "across the plains" being overcome—suspected me of slight tendencies to insanity. It is almost a sin, in these days, for a man to walk when he can ride; and, not only to walk, but to pack "grub and blankets" on a traveled route, is a combination of sin, disgrace, and shame. This idea so extensively prevails that but comparatively few are equal to the exertion of a day's moderate travel. The national leg is weak and shrunk, for lack of training.

I slept in a stubble-field the first night. The next, I secured a fresh hay-cock. Meals on the first day were cold. There was no fuel. On the second, I picked up on the wagon-track enough bits of board to boil my coffee. I expected heat, dust, perspiration, misery, aching limbs, and lame back, until I should be "broken in." All this, and even more, were realized. I sat down to rest under every convenient bush or tree, and when they gave out, I gnashed my teeth in the summer glare of a California sun. I lost the road—took that leading to Mariposa, when I should have gone toward Sonora—and when corrected, blundered across the Sonora route into that leading to Copperopolis. A rancher, at whose house I stopped to fill my canteen, asked me if "the small-pox was worse in San Francisco." He saw a victim fleeing from pestilence.

The main trouble lay in that my hours of traveling and domestic economy were not properly regulated. Four hours' walking in the early morning with a rest in the middle of the day, and three or four hours when the afternoon sun has a

very decided declination, is far better for bodily ease and benefit, than a ceaseless all-day plodding, with strength and endurance strained to their utmost. Then I had at first no system in managing my traveling kitchen. I did not, in cooking a meal, take out my bags of coffee, sugar, bread, salt, pepper, and meat, and arrange them in a row near the fire, so as readily to find each. I did not, before kindling a fire, see that water and fuel were on hand in sufficient quantities to last, without further trouble as to their provision. No. A blaze was started with a few twigs; then I would travel several hundred yards to fill the camp kettle with water; find the fire quite burnt out on my return; rekindle it, set thereon the coffee-pot; hunt about for more fuel; return, warned by a fizz and cloud of steam, smoke, and ashes; find the coffee-pot upset: hence, swearing; internal and external, general and extreme irritation, which, just before a meal, is conducive to very imperfect action of the digestive organs. And when I sat down to my coffee and broiled meat, there was no arrangement of blanket to sit down upon. Food swallowed in an uncomfortable position loses half its savor. That effected, and the meal commenced, bread was wanting. Rummage the knapsack. No sugar in the coffee. Another interruption, and rummaging of knapsack. A little salt. Another rummaging. All these interruptions interfere greatly with the comfort of eating. Besides, my larder for such a trip had been too extensively planned. I had erred in imagining that the pleasure of appetite in this out-of-door life depended so much on a variety of viands. I would have broiled steak, bread and butter, stewed apple, and canned tomato, at the same meal. But the weight—the dreadful weight—of all this, was grievous to be borne, with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees, no shade, water of disgusting warmness, and legs comparatively un-

used to exercise. The trouble of cooking robbed the eating of all its pleasure. Better is a cup of coffee and a crust of bread by a little fire on the plains, than turkey and cranberry sauce, if that turkey and cranberry sauce must be prepared when every step costs a grunt, and the backbone, bent over the smoky evening camp-fire, feels as if a ramrod was run through it.

Every body in "'49," on their way to the Southern Mines, packed their blankets at least once across the plains. And nearly every one having such experience remembers it with a savage growl for its apparently interminable length, its heat, and those warm, muddy drinks of water found only at long intervals in the deeper depressions of the sloughs. Yet I like these plains. I like them for their ever blowing breeze—the same raw sea-breeze of San Francisco, warmed and softened by its passage over the country. I love them as surveyed in the gray of the morning from the summit of the higher rolls, as billow after billow of land, yellowed by the summer's sun, stretches north and south, far as one may see, walled on the east by the Coast Range, while there shoots up in the west, a hundred miles away, those sharp, white triangles—the snow-clad summit peaks of the Sierras. I love them at evening, when the sun—his long day's work nearly completed—descends into that line of haze bordering the western horizon, and exchanges his noonday suit of dazzling, scorching brilliancy for an evening dress of yellow, unburnished gold, while your shadow stalks along after you in grotesque and unearthly length; and that bullet-headed, burrowing owl, from his hillock by the road-side, stupidly gazes and blinks at you with his great eyes, his head turning as on a pivot as you pass, until, giving a weird screech, he tips over into his hole along with his companions, the ground-squirrel and rattlesnake.

So, passing from plain to gently inclining, wooded hills, from them to steeper ascents, clothed with the dark-green *chaparral*, I came at last to the mountains bordering the Tuolumne. I pitched my camp one evening, overlooking Hawkins' Bar and a long stretch of the river below.

In "'49," Hawkins' Bar was "a place." It was a sort of central dépôt for the Southern Mines. Hither, first came the newly arrived immigrant from the Eastern States. He found at Hawkins' Bar rich diggings, but he found them all taken up. From the top of this hill, catching his first view of the Tuolumne, he beheld its banks lined with men, shaking cradles, turning over big boulders, and toiling with pick, pan, and shovel. The united crash of pebbles on hundreds of quickly agitated rocker sieves, sounded in his ear like the roar of a cotton factory. Far below, was the straggling, irregular camp of tents, and canvas, log, and brush houses. Among them, like ants, crept the black dots of men. Blanket-bearing travelers were continually coming—hopeful, expectant, and wondering, like himself, or wearily toiling up the hill, either going back to Stockton, or off in search of new diggings. For there were discouragements, and curses, and revilings of the country, then. Long files of pack-mules were coming in, laden with flour, pork, shovels, and whisky. Up and down the river, as far as he could see, were still men and their roughly built log, brush, and canvas houses. Or, a few years later—mining being then conducted in a more extensive and systematic manner—he might have seen the river's rocky bed laid bare on rifle, bar, and cañon. Water-wheels were revolving and flashing in the morning sun, while through long lines of clean, white pine fluming flowed the reduced volume of the Tuolumne. There was the clank of machinery working by day

and night the never tiring pumps; men were rolling up in barrows from those deep, wet holes the rich gray gravel snatched from the grasp of the river—its volume reduced and power weakened by the torrid heats of August. And when he went down into "camp," he found men bearing home from work their pans, the bottoms covered with golden scales—their rich, heavy, yellow metal standing out in strong and tantalizing relief against the bright tin bottoms. Within walls of illuminated canvas, shining out in the darkness of the night like blotches of smothered fire, there was rough and disgusting revelry, and gambling by wild and senseless miners, and gambling by cool, careful, and desperate vultures, graduates of the boats ploughing the broad and muddy Mississippi. There were a few gayly, lightly dressed women; and oaths, laughter, drunkenness, and little holes through canvas made by flying pistol bullets, and shots and bullets already flying; and a crowd without the door of the tent, bending over, jostling each other, and almost trampling on a prostrate, speechless body, whose white shirt-bosom was splashed and soaked with something black, which a sudden glare of light shows to be warm, flowing blood.

The river still flowed on and fretted over rock and riffle. The everlasting hills—their dark-green sides of *chaparral* wrought almost to blackness in their evening shadow—looked down upon it as they have looked for centuries. But men, tents, labor, revelry, and murder; the arriving and departing travelers and the strings of mules; the long array of wheels, pumps, and flumes winding with the river's course—all have gone. Through the still, soft evening air, laden with the balsamic odor of dried herbage, comes no sound save the eternal roar of the river, as it was heard ere men vexed and tortured its channel.

Two unoccupied, rotting cabins are all

that remain of the once famous Bar; there are trenches, furrows, deep pits, and tunnel mouths in the face of the red banks; raceways cut in the solid ledge, now forever useless; great piles of dirt and bowlders, already overgrown with weeds and bushes; around are seen the rough stone, mud-plastered chimneys of former cabins; the gaping fire-place, black with the smoke of its last back-log; the home-made wire pot-hooks still hanging. Among the tall, rank weeds you kick up old tin-pots, old shoes, pieces of earthenware, and other *débris* of civilization; you stumble over long disused home-made chairs and benches, broken cots, fallen shelves, and shattered tables. The gold has been quite all dug out, melted, coined, spent and re-spent; the diggers long since went away; they are either home, "up north" at Cariboo, "down south" in Arizona, or in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains; they are dead, diseased, dissipated. A few have permanently remained. They lie on the hill-side yonder.

On Hawkins' Bar hill that night I crept into my blankets, and in a very few minutes crept rapidly out again. In the interior of California, the sluggard has not to go to the ant; the ant comes to the sluggard. I had camped near the residence of a colony of these industrious and overpraised insects. An exploring party had entered my blankets, and when I would compose my limbs to rest, they explored me—crawled over me, and bit my body.

The ant is one of the nuisances of the interior. They live in holes, the full depth of which no man has ever probed. People imprudently building their houses near these holes, suffer an incessant invasion of ants. Vainly, do they pour down hot water and scald them by myriads. Vainly, do they seek to dig them up. Ants ever come. There may be a partial stoppage, but more ants seem evolved from the bowels of the earth.

Day after day, they march on and in your house; death has no terrors for them, and despairing housekeepers lose at last all faith in the efficacy of their destruction.

I was obliged to move camp after dark, and trust to chance for finding a location free from ants. I bore away a colony in my blankets and clothes. They were gradually killed off during the night, while groping dimly about various portions of my person. After being killed, they pass about half an hour in sending forth a strong and disagreeable smell. Then the ant's mission seems accomplished.

Occasionally, a spiteful scorpion will, half a dozen times during a second, stab you with what seems a red-hot barb, and cause you to emerge from your blankets faster than the ant. Fortunately, they are not so plentiful. The yellow-jacket stings at dinner, while disputing with you the possession of your steak. He stings as well as the wasp. Mosquitoes swarm just after sundown. Fleas become chronic traveling companions. These are the little crosses of a life under the sun and stars.

I traveled down the river toward a certain Bar, where I expected to find some of the "boys." All along were marks of decay, desolation, and loneliness. In many places, the trail had been washed away by the great freshet of '61. Faint foot-marks only were visible on the rough, jagged surface of the bare ledge. It was, also, thickly overgrown; and I forced my passage through the heavy, fragrant, white clusters of the buckeye blossom. Where once stood Swett's Bar—a lively camp of the flush times—was a great bank of fine, white sand, and on this an enormous heap of drift-wood. Not a house, not a chimney, not a vestige of man's occupancy in former days, was visible. Well had the Tuolumne, calling to its aid the mountain snows, performed its work of oblit-

eration. But for a few scars on the red hill-sides, from whence dirt had been taken to fill in dams, fast growing over with weeds, the landscape seemed as when the first excited gold-seeker viewed it from the top of yonder hill.

I found the few remaining "boys" at Indian Bar. These "boys" came out in '49, and, for the most part, have been resident on this very Bar ever since. Some had, for a season, left for Cariboo, Washoe, or the scene of some new mining excitement; yet, invariably did they return to the old spot. True, it was quite worked out; but they liked it for the good old wicked, free-and-easy, flush times' sake. It was free, too, from the harsh, changeable climate of Nevada, or the excessive cold of Cariboo. Its mining history was rich in gold and vicissitude. In early years, the "Point" had been worked, and paid well. At last it was worked away back into the mountain, and worked out, leaving only on the bare ledge great heaps of cobble-stones. Back, a hundred feet in height, rose a bank of unprofitable red dirt. The "Point" miners left, after selling the remains of their claim to Chinamen; yet they left the richest of that claim behind them. Finally, the "Point" diggings became unprofitable, even to the Chinamen. Indian Bar went down. Years after, some of the "boys" were working on the bank for "grub and whisky." Thirty feet above the level of the Tuolumne, they found a thin streak of river-washed gravel, prospecting a few cents to the pan. Following it in farther, it prospected a "bit;" then two, three, and four "bits;" then as many dollars—"ledge blue and pitching backward." The astounding truth was revealed: it was a back channel of some distant era, rich in gold! Indian Bar came up. Once more the "boys" realized "'49." They were rich. Old Jones sold out for eight thousand dollars—went home—in six months came back "broke," and went

once more to work with his cradle, "rocking" a dollar per day from the tailings of his former rich claim, now realizing for its proprietor thousands weekly. "Scotty," another proprietor, went mad with *delirium tremens*, and, with the devils after him, ran, a madman, over the *chaparral* hills, pursued, like a wild beast, by horsemen, until he dropped dead. The remainder freed themselves from their money as fast as it came out, without killing themselves. The back channel finally came into possession of sober, hard-working men, who worked it out. All of it now left is a great gap in the foot of the mountain, and a vast deposit of cobble-stones. Again, Indian Bar went down. A few of the "boys" only were left, delving in a few overlooked spots for "grub and whisky."

Then came the copper excitement. Some Chinamen, working hard by, found in the ledge a deposit of glistening, yellow ore. They brought it to the store-keeper: "Was it gold, John?" A wandering copper prospector came along one evening. He saw the lumps of pure sulphuret. He said no word to any one; ascertained from whence it was taken; and shortly the whole country blazed with the elaborate notices of the "San Francisco," "North Star," "Old Dominion," "Young America," "Stars and Stripes" Copper Companies, claiming "this ground, with all its dips, spurs, angles, side and cross veins." The "boys" woke up to find the very ledges under their cabins teeming with copper ore—and claimed. They awoke the "day after the fair," and posted a few feeble and grammar-defying notices, claiming copper veins on the more remote hill-sides. What next? Agents came from "below" in business suits and white linen, horses and buggies; scientific men, who talked oxydes, carbonates, gangue, rock, sulphates, and phosphates; superintendents, plucked direct from behind counters and count-

ing-rooms, who knew more about mining than the oldest man in the mines. Towns were laid out, ferry privileges claimed, drifts were run, shafts were sunk. Blasts boomed among the solemn hills, drill and hammer tinkled, men fell down shafts and were blown up again. Every body was rich—in prospective. To-day the tunnels and shafts still remain, but the windlasses are rotting, the dirt-buckets falling to pieces, the towns unbuilt, the air unexhorted by explosions; the maimed, powder-blackened, blown-up men are resting on the seared, yellow hill-side; and the "second Copperopolis" is extinct. Indian Bar went down. It has never come up again. The "boys" still remain.

Some of these boys were now gray and grizzled. In their cabins I found the inevitable sack of flour, of potatoes, the hanging piece of pork, the little, rough table with its scanty array of crockery, the blanket spread out, the India-rubber and leather boots, the canvas mud-stained mining clothes, the cracked and battered stove, the walls plastered with prints from pictorials, whereon, year after year, Federals and Confederates stand in unchanging hostile attitude—loading, firing, and charging, while heroic Generals still command—veiled in a sort of dirty obscurity, the accumulation of years of smoke, dust, and flies. Outside, we have the rheumatic dog, doubly dear to the "boys" by reason of the memory of his former master, long ago drowned on yonder foaming rifle; a few bold and intrusive hens, constantly making forays, inside the cabin, after the table crumbs; and, perhaps, the little garden inclosure of old sluice-lumber, growing potatoes, onions, and radishes.

The boys still hung their hopes on some rich and unworked spot in the river-bed. Year before last they "got in," but the river rose just as they had taken out enough to pay expenses. Last year they had barely "got in" ere the

river came down, and they took out—nothing. This year they will “play for a home stake.” “No whisky or poker games this season, sir.”

So, in the long twilight—the supper cooked and eaten—did the boys talk over their pipes and tobacco. Then, after the inevitable fashion, they recited the golden glories of “’49:” Down there, by that jutting mass of rocks, Sam Holden took out his pound per day. Had a barrel of brandy always on tap in his tent. Pete Wilkins was found murdered in his cabin in yonder gulch. He was known to have buried a pickle jarful of dust somewhere on the hill-side yonder, a few days before. And, how we did make money, and gamble, and drink, and shoot, then!

That was twenty years ago. Twenty years! And these men talk of going

home, East, just as they talked five years ago; yes, and ten years ago. They hardly realize that for them, in their long-forsaken native towns and villages in the States, there is no home; that faces, to their mental vision, fresh and blooming, are seamed and wrinkled as their own; that in their birth-places they would be as strangers in a strange land.

Here is their real home. Here, where the dashing river sings the same evening lullaby as it sang ere robbed of its treasure: here, where the air is so soft and balmy; where the rude changes of the Northern clime are unknown; where, with the least caress, the generous earth pours forth vegetables, fruit, milk, and wine in profusion; where, still, metallic treasure lies locked in the hills, to be revealed by time and accident. This is their home; but they know it not.

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

II.

WHAT causes have produced that failure from the ideal public school which we pointed out in our first paper? If we look around us, we shall find ourselves lost upon a sea of causes; and if we endeavor to seek out all its currents, and soundings, and tides, we shall find ourselves searching among the hidden springs of our being, and dealing with some of the subtlest phenomena of mental, moral, and political science.

It is quite impossible here to elucidate that upon which folios should be written; neither would it be altogether entertaining, for many of the obstacles with which the system has had to contend have been so often presented, that we are not altogether unfamiliar with them. I repeat, the obstacles are many

—their name is Legion—and we may not hope to live to see the day when they shall all be overcome; yet we may do much to mitigate their effects.

Foremost among them, undoubtedly, is the order of Nature, which decrees that man shall provide for his wants in the order of food, clothing, shelter, and, lastly, intellectual culture. Physical necessities must first be met; and these, coupled with the mercenary spirit which they invariably beget, cause an irregular attendance—which is to the school, what disobedience and desertion are to the army. Absenteeism—which includes tardiness—is a fearful brake upon the wheels of Education. For this there are two prime causes: cupidity and apathy. It is very convenient to have Susan wash the dishes, Mary tend the baby,

John saw the wood, and Sammy run of errands. It is equally convenient to loan out one's children to Neighbor A or Neighbor B for a day, a week, or a month, for the pittance which will buy a calico dress or a pair of shoes. It is convenient, but it is disastrous—to what extent no one but the practical educator does or can know; and this state of things will continue so long as the almighty Dime is more esteemed than intellectual culture—unless, perchance, the strong arm of the law should intervene, and secure to every child its natural rights. I know a father, dwelling in a snug little cottage home, who boasts that he built it all by lamp-light, and without interfering with his daily labor. It was my misfortune to teach his sons—boys of full average ability—yet, time and again they were outstripped by their classmates, and they fell back into a lower class, each time becoming more and more disheartened. Why was this? Because in the early evening, when they should have been reviewing the lessons of the day, or conning the tasks of the morrow; and in the later evening, when they should have been refreshing themselves with “tired Nature’s sweet restorer,” one must hold the light, and the other assist at the harder labor. Scarce a day passed that one or both were not tardy; requests often came, asking for dismissal one or two hours before the regular time for closing; and every change of weather was seized upon as an excuse for keeping the boys at home, because, forsooth, it incurred an exposure to health which must not be braved. While they were yet boys, one secured a position in an Express office, and one as errand boy in a store. Their employers assured me that they were always punctual, in sunshine and storm, never tardy, and never requesting leave of absence. A few paltry dollars were more potent than was the intellectual welfare of those boys. Neither is this

an isolated case: its parallel may be found in every neighborhood owning allegiance to the American Flag.

The facilities afforded the young for going into business are a great temptation: they are peculiar to America. Youth readily catches the spirit of the age, as it is ever under its influence; childhood is rapidly becoming obliterated, and the youths who should be boys are rapidly sharpened into imperfect men.

The extent to which this evil of absenteeism prevails has been shown in a preceding paper. How great that evil I need not say; the absentee not only loses his time when absent, but fails to improve it when present. Irregularity causes a distaste for study, and begets idleness. It is unnecessary to show in what a multitude of ways, and how effectually, it cripples the best efforts put forth by the friends of the public school. It is known, yet not fully realized, nor can be, except by actual experience in the school-room.

Not less potent than cupidity is apathy, which by some has been styled ignorance, and which without doubt arises from ignorance. It is, indeed, a wonder of wonders that in the midst of “so intelligent a people an institution so completely under their control should be so lifeless, so little in earnest; should have so little discrimination in regard to what is taught, or the manner in which it is done.” In certain localities, and at certain times, those who see the schools at a distance see a great deal of show and bustle, caused by certain persons, and for specific ends, and they naturally conclude that where there is so much show there is some substance—that all is well. There is, however, a surer index of the interest taken: the number of visits made by parents and school officers. If we employ a man to erect a corn-crib, or transplant cabbages—even though we employ a master carpenter, or an experienced gardener—we subject him to

a careful supervision; yet, how few of us darken the school-house door? Are, then, corn-cobs and cabbage heads objects of more solicitude than our boys and girls?

A vast weight of responsibility rests upon a cowardly and venal press, which is ever ready to please and gratify the public taste. It should not, however, be too severely censured. We ask for flattery, pay for it, and, as a matter of course, receive it. It is, perhaps, questionable if we would receive any thing else; but if the press labored with equal diligence to show every circumstance in its unfavorable as well as its more pleasing bearings; did it discuss educational matters and statistics *pro* and *con*, the system would now be far in advance of its present status. Such, however, would not be pleasing to the self-satisfied spirit of the nineteenth century. It is much more gratifying to sit down and read that the public schools have increased in numbers, in attendance, in expenses, and in *et ceteras*, during a given time, twenty per cent., especially if no mention is made of the fact that the population has increased in wealth, numbers, and *et ceteras*, during the same time, twenty-five per cent.

Similar to this is the adulation bestowed upon us by politicians and their parasites. Because the degree of success which a republican government attains is intimately connected with the intelligence of its people, and from a concatenation of circumstances the intelligence of the American people is supposed to have been derived from the public schools, they tell us that the success of our system of education is miraculous; that the educational millennium is rapidly approaching, and, indeed, so far as we are concerned, has already come.

Thus, from having been constantly presented to us only in a favorable light, and never having had its errors suffi-

ciently exposed, we have been unable to correct its evils because unknown. "We have thought no evil where no evil seemed."

Another cause of no little weight is the withdrawal of capital and influence, that it may be bestowed upon private institutions. The injury which it does has ever been undervalued. We must remember that a bastard aristocracy—which, in a republic, must ever abound—is always ready and anxious to purchase capacities for its children. The sums so expended seriously cripple the public school. It is well ascertained that private educational expenses nearly equal public school expenditures in the Northern and Eastern States, where the public system is most flourishing; while, in the ten States in which there is no system of public education worthy the name, private expenses are greatly in excess. If the two could have been united, we might have been benefited in either of two ways: with salaries one hundred per cent. higher, teachers one hundred per cent. better might have been obtained; or with the present corps, schools could have been maintained twice as long. In either case, it is but fair to presume that their efficiency would have been more than doubled.

It is not, however, the loss of the dollars that we most deplore. It is the loss of influence. "It sometimes happens that nearly all the influential men in a community become so interested in a private school, either as kin patrons or marketers, that the public school seems to be nearly forgotten."

Another source of incalculable mischief, is that pernicious habit which we all possess, be we parents or be we teachers, of discussing the merits, or, more properly, the demerits, of teachers, in the presence of their pupils. Every word of disparagement, whether it be true or whether it be false, lessens the respect entertained by the pupil for his

instructor; and when that respect is even slightly impaired, the teacher's power for accomplishing good is greatly diminished. It is related of the celebrated Dr. Busby, at one time the most renowned instructor living, that while showing the King through the different apartments of his school, he retained the while his hat upon his head—a mark of grave disrespect to royalty. In response to a remonstrance, he declared: "I could not rule my boys a week, did they know there was a greater man in England than I." There is much of truth in the remark, and yet it is safe to assert that there is not a school-child in America, of three years' experience, who has not heard, times oft repeated, words of disparagement that must inevitably have weakened his confidence in that teacher. The teacher's object and aim are, to lead. Is it the nature of Young America to follow those whom it has been taught to despise? It is well enough to remember that teachers are made of no better material than poor humanity; what wonder if they should commit some errors!—yet, who of us shall cast the first stone? When shall we learn to profit by our experience?

Among other causes, stand prominently forth the materialistic spirit of the age; the increasing disrespect of Young America for law, wisdom, and age; and lack of parental discipline. However much harm the rod may have wrought in school, moral suasion has done much more. When human nature becomes perfect, and grown men and grown women need no longer be held in check by the law, when every penal statute can be blotted from our legislative record, and every child is as good and as lovable as doting parents believe, then, and not till then, may we insist, without injury, that "discipline shall be enforced and good order secured solely by the power of love." And before the degree of severity is fixed, we must fix the de-

gree of obstinacy of which each child may be guilty—than which nothing can be more absurd. Until then, every restriction placed upon the teacher is a license bestowed upon each of his pupils.

There may yet come a time when schools may be thus governed; but we see no signs of its approach. The persistence with which the right of force is denied, has been, still is, and for a time will continue to be one of *the* causes of the inefficiency of the system. It is amusing to sit down and read the remarks of superintendents and teachers, who, whatever they may believe, feel it their duty to toady to a false public sentiment. Let us hope that in this direction sentiment has reached an extreme. Already, unmistakable signs of a reaction are visible; and the child may even now be standing in pinafore at his teacher's knee, who shall live to regret that sentiment is approaching an opposite extreme. So far, however, as we are concerned, the evil is accomplished, and it is irreparable.

Parental discipline! What a curious combination of ideas the words suggest!—contempt, pity, and sorrow, strangely commingled with the ludicrous. Some one has truthfully said—but with what biting sarcasm!—"Obedient parents are to be met with every day; but this is not the age of obedient children." "Do you see that child?" said a French courtier to his friend; "that child rules the realm." "How so?" asked his friend. "That child rules his mother; his mother governs his father; and his father is nominally King of France!" was the reply. So many a child of to-day rules the public school through his mother, who governs his father, who rules the teacher, who nominally governs the school. Says one writer, "Parental authority will soon be reckoned among the lost virtues."

The regal revenues belonging to the

school fund of several States, owing to their disposition and management, have thus far proved a greater curse than blessing. Those States which possess the largest school funds have not yet excelled those nearly or quite destitute of such fund. Strange as it may seem, it is not only true, but the sudden acquisition of a large State fund has actually retrograded the public schools. It has done this by paralyzing local effort, and destroying the interest which was naturally awakened by the very efforts necessary to keep them in operation. People do not take that interest in what comes to them without effort, that they do in the creature of their own hands. The bad effects of thus maintaining schools by the State, without any means of compulsory attendance, has been ably shown by the commissioners and superintendents of Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, and by the various legislative committees on education in these and various other States.

Defective supervision is another cause of failure. Indeed, but few schools can be said to have a kindly supervision; the only scrutiny to which they are subjected being that of disaffected parents, whose whole aim is to warp public prejudice against the teacher. It matters not how old or how young, how competent or otherwise, the teacher may be: he is sent to the school-house to "go it alone;" and so long as he is careful not to clash with the wishes of his pupils, so long will he remain in quiet and undisturbed possession of his little realm. But let him, out of school-hours—as a means of recreation—pile cord-wood, dig potatoes, or milk the cows, and how carefully is he supervised. This neglect might answer, were it not that human nature is weak. However conscientious a man may be, there are times when he will take advantage of such laxness, and shirk his labors. If he is governed by no motives of high principle and honor

—and many, alas! are not—then will he continually take advantage of it, to the great detriment of the school.

The indiscriminate habit of paying the same salaries to teachers of large or small experience should not be overlooked. Now, in most places, the merest tyro commands as high a salary as the oldest veteran could command in the same place. What must be the effect in a profession, whose members are thus cut off from all hope of advancement?

Perils of character constitute a cause of failure; and it is a cause which has, in the main, been overlooked. It keeps away from the teachers' ranks some of the ablest talent of our day, and removes some which has already entered. It matters not with how much care the instructor may watch over himself, gradually, and almost, if not quite imperceptibly, he begins to travel in the same mental round; he falls into ruts which yearly increase in their proportions; and he has flanges upon his mental wheels which will fit but one gauge. His life is spent in having his own way, and every fault of his disposition is in danger of running to excess—whether it be indolence, imperiousness, or petulance—faults which would be daily snubbed and checked in daily intercourse with men. And proud men—men of intellect and culture—love to mingle and struggle with their equals, and dislike a continual combat with immaturity. A distinguished lawyer once remarked that he loved teaching, fitted himself for a teacher, and followed teaching for ten years; and then abandoned it, because it did not cultivate and expand the powers of the mind, but rather contracted them, notwithstanding his utmost efforts to the contrary. Such results drive the best men away, and ruin the best who remain.

But, says one, nothing has been said about the main cause of poor schools,

and that is—poor teachers. “As is the teacher so is the school,” is an old saw; or, in the language of Guizot, “It is the teacher that makes the school.” Say it as we will, it is but one of the changes rung upon “like priest like people.” But is it true? I am willing to concede it. I believe that it is, both lamentably and gloriously true—lamentably so, when we remember how many are storing up wrath against a day of wrath; and gloriously so, when we remember that, by taking advantage of this peculiarity, we can bring our schools up to any required standard. It is, moreover, but the second premise of a syllogistic conclusion, the first of which is, “As are the parents, so is the teacher;” and, *ergo*, irresistibly comes the conclusion, *As are the parents, so is the school*. This every one knows to be true: in every instance in which the teacher does not coincide in his views with his employers, he must either bend or break. In either case the result is the same. Bearing in mind, then, that employers are primarily to blame, let us see how serious an evil is here presented.

There are conceited charlatans in every trade and profession; in none are they more numerous than in pedagogics, because no other profession offers greater facilities for their entrance. These have discovered more than a score of “royal roads to learning!” and when it has been found that these were not such royal roads to learning, after all, the reaction has been great—quackery exposed, and the whole system suffered in consequence.

There is also a class of persons who follow teaching, or, rather, whom teaching follows, who are worn-out old hacks in every other trade and profession, and, having reached the winter of life, and succeeded in nothing, are now employed by the very men who tell us that public schools can never amount to any thing with such poor teachers as we get.

But pedagogic mountebanks aside, it is not to be denied that all of our teachers learn their profession after entering it. This is good economy for the teacher, but bad policy for the pupil, and poor economy for the State. This would not be so serious an evil as it is, if when the profession is once learned it was followed for life; but statistics show that but little, if any, more than one-half of our teachers each year ever had any previous experience. The people want cheap teachers; and cheapness can only be obtained among youth and inexperience. This has led to the employment of an army of young women—a feature from which some have argued would arise great good to the public school. Whatever it may do in the future, it can not be denied that in the past it has wrought great injury. Male labor, in point of cheapness, can not compete with female; and when a branch of business arises in which female talent becomes generally employed, we need not expect there to find a great amount of male talent, except of a low order. This is no disparagement to either sex. The fewness of the callings which women are allowed to enter, produces a surplus of supply over demand. To man, every calling, except that of wet-nurse, is open, and in these the demand exceeds the supply. It is in consequence of this that women do not receive men’s wages for performing men’s work; it is for this reason that male talent can not compete with that of females in the public school. I would not assert that men make better teachers than women, nor that they possess any peculiarly superior qualifications for such an office. That either sex possesses any particular qualifications over the other I do not believe. If God ordained any thing, he ordained that each should bear an equal share in the training of youth. The objection, then, is this: A girl of fourteen or fifteen is considered old enough to be intrusted with a school.

Very few would be willing to admit that such a child was competent to take charge of a family of children; time passes, and our young miss is both old enough to teach, and marriageable. Does she continue to teach? No; the school-room has lost its charms for her; she has a home of her own, and in the school-room we find another child teacher earning board and clothes.

To sum it up in a few words, our teachers return *value received*. In this, as in every thing else, we get what we pay for. It is rarely that we find charges of great wrong sustained against teachers of a high order. It is not alone better teachers that are wanted, but better employers, also.

To atone for the want of culture in teachers, great pains have been taken to improve our school-books, and bring them as near as possible to perfection. Doubtless, some good has been accomplished; nevertheless, we must look to it as one of the causes of failure. Text-books are even now very imperfect things, authors and publishers to the contrary, notwithstanding; yet they have become the real teachers, introducing dullness and monotony into the school-room. Added to this, they facilitate the introduction of pretenders and quacks into the pedagogic chair. Then, the facility with which one author is discarded and another adopted—involving with each change a waste of thousands of dollars—naturally begets contempt and want of confidence.

Of the many remaining causes which might be cited, there is one which stands second to none. It is this: their capacity is not appreciated. The public is not yet aware of the vast influence which they already exert, and of the much greater which they may easily be made to do. It is only a few who have discovered that "what you would have appeared in your Government and country, you must put into your public schools." Why its capacity is undervalued, it would be hard to say, unless society has a dim perception that they have not been accomplishing as much as they ought, and has, therefore, jumped to the conclusion that they could not perform that which every educator knows they may.

These causes may be summed up in a few words: Everything connected with the system is devoid of respectability; the teachers unskillful, undignified, inexperienced; the school-houses insignificant, inconvenient, repulsive; its patrons captious, penurious, indifferent.

Are we not forced to the conclusion that popular education, considered as a system, is inefficient; that there is no power to execute it; that it does not train the people in the knowledge of their social and civil rights and duties? Are any measures in progress to correct these evils?—is a question of deep interest. Whether there is patriotism and efficiency enough in our country to do so, is a matter of painful uncertainty.

WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED CHARLEY.

“**W**OULD you like to hear why I never married Charley?”

“Of all things!” we cried. “I suppose you know we all thought at one time you were going to marry him?”

“Yes; and I thought so, too. He had, in fact, asked me to be his wife, and I had said, ‘I will tell you, Charley, whether it is Yes, or No, when I meet you at singing-school, next week;’ but, in my own mind, I was already resolved that it should be ‘Yes.’”

Mrs. Gilbraith paused for a moment at this point; and, having rapidly wound and unwound the yarn of her knitting-ball, said abruptly: “I didn’t go to the singing-school that night, and I never saw Charley *alone*, after he asked me to marry him.”

“How strange!” we all exclaimed; “what could have happened?”

“This is what happened,” said Mrs. Gilbraith—“but it is rather a long story, and withal, has a ghost in it”—

There was a general cry of “No matter; tell it, anyhow!” and Mrs. Gilbraith wound up her yarn, once for all, stuck the knitting-needles through the ball energetically, and began, as follows:

We were farming folks, as you all know, and used to helping our father out of doors, we girls, (that is, upon a pinch) as well as our mother, in-doors; and it is now more than twenty years since, at the close of a rough March day, my sister Rose and I were left alone in the woods to tend the sugar-kettles. Used to the fields and the woodlands from childhood, in sound health, and with courage and spirit enough to furnish forth half a dozen of your modern young ladies, we were not in the least afraid.

It was not, therefore, fear, nor the shadow of fear, that made us call out: “Don’t be away long, father,” as, standing up in the old wood-sled, he drove his two smart grays up the hill that rose abruptly above our sugar-camp, thence along the freezing ridge, toward the sunset, and out of sight.

So far from the experience of fear were we, that we even felt a good deal of exhilaration, at first, in being thus isolated from the village lights and the tumult of the big road—the shadows being glorified by the shining of the red clouds over the sunset hills, and the solitude sweetened by the twitter and stir of the birds among the branches, the low of the home-going cattle, and all the cheerful hum and clatter from the homesteads round about. Every thing fused into a dreamy atmosphere of poetry, and our imaginations were just sufficiently quickened to set our thoughts flying in that trifling, honey-bee fashion that extracts no poison even from poisonous things, but sucks up delight from all. Besides, we had no expectation of being left thus alone very long—maybe, the night would hardly have settled down before father would come, bringing our shawls, our luncheon, and great news, perhaps, into the bargain, for young folks are always expecting great news. The cows were to be milked, the grays were to be cared for, the sheep to be foddered—then, there was wood to be cut and split for the morning, with some other light chores of a household sort, and then the supper to be eaten—and that was all. Why, all of it would not take an hour! We almost wished father might be detained in some way agreeable to himself, so that we might not only have time to execute

the tasks set for us, but also work out some special achievements on our own responsibility. At any rate, we would make the most of the time we had, and set to work with right good-will, crowding the furnace under the great black iron kettles with dry sticks and strips of hickory bark, till the long, white flames and the red sparkles, forcing their way through the rude chimney and every cranny and crevice of the arch, ran in a glittering stream toward the tree-tops, and made all the sheltered valley shine again. For a while the merry and eager voices made no pause; the hands were busy, and the hearts were young; and so the shadows crept from hillock to hillock, reached from branch to branch, and wove a net-work of darkness through the woods before we were aware; but, by and by, the sticks were exhausted, the flames fell lower and lower, changing their red sparkles to a bluish-white, licking the black sides of the kettles and the gray bed of the ashes, and ever and anon quite swallowed up by the clouds of steam that rose from the boiling sap.

The talk became less merry, and a moment's silence now and then intervened, if it happened that a bat came out of his house in the old stub by the brook-side, and sailed with slow and flabby wing about our heads; or if some owl startled all the echoes with his solemn cry. The laughter was a little forced, and the cheerfulness forced, too, as we began saying to one another, "Father will come soon!" and, "What is there to be afraid of?" Why, nothing, to be sure; we were not afraid in the least! Had we not penetrated into every farthest corner of the woods, again and again, in search of nuts, mosses, and strange flowers? and had we ever encountered any thing more formidable than some hunter, with dogs and guns, or a stray cow or colt, perhaps? Certainly not; and we were not afraid—not in the least!

A few feet from the furnace where the kettles were set, and facing it, stood a small, rough shed, called the camp-house, which protected us from the snow and rain, and warded off the winds, when we tended the fire of nights. This hut was composed mainly of planks and clapboards—the remains of a tumble-down house on the hill-side, just across the brook, and known to us and to the neighborhood as "Thatcher's Cabin"—but eked out yearly, as the need came round, with bits of carpet, old quilts, and coverlets brought from the homestead, and returned to it when the sugar-making was over.

We girls could not remember when this cabin was inhabited; but we knew that two brothers, named Albert and Thatcher Blagsden, had at one time lived there, and that the younger, Albert, had died there. Hints had come to us of strange noises having been heard about the place, and of strange sights having been seen there, too; but the wiser sort of people among us traced all rumors of this sort directly to superstition, and *earthed* them in the darkness of ignorance; and as we had neither seen nor heard any thing remarkable in any of our many visits to the old house, we adhered to the opinion of the wiser sort. We had, to be sure, experienced a vague and shadowy apprehension sometimes, when we shoved open the creaking and sagging door, and found ourselves within the four desolate walls, that looked all the more ghostly for the wooden pegs, rusty nails, and decaying shelves sticking loosely here and there. Then, the bats in the chimney, the swallows among the rafters, and the long, pale grasses springing up between the sunken and broken stones of the hearth, had made upon our minds a deep and peculiar impression. More than this, we had seen for ourselves part of a China bowl, that had been dugged up by some workmen who were quarrying stones in the neighbor-

hood of the cabin, and we knew, indefinitely, that some horrid suspicions of poisoning were connected with this bowl.

As the bright flames fell, our spirits fell, too; and after a time we gave up all pretense of gayety, and seated within the camp-house, remained, sometimes for minutes together, quite still. Once or twice, Rose tried to rally me by asking whether I was not thinking of Charley, when the silence on my part was longer than usual; but the suggestion failed of its usual effect, and I became, at last, strangely oppressed, as with the premonition of some dreadful thing.

The night had become cloudy as it deepened, and the wind now and then, made rough sallies among the dead drifts of leaves, prophetic of rain; but the weather still hesitated between freezing and thawing, and it would have been hard to guess whether snow or rain were the likelier to fall. As yet the freezing went slowly on, and though the sap dropped still from the sugar-trees, it formed long icicles as it dropped; while in the brook—or run, as we called it—that wound along more open ground, the ice was melting and breaking up, and startling us with a sharp, twinkling sound, now and then, though we knew very well what it was all the while. Patches of ragged and crusted snow lay here and there at the foot of some great tree; and here and there among the sheltering roots of some southern exposure, knots of violets and other early wildings nestled among the dead leaves. Every thing seemed uncertain that night: sometimes the moon broke through the clouds and shone out in full splendor, and then the clouds as suddenly closed over her, and all was thick darkness again; and the uncertainty helped to produce a watchfulness that was in itself akin to fear.

But in spite of the haunting shadow that oppressed me, I knew that I was thinking more or less about Charley Stanfield all the time; and, in my imag-

ination, I pictured what would be his anguish, supposing I should fail to keep my promise and stay away from the singing-school, never suspecting that my picture was all painted with the colors of truth. I dwelt, however, a good deal upon the bright side of things; and again and again the narrow walls of our little hut widened out into a beautiful chamber, and the dull coverlet at the entrance shone in my eyes like some royal curtain, finely dyed.

In my girlish foolishness, partly, I had said "No" when Rose asked me if I was not thinking of Charley; and partly, perhaps, that something—I know not what—kept me from caring to talk of him. "What if he should not be there! what if I never should see him!" These unwelcome thoughts kept striking me like sudden stabs.

Two or three times, as we sat thus together, Rose had asked me, "What was that?" and I had answered as often, "Only the wind." But at last she arose, and stepping outside the camp-house, stood in a listening attitude.

"No; it isn't the wind," she said, in low, earnest tones: "it's a footstep."

"Then, it's father coming!"

"No; it isn't his step—besides, it is not in the right direction."

"Where is it, then?—but I almost know it's father!"

"It's somewhere close about Thatcher's Cabin, and who would be there for any good purpose this time o' night!"

I laughed: "Who would be there for a bad purpose? There is nothing there, unless it be an owl, or bat, roosting on the pegs."

"Who would be there? Albert's ghost, perhaps—do you dare go and see?"

"Yes; but I don't intend going—the ice is all melted in the run, and we should get into the water."

"It isn't the water that I am afraid of," says Rose, making no further pre-

tense of courage; "step out, and hear for yourself—it sounds nearer."

I did step out: and there was the footstep, sure enough—crush! crush! through the deep heaps of dead and frozen grass, and just as Rose had said, close about Thatcher's Cabin, which was not more than a stone's throw off.

"We are standing in the firelight," I said, "where the thing, whatever it is, can see us: let us go in."

"So-ho! you think there may be a ghost, after all!"

And then Rose proposed that we should walk up the hill and toward the house, in the hope of meeting our father, "who must be coming by this time," she said.

I readily accepted the suggestion; and, hand in hand, we proceeded, treading lightly at first, but gaining courage as we slid over the ground and lengthened the distance between us and Thatcher's Cabin, until finally, when we had reached the summit of the hill, and saw the lane between the meadows stretching homeward before us, we began to be quite ourselves again, and even to make believe that we had not been afraid.

We did not meet father—did not even hear his coming footstep; and so kept on, growing braver all the while, until the light of the candles, shining through the windows at home, quite reassured us; and, ashamed of our cowardice, and saying to each other that, after all, we had probably been frightened by some cow that had chanced to stay behind the rest in the meadow, we turned and retraced our steps, never once pausing to look or to listen by the way.

On the summit of the hill, between the meadows and the sugar-camp, and a little aside from the main path, there grew a clump of papaw bushes, so thrifty and thick that one might hardly pass through them, and considerably higher than a man's head. These bushes were

just breaking into bud, and the air, softening every minute now with the approaching rain, was filled with their heavy and almost sickening odor. Perhaps it was simply to show how fearless she had grown that Rose said she would gather some of the branches.

"O, no, Rose!" I cried, in terror; but I only heard the rustle of the parting bushes, and almost instantly the gaunt figure of a man appeared, dragging Rose like a dead weight behind him. She was just reaching to break the branch above her head, as she afterward told me, when she was seized and held in the hands of some man, or monster, as in an iron vice; that a confusion of horrors filled her brain and froze her blood; that she felt herself sinking—and that was all she knew, until she found herself lying with her head on my knee, and a mortal man bending over her, apparently as much frightened as herself.

"I didn't mean to scare you so awful; I was just in fun! Come now, stand up; can't you? Try! Try, for mercy's sake! I'll stay in the camp and bile sap all night, if you'll only get up and walk! What a devilish fool I was for to leave a woman's weakness out o' my calcerlation!"

Then the man fell upon me. "Blame ye, Marth'," he said, "hain't ye got no feelin' into ye? Down onto your knees and pray, and make it powerful loud, too! Say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' or something 'nother."

Then to Rose again, who had opened her eyes by this time: "O, sissy! you're a-comin' to, ain't ye?—a-comin' to, beautiful! Now I'll hold ye up, and you just kind o' pertend ye stand, because, ye see, I didn't mean for to scare ye, beyond a reasonable p'int, and I never was so took aback, dog-gon-me if I was!"

The feeling of guilt and the protestations of innocence, mingled as they were, seemed ludicrous, and Rose could not

help laughing, before she could speak, and that helped her back to herself, perhaps, more than any thing else; and, though she told the fellow she would never forgive him, she suffered him to raise her to her feet, and afterward to assist her along the rough ground and down the hill; and directly all three of us were seated within the camp-house, and with the genial glow of the furnace-fire wrapping us about.

We had, of course, recognized our strange guest before this, and I need only say here that his name was Ephraim Wurts, and that he was one of those lying vagabonds of which almost every neighborhood has some specimen. He was, in fact, so good-for-nothing a creature as to almost have forfeited his real name, and so he had come to be known, far and near, as Long Efe. His mother once said of him, in shame and sorrow, that if Ephraim ever did a good thing it was simply by mistake; and this was probably the only time he had been called Ephraim in many years.

For myself, I can not think he was altogether destitute of good impulses, nor that he was quite incapable of speaking the truth; but certain it is that his word could not be trusted without strong corroborating evidence. Upon this special occasion, he seemed—to get at the best there was in him—to be frightened into earnestness; but I may have given him more credit than he deserved; indeed, it is not unlikely that his story originated in his own wicked imagination. It impressed me, however, sufficiently, at the time, to change the whole course of my future life. There remained yet but one night between this and the great one of all—the night upon which I was to see Charley. If there had been more time, the impression might have died out; or I might, upon inquiry, have discovered on how slight a foundation of fact the terrible bugaboo was set up. But there were certain

things going to show possibility, if not probability, in the case; and upon these my frightened fancy fastened, and all the rest went for nothing. So let it go: it was just as it was.

Ephraim admitted now that he had for some time walked about in the vicinity of Thatcher's Cabin, in the hope of frightening us; and that, later, he had followed us, and concealed himself in the papaw bushes for the same end. He, however, professed great sorrow for his wicked jest; and he certainly gave evidence of contrition by works meet for repentance.

He set to chopping, in the first place; then he mended the fire, and with so good effect as to light the woods all around the camp, and drive the steam from the sugar-kettles away up the hill-side, where it lay tumbling under and over, like a sheet in the wind.

After this he went all about the camp gathering the sap, which he emptied from the sugar-troughs into buckets, and brought and poured into the hogshead that waited by the furnace-side to receive it.

He artfully mingled pleasant talk with his work, and we, simply listening at first, by little and little joined him; and at last, feeling in part forgiven, he seated himself as near, perhaps, as he dared, and proceeded to work out the remainder of his pardon by the construction of a skimmer, useful for removing drift-leaves from the sugar-kettles. He had brought a bundle of willow wands from the brook-side, with his last bucket of sap, and these he asked us to assort for him, which we did, and returned them to him one by one, when he wove them upon a forked stick, making in the end an ingenious and handy contrivance.

As he gained our confidence he began to play upon our fears anew, and repeatedly dropped his work and listened, exclaiming: "Strange th' ole man

doesn't come! Hope no accident has befell him!" and such like.

"What should happen him?" said Rose, at last, turning sharply upon him; "some neighbor has probably come in and detained him."

"Possible!" said Efe, pursing up his mouth wisely; "but other things is possible, too—a body never knows what'll happen, nor when it'll happen. Them scaff'ls into the barn is high, and it's mighty ticklish work getting out fodder in pitch darkness; besides, th' ole man hain't got as sure a foot as what he had twenty years ago."

And having given time for these suggestions to enkindle our fears to the utmost, he would ask if we thought the "critter" crying on the next hill-side was an owl; and when we answered "Yes," he would shake his head, and say that it sounded to him as if it was a human "critter," and he wouldn't swear that he believed it wasn't! "Woods is scarry, anyhow, this 'ere time o' night," said he; "and hang me if I'm a-going to leave you till th' ole man comes, if 'tain't afore daylight."

"I hope we should see nothing worse than yourself, if you should leave us," said Rose, at last, vexed with his prophecies of evil, and still remembering his late misconduct.

"You may make light o' the danger," replied Efe, speaking solemnly; "but if you knowed some things that is to be knowed, you wouldn't be hired to stay into the woods at night, 'special into this particular woods."

"And what of this woods worse than another?" asked Rose.

He waved his skimmer, now completed, mysteriously in the direction of Thatcher's Cabin, with the single exclamation of "Haunted."

"Did you ever happen to see a ghost about there?" asked Rose, gayly.

"Let me tell you," he answered. And coming inside the shed—for the rain

was beginning to fall now—he asked whether or not we had ever noticed a wild sweet-brier that grew on the next hill-side, twenty yards or so beyond Thatcher's Spring?

Certainly; we had gathered flowers about it many a time—what of it?

"O, nothing particular; only you have trod onto the bones of Albert Blagsden as of'n as you've gathered the posies—that's all."

There was no mound there, we remembered perfectly.

"Of course not; but there's a holler into the place of a mound! When the grave sunk in, nobody filled it up. Thatcher was gone the Lord knows where; and who was there to care for a dead boy in a strange land, I'd like for to know! But as to the brier-bush, I seen it planted myself by the young girl Albert was a-courtin' at the time he was poisoned!"

Poisoned!—was Albert Blagsden poisoned? Why, we had never heard of it.

"No, and there's a good many other things that you never heard of nuther, I reckon: it ain't expected that big things will be knowed by little folks!"

And Efe peered out cautiously, saying directly, in undertone, "What was that?"

We heard the same tinkling sound we had noticed early in the evening, and supposed it to be the breaking and sliding of the ice.

"'Tain't the ice, mor'n I'm the ice!" said Efe. "I've heard that noise afore!"

So had we, many a time.

"Go, if you dare," said Efe, "and see what it is! Go, if you dare; and see if you don't find a holler just by the brier-bush, as I have told you! And see, too, when you get there, if that noise don't appear like as if it come up out o' the holler! To-night ain't the first time I've heard it; Lord bless my soul, I wisht it was!"

He spoke with such earnestness that

we turned to look in his face; and if he was not sincere, he certainly simulated sincerity with good effect.

We listened attentively, and could hear the ice cracking and breaking up—great cakes of it swashing away together.

"Ice or no ice, go if you dare!" said Efe; and then affecting more courage than we felt, we made torches of hickory bark to light us on the way, and set out—crossing the brook on the rough sandstones that stuck up through the ice and water. The rain was falling steadily, but not very fast; and with often whirling our torches round and round we kept them alive, and proceeded, peering cautiously about, and talking loud and fast, to keep down our fear. We had passed the spring, crushing the tender-leaved mint that was shooting up about it, and filling the air with fragrance; had passed the loose heap of stones that had once been the chimney of Thatcher's Cabin, and were within a dozen yards of the brier-bush, when once more we gave our torches a whirl that sent the flames flaring far and wide. All at once, we held our breath and stood still, arrested partly by the shape or shadow—whichever it was—drooping over the brier-bush; partly by the moans that seemed, sure enough, to be coming up from the very spot designated as Albert's grave.

"It is the snow caught in the briers, and the winds going through them," said Rose. "I will not be frightened a second time at nothing!" And cutting circles in the air with her torch, and holding it high above her head, she moved forward. "What are you?" she called out; "for I am determined to know!"

At that, the shadowy figure, that seemed to have been screening itself behind the bunch of briers, lifted itself slowly, and stood erect!

It was a woman; or in woman's shape, at least. We could see the haggard face; the grizzly hair, clinging wet about the shoulders; the strange, wild gar-

ments, flapping in the wind—and we waited to see no more, but, dropping our torches, fled through the darkness, leaving all the hill-side, with its dreadful heap of ruins, sliding backward as fast as it could slide.

Rush! crush! we went through the moist ground, and the tender spikes of mint about the choked and stagnant spring—dash! plash! we went among the rough sandstones and broken ice, and mush of snow and water in the brook; up the bank, through tangled roots and dead grasses—gaining the camp-light in breathless, blind bewilderment, and shaking from head to feet as with ague-fits.

"I reckon you'll b'lieve, now!" said Long Efe. "And what could ye do 'thout me, I'd like for to know?"

Then he poked and punched the fire, crowding in the dry sticks of hickory and beech wood, till the mouth of the furnace was fairly choked. "He wasn't afeard," he said; "but the light would be kind o' cheerful to us girls!" And so he made the chimney roar again, till the sparkles ran upward in blood-red streams, and bits of flame broke off and went flapping and wavering out upon the darkness like wings of fire.

He tried to whistle, but could not brave it out, and after two or three failures, took a pistol from his pocket, examined the priming, cocked it, and then came inside the shed again; saying, as he placed the weapon on a shelf at his elbow, that he "must not forget that he had ladies to perfect, even if he had no fears for himself."

"Why did you never tell about the ghost until now?" Rose asked, taking it for granted that there was a ghost.

"'Cause," replied the young man, wiping the sweat-drops from his forehead, "I'm such a liar, I knowed nobody'd b'lieve me, if I did tell it!"

"Well, suppose you tell the truth now, and nothing but the truth," said

Rose; "and in the first place, was Albert wicked, or why does his ghost come back?"

"Wicked!" cried Efe. "No; he was the best boy that ever lived, I reckon; just turned of nineteen when he was poisoned, and as pretty as a girl! He used to sit at home and read books, and think to himself like, while Thatcher was hunting with his dogs and gun." And then he said, as if the words were being wrung from him: "It was one of my 'tarnal big lies, for what I know, that was partly the cause of his death. I'd take all the t'others onto my soul quicker, if I could only just be red of this 'ere one."

As he said this, he cautiously pulled down the coverlet that curtained the open front of the shed, and fairly hid himself away within its folds.

"But what made you tell such a story?"

"Story! Lord-a-massy; it was a full-growed lie! But if I could tell you what made me tell it, I'd know a heap more'n what I do; it's enough for me to know that I've been a-doin' things no better ever sence."

And then Efe got back to the beginning of the matter. But how the brothers had happened to be living alone in the cabin he could not tell; he was only a boy himself at the time, and hadn't much curiosity; but the lie and the ghost—he could tell us all about them. And setting the axe up between his legs, and clutching the handle in his double hands, as if to get support for his weakness, he began:

"It's fifteen years ago now, I reckon, that I happened one night to be cross-ing this bit o' woods; I was, in fact, (for I might as well tell the whole truth) on my way home from your gov'nor's barn, where I had been stealing apples; my hat was chuck full of 'em, froze as hard as bullets, for the night was cold as Greenland—the oldest settlers couldn't

remember when zero had been at such a pitch. My way didn't lead, in p'int o' directness, by Thatcher's Cabin; but, seeing a bright light at the winder, I cut acrossed the hill, and went in—partly from cur'osity, I reckon—anyhow I went; and every thing I seen there that night is into my mind yet just as plain as a picture'. Thatcher's gun, brown and shining, hung onto hooks agin' the chimbley; the pewter-plates on the shelf in the corner; the bunch of quails, tied by the legs and hung head downwards, by the winder; the big black dog they called Wolf; the bed behind the door, with the buffalo-hide 'onto it for a quilt; the China pitcher, with a kind of a cas'le painted onto one side of it, that hung on a peg in the wall; the dried punkin, hung in yaller strips like so many half-moons, along the jice; the rabbit and coon-skins nailed out flat, and looking like so many bats clinging to the wall—O, I remember every thing!

"Thatcher was making a bird-trap, which he did by tying sticks into a sort of coop like, with leather strings; and Albert sot in the chimbley-corner, on a low, wooden bench, reading into a book that had part o' the kiver tore off. He read by the fire-light, for Thatcher had the taller candle all to himself; and as he stooped, his long hair kep' a fallin' down into his eyes, and the color of 'em was a kind of a blue-gray, like a flint. He was sickly like, and Thatcher tole me he hadn't eat a mouthful all that day; so I give him some of my frozen apples, and tole him to whet his appetite onto them.

"He thanked me as though I had done him the biggest favor in the world, and sot a row of 'em up along the hath, and when they thawed, eat them with as much relish as if they had been reasons. Then he asked me where I got 'em, and said he would like to have some more.

"Then I tole him—Lord, how I wisht I hadn't!—part o' that 'ere big lie I was speakin' of. I said I got 'em of a wid-

der-woman that lived a piece beyond Dr. Stanfield's, and that she would sell a bushel of 'em for two bits. In the first place, ye see, I wanted to play him a trick, and send him tramping on a fool's errand, 'cause there wasn't any sich widder-woman as I represented; and, in the next place, I wanted to bring in the name o' Stanfield, just for to see how he'd take it, for I had heard talk at home, and knowed it was thought among the neighbors, that he was in love with Joan Ramsey, Mrs. Stanfield's young sister, who lived with 'em, and was as purty as a lily. I had no objection to the girl 'special, but the Stanfields was a proud, high-headed set, Charles Joseph into the bargain, and I was agin' 'em all; and I kind o' liked Albert, and didn't want him to marry into 'em."

"I don't know what you can say against Charles Joseph, I am sure," interposed Rose in my behalf; for all my heart-strings were quivering, and I could not speak for myself.

"I don't say nothing agin' him; but if you want to hear the story, let me tell it as it was, will ye? There's bad blood into 'em—bad blood—that's all I have to say." Then he went on: "Mrs. Dr. Stanfield held her head above the best about here, I can tell you, them times, and was, in fact, as ambitious as Old Nick himself. Joan was a good deal younger, and a good deal better, I reckon, and she was in love with Albert, certain; but folks said the match would never come off—not while Mrs. Stanfield had her bad wits to work with. She lost 'em afterward, and good enough for her!

"They was rich, the Stanfields was, them days; and Albert Blagsden wasn't worth no more than the shirt on his back: and that makes some agin' a feller, ye know, with the best o' folks.

"Anyhow, they fell in love—whatever that is—these two young creturs, and kept on meeting in secret, after Mrs. Stanfield had refused Albert the house,

and was only the more determined to have one another.

"This was the state o' things, as report went, when I tole Albert about the widder-woman and her apples.

"He didn't seem to mind my mention o' the Stanfields; so I thought I'd apply the pincers agin and bring in the young woman herself: tole him if he wanted to kill two birds with one stone, he had better go for the apples the next evening, for Joan was to be at the widder's house then, as I had heard her say, accidental. His face flushed up now red as could be, but after a minute he gathered courage like, and asked per-ticular just where the widder-woman lived, and how to go there. He would try to find the place in a day or two, if it wasn't too cold.

"Thatcher looked up from his trap, with a sly wink in his eye.

"I guess you'll find it to-morrow, cold or no cold," said he; and then he said, looking round the little room, 'Shouldn't wonder if we had to put a wing onto the cas'le before long.'

"Then he laughed and I laughed, but Albert didn't jine.

"Directly I spoke up, and tole what I had seen with my own eyes. I tapped on the China pitcher hanging by the jamb, and said I, 'I seen Joan, screened by the hedge that runs acrossed the meader next the Doctor's, milk this full one day, and hand it to somebody who was waiting, and who paid for it with coin that wouldn't be generally took!'

"Thatcher laughed agin, hearty as could be, and said I was a knowing youth, or something like that. I hadn't seen no such thing; but I had heard tell that when the brothers sot up here they had no critter of no kind, not even a cow, and that they used to get milk at Stanfield's, and that was the way the acquaintance began. Then I had once seen Albert carrying home a pitcher of milk; but the rest I made up.

"Albert didn't answer to what I said about him; and, after a little, shut up his book, laid it down on the stone hath beside him, and sat a long time looking into the fire.

"Thatcher took his gun off the hooks above the chimbley directly, and showed it to me, seeming mighty proud of it, I thought. There would be snow before morning, by the look of the moon, he said; and he would make a famous day of it with that brown mistress of his; and then he asked me if I would jine him, and help him out, adding that Albert and him didn't hunt the same kind o' game.

"I said I'd be on hand, bright and airy, and then I got up to go away; and as I opened the door, the wind slid in like the angel o' death—still and awful—and Albert looked up and said, I had a very cold walk to take; wouldn't I stay all night? He would lie by the fire, and give me his piller!

"Something kind o' shot through me when he said this, and I had it on the end o' my tongue to tell him that I had been just fooling about the widder and the apples; but instead o' that, I dropt my eyes and sneaked out.

"Then, I may depend on seeing you in the morning?" Thatcher called after me.

"As if you couldn't always depend on me!" said I; and I chucked my head down into my coat-collar, and streaked it across the meader toward home.

"It was snowing some, a'ready, sure enough, and before I reached our cowpaster, the ground was coated pretty fairly; and thinking of the rabbit-hunt on hand, I forgot all about my lie, and went to bed in high spirits.

"The next morning the coldest spell that ever was knowed, sot in. There was just snow enough to track a rabbit, but no more; and all the sky was like one great gray sheet of ice. The sun had no more warmth in him than a yal-

ler dog, and I thought my hands would a-froze while I foddered the cattle: they rattled like sticks, if they chanced to knock together, and the jint's cracked, and the blood started and froze up agin like blubbers. I said it wasn't much cold, though, when our folks asked me; and as soon as I'd swallowed my breakfast, cut and run. Thatcher was mending his shoes when I got to the cabin, and when this was done, he put a lining of sheep-skin in 'em, and then he made me take mine off and lined them the same way; then his powder-horn must be tinkered, the trap baited, game-bags mended up, and I don't know what all, so that it was nigh onto noonday when we sot out—me with the trap onto my back, and him with his gun onto his shoulder and his dogs between his legs.

"Albert stayed behind, as we expected; he said may be he should go for the apples that afternoon; but, anyhow, he would be home before we was, and have a rousing fire waiting for us. The last I seen of him he was looking after us from the door, and his big dog licking the hand that hung down beside him.

"Come, Wolf! come!" called Thatcher; but the dog sot himself plumb upright, and stared at us just as if he said 'No;' and even when Albert forced him out of the house, he would not follow us, but only crouched back and whined, and looked up in the face of his master, pitiful like.

"You have infected him, you heart-sick boy!" Thatcher cried. "Well, let him go with you, if he likes; may be you'll need some protection!"

"A famous day we made of it, sure enough—Thatcher and me together—and it was nine o'clock that night before we got out into the open fields, on our way home. The wind cut like a knife, and we tramped ahead, and didn't speak for twenty minutes, I reckon. The moon was full, the sky clear now, and

we could see every thing nigh about as well as if it had been day. We crossed this very stream, half a mile below here, and I remember seeing where the ice had been cut for the cattle to drink; and just as we riz the hill beyond, I noticed that there was no light at the cabin winder, and I said I was afeard Albert hadn't kep' his promise, and come home in time to have a fire for us; and till then I don't think I had thought of him all day.

"'I am afraid that girl' (meaning Joan, I suppose) 'will play the deuce with him yet!' Thatcher said—adding on the instant, in a changed and cheerful tone, 'O, there he is now!' Then he called out, 'Hurry up, you rascal! Where's that great fire you promised to have blazing for us?'

"Albert neither paused nor made answer, though we saw him plain as we seen each other, and heard his steps breaking through the frozen crust of the snow. Our feet felt like stones tied to our ankles now; but we hurried, stumbling them along as fast as we could, and gaining on him considerably.

"We were, in fact, within twenty yards of him, when I cried out, 'Hello! how did you leave the widder-woman?' and, 'Have you got any apples?'

"'He hasn't been for the apples,' Thatcher said; 'he has been for milk. Don't you see the pitcher in his hand?'

"Just then Albert turned round, and we seen his face as plain as could be; and yet we couldn't tell whether he was dead or alive, for he was white as a sheet, and didn't look noways natural; but for all that we knowed it was him.

"'Good heavens! the boy is sick!' cried Thatcher; and he run for'ard to overtake him, but devil a bit did he get any nearer. At last he stopped, out o' breath; and there Albert was, just the same distance ahead. He was a little out of humor now, Thatcher was, and he said: 'Very well, boy; we are not so

anxious to jine you as you seem to think: so go your own gait.' And with that, he fell to a slower pace; and then Albert turned and looked back again, and his face was the pitifulest and painfulest sight that ever was—it sot me all of a tremble; I said, though, 'I'll run and catch up with him, for if he's alive he's mighty sick;' and so I set off lickety-split!

"'Twasn't no use—I couldn't get a-nigh him! He didn't seem to run, but he just kind o' glid and slid, and kep' percisely the same distance before us. At last I stopped, my legs fairly shaking under me; and says I to Thatcher when he come up, says I: 'That 'ere thing is no more Albert than I am. It's Albert's ghost, and the boy has had foul play, somehow or 'nother!'

"'Now don't you be helping him out with his tricks,' said Thatcher. 'Don't you see the pitcher? Ghosts don't carry pitchers, that ever I heard of.'

"I still persisted that it was a ghost.

"'Nonsense!' said Thatcher. 'Don't you hear him drumming on the pitcher? That's an old habit of his.'

"I listened, and did hear the drumming; but I said then, and say now, it wasn't like any sound I ever heard afore: solemn like, as if it was the shadder of a sound.

"Wolf was trotting right along beside him, and it seemed to me he looked like a shadder, too. First, I called him, and then I whistled to him; but he glid right along over the snow, never turning his head. Then our dogs, they slunk back and crouched till their bellies fairly drug on the ground. I never seen the like.

"'Come!—you have succeeded in frightening the dogs, at any rate,' says Thatcher: 'so stop and tell us how you have prospered. Has Mother Stanfield relented, say?'

"At that name there was such a dreadful moan came back to us as you never

heard, and then the thing, or shadder, or whatever it was, began to waver and stagger, and just there where the brier-bush is, it fell flat onto the snow; and we went right along within a few foot of it, and heard the drumming on the pitcher, and the dreadful moans, and seen the dog and every thing, just as plain as could be.

"'He will soon give it up now!'" said Thatcher, laughing; and knocking the clods from our heels, we opened the door, and went in. The fire was smoldering low on the hath, and the room was too dark to see any thing at first; but there was the same moans that the shadder had made outside.

"We punched up the embers, and all at once Wolf came leaping from the bedside; and standing on his hind legs, set his fore-paws on Thatcher's shoulders, and began mumbling and whining as if he was telling the pitifulest story that ever was.

"I raked open the coals now, and throwed some chips that was lying in the corner into the red heap, and in a second the blaze flared up, and there hung the China pitcher on its peg agin' the chimbley; and there lay Albert himself on the buffalo coverlet, his face white as the sheet, and his eyes rolling about like as if they was loose in their sockets. I went straight to the winder and looked out, and there he was yet lying in the snow and Wolf beside him, and I couldn't tell which of 'em was the shadders! We lifted him up and put the two pillars under his head, but he didn't notice us, nor seem to know us, though Thatcher was calling him all the while by his name, and asking him if he couldn't speak.

"'Oh, my brother! my good little brother!'" he would cry, again and again; 'he is frozen to death, and it is all my doing. I might have knowed better than to let him go, so sickly, and the day so bitter cold. He will never speak

again. O, my brother; my brother. I have killed him!'

"Then he would fall to coaxing, as though he had been a sick baby, and in the end, break down and cry like a woman.

"My heart was fit to break when I seen him, and more than all when I heard him blame himself; and, if I could only have had the manliness to speak out, I think I could have been comparatively happy, but as it was, the gates of hell seemed to be resting on me, and crushing through and through me.

"The room was as cold as it could be, for the wind whistled through the chinks between the logs; and hoping he would come to if we could only get him warm, I buried a great stone in the bed of coals, and Thatcher wrapt it up in his waist-coat and laid it against the cold feet; but they was past being warmed agin in this world. Then we got the whisky flask and poured a few drops in a spoon, and when he had swallowed it his eyes kind o' settled themselves, and his mouth stopped tremblin' for a little spell, and he made a sign that he wanted more air.

"I histed up the winder, and there he was a-lyin' in the snow just the same as he was on the bed, and I could hear him drummin' on the pitcher, though there it hung right afore me agin' the chimbley.

"'More air—more air,' said he, under breath; and I looked round quick, and seen he was a-dyin'. 'Oh, Albert!'" said I. I wanted to say, 'Forgive me!' but somethin' hild me back, and I didn't say it.

"All at once the door was dashed open, and in rushed Joan Ramsey.

"'Is he alive yet—is he alive?'" she cried; and, before we could give answer, she was leaning over the pillar and had him in her arms, never minding us, and she seemed as much dead as him—so pale and terror-struck—for a time; but when he ceased throwing his arms about

and began to look at her so wishful, she beseeched Thatcher to fetch the doctor, 'but not Dr. Stanfield,' she cried; 'oh, not him!'

"Glad enough to do any thing, I offered to go; but Albert signed us not to bring any doctor. It couldn't do him any good, he said; and then he whispered something to Joan that set her trimblin' like a leaf.

"Then let me die, too! let me die, too,' she cried, wringin' her hands together.

"You will soon come,' he said, smiling; 'and we shall be together in that beautiful country where nothing can part us any more.' And then he pulled her close to him, and whispered agin, but I caught a word, now and then, enough to show that he was askin' her to keep something to herself. At last, he said, speakin' quite aloud, and with all his soul lookin' out of his eyes, 'It is the last favor I shall ever ask: do you promise?'

"God help me! I am in an awful strait!" sobbed Joan; and then, seeing the wishful eyes growin' fairly fast to hers, she answered, 'Yes, I promise.'

"His hand nestled in hers, and she held him close, as if he had been a baby, her tears droppin' like rain on his face, and her long, bright hair seemin' just of itself to find his neck, and to fall all round him, as if to keep back the enemy, now so close.

"I never seen such a purty sight; but it seemed to me as if it was sacred like, and I went away, and, leanin' my head agin' the jamb, cried like a good feller.

"And yet, what I had heard him say histed up them gates that had been a-crushing into me. I didn't know why, but I didn't feel so awful guilty.

"He breathed easier now, and his pulse came so reg'lar that we began almost to hope, and Thatcher and me went into the door-yard to see if we could make out what sort of thing was a-lyin' there

in the snow; and, if you believe it, there wasn't nothin' there—not even a shadow. The snow lay all smooth and white where we had seen the thing, and there wasn't so much as the print of a baby's foot in it. I believed then, and I believe now, that Thatcher knowed we had seen a ghost, for he shook his head, saying there wasn't no hope, and went right into the house.

"Joan lifted her finger—he was going to sleep; a minute, and he was asleep, sure enough, past all mortal waking.

"Death had slid under them bright locks somehow, and chilled him clean to death; but I don't, for the life of me, see how he could do it.

"Thatcher couldn't bear to have him took away from him; and so he was buried in the door-yard—the grave-diggers selectin', by chance, the very spot where we had seen the strange figgers a-lyin' in the snow.

"Many a time I've seen Wolf watchin' by the grave, and couldn't tell whether it was him, or whether it was the t'other thing!

"But to finish my story. Joan Ramsey died within a year, of a broken heart—so folks said—and the proud sister, Mrs. Stanfield, who had been a-gettin' cur'us for a good spell, went clean crazy soon after; and Charles Joseph went off to college pretty soon: so there was a general breaking up. The old Doctor lost practice, got down-hearted, and leasing the place, went away, some said, to travel in Africa; but I reckon nobody knowed where he went. Anyhow, none of 'em's ever been seen since, but the hopeful Charles! I say hopeful, because there ain't no doubt into my mind but that he helped his wicked old mother to pison Albert Blagsden. It was never talked open much, the evidence agin' her bein' confined chiefly to the Doctor's hired man—a feller that dranked some, and wasn't always the trustworthiest.

"His name was Richard Scofield—

Dick, he was called. He had good, hard sense when he wasn't in liquor; and I, for one, allowed he knowed what he was talkin' about, when Albert's death was in question. Anyhow, he told one story stiddy, drunk or sober, and this was the way it run, or the amount of it:

"He was head man like, on the Stanfield place, and used to drive Mrs. Stanfield's carriage sometimes, when the Doctor was off professional; and it happened that he had been drivin' some-eres on the day Albert went for the apples. They were just turnin' in at the home gate—so he used to say—when they saw Albert goin' by, and lookin' almost frozen; and that, greatly to his surprise—for he knew how she hated the boy—Mrs. Stanfield called to him, in a very tender way, to come in and get warm. He looked surprised, and hesitated at first; but she said so much, and said it in so sweet a way, that he finally took the invitation, and went in—hopin', no doubt, in his heart, to see Joan. When he come to the fire, he suffered dreadfully, for his ears and his fingers were nearly frozen stiff; but Mrs. Stanfield made as if he was frozen to death, and callin' Charles, who was in one of his dare-devil humors that day, gave him the key of the medicine-chest, directin' him to fetch her a small, greenish bottle he would find there, and sayin' it contained somethin' that would be good for their poor young friend.

"Charles Joseph wasn't much given to mindin' his mother; but on this occasion he went straight and did her biddin'; which, in Dick's opinion, went to show that he knowed what the stuff was, and rather desired to see the experiment. Mind, I don't say he knowed what was into the bottle; he may have thought it was Samaritan wine, for any thing I know; but I know this, that as the story run in ginerall, it went as much agin' him as his mother; and I know them Stanfields, as fur back as they're knowed at

all, and they have got bad blood into 'em!

"Anyhow, Mrs. Stanfield poured the stuff out of the bottle in a bowl—so Dick told—and give it to Albert to drink, sayin' it might help him, and that she knowed of nothin' else that would—makin' out as if he was fur gone, and as if she was doin' every thing possible to save him. Now, it wasn't thought by Dick that Albert was anywhere nigh dyin'—not till after he swallowed the medicine—and then he see things was a-goin' bad with him, right away. Nor was Albert himself in the least afeard, he told; for that he heard him say to Joan that he was sure as to one p'int: *his heart* wasn't frozen; and as for all the rest, he should not mind if it was only the means of makin' all friends once more.

"Dick said that Mrs. Stanfield fairly growed black in the face, pourin' the last drops of the stuff out of the bottle with a will, and almost forcin' Albert to swallow 'em. She said it would make him sleep; that he might shiver a spell at first, but that when he come out of it all he would be just as well as ever.

"And, sure enough, he did begin to shiver and tremble a'most as soon as he had swallowed the last drops; and then Mrs. Stanfield said the medicine was workin' beautiful, and ordered Dick to get Albert into the carriage, and drive him home as fast as possible. 'He must go to bed,' she said, 'and never stir till the next mornin'.'

"Dick, of course, did as he was directed, but Albert got worse all the way home, and was soon past speakin'; so, when he had carried him into the house, and tumbled him on the bed, he went back as fast as he could go, and told Joan that he believed the worst would come to the worst before another sun was up.

"Dick tole, too, that when he made the fire next mornin' he found the green

bottle all crushed up, as if somebody had sot their foot onto it; and he always tole that he believed it hild rank pison, and that Albert come to his end in no reg'lar way.

"Folks used to whisper these dark hints from one to another; but they wasn't paid respect to, because Dick was so much give to liquor, and because the Stanfields stood high, may be.

"He used to say he wouldn't like to have Mrs. Stanfield's apron-string round his neck, if she was an enemy of his'n; that she was mighty clever to him, but that there was precious good reason for it!—that if he was a mind to tell all he knowed to Thatcher Blagsden, she might, perhaps, swing higher than her own gate-posts yet! Thatcher never thought any thing wrong, though; and nobody had the heart to put suspicion into his head. Then the Stanfields fell right away with such trouble—Joan dying, you see; th' old woman losin' her mind; and the Doctor, whom every one liked, fallin' out o' practice, and gettin' down in the mouth generally—that the surmises was hushed up and left to die out. But there was lots o' things floatin' about them times; I forget 'em half. It was told, I know, that Joan Ramsey refused to have her sister come into her dyin' room, and there was them that thought she wasn't out of her head, nuther! And then, after her death, it was give out that it was grief that was preyin' on the mind of Mrs. Stanfield; but there was them that said it was memory! Anyhow, she got so bad before long that she had to be took to an asylum; and th' old Doctor, all broke up in purse and sperit, went off, and he was not heard of for a good many year.

"And, by the way, Dick Scofield went off, too, all of a sudden; and the next thing that was knowed of him, he was the owner of a plantation down the river somewheres, and it was hinted round

that the place was bought with *hush money*.

"But one thing I forgot. There was a China bowl dug up close by Thatcher's Cabin, one day, by some fellers that happened to be quarryin' there for stone; and Dick always hild that that was the very bowl that had the pison into it! But that went agin' his story more'n for it—how it got there was the question. However it was, I seen the bowl myself, and remember it had some blue figgers onto one side of it. I don't know what they was, now; but, anyhow, I didn't like the looks of 'em. Well, one evenin', when Albert had been dead about three months, I happened to see, as I was drivin' the cows home, Thatcher Blagsden diggin' just back o' the cabin. There was a kind of mystery, after seein' them shadders there, that always drew my eyes that way; so I clumb onto a stump and looked sharp, and directly I seen somethin' hoverin' about him that looked like a woman; so I cut across the field and clumb into the fork of the mulberry that used to stand in the gully just above the spring. I thought may be he was takin' Albert up, and if he was, I was bound for to see him! But no! he was only plantin' out a brier-bush at the head of his grave, and the cretur that I had seen hoverin' about was Joan Ramsey; and I knew that she had brought the brier-bush, 'cause they only growed in one place in the neighborhood, and that was in Dr. Stanfield's hedge. That was about the last time Joan ever went abroad, I reckon; anyhow, I never seen her after that. I sot in the crotch o' the tree long after she went away, hopin' Thatcher would see me and call to me, or come where I was; but he didn't do nuther one, but just come round to the cabin door, and seemed to kind o' fall down onto the step. Then he sot the grubbin'-hoe up between his legs, and leanin' his head onto it, appeared like he was thinkin' to himself.

"If he seen me he didn't let on; anyhow, he was kind o' stern, and kep' to himself, and didn't seem to want to see folks, after Albert's death. He didn't hunt no more, but give away his dogs, all but Wolf; (I got one of 'em, worth ten dollars, too!) and just left his gun on the hooks over the chimbley till it rusted. I might just as well 'a had that, but somehow, most fellers are careful about what they give away, even in the shadder of the deepest affliction. He used to lie sometimes, half a day at a time, on the grass by the grave-side, with Wolf close by, and his arm round his neck, may be—for he seemed to think more o' that dog than he did of any human critter—and whenever you seen one you seen t'other.

"I used to hear hints about the cabin being haunted, but it was always talked in a smothered way like, and then I was a'most sure to be sent out o' the room; youngsters always are, you know, when visitors reach the interesting p'int o' things.

"Well, as I said afore, Thatcher didn't seem to see me, but kep' stiddy in one spot, his head restin' on the grubbin'-hoe, and Wolf crouchin' at his feet.

"'Hello the house!' I called, but neither of 'em stirred, and so I dropt from the crotch to the ground, and took to my heels; and when I got to the hill-top I looked back, and there they was yet—master and dog—just as still as two stones.

"I never seen Thatcher no more; he moved away purty soon, but where, no-

body ever knowed. A post and rail-fence was found round the grave one day, the cabin-door chained up, and the fire out in the chimbley—but, hark! don't you hear somethin'?" And seizing the pistol at his elbow, Long Efe pushed aside the curtain, and peered out.

A footstep was now distinctly heard, coming down the slope, and the next moment the flaring light of the furnace showed us the cheerful, ruddy face we were so anxious to see—that of our father, to be sure.

In answer to our inquiries as to what had detained him, he told us that a crazy old woman had come straying into the house an hour or two past, frightening the younger children, so that he could not come away and leave her there, but had been obliged to find her lodging at the village tavern.

And, indeed, she had looked frightful enough, he said—her dress torn and bedraggled, her hands and face scratched and bleeding, and her drenched gray hairs all tangled with briars.

At this point, Efe bent down and whispered in my ear in a manner that was meant to express much sorrowful tenderness: "Charles Joseph's crazy old mother come back again, no doubt; and it was her you seen at Albert's grave to-night. Dick's story must have been all true, that's a fact; yes, it must of!"

True, or false, I didn't go to the singing-school, as I told you before, and Charley was too proud to seek me out; and so—well, well, I wonder if he ever married!

OUR ANTIPODEAN COUSIN.

THE city of Melbourne—the capital of Australia Felix, or Victoria—and the city of San Francisco may be regarded as twin sisters, so far as their respective ages, and the circumstances of the countries of which they are the capitals, are to be taken into account. For each owes its extraordinary growth and development to the gold discoveries of '49 and '51—when, by the way, this city had two years' start of Melbourne. Here, however, the similitude ceases; for while the muscular development, so to speak, of each has been equally well attended to, comeliness of exterior has been sadly neglected in the one, while in the other it has been cultivated with fastidious care.

Forty-two years ago, there was not a living white man in Australia Felix, if (to be very particular) I may except Buckley, who, eighteen years before, had been wrecked in a ship bound for Sydney, cast ashore on the coast, and lived among the aborigines during that time. In 1827 John Pascoe Falkner—at present a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria—with Batman, Gellibrand, and a few others, crossed Bass' Straits in a schooner of fifty or sixty tons' burthen from the neighboring island of Van Diemen's Land; entered Port Phillip Bay; sailed up the river Yarra Yarra; and there, on the grassy, undulating bank of that noisy and sometimes turbulent stream, pitched their tents on the site of the present city of Melbourne. The city—which should have been named after one or other of its founders—was, somewhat servilely, called after Lord Melbourne, sometime reigning Minister in England, as the colony itself is now

called Victoria, after the reigning sovereign.

Without pausing to stigmatize the adoption of such meaningless nomenclature, let us attend to the much more interesting subject of the movements of our hardy little band of pioneers. Casting their eyes about, they seem to have regarded the site quite favorably; but thought, as they had what appeared to be a continent to select from, they might as well see if they could find a better. Therefore they started, coastwise, seventy miles farther south, where they came to a magnificent bay, on which now stands the handsome, but prematurely consumptive young city of Geelong. The bay has been likened to the Bay of Naples; the site is one of the loveliest in the world; the country is picturesque and fertile, and is now dotted with princely villas, large farms, and teeming vineyards. What prevented our pioneers from founding their city on these tempting slopes? "The scarcity of water!" There was a copious river at the back, just one short mile from the bay—the lovely Barwon—with much better water, too, than the Yarra, but it was "too far off," and so they decided in favor of their first selection. One of their followers—a shoemaker, and indeed a bad one, but good enough for those times—was, however, so charmed with Geelong that he elected to remain behind, and live in primitive simplicity on fish, kangaroo, and opossum, with the blacks. The writer, in after-years, often chatted with the antediluvian; and a very harmless, inoffensive poor fellow he was. Two of the leaders, Batman and Falkner, returned to the Yarra Yarra, while Gellibrand went to explore the

interior, and perished on Mt. Gellibrand, a few miles from Geelong. On their return they unloaded the schooner, and Falkner, being a sawyer, and one who could handle an axe, set about building a hut; while Batman took the schooner across to Van Diemen's Land for more men and supplies. On Batman's return Falkner had his hut completed—the first tenement ever constructed on the virgin soil of Australia Felix, and the germ whence sprung the noblest of modern cities.

Batman's statements to his fellow-colonists in Van Diemen's Land regarding the new discovery on Port Phillip Bay induced some of them to follow him; and before the end of 1827 Falkner's handicraft was put in requisition in building other huts for the accommodation of the new-comers. Shortly after this Mr. Falkner, like a shrewd, sensible man, made the discovery that human wants were just about the same in new as in old settlements; that human nature was a craving nature; and that people must eat and drink in Australia Felix as well as in the less romantic colony of Van Diemen's Land. So he built him an addition to his hut, covered the structure with nice, clean bark, and opened a public-house, and a store. This was the first hotel in Melbourne, which, though not quite so pretentious, perhaps, as "Scott's," or our own "Occidental," was still not to be despised. There was plenty of rum, tea, sugar, tobacco, and slop-clothing—what more need any decent man require? The little settlement began to attract attention by degrees. Settlers in Van Diemen's Land sent over sheep, cattle, and horses, and took up "runs." In '39, flocks were driven overland from New South Wales, when the "squatters" took up as much land as they pleased.

But hotel-keeping was not Mr. Falkner's only forte. He was very versatile in his tastes. In 1835 it was, I think,

that he imported some wooden type and an old printing-press from his native country, (Van Diemen's Land) and established the *Port Phillip Gazette* for the enlightenment of his fellow-townsmen. A year or so after, the *Gazette* became pretentious and aristocratic, and was printed with lead type; while the wooden stock, with the rickety old press, were disposed of to James Harrison, a practical printer, who started the *Geelong Advertiser*, which he conducted with ability, conscientiousness, and a large amount of usefulness to the general public, for nineteen years. The *Advertiser* is still one of the most respectable journals in that country.

I arrived in Melbourne in June, '46, nineteen years after the patriarchal Falkner. It was a pretentious town then. There was one bank, and there were several public-houses; and most of the streets were defined—that is to say, the houses were not built in the middle of the streets. In fine weather, we walked in these streets; in wet weather, we sailed across or along them in flat-bottomed boats. At night, in winter time, every one kept inside; or, if necessity forced one abroad, to escape the risk of being drowned in the villainous ruts, or the more horrible death of being buried alive in the sludge, the hardy adventurer crept along the "sidewalks," (save the mark!) holding by the window-sills and fences, till he arrived at his destination. To get away from the interminable mud, we made up shooting-parties on Sundays, and went parrot-shooting in the bush, where Parliament House, the palaces of the bishops, the colleges, and the Model School, all now stand. Such was the state of affairs till the gold discovery, in 1851.

The city is now a parallelogram, four miles long, and situated on undulating ground, a mile from the Bay. The longest side of the parallelogram stretches along the Yarra, east and west. The

slopes or undulations are nowhere higher than that in California Street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco. Beyond the river—which is spanned by several bridges—are the marine suburbs: Emerald Hill, St. Kilda, and Brighton. These are watering-places, where are situated the palatial residences of the wealthy. The figure, or parallelogram, is intersected at right angles with streets which run east and west, north and south—most of them of ample width, like Market Street in this city. Elizabeth Street is the heart of the metropolis—the great commercial centre—extending north and south, and terminated by the Yarra. To this the others, east and west, converge. In Elizabeth Street stands the General Post Office, completed two years ago, at a cost of several hundred thousand pounds sterling. Londoners, who are proverbially conceited of their own city, say the General Post Office at Melbourne would be an ornament to London. The front is polished freestone, white as marble, and resembling it very much. It faces Elizabeth Street, while the wings rest on Great and Little Burke streets, respectively. Let us leave Elizabeth Street and the Post Office, and go on the top of either Burke or Collins Street, and look to the east. There, stretching east and west, lies aristocratic Collins Street, the Broadway of Melbourne. There the graceful Australian belle, in light apparel; the perfumed cit, with hat on three hairs; the ample matron; the burnished banker; the staid merchant, and lordly squatter—there they all are, ogling, chatting, and walking leisurely along—all, apparently, on the best possible terms with themselves. We are still looking from the slope on the west of Elizabeth Street to that on the east of it. There, in front of us, all the thoroughfares are terminated by gardens—the Fitzroy, Carlton, and Parliament House Gardens—all within five min-

utes' walk of the Post Office. The Fitzroy Gardens contain about twenty-five acres, the Carlton ten or fifteen, and Parliament House Gardens seven or eight. All are ornamented with walks, shrubs, trees, and flowers in great profusion, with statuettes, and cascades, and fountains which never cease playing. Close at hand is the Eastern Market, where all farm and garden produce, etc., are sold to retailers; for, in Melbourne, they don't back up wagons loaded with produce in the public streets, and let them stand there all night. If they did so, the Melbourne Press would bring heaven and earth about the ears of the authorities, until they had provided suitable accommodation for the farmers and gardeners who supply the city with food, fruit, and vegetables. At our rear, again, to the west, are the Telegraph Hill and other gardens, within ten minutes' walk of the Post Office, which, as I have said, is in the centre of the city, and not, as here, poked away in a remote corner, at a distance from business centres. At the Post Office there is never a crowd, and you are seldom kept waiting more than two or three minutes; for the letter-carriers deliver to specific addresses twice each day. But if a stranger, whose unsettled condition does not admit of giving a specific address to his correspondent, applies at the Melbourne Post Office—and there may, perhaps, be several others of the same name, and with no specific address, applying at the same time—then the clerk asks you where you expect your letter from, and institutes other inquiries with the object of getting a clew to your personality; and by this means strangers have no more difficulty in getting letters than residents. There is never any confusion, or doubt, or suspicion, in the mind of either clerk or applicant.

But I have not done with the Melbourne gardens yet. Outside the city, about two miles from the Post Office,

is the Royal Park, of 640 acres. Here are varieties of strange birds and animals from all parts of the world. The University and its extensive grounds are on the other side of the road, immediately opposite. Beyond the river are the Botanical Gardens and Studley Park, each containing about twenty acres, I should say. The suburban streets, and those likewise in the provincial towns, are planted with rows of trees on each side. These gardens and parks are the property of the people; and the people walk through or lounge in them at all hours of the day and night. Police are always stationed about, to prevent malicious injury to the people's property. Of course no charge is asked. These magnificent places of public recreation are due, in a great measure, to the energy and parliamentary influence of Charles Gavan Duffy, who came to Australia Felix fourteen years ago. He had been a member of the House of Commons, had traveled a great deal in Europe, and was a man of literary taste and culture. On his arrival in the colony, he was elected to the Assembly; and one of the first uses he made of his position was to advocate the setting apart of those grounds for the health and recreation of the inhabitants.

All the country towns follow the example of the metropolis, and have, all of them, their botanical gardens and parks, but necessarily on a much lower scale of ornamentation.

I am asked, whence all the fountains in the recreation grounds and elsewhere get such a plentiful supply of water? Seventeen years ago, successive administrations expended \$2,500,000 in constructing a large reservoir at the Yan Yean River, fifteen miles from the city; and this gives an endless supply of that element, so necessary in dry and warm climates. A stream of clear, limpid water is always flowing, night and day, along the channels of every street, lane,

and avenue in the city. The ubiquitous Yan Yean percolates everywhere. By eight o'clock, every summer morning, the Yan Yean hose have rained all over Melbourne. The whole city has been literally washed, and the scavengers have swept and cleaned away all filth. There is nothing on the streets—not even a rag, a piece of newspaper, or a dead rat—nothing, from end to end of the metropolis, to offend the eye or nostril. The Yan Yean is everywhere, in and out of doors, and the scavengers are always working. You never see a water-cart. It is, indeed, a brand-new city, with clean and spacious streets and fine buildings. Its institutions are no less central and popular than its public parks and gardens. A gunshot from the Post Office is the Hospital, capable of accommodating a thousand patients; there are subsidiary and suburban hospitals besides. Close to the Hospital is the Public Library, a building as large as our City Hall, but, unlike our City Hall, eminently ornamental. On the ground floor is the Museum, opened to the public from 10 A.M. till 4 P.M. One or two policemen are always there, as well for the purpose of seeing that all things are safe as for politely giving information to visitors, such as strangers like to get. Overhead is the Library, with its 180,000 volumes, open from 10 A.M. till 10 P.M., and free to all comers. Around the walls are compartments or recesses for the classification of books of Literature, Poetry, History, Science, Philosophy, and so on, each recess provided with several chairs, and a small ladder used for taking books from the shelves—so that the reader is not exposed to the gaze of visitors. Along the hall, in the middle of the floor, is a table thirty or forty feet long, stretching from end to end of the room, with writing materials. Here are men to be seen, at all hours, taking notes—their reading, various as their tastes, being every thing from Pla-

to's Republic (in the original) to Colenso's last work on the Old Testament. On one side, partitioned off, is a separate library and reading-room for ladies. Not many yards from the Public Library are the Yan Yean Public Baths. In this building is a large artificial lagoon, varying in depth from three to five feet, where you can have a plunge and a swim, and the use of a towel and comb, for threepence, or a little over five cents. You can have the use of a dressing-room for sixpence, or a "bit," and a warm and shower-bath for a shilling, or a quarter dollar. Besides the public baths are several private ones, as in this city—the chief characteristic of the people being a partiality for cleanliness and comfort. In summer, salt-water bathing is a universal practice. Then, every five or ten minutes, from five in the morning till eleven in the forenoon, trains take bathers to the salt-water swimming-baths at Sandridge or St. Kilda, when the merchant, lawyer, and business man, for instance, can start, say at seven, have a swim in the salt-water, a fresh-water shower-bath after that, and be back to breakfast at eight—all for a shilling, or a quarter dollar. The working classes, male and female—the former, especially—make great use of the city public baths in the summer season. When coming home from work at six in the evening, unless very inconvenient, they return by the baths, have a plunge and a swim for five cents, and go home to their families refreshed and hopeful. Bathing cheers the mind and refreshes the system; and is, therefore, very conducive to temperate habits, especially in working-men, who often drink for the sole reason that drink, as they suppose, refreshes them, after the exhaustion of a hard day's work. Every facility for extensive bathing at a more nominal cost should, therefore, be given them; and this can not be done, except by baths such as those in Melbourne.

Burke Street, so called after Governor Burke, who ruled the neighboring colony of New South Wales forty years ago, is the next in importance. It is parallel with Collins Street. Here are the theatres, the dashing hotels, the gin palaces, the living stream of citizens after sundown. Here the modern lights of the drama—G. V. Brooke, Barry, Sullivan, and Kean—drew crowded houses a few years ago, and astonished the Australians with their brilliant performances; and here, too, they made fortunes. At the top of Burke Street East is Parliament House, only half finished, but that half at a cost to the Treasury of over \$2,000,000. Close at hand is St. Patrick's Cathedral, not yet complete according to original design, but compared with which, even as it now stands, any other church, either there or here, is, in point of magnificence, but a respectable mole-hill. It has already cost the Catholics of Victoria £800,000 sterling, or \$4,000,000. The paintings are from the best Italian masters. Workmen have been employed at it for the last fifteen years. Beside it, is the Bishop's palace, completed at a cost of \$250,000. At the junction of Russell and Collins streets, in the same neighborhood, and to be seen almost all over the city, is the bronze statue of Burke and Wills, who were the first, eight years ago, who crossed the island continent of Australia, and perished, poor fellows! at Cooper's Creek, on their return to Melbourne. But, why recapitulate every object of attraction? It is sufficient to say that traveled men have admitted that Melbourne is equal to the best second-class cities in any quarter of the world, so far as cleanliness, recreation, and its public institutions are concerned.

The population of San Francisco, I understand, is set down at 165,000. By the last census taken at Melbourne, the population of that city, if I remember aright, was 150,000. Yet, the city of

Melbourne covers a larger area than the city of San Francisco. The habits of the two peoples will account for the difference in size of the two cities. Here, for instance, the mass of the people live in lodgings and take their meals in great groups at the restaurants. A man here, with a wife and family, rents a furnished room or two for sleeping and living in, and goes with his wife and children to the restaurants for his meals. Single men and single women invariably adopt this plan. They "room" in one place, and take their meals in another. One house, at this rate, will accommodate fifteen or twenty persons in San Francisco, whereas, for the same number of persons in Melbourne, three houses would be necessary to enable them to live according to established custom. The married in Melbourne, if they have no houses of their own, rent cottages, furnish them, and eat and drink in them. The single never rent rooms, but live in community at hotels or boarding-houses, as their means will admit. Hence, the city of Melbourne is larger than the city of San Francisco; and hence, also, the people of Melbourne are more domesticated, and are also more genial and more social than the people of San Francisco. I do not, however, mean to imply that the people of San Francisco are naturally less genial or less socially inclined than the people of Melbourne, for they are of the one Caucasian stock; but the habitudes of each people are so different as to constitute distinct characteristics. In a word, the people of Australia Felix are more warm-hearted and more social. It is probable that this may give offense to the good citizens of San Francisco, who are not in the habit of hearing strangers talk in this plain, unvarnished way. For the few months I have been here I have never known a prominent visitor to San Francisco to point out a single defect, while all are a little prodigal of fulsomeness and flattery.

No person or community is faultless. If they are not so, then why not say so? Personally, we should look upon a man who was always flattering us as either an insidious foe, a fool, or one who didn't care a straw about us one way or another. I remember, fifteen years ago, when strangers came to Melbourne, they would tell us our faults, and say "very little of our merits—whatever they might have been. The consequence was, that people set about mending their faults as quickly as possible.

The benevolent will be gratified to hear that the sexes in Melbourne are on good terms with each other. The women there do not talk loud and call the men tyrants, and the men give precedence to the women in railway-cars and public places, not as a matter of right, but as a matter of courtesy. The women always appreciate these little attentions. If a gentleman in a railway-car offers his seat to a lady, the lady says, "Pray, sir, don't disturb yourself." He, however, insists upon "disturbing himself" to accommodate the lady; when she, taking the seat and "disturbance" in a good-humored way, turns her face toward his, smiles, and says, "Thank you, sir." That begets a kindly feeling; and the women, on that account, don't threaten to turn the men clerks out of the banks and put women clerks in their places. What is stranger still, the women in Melbourne are very kind to one another—for the reason, perhaps, that they are living at the antipodes and don't know better. A wealthy woman, say, has a good deal of washing and ironing to do; and without having ever heard a word of "Women's Rights" the poor, innocent soul gives the work to a distressed person of her own sex, instead of a Chinaman. I often smile at the antipodean verdancy of the unsophisticated lady since I became enlightened by travel.

The Press in Melbourne—but this is

terribly dangerous ground! If I go on, I shall put my foot in it! Let me say, however, that if in Melbourne a man, for instance, is to be politically slain, the journalistic pellet is sent through his brain with such delicate precision, or the editorial steel (*quasi stylum*) is thrust in his heart in such a handsome way, that the unfortunate, though dead beyond hope of recovery, makes withal a decent corpse. But here, the killing assumes the shape of unmitigated murder. He is pommeled, and mangled, and draggled so that his most intimate acquaintance would scarcely recognize the deceased. Journalistic warfare, here, is something like the Yankee fighting described by Sir Charles Napier. "The Yankees," says Sir Charles, "fight so ugly! They will fire pokers, smoothing-irons, brass candlesticks, or any thing. Now, to be shot with a bullet or a cannon-ball is a comfortable thing; but to get a candlestick in one's belly before breakfast spoils the appetite entirely."

But patriotic San Francisco indignant may ask, if she has nothing that contrasts favorably with Melbourne. Yes, a great deal; and from what I have said, I think it will be seen that I am no flatterer. There are here great vitality, enterprise, and general prosperity. Second-rate hotels here are better than first-class hotels in Melbourne. Living is many degrees better, and is proportionately cheaper. In Melbourne, there is no such institution as your street railway-cars. Every floor here is carpeted; only favorite rooms receive that attention in Melbourne. Employment in any station in life is a hundred degrees more easily obtainable here. Remuneration for every sort of work here is better than at Melbourne; where, however, those *high* in official station are better paid. The condition of the working classes is

immeasurably better here than there; and this is attributable, in my opinion, to the Press of this city and country, which, for the most part, (and to its eternal honor, justice, and humanity be it said) advocates the payment of remunerative wages to working-men. In twenty-eight years in the Australasian Colonies I never knew a solitary instance where a journal advocated the same thing there. If a paper were to do so, it would be stigmatized as radical and disreputable, and would be pooh-poohed to death. On the contrary, the Australian papers, without a redeeming exception,—and the Melbourne papers pre-eminently—are ever advocating, ever harping on the necessity of low wages "as an inducement to capital and enterprise." They even quote political economy to the same intent and purpose. They have succeeded. They have brought down wages with a vengeance, and to their hearts' content. Men in New South Wales are now working for a dollar and a quarter a week, in Victoria for two dollars and a half a week; and are idle, at that, half the year round. The consequence is, that there is more destitution, more crime, and more unmitigated infamy in two or three back streets in Melbourne, than in all this city. Where are now the enterprise and the capital? The labor is there *ad nauseam*; but where are the enterprise and the capital? Enterprise, for years past, was nowhere; and the capital—well, that is lying snugly in the banks. There was an aggregate of £9,000,000 sterling of that commodity in those plethoric institutions at Melbourne, eight years ago, while half the working-men in Victoria were starving and vagabondizing through the country in the depth of winter, offering to work for their food, and could not get work at that!

UN PASEAR EN GRANDE.

WE were off at last for a trip to the summit of Tamalpais. All summer we had been planning the trip, and anticipating its pleasures. We had "read up" carefully for the occasion. "Stoddard's Poems," "Sir Francis Drake's Voyages," Hittell's "Resources of California," Dana's "Three Years Before the Mast," Soule's "Annals of San Francisco," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" had all been searched through for matter bearing on the subject. It was settled that the mountain was situated in Marin County, California, to the north of the Golden Gate; that it could be ascended to the summit; that quails abounded there; that deer were often killed there; that wild-cats frequented the wooded cañons on the northern and eastern slopes; that wolves were sometimes seen there; that hares and rabbits were always to be found there; and that, in early times, bears, regular old grizzlies—not your little cinnamon or black poodle-dog fellows, but the genuine *Ursa Major* of California—had been encountered there. There was no evidence that any had ever been killed there; and as they are never known to die a natural death, it was a tolerably fair presumption that we might still find them hanging about there, if we looked sharp for them. Was there ever such a field for the sportsman, and were there ever such sportsmen on earth as my friend the Doctor, the rising young lawyer whom we will call Lord—though that is not his real name—and your humble servant? We would show our friends that Nimrod was an old fogey, and not to be mentioned in our time; when we came back, a fall in the game market, ruinous to the dealers and regular pot-hunters, was as in-

evitable as the coming crash in greenbacks and financial circles.

The Doctor, being of an aspiring turn, went in for big game—a grizzly, a couple of California lions, or half a dozen deer, at the very least; Lord would be content with a deer or two, a wolf, and a few hares; I, who am of a more retiring disposition, promised to be content with a couple of hundred quails. I had never heard of any bears or lions, with my brand on, being seen running around loose, and did not propose to look up that kind of stock. The Doctor took his Henry rifle, 450 rounds of cartridges, and a butcher-knife. Lord took a No. 8 double-barreled steel shot-gun, with Ely's wire cartridges, a bag of BB. shot, and a revolver—Army size. I took along a small No. 14 double-barreled gun, a flask of powder, small shot, and a bottle of California wine, which had been boiled to concentrate the strength and save freight. Each was prepared for the particular branch of destruction he had marked out for himself—each equally confident of achieving success in the expedition.

We started at 2 P.M., on horseback, from the place of rendezvous, corner of Clay and Kearny streets. I rode Juanita, my old pet; Lord, a fiery, untamed steed, of a mouse color, borrowed from one of his clients—since hanged, I believe—which animal has since been in the public service—drawing a sand-cart on the deep cut through Rincon Hill. The Doctor had hired a horse from a livery-stable, which was warranted to be "just lightning"—and he was good for the warranty every time. We reached the boat without any fatal accident: the Doctor having nearly run down an old

woman at the crossing of Front and Vallejo streets; while Lord's horse, colliding with a passing vehicle, turned around suddenly, and got even by letting fly his heels at me, one hitting the saddle, and the other coming in contact with my gun with such force as to make a deep indentation in the barrel and knock it out of my hand. For myself, I killed nobody.

We landed at San Quentin, near the State Prison: others had landed there before, who were known to Lord in his professional capacity. We disembarked in safety. The Doctor placed the saddle-bags, containing our luncheon, a lot of ammunition, and the bottle, on his horse, behind the saddle. All right: *Vamos!* The three horses started on the jump at the word. Mousey shot off ahead, Juanita followed, and Whitey—the Doctor's brute—appeared inclined to bring up the rear. We had gone about forty rods, when I heard a yell. Lord's horse had run away with him, and from sheer force of habit took the left-hand road, leading directly up to San Quentin, instead of the right-hand one, for San Rafael. The Doctor had seen the mistake, and had called out "No! No!" at the top of his lungs. His horse, from an excessive desire to obey orders, had both ears open, waiting to hear the word "Whoa" given. He heard the "No!" instead, and fearing that he might be mistaken, put his fore legs out stiff-kneed in front suddenly. Horse and man can not travel well together that way. As I looked around, I saw something rise from behind the Doctor, describe a semicircle, and land on the rocky road just behind my horse. It was the saddle-bags, and I heard something jingle sharply. It sounded like broken glass—which it was. The Doctor followed the saddle-bags. My horse, shying suddenly as the Doctor lighted, stepped out from under me. Juanita went up to the saddle-bags and sniffed at them with distended nos-

trils, and eyes opened wide with terror. Well she might! The escaping contents of the bottle made the leather curl up like a burned shoe, and as I held them up, the liquor ran from them as it does from a clam when you dig it out of the wet sand. I was about to drop them, when the Doctor, rolling over in the dirt, called out: "Oh! don't be afraid; there ain't going to be an explosion! I didn't put the powder in that side; if I had, we'd never have known what hurt us!" This assurance comforted me, and I replaced the bags on the Doctor's horse, and tied them on. Neither of the horses appeared much hurt. Mousey, seeing nothing to run against except a stone-wall in the direction of San Quentin, generously allowed Lord to turn him around at last and head him toward us again.

All mounted once more, and we took a new start. This time, Whitey, with the Doctor on his back, took the lead; some of the liquor had dripped out of the bag upon his back, and it appeared to give him new spirit. He went off as if life or death depended on his reaching San Rafael in ten minutes, and he meant to be there. Occasionally his hind legs manifested a disposition to start in on their own hook, and get ahead of his fore legs, at which times the Doctor pitched and tossed like a ship in a storm; but he held his own. With one hand grasping the pommel of the saddle, he swung the Henry rifle savagely with the other, bringing it down on either side of the accursed brute's head, whack, whack, whack; and thus he continued to pommel him all the way to San Rafael. The Doctor's pantaloons' legs rose with his ire, and the bottoms were soon riding triumphantly above his knees; but he was game, and despising such trifles, hung to the saddle and the rifle. Mousey rather liked this, and, with Lord on his back, kept close at Whitey's heels; while Juanita, thinking it a race, buckled

down to the work, determined to win or die. I ride with long stirrup-straps; and one foot, coming in contact with Lord's horse, got out of the stirrup. In attempting to replace it I lost the rein, and having my gun in the other hand, could not recover it. A party of Chinamen, who were cutting a ditch beside the road, seeing us apparently engaged in a race, ran up to the side of the track, swung their wide-brimmed bamboo hats, and shouted melodiously. This encouraged Juanita to redoubled effort, and she took the lead. The stages, which had been ahead, obligingly got out of our way when the drivers saw us coming; and the passengers, animated by a spirit of generous emulation, yelled exultingly as we passed. We made better time for three miles than I ever saw made on a race-track in my life. The citizens at the village before us, seeing us coming, and fearing we might go right on to the next place without stopping, ran out and swung their hats, shouting "Whoa! whoa!" at the top of their voices. Two of the horses stopped so suddenly that their riders were enabled to descend to the ground with hardly an effort. Mine turned aside a little from the direct course, and I found myself sitting in a vegetable patch, with a ruined fence behind me. Thus we made our triumphant entry into San Rafael.

That evening we bound up and anointed our smarting wounds, and got together all our traps, which had been gathered up along the road. After much search, we found a native who had been to the summit of Tamalpais, and was willing, for a consideration, to show us the way there. We hired him, though the sum demanded was probably more than he had ever honestly earned before in his life-time, all put together. At sunrise we were in the saddle, armed and equipped, and started without serious difficulty, although we discovered many knobs and hard places in the sad-

dles, of the previous existence of which we had been blissfully ignorant. Soon after we discovered a flock of quails in the road, and ordered a halt of the whole line. Lord, having the biggest gun, was dismounted, and ordered to deploy as skirmisher. With trailed arms he crept through an acre or two of dusty *chaparral*, and came to a halt within twenty paces of the unsuspecting game. Slowly he arose, and with deliberate aim discharged both barrels at once, sitting down so suddenly thereafter, that we did not see what became of him. When he made his appearance again, his upper lip was as thick as a man's hand, and his nose was bleeding. He said he guessed he had been stung by hornets. When the shot from his gun struck the dust in the road all around the quails, I looked to see at least a dozen birds lying dead on the field when the cloud cleared away. In place thereof, we saw the entire flock on the wing for the *chaparral*, higher up the mountain. As next in rank, I took up the contest, and fired both barrels at them, as I sat on horseback, Juanita dancing a break-down jig as I did so. One bird fell with a crippled wing, and instantly made tracks for the bushes. Before he reached cover, the Doctor, who represented the flying artillery, sent half a dozen balls from his Henry rifle after him, making it very hot for him, but not even knocking a feather out of him. I saw a ranchero's dog trotting down the road, and calling him to us, shouted, "Sic him! sic him!" with all my might, pointing to the bushes in the direction of the spot where the quail had disappeared. Thus encouraged, the dog went in, and in a few seconds I had the infinite pleasure of hearing that quail peeping like a sick chicken. We had him. No; the dog had him—and the ungrateful rascal was absolutely bent on carrying the bird off in his mouth to the residence of his master, down the road; refusing, with a growl, to surren-

der it to me, in answer to the most persuasive appeals. "Nice doggy! good fellow! come here, doggy! Oh, the pretty dog!" etc., etc., poured out in the most endearing accents, only provoked his contempt. The Doctor, aggravated beyond measure, let drive at the infamous brute with his rifle. The ball passed so near his head that he dropped the quail and took to his heels, barking and howling viciously as he went. We corraled that quail, and wrung his neck as soon as our hands were on him. The owner of the dog, hearing the firing and the howling of the brute, came tearing down the road with a pitchfork in his hand, and savagely demanded why we were trying to kill his valuable animal. Lord, who had just concluded the operation of washing his face in a spring, feeling that this was adding insult to injury, offered to "put a head on him," then and there, if he would just lay down that pitchfork. The irate ranchero replied that if the head would look like his, (Lord's) he preferred to be shot down on the spot, and intimated that he had better enter on the work of murder at once—we looked as if that was our trade, any way. We argued the case more temperately. The indignant tiller of the soil became so far mollified ultimately that he was induced to take a drink from a new bottle which we had procured at San Rafael. When he took the bottle from his lips, his eyes were full of tears, and he gasped for breath. We were avenged. Remounting, we started on up the trail, carrying our dead and wounded with us.

Out of the dusty road, at last, and into the narrow bridle-path which winds up the steep mountain-side, through wide fields of the bitter *chemisal*, which covers the whole ground for thousands of acres. The sun was high up in the heavens, and the air oppressively warm. We halted and looked back. San Francisco, on her gray hills, half hidden by a vapor con-

sisting of equal parts of dust, fog, and smoke, lay before us on the south-east. The straits leading up from the Golden Gate, with the rock fortress of Alcatraz in the centre, keeping watch and ward over the western portal of a mighty land, lay almost at our feet. A steamer was coming out the Golden Gate, bound for Panama, Victoria, or, possibly, China. The Bay of San Francisco was dotted with gleaming white sails, and the river and ferry steamers could be seen plowing their way through the blue waters. San Pablo Bay was a duck-pond at our feet; Suisun Bay and the Straits of Carquinez, dwindling down to still lesser proportions, stretched away to the northeast; Oakland, and the other towns along the shores of Alameda and Contra Costa, peeped out, here and there, from among the embowering trees; Mount Diablo lifted his dark head above his straw-colored shoulders far into the blue heavens in the east, and seemed to have ascended as we had ascended, growing taller and more gigantic in proportion at every step, following us up, and bullying us, as it were, as if determined that we should not be allowed to look down upon him, or by any means receive a diminished idea of his importance. Beyond him, were the wide *tule* swamps and wider plains of the San Joaquin and Sacramento; and beyond all these, the dark-green line of the Sierra, bounding the eastern horizon, melting away and blending with the blue, cloudless sky. The homes of two hundred*thousand people lay before us: the homes of millions of happy, contented and abundantly blessed people will, in a few years, fill the broad land on which we gazed that morning. I am not a painter, and can not unroll that scene before you; I only wish I could! For half an hour we enjoyed it; then the destructive tendency of our nature asserted itself afresh, and we began to talk of deeds of blood once more.

"Manuel, you promised to show us

a grizzly bear track, sure, this morning!"

Manuel arose, and mounting his horse, led us onward up the steep acclivity. Half a mile brought us to a saddle-back, on one side of which there was a small grassy plat. On the other side Manuel discovered a track, to which he pointed in silent triumph. His face would have made the fortune of any painter who could have been there to transfer it to canvas, and hand it down to posterity. The Doctor refilled the magazine of his rifle with cartridges, and borrowed Lord's revolver. Lord took up a position in the background, with both barrels of his gun loaded with buck-shot. I determined to stand by the horses, and in case of danger get them out of the reach of the infuriated wounded grizzly as quickly as their legs would carry them. I was always noted for a careful forethought, which would have made me invaluable as the commander of an army. Before mounting to move off with the horses, I chanced to look at the bear track where it crossed a soft piece of ground—the guide had pointed it out where it crossed the hard earth and rocks—and thoughtlessly remarked that the Tamalpais grizzlies had the good sense to imitate the example of the horses of the vicinity, and wore sharp heel corks. The Doctor heard the remark, and, running back, looked at the track closely. I heard him invoking a blessing on somebody in an undertone. The guide, with an expression of disgust as he looked at the party, and malignant hatred as he glanced at me, turned his horse's head toward the summit of the mountain, and rode off without a word. No one spoke; our hearts were too full.

Two miles of hard climbing, the sweat pouring off our panting horses in streams, brought us to a little flat in a cañon near the summit. There was a spring there, and a number of old oak-trees, gray with the long moss which the moisture from

the condensing sea-fog at that altitude keeps dripping from their branches nearly all the year round. We unpacked our traps, picketed our horses, and prepared for a vigorous campaign against the quails, which were whistling around in the bushes. We killed several, and scared more. Then we lunched.

Then we ascended to the summit and looked down on the blue Pacific; that is to say, we looked down in the direction of where the blue Pacific was, and saw a bank of fog. We could hear the moaning of the sea, as it dashed its waves on the rock-ribbed shores beneath us; but that was all. The bay of Sir Francis Drake was hidden from sight; Point Lobos and Point Bonita were invisible; the Farallones were buried in the depths of the snowy fog-bank; all was a blank on that side of the mountain. The bosom of the great white cloud heaved and rocked as it felt the touch of the morning breeze; then the whole vast fleecy mass moved, like an avalanche, inward upon the land, and silently, but with the speed of thought, came drifting up the slope of the mountain toward us.—"It is useless staying here: let us be going."

We retraced our steps, hurriedly, toward the spot where we had left the guide, our horses, and traps. The guide lay stretched prone upon the ground. We were quickly by his side. "Asleep!" said Lord. "Dead!" said the Doctor. He was drunk; our bottle was lying empty by his side, and our hearts were full of bitterness. We found a flat stone, which we erected like a tombstone at his head, wrote a suitable epitaph thereon with a bit of burned stick, and placing a soft rock under his head, and two smaller ones on his eyes, rode away in sorrow and in silence.

The guide had told us, before we left him to visit the summit, that a road led back along a ridge and through a timbered country, down by Lagunitas, and

advised us to return that way. We followed his advice. A lone pigeon, perched on a dead pine-tree, attracted our attention, and all firing at once, we brought him down; then indulged in an energetic and somewhat acrimonious discussion as to which one fired the fatal shot, until the fog was upon us. Then we rode along a mile or two in the mist, until our clothes were saturated, and we all smelt like so many Cliff House muscles, while the water ran out of the muzzles of our guns when we turned them downward. "This is poetry!" I exclaimed, as I gazed down upon the scene from the eastern slope of the mountain. "This is prose!" said the Doctor, ruefully, as he looked at the fog-bank which shut out the scene from the summit. "This is blank verse!" said Lord, with a sigh, as he now brushed the water from his face, and wrung it out of his handkerchief.

Suddenly, we found ourselves below the fog and in the sunshine again. We gave three cheers. Out of the woods, and five quails ahead! Surely, this was hardly what we had hoped for when starting out in the morning; but it was something.

We went down a steep declivity for a mile or more, then came to one which was still steeper, overlooking Lagunitas. My horse, being at the rear, had his nose over the back of Lord's, and his was in like manner overreaching the Doctor's. Desiring to facilitate locomotion, I tried an experiment. I insinuated a sharp stick under that portion of Lord's horse that was nearest to me. The experiment was successful. Mousey seized Whitey by the rump and gave him a nip, which brought away the fur by the handful. Whitey, not having any thing before him to get even on, whirled around, at the risk of his rider's neck, and went for his antagonist "for all he was worth." Mousey lifted his heels, and my horse got the full benefit of it. There was

some swearing, and when order was restored we rode on in grim silence. They were mad, and gave me no credit for good intentions. I felt hurt. We passed the saw-mill and hamlet at Lagunitas, and soon after came to where the road forked. Watching my opportunity I gave them the slip, and went off by myself on the right-hand road. I got two more quails in the next mile's ride. In going down a cañon, I came upon a little lustrous-eyed Mexican boy, with a bow and arrow, who was out looking at his quail traps. He had two quails, and I acquired them. Four bits induced him to show me his other traps; and I had seven quails when I left him. Then I got a fine hare, which I shot myself. Two or three shots into coveys of quails by the road-side, swelled my game-bag out considerably; and when, at nightfall, I rode triumphantly into San Rafael, I could show twenty-three quails and a hare, as the result of my day's labor. I was the champion huntsman of the party.

Alas! not entirely. Lord and the Doctor pointed, in exulting glory, to twelve dozen quails, all tied neatly in bunches of twelve each, and hanging on the wall. I was staggered. Examining them closely, I observed that I had never seen so much game killed with so little expenditure of ammunition. There was not a shot-mark to be found on them, so far as I could see. It is beyond question that public opinion leans strongly toward the conclusion, that, as a rule, travelers are inclined to lie where an untruth will serve in the way of creating a sensation. I have been a hunter from my youth up; and association with hunters has had a tendency to fill my mind with suspicion and doubt as to the genuineness of trophies exhibited as the results of hunting expeditions. Unscrupulous parties have, at times, brought disgrace upon the entire fraternity, by returning from such trips with more

game than they could possibly have killed within the number of hours they had been absent. This is all wrong. I mentioned this fact, in a spirit of kindness, to my friends on this occasion; and, as is usual when gratuitous advice is offered in the best possible spirit, received abuse instead of thanks for my pains. Such is human nature! I replied feelingly, of course. I was tired, and possibly a little irritable; but I am confident that I never offered to whip any man in the company. The San Rafaelite who interfered I consider inexcusable; and certainly, I never claimed to be a prize-fighter. I dislike pursuing this subject any further.

Next morning we rose at eight o'clock,

and ran our horses all the way to Point San Quentin, just in time to catch the boat for San Francisco. We looked back at the mountain as we glided down the Bay, and saw it standing out bold and free from cloud or fog, in the bright morning sunshine, and bitterly we thought of the experience of yesterday.

Thus, truthfully and with conscientious care, have I written the history of the great exploring, hunting, and fishing expedition to Tamalpais. The mountain is still there. Go up on Telegraph or Russian Hill, and you can see it any clear day. It is a fine-looking mountain—an attractive mountain. You may have it all, if you like it. I have had all I want of it.

EXILE.

Under heavy eyelids lie
 Glowing breadths of tropic sky;
 A cloud-like incense in the west;
 An isle upon the Ocean's breast;
 Long, crested waves, that haste to reach
 And perish on a snow-white beach.
 A shining shallop, trim and frail,
 Borne down upon a spicy gale;
 Two lovers in the Ocean vast—
 Two lovers loving well at last
 Within the shadow of the sail.

Under heavy eyelids creep
 Fitful shadows fraught with sleep;
 Subtle odors in the air
 Pause and tremble everywhere;
 Melancholy night-birds sing;
 Fire-flies are on the wing;
 Fragrant dells of turf and fern
 Where the cactus blossoms burn;
 Two lovers fleeing from the past—
 Two lovers loving well at last
 Shall never to the world return.

AUTOGRAPHOMANIA.

THE world is busy with all sorts of hobbies. To chronicle the divers pursuits to which the whimsical folk devote themselves would require the energy of a Charles Knight, and exhaust the catalogue of the Arts and Sciences. In a word, the Collector is abroad. Every community has as certainly its gatherer of curious and antique relics, as its collector of taxes. The tendency is observed in the barbarian, as well as the civilized. Witness—the Red Man cherishes his mania for scalps, no less than the infatuated anatomist his ardor for bones. Nothing seems unworthy their zeal: they hoard with equal avidity armor, animals, bugs, books, eggs, coins, pottery, shells, gems, engravings, minerals, and fossils. An odd collection was that of water from noted rivers and seas. A gentleman in Ghent made a famous collection of fans. Another European made a specialty of shoes. We have a Queen who devotes herself to buttons. The youths of the period employ themselves with postage-stamps and monograms. Studious collegians, now and then, exhibit a passing insanity for gates and signs. Mr. Boucicault, the playwright, perpetuates the history of one who indulged in bell-pulls.

The collection, of course, is valuable according to the aim and intellect of the collector. Each pursuit, whether rational or not, has its peculiar delights. Mr. Bonner, doubtless, enjoys his stables no less than Mr. Parkman his roses, Profs. Ward and Agassiz their geological treasures, Dr. Magoon his library, Queen Emma her buttons, or Bringham Young his wives. Contemplation on these idiosyncrasies may again offer the problem whether the insane are not the

only ones who have possession of their wits.

There is a tribe of collectors not a little despised and belied, in whose behalf this paper is written, and to whom, with respectful sentiments of fraternal regard, it is dedicated—the Autographomaniacs. Near of kin to the Bibliomaniacs, they are rarely allowed to rank with that honorable class, notwithstanding the service they perform for the historian and biographer, by preserving political documents, letters, and MSS. They might be called the Radicals of literary antiquarianism, as their ambition is to drink inspiration from original fountains, from the stream of thought in the channel through which it first flowed from the author's pen. These Autographophiles have many sympathizers even among those little animated by the sensibilities of the collector. There are few who can deny the interest attached to the first draught of the work of genius, or of a political document that has carried weight in the progress of civilization. How carefully we treasure the Declaration of Independence in the writing of Jefferson, and signed by the patriots. What could buy from England the Magna Charta? The British Museum is indebted to some valorous autographic knight for this precious parchment. It was rescued from a tailor's shears, just about to cut it into measures. "To what base uses was returning" the instrument that had measured the strength of the people, and outmeasured the King!

That persons of genius are oftentimes most delightful and best appreciated in their correspondence, need not be debated. How many letters abounding with charms of style, illustrating the

bent of mind, expressing noble principle, escape the biographer, and are only to be found in the collector's folio. Charles Lamb is nowhere more sweet and quaint than in his notelets—little scintillations of the tenderly glowing flame that animated his life. Now and then a stray note of Thackeray's is caught in the net and put into the game-bag, always to afford a relish for the epicure. Irving's letters are to be classed with his most fascinating productions. Felton, Lowell, and Willis give free rein to their wit and fancy, in communication with their familiars. A clever newspaper writer credits the autograph collector with having "much of the mystery of human nature breathing through his pursuit." It is not improbable he may receive a more definite notion of the author by his explorations among manuscripts than the general reader. In scanning the sheets where the writer embalmed his thoughts, the variations of expression may be traced through canceled passages and interlineations, intimately revealing the purpose of the author and the workings of his mind. It is also interesting to observe the differences in the facility of composition manifested in the manuscripts. We discover the original notes of Prescott and Motley are full of corrections: entire sentences are remodeled. Irving, Hawthorne, and Paulding rarely had occasion to substitute or supply more than a word. Cooper's MS. is quite free from alterations. The late Henry J. Raymond exhibited remarkable ability in the rapidity with which he composed, rarely needing to revise the method of his article, still less frequently to change the wording.

The traits of the autograph collector are peculiar. They are affected by a love for letters in the literal, and broadest literary signification. They have the bumps of acquisitiveness, persistency, patience, reverence, and marvelousness

fully developed; in the event of an extra growth of one of these organs, evil results follow, casting odium on the clan. We can not deny, that among its members may be found rare instances of the toady, the bore, and the pilferer; but we can as truthfully vouch that an autographic head of harmonical design is an ornament to any community, and brings renown for itself and country. Much of the ill-repute the autograph collector has won proceeds from the annoyance he occasions celebrities by applications for their writing: it amounts in many cases to persecution. The aspirant for political fame always reckons among the *cons* this peculiar trial. In how many biographies of statesmen and authors of modern times do we read of the troubles caused by the autographic harpies! Few are proof against their wiles. The kind courtesy of Irving could rarely refuse an appeal; yet how bitterly he reproached them—following him even through his last illness. Mrs. Sigourney dwells at length, in her autobiography, on the variety and number of requests she had received during her long literary life. Fitz-Greene Halleck complained: "Distinction has its penalties as well as pleasures. For many years I have been persecuted by autograph collectors—those 'mosquitoes of literature,' as Irving called them." He detailed the grievances he had been subject to: they asked for MS. copies of "Marco Bózzaris," "Alnwick Castle," and "Lines on Dr. Drake"—for not only his own signature, but for those of John Jacob Astor and Joseph Rodman Drake. The popular writers of the present day have as good reason to inveigh against the merciless demands upon their time. Mr. Beecher long ago discontinued replying to requests. Mr. Lincoln endeavored several months to gratify all petitioners for his writing, but was compelled eventually to resort to total abstinence. Charles Dickens is, perhaps,

the greatest martyr; although it would seem by Charles Reade's recent letter to the *Galaxy*, he has an unusual amount of persecution. When George Peabody made his first visit to his home in the United States, he was overwhelmed with letters from beggars of all ranks. Baron von Humboldt, a few years before his death, extensively advertised, asking a discontinuance of the frivolous letters addressed to him from all parts of the civilized world. General Scott followed the example by circulating a notice, in his last days, that having borne the infliction during his public life, he must refuse to regard, in his retirement, the bushels of applications he daily received. Wendell Phillips ironically replied to a letter asking an estimate of the requests he weekly received, by writing several lines of figures that would task the enumerator to read. The Rev. Robert Collyer pertinently illustrated the case by writing:

"Have you ever thought of the curious hint of better times in this, that formerly, when a heretic became known, he had to submit to the *auto-da-fé*, but now he has only to bear the light and pleasant infliction of the autograph."

John G. Saxe thus consoles the bore:

"My autograph? 'Tis pleasant to reflect,
Altho' the thought may cost a single sigh,
That what a banker would with scorn reject
Should have a value in a scholar's eye."

Madame Lagrange has had her share of annoyance. She thus writes: "Album?—*Guillotine de salon*." The future D'Israeli will needs count this among the *Calamities of Authors*. It is by no means necessary to depend upon personal application for success. The rarest specimens are obtained by industrious exchange and the assistance of coadjutors. The trifles gained by boring the celebrity will generally be discarded when the collector has acquired experience. We regard those only as collectors who have received the seed in good

soil; not the many who labor for a season, but eventually abandon what they have little genius for. Therefore we pray you who are just starting out, eagerly pursuing this avocation, which may be not only delightful but instructive, refrain from pestering these long suffering *litterateurs*.

The first of the race of autograph collectors, we learn, were the German students of the sixteenth century, who instituted the Album. Then, as now, characterized by genial disposition, forming strong attachments with their associates, they prepared white paper books in which they might preserve the sentiments in the writing of their friends, and souvenirs they might gather during their journeys. It soon came about that the tourist's autograph-book was his passport into society, *viséed* by the families he visited. Numbers of these books are carefully preserved in the libraries and museums of Europe. The *Thesaurus Amicorum* of Christopher Arnold, of Nuremberg, in the British Museum, is honored with the writing of John Milton, dated 1651. In another, once the property of David Kreig, we trace to its source that exquisite sentiment so often quoted:

"VIRTUS SUA GLORIA.
Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

Your success and happiness
is sincerely desired by

JA. BOBART, *Oxford*."

These students had not the true animus of the *autographomane*. A mere signature and sentiment would not satisfy the cravings of the latter; they must have a whole correspondence—an entire document, or manuscript, or music score. We must, therefore, look to Sir Richard Phillips as their legitimate ancestor. This personage flourished in the eighteenth century. The character ascribed to him by Catharine, daughter and biographer of William Hutton, proves that he entertained all the traits

of the collector of to-day. She writes, as quoted in the *New English Encyclopedia*: "It is certain he was possessed of whole reams of these precious relics, each arranged by the alphabetical name of the writer. He was so well aware of their value, at a time when they were little thought of by others, that he has been heard to say he would as soon part with a tooth as a letter of Colley Cibber's, and that he expected a grant of land in America for a manuscript of Washington's."

The most illustrious private collection of England was made by William Upcott. It was scattered at his death, by auction sale. Dr. Raffles, of London, an author and divine of considerable reputation, spent many happy years in gathering another eminent collection. Dawson Turner now enjoys the reputation as the most successful collector.

The recent London journals inform us of an unusual sale of books and autographs collected by the late John Dillon. The prices that many of the varieties obtained were extraordinary. Among others, a signed autograph letter, two pages folio, bearing superscription and seal from Oliver Cromwell to Col. Walton, brought two hundred and fifty dollars in gold. It was written from Sleaford, September 5th, where he was commanding a portion of his army, which he describes as being in wretched condition. Speaking generally of his troops, he writes these quaint words: "If we could all, intend our owne ends lesse and our ease too, businesses in this army would goe on wheels for expidition. Because some of us are enemies to rapine and other wickednesses, wee are said to be fractious; to seeke to maintaine our opinions in religion by force, which wee detest and abhor." Another letter of similar size, written to the same, soon after the battle of Marston Moor, was bid in at a still larger sum—\$495. Six letters written by Queen Elizabeth

to her envoy, Dr. Dale, concerning the marriage with the Duke d'Anjou, then in contemplation, sold at \$300. A letter in Latin, four and a half pages folio, in the writing of Erasmus, brought \$150. The most unique relic was the original MS. of Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, which was sold for \$250. A letter of Benjamin Franklin's, dated Philadelphia, May 7th, 1753, six pages folio, treating of the American Republic, sold for \$101. Two fine letters of Washington brought the high price of \$660. In one of them, alluding to the condition of Ireland, he writes: "It is afflicting for a philanthropic mind to consider the mass of people inhabiting a country naturally fertile in productions and full of resources, sunk to an abject degree of penury and depression." The entire sale, lasting five days, realized no less than \$15,400. Among the treasures of art gathered by the poet Rogers, his autograph-book had an honorable place. Mrs. S. C. Hall has frequently had occasion to refer to her albums for anecdotes to enliven her charming biographical sketches.

On the Continent, the Prince Metternich may be considered chief collector, although Franz Liszt, the pianist, and the late Baron Rothschild shared his honors. The royal families are not exempt from the hobby. Ernst, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Archduke Stephen of Austria, and her Majesty Queen Victoria, are mentioned as collectors. The American maniacs should claim our best attention, whom Dr. Magoon calls "the maddest dogs on earth." The three patriarchs of that legion, are Rev. William B. Sprague, D. D., of Albany, Mr. Robert Gilmore, of Baltimore, and Mr. I. K. Tefft, of Savannah, Georgia, who commenced their labors within a few years of each other—that is, between 1815 and 1828. The first-named alone survives; and he is venerated and beloved by all who have had intercourse with him on the favorite subject. His

willing advice and generosity to his brother collectors, contrasts with the scrupulous habit of Mr. Gilmore. The collection of the latter at his death was purchased entire by Mr. F. J. Dreer, of Philadelphia—a gentleman who has won the same regard as Dr. Sprague. Mr. Tefft died in 1861, and his collection was disposed of at auction in New York, March, 1867. To compare circumstantially these representative collections would be a task, indeed. We can only briefly glance at each, naming its peculiar merits. Dr. Sprague has the largest—numbering 100,000 specimens, exclusive of his extensive private correspondence. He early saw the calamitous destruction of valuable documents and historical letters relating to Colonial and Revolutionary times, molding in old family attics and cellars. All honor and gratitude are due him for his enterprise in rescuing them. It would be preposterous to particularize among his countless treasures. Renowned names of four centuries are represented. After examining some 1,500 specimens, the writer has only vague remembrance of such names as Bunyan, Matthew Henry, Klopstock, Laplace, Lavater, Whitefield, Herschel, Hegel, Schlegel, Richter, Rousseau, M. and Mme. Zimmermann, Goethe, Schiller, Mrs. Siddons, Inchbald, Barbauld, Hannah More, Doddridge, Fox, Robespierre and his associates of that bloody July, the Bonapartists and long lines of European sovereigns, Popes, statesmen, and soldiers. Gratifying to the American eye, are letters and sermons in the writing of early New England pioneers and divines; for instance, Cotton Mather, and John Eliot, the Indian missionary, the founders of colleges, their successive Presidents and Professors. Then there are letters of theologians: Samuel Hopkins, Jonathan Edwards, and Timothy Dwight; Presidents of the United States; Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and

the Framers of the Constitution; heroes of the wars from the earliest Indian conflicts through to the present time. In these departments, Dr. Sprague has no equal in the world. His ardor for written language has induced the peculiar habit of preserving every thing that bears it: the slightest note or letter is religiously filed away, awaiting something to turn up to make the writer famous. Next to Dr. Sprague's collection in size comes that of Mr. Tefft. The catalogue of the sale covers 260 pages, post 8vo; and it accounts for 30,000 specimens, disposed of in 2,630 lots. The Upcott sale furnishes the only parallel of this occasion, which we hope witnessed the last dismemberment of so vast an accumulation. It should have been preserved intact in a public library or museum. Mr. Tefft's life was passed in intimate association with the *literati* of his own country—entertaining at his home tourists from the highest circles of European society, giving him unusual opportunities to foster his autographic propensities. He was a man of high attainments. Although a Georgian, his heart was loyal to his country in the civil war, which he did not live to see terminated. Looking through a marked catalogue, we notice three lines in the writing of Nathan Hale, the spy, hung by the British; together with a letter of Colonel Isaac Hayne, a martyr to the tyranny of Generals Balfour and Rawdon, in the Revolution, were bid in at \$15. William Bradford, early American printer, brought \$54; the Naturalist and Colonial Governor of New York, Cadwalader Colden, brought \$37; while eleven letters from President Madison to his wife were knocked down at thirty cents each. A letter of J. Fennimore Cooper sold at \$16; two original manuscript leaves from Irving's Knickerbocker History of New York brought \$22; a letter of Benjamin Franklin sold at \$27. A graphic description of this collection, when it

numbered but five thousand names, was written in 1838, by Rev. Samuel Gilman, D. D., under title of *A Week Among Autographs*, published with his collected essays and poems, in a volume: *Contributions to Literature*.

Mr. Dreer's may claim distinction as the most unique of the three grand collections. The foreign autographs it contains can not be surpassed in America. The foundations laid by Mr. Gilmore have been augmented by Mr. Dreer with thorough critical skill. An article concerning it, giving a synopsis of its important features, appeared in *Brotherhead's American Notes and Queries*, April number, 1857. This furnishes us the only data we can obtain. We are informed, however, there is a more careful review now in the hands of an accomplished man of letters, which will tell us of the recent additions. In 1857, among the most interesting relics were forty-four letters of great historical value in the writing of Washington; forty letters of William Penn (at that time valued at \$1,000); thirty letters of Jefferson; a full letter of Oliver Cromwell; one of Martin Luther; a decree signed by René, King of Jerusalem and Sicily, Count of Provence, in 1472; letters of two wonderful Queens—Marie de Medicis, and Catherine II of Russia; letters and documents of Francis Bacon, Lord Burleigh, William Pitt, Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox, Richelieu, Sully, Mazarin, Alfieri, Metastasio, Garrick, Talma, Beethoven, and thousands of names famous in history and letters. Briefly, we mention other names of distinction in Autography: Mr. Mellen Chamberlain, of Boston; Major Ben Perley Poore, of Washington; Mrs. E. H. Allen, of Providence; Mrs. Lydia M. Greene, of New Bedford; Messrs. J. Carson Brevoort, J. Lorimer Graham, Jr., Charles B. Norton, and Gordon L. Ford, of New York; and Mr. Cist, of Cincinnati. Space will not allow de-

scriptions of their stores: each has merit of high order. Among Mr. Brevoort's invaluable relics of Washington is his diary, dating from October 1st, 1789, to March 10th, 1790. He, also, has a book containing copies of correspondence in the writing of John Paul Jones. Hon. George Bancroft has gathered as materials for his workshop great numbers of historical documents. Although he disclaims the title of autograph collector, there are few more important accumulations. It contains series of letters of Dr. Joseph Warren, the hero of Bunker Hill; of Washington, Jefferson, and Putnam. Among his books may be found a copy of Rogers' *Italy*, which the author carried with him on his tour through that country, and enriched with marginalia as he rambled. The late Peter Force had great wealth of autographs, now safely deposited in the Congressional Library. In the New York State Library is preserved Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. This document was drawn by Gerritt Smith in the lottery at the Albany Sanitary Fair, for which he had purchased one hundred tickets sold at one dollar each. The State paid him \$1,000 for it, which amount he gave to Rev. Henry W. Bellows in trust for the Sanitary Commission. Displayed in the same room with this are the relics of the André and Arnold conspiracy, consisting of the papers discovered in the stockings of the former when he was searched at Tarrytown, and the celebrated pen sketch of himself drawn the night before his execution.

The book-hunter only values autographs as they serve to illustrate his volume. In many private libraries we find choice hoards of letters and MSS. Mr. Burton, of New York, claimed to have in his remarkable Shakspearian museum a signature of "Gentle Will" upon an antique copy of plays; but its genuineness is subject to doubt. Shaks-

peare's autograph is probably the most valuable and scarce; only six are known to exist in England, viz.: three attached to his will in Doctor's Commons, two parchment deeds bearing his signature, and costing the city £158, are preserved in the City Library; one in the British Museum, purchased for £100. The late Dr. Bethune made a specialty in his fine library of relics of Izaak Walton, and obtained for it several letters of the old angler. Sometimes a philosophical value is ascribed to chirography. Tom Hood once stated the theory in this humorous formula: "*Autographia—or man's nature known by his signature.*" We will not attempt to discuss the subject here. It may not be irrelevant to say, however, that persons accustomed to considerable intercourse with writing learn to form an opinion of the writer—unconsciously, it may be—which is often verified by afterward acquaintance. President Mark Hopkins said that the style of composition affected the estimate as much as the signs. Edgar A. Poe esteemed himself an adept in the art of analyzing the character of a person by his signature. He contributed a series of critical essays on the subject to *Graham's Magazine*, illustrated by fac-similes of the writing of prominent authors. It often requires a deal of penetration and a skillful eye merely to decipher the chirography of such persons, without pretending to higher faculties. Ill-writing is their common fault—attributable, no doubt, to their constant and rapid use of the pen. Victor Hugo is an inveterate scrawler; while Guizot and Lamartine have firm and elegant hands. Napoleon's characters were simply burlesques. Wellington's were nearly as illegible. Rogers and Thackeray wrote clear and somewhat dainty hands. The writing of Byron and Southey had no grace whatever. The signature of Queen Victoria is truly regal. In this country, Irving, Hawthorne, and Paulding paid little re-

gard to their writing. Whittier, Bryant, and Lowell write legibly. The writing of Longfellow and Holmes is very graceful, Ik Marvel's fantastic, Fitz-Greene Halleck's unparalleled for angles, and Charles Sprague's like copper-plate. Poe's had a neat, unpretending style. Mrs. Sigourney's was quite fastidious; Jared Sparks' ponderous. Rufus Choate was often at a loss to read his own manuscript. Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, and Horace Greeley are notoriously bad penmen. Of the latter so much has been said that the following epigram may be appreciated:

"Don't sign it, Horace! Don't you offer bail,
Let Southern bondmen take Jeff out of jail.
Beware! Posterity will read your name
Joined with a traitor's on a page of shame.
'Oh, never fear,' says Horace, as his eye
Gleams like the moon upon the twilight sky;
'That's good advice, but I don't need to heed it;
I write so bad posterity can't read it.'"

Certainly, there is a very noticeable difference in the styles of writing peculiar to each nation. The English and German hands are very dissimilar. The French, Italian, and Spanish are quite as unlike. Even the Canadian writing is distinctive from that of the United States. With the French and Spanish the habit of appending a flourish to the signature is popular; and with the latter nation it is a matter of necessity, to identify and render the name valid on legal documents. The more lofty the grandee, the larger and more intricate the combination he appropriates. There are many familiar names in our own country that bear this characterization. The sign-manuals of Baron Steuben, George Clinton, and Francis Marion are accompanied with an elaborate device. Extended under the signature of John Jacob Astor may invariably be found a string of ciphers, indicating his affection for figures when they represented wealth.

Much of interest to the collector might be written concerning the various forms in vogue for preserving the speci-

mens, that the general reader would find tiresome. We will only note an eccentric arrangement commended by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale in her editorial capacity, through *Godey's Magazine*. It was to obtain the names of celebrities written with indelible ink on pieces of cloth, to be made up in a patch-work quilt. No doubt some mystic influence would charm the sleeper under such a spread.

Thomas Hood published in a magazine a droll reply to an autographic request, from which we make a few selections :

To D. A. A., Esq., *Edinburgh*.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

Sir: I am much flattered by your request, and am quite willing to accede to it; but, unluckily, you have omitted to inform me of the sort of thing you want. Autographs are of many kinds. Some persons chalk them on walls; others inscribe what may be called auto-lithographs, in sundry colors, on the flag-stones. Gentlemen in love delight in carving their autographs on the bark of trees; as other idle fellows are apt to hack and hew them on tavern benches and rustic seats. Amongst various modes, I have seen a shop-boy dribble his autograph from a tin of water on a dry pavement. . . . The celebrated Miss Biffin used to distribute autographs among her visitors, which she wrote with a pen grasped between her teeth. Another, a German phenomenon, held the implement with his toes. The Man in the Iron Mask scratched an autograph with his fork on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. Baron Trenck smudged one with a charred stick; and Silvio Pellico with his forefinger dipped in a mixture of soot and water. . . . Our grandmothers worked their autographs in canvas samplers; and I have seen one wrought out with pins' heads on a huge white pin-cushion, as thus:

"WELCOME SWEAT BABBY
MARY JONES."

When the sweetheart of Mr. John Junk requested his autograph, and explained what it was—namely,

"a couple of lines or so, with his name to it"—he replied that he would leave it to her in his will, "seeing as how it was done with gunpowder on his left arm." . . . A friend of mine possesses an autograph, "Remember Jim Hoskins," done with a red-hot poker on the back-kitchen door. This, however, is awkward to bind up. . . . With such a maze to wander in, if I should not take the exact course you wish, you must blame the short and insufficient clue you have afforded me. In the meantime, as you have not forwarded to me a tree or a table—a paving-stone or a brick wall—a looking-glass or a window—a tea-board or a silver plate—a bill stamp or a back-kitchen door—I presume to conclude you want only a common pen-ink-and-paper autograph, and in absence of any particular direction for its transmission—for instance, a carrier-pigeon or a fire-balloon—or set adrift in a bottle—or per wagon, or favored by Mr. Waghorn, or by telegraph: I think the best way will be to send it to you in *print*.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

THOMAS HOOD.

The paramount benefit arising from the prosecution of this hobby, is the familiarity the collector acquires with contemporaneous history. His souvenirs are valueless to him, unless he is thoroughly informed of the individuals they represent. Bacon writes: "Letters, such as are written from wise men, are, of all the words of man, in my judgment, the best; for they are more natural than orations and public speeches, and more advised than conferences or present speeches. So, again, letters of affairs from such as manage or are privy to them, are, of all other, the best instructions for history, and to a diligent reader, the best histories in themselves."

Until the importance of Autography in this department of learning is appreciated and acknowledged, it can not be said to have attained its highest object.

THE SEA-LION AT HOME.

THERE are few residents of San Francisco who have not, at some time during the summer, driven out to the Cliff House, and watched through the glass the unwieldy play and savage conflicts of the huge sea-lions on the rocks beneath. But very few persons ever claimed a nearer acquaintance with these monsters; nor are the facilities for closer observation numerous, or often improved.

The sea-lion, or great seal of the Pacific Ocean, makes his home on the numerous reefs and rocky islets that are scattered along our iron-bound coast. By nature a fisher, he selects those waters that offer him an abundance of his food, and from which arise the rocky resting-places where he can sun himself and slumber, with the monotone of the ocean for a lullaby. Although at certain seasons he is found on every rock whose surface is sufficiently accessible, from Mexico to the North Sea, yet it is only among the great reefs that he dwells continually. Here the female brings forth her young, and watches over them with a savage love until they are old enough to be shoved into the water to gain their own food.

One of the most remarkable of these reefs, for the number and great size of its colony of sea-lions, is "Orford Reef," lying off the Oregon coast-line, between Port Orford and Cape Blanco. It consists of a group of seven large rocks—some cone-shaped, others again with rounded or flat tops—and includes, besides, some fifteen or twenty small ones, that show their surfaces above water at low tide.

Surrounding this reef are large beds of kelp sheltering shoals of fish—rock,

cod, red-fish, crabs, etc. The most distant of these rocks is seven, and the nearest four miles from the main shore. Around it the sea foams and lashes in many a breaker, that has the broad Pacific to gather force in; for these rocks are the most westerly portion of the United States south of Cape Flattery. Strong eddies and currents, and many sunken rocks, make it a dangerous place to cruise in; and with the exception of the daring otter-hunter, few and far between are the visits paid to the reef. Indeed, I believe that there is, besides that made by the otter-hunters, until the present time, but one instance of a landing: that was last summer, when a gentleman connected with the light-house service was landed on the largest by a boat from the *Shubrick*. In speaking of it, he says: "The swell heaved the boat up toward the rock. I jumped and gained a slippery and precarious foothold; the next moment, the boat was twenty feet beneath me, and the same surge carried her away from my position; so there was nothing for it but a climb. The sides were nearly precipitous, the rock crumbling, covered with guano, and slippery in the extreme. I persevered; and although several times I would not have given much in a fair market for the chances of my life, yet succeeded in reaching the summit."

The immediate object of this adventurous scramble was to ascertain the availability of the rock for the location of a light-house; but so costly would have been its erection on this sea-girt isle, that the project was abandoned, and the main shore at Cape Blanco selected.

Not long ago, it was my fortune to

be obliged to visit these rocks, and to witness, in "strictly private life," the sea-lion "at home." The sea, on the morning of my visit, was glassy and almost motionless, except the long, heaving swell always accompanying a calm. When within half a mile of the reef, a loud, monotonous sound, rising above the roar of the surf, announced that our entertainers were prepared to receive us, and the glass showed a great mass of them covering the rock toward which we were steering. Approaching nearer, their motions became distinctly visible. The females were all accompanied by their whelps, too young yet to take the water. The bellow or roar of the older ones, with its deep, full note, was echoed by the cry—resembling that of a young lamb—of the pups.

When within a few boat's lengths of the rock, we paused to allow our hosts an opportunity of noting our presence, and to watch the savage conflicts and equally savage play going on continually among them. Swift and snake-like in their movements when in the water, when on land or rock they are very clumsy, and move with apparent difficulty; still, they manage to get over the surface with surprising rapidity, and even to climb to a considerable height on the rocks. Possessing great muscular power in the tail, they use it as a propeller, and actually throw themselves forward—their thick skins, and the mass of fat covering the bone and muscle, protecting them from injury. Tired at last of watching, and anxious to effect a landing, we moved nearer and opened fire on the creatures from several rifles. Usually timid at the sight of man, they will leave the rocks in a body on the approach of a boat; but, to my great surprise, in this instance the entire body remained, a few only jumping off. The young whelps crowded to the side of their parents, and added their tiny yelps to the deafening roar that fol-

lowed each successive shot. Bullets in the body did not seem to cause them much uneasiness—a shake and an additional flounder, and a deeper, angrier roar, being the only notice taken. At last a well directed bullet crushed through the brain of one huge fellow, and he came rolling down into the sea. His dying agonies were fearful; and the sea, crimsoned with his blood, was lashed into foam around him by his powerful tail. Some hundreds of his companions followed him into the water and swam around the boat, raising themselves so as to show most of the head and shoulders, blowing, snorting, and exhibiting a row of teeth not pleasant to contemplate. At times, as if actuated by a common will, they would leap clear out of the water, coming down with a great splash. Nothing more nearly approaching the movements of a snake can be imagined than the progress of a sea-lion; his great flexibility of body, and swift, gliding motion through the water, reminding one strongly of the mystical sea-serpent. After several hours spent in ineffectual efforts to induce a sufficient number to leave a spot for us to land, we gave up beaten—the more readily, as the steep and slippery sides of the rock offered but little chance for a foothold. Directly to the south of us, a rock of larger dimensions than the others presented a better opportunity. It rose up in a conical peak to the height of several hundred feet, and was penetrated by a great cavern, or sea-way, in the middle. On one side, a flat ledge ran out, and toward this our boat's prow was directed. Arrived in front, we found it covered, as the other had been, by sea-lions; but one or two fortunate shots cleared a space sufficient for a landing. A hardly pleasant thing is it, either, for a man inclined to be nervous, to spring from the bow of a boat as she rises on the swell, clearing six or eight feet, and alighting on all fours on the slippery sides of a rock!

Nor is the matter made more inviting by the fact that hands, as well as feet, being required, rifles have to be left in the boat, to be thrown to you when it again approaches; for, after each landing, the boat is carried off by the receding swell, sometimes several hundred yards. On this occasion, when the first man leaped, the sea-lions retreated to a ridge, or backbone, cutting the little plateau in two; and there faced around, and stood at bay. The little fellows crowded around their parents; and, all together, borrowing a "celestial" idea, apparently sought to terrify us by a concert of hideous roars and yelps. But, Spencer rifles, with their magazine of bullets, soon brought them to terms; and, leaving three of the largest dead on the field, they all took to the water. The pups remained, to the number of eight hundred, by actual count. Queer little fellows they were, with brown hair and large, soft eyes, huddling together and tumbling one over another: they evidently thought the last day had come for them. As time passed by, and our continued presence on the rock did not seem to harm them—for we remained several hours engaged in the business which had induced our landing—they became more bold, and at last quite tame; so much so, that the little rascals had to be shoved on one side with the foot to permit a passage around. And now a most pitiful sight presented itself. Of the three left dead on the rock, two were females: their little ones getting hungry, after a while, sought the accustomed nourishment; clambering over the dead bodies of their parents, they seemed to realize that something strange had happened, and set up a most plaintive cry.

A constant watch had to be kept up, as frequent attempts were made to land by the old ones, and several more were mortally wounded as they crawled up. I have before mentioned a great sea-way, or cave, that extended through the rock.

The apertures of this sea-way are large enough to admit a small schooner, and the water deep enough for her to sail through. The swell, entering on both sides, meets in the middle with a sound like the discharge of artillery, and sends a cloud of spray up against the vaulted roof. A narrow ledge offers a precarious footing through the cave. Standing on one side and looking through, the reflection of light renders the water extremely transparent, and the motions of the sea-lion under the water could be accurately noted. Some of the puppies were foolish enough to take the water, and were swimming around the entrance, vainly endeavoring to clamber up its slippery sides. They were soon surrounded by their parents; and it was extremely interesting to see the efforts of the old ones to keep the puppies on the surface. Diving beneath them, they would raise their noses out of the water and shove them forward, keeping up a continual snort of encouragement to effort. The females were distinguished easily from their lords by their slender necks and slimmer bodies, while the males have a neck inordinately developed.

One peculiarity of the sea-lion, as distinguished from the common seal, lies in the possession of small, but perfectly developed ears. Possibly they must have some organ to assist them in the enjoyment of the strange noises they utter.

There are a great many conflicting statements in regard to the weight of the sea-lion, some estimating the limit at three thousand pounds; others at from one to two. Some of those on the Orford Reef would, judging from their great size, attain fully the first-mentioned figure. As an article of commerce, their skins command but a trifling price at present; the tough nature and great thickness of the hide would suggest that it might be made into good leather, but I have never heard of any effort in that direction. The sea-lions are sometimes

hunted for the sake of their oil. Some years ago a few enterprising men constructed a platform projecting from the face of the cliff, (which is there eighty feet high) below the Purissima, in San Mateo County, California. On the end of this platform they erected a derrick, and attached to its lower side a rope-ladder reaching down to the surface of the sea. The length of the platform extending beyond the breakers, enabled them to moor their boat to the end of the ladder. Within easy rifle-shot of the platform was a large, flat rock, on which the sea-lions gathered in great numbers during certain seasons of the year. Selecting the largest, they would shoot them from the platform. If mortally wounded, the animals would remain on the rock, but if not, and they managed to reach the water, they were lost, as their bodies do not possess sufficient buoyancy to float. When a successful shot had left one on the rock, they went out in the boat, fastened a line to its body, and, by means of the derrick, hoisted it up to the top of the cliff, and boiled the blubber for oil. After carrying on this business for one or two seasons, and collecting a large quantity of oil, it was abandoned for the more remunerative whale-fishery. With that single exception, I have never heard of any attempt to utilize these creatures.

There is one habitant of our reef, though, that merits especial attention, both on account of his interesting habits and the great value of his fur: the sea-otter. Some years ago a number of men followed otter-hunting as a regular employment, and accumulated considerable money at it. The skin of a sea-otter in prime condition will bring as high as \$50, and command ready sale. Most of those formerly engaged in this pursuit have abandoned it, owing to the scarcity of the animal. One or two, however, still cruise around the reef in their little boats, and are rewarded by an occasion-

al skin. From one of these old hunters, as well as from personal observation, I acquired considerable insight into the habits and mode of gaining a livelihood of the otter. Unlike the seal family, the sea-otter has fore-paws fitted for grasping and retaining its prey, although the body terminates, like the seal's, in a cartilaginous tail. It lives amidst the fields of kelp that grow between the rocks. Never, like the sea-lion, climbing on them for rest, it floats on the surface of the deep for its *siesta*. Often, the old hunter said, had he seen them, sweeping past in the current, catch the swaying tendrils of the kelp, and, winding them around their bodies, enjoy a comfortable nap. Many an hour he had passed in watching their sport, and the affection displayed for their young in a great many ways.

But let this old fellow tell his own story:

"Why, I really believe that them otters has human sense. I've seen 'em dive down, catch a crab, come up to the surface and fasten themselves to a piece of kelp, then take the crab in their paws and leisurely eat it, giving the best parts to the pup (for the female has but one whelp at a time). Then, after supper, they would commence to play with their little ones. Catching them suddenly, they would throw them away from 'em and dive. Up comes Mr. Pup and squeals like mad; and the mother, she down. By and by she comes up, swims around him, dodges in and out the kelp, and finally lets the little fellow to her breast. They suckles, them otters does, like cows. I tasted the milk onst myself, but it was awful salty. When they swim, too, they take the pups on their breast and swim on their back, keeping the little fellows' heads out of water. They love them a heap, too. Why, I shot an otter onst that had a dead pup, and she had been packing that pup for a week, sure, for it was all blue and thin

as could be. I suppose that it was sick and she packed it around, and after it died she kept on packing it. I have killed the mother sometimes with a pup in her arms, and the little fellow would swim after the boat and cry so consarned pitiful that I almost hated myself for killing the old one. I had to let 'em drown, too, for their skins warn't worth any thin' and I couldn't raise 'em."

This old fellow, although he had passed many years in destroying the otter, and had accumulated quite a snug fortune from the proceeds of the furs, yet seemed to have a great affection for his victims. "They are growin' sca'ce now; I have got 'em all named—the old ones—and don't mean to kill any more till the pups be growed."

Perilous business this otter-hunting, though; and the money is hardly earned. A "mussel shell," as he called it, was our hunter's boat—a tiny craft, just large enough to contain one man; and yet in it he had hundreds of times braved the surf in front of his house, and rowed eight miles out to sea, cruised around all day amidst the reefs and sunken rocks, and returned home to run the

gauntlet of a beach landing, and felt happy if he had secured one skin.

One of these old otter-hunters, who pursues his game in the vicinity of the Rogue River Reef, has recently constructed quite an ingenious craft. It is a long-boat, built of cedar, and hooped with iron bands. It is shaped like a cigar, perfectly round in the middle, and tapering toward the ends. A round hole in the top receives the navigator. The boat is made water and air-tight by a canvas sheath that is drawn up around his body. With ballast in the bottom to keep her upright, he rows through the surf, not caring for the breakers. When out at sea, he moors his craft, and then opens little port-holes in the sides, and lying concealed, shoots the unwary otter who may venture too near. The principle of the boat's construction is the same as that of the kagach of the northern Indian, with the exception that it is built of wood, instead of skin. Should, however, his ballast be displaced, he would find himself in an awkward fix, and might end his career head down—a possible contingency, that is one of the drawbacks of this method.

I CAN NOT COUNT MY LIFE A LOSS.

I can not count my life a loss,
 With all its length of evil days.
 I hold them only as the dross
 About its gold, whose worth outweighs.
 For each and all I give Him praise.

For drawing nearer to the brink
 That leadeth down to final rest,
 I see with clearer eyes, I think,
 And much that vexed me and oppressed,
 Have learned was right and just and best.

So, though I may but dimly guess
 Its far intent, this gift of His
 I honor; nor would know the less
 One sorrow, or in pain or bliss
 Have other than it was and is.

GEOLOGICAL NOTES FROM OREGON.

THE public expenditures of Oregon have thus far been conducted on a scale of economy too stringent to allow any expectation of such a luxury as a State Geological Survey. A few brief notices of the geology of the Columbia Basin, published in connection with railroad surveys, give nearly all that is accessible to the public of the geological record of that extensive region. And yet, the country is rich in geological material, opening a field whose harvests are destined to be better known. The ancient Columbia River flowed through and from regions covered to an extraordinary extent with vast bodies of fresh water. No other water-shed of like extent has so worn down the channels of its streams as to have drained off nearly the whole of its lake system; while, through the now dry beds of those ancient lakes existing streams have still further excavated, until the whole is laid bare and open to the researches of the curious.

On entering the Columbia from the ocean, the facts that give the key to its geology stand out bold and clear in the outline of its extended landscape. Two groups of mountains are in sight, each of which, in turn, once formed a formidable barrier to the passage of that river to the sea. On our right and left, as we enter, we see one of these groups in the subdued highlands that here represent the northern extension of the Coast Range. Farther on, 150 miles eastward, we see the other group in the more elevated, snow-capped summits of the Cascade Mountains. How like two vast tidal waves these two ranges of mountains seem; as if rolled inland from the great Pacific, and petrified in

their progress into a rocky skeleton for a new land. And such in fact they became. They bear now upon their elevated table-lands the records of the ages they spent beneath the waters of the ocean; the records of the time and the manner of their emergence from the waters cover, often with alternating slope and terrace, their sides; while the deep depressions between them contain like evidence that they once held the inland seas in which, for a long period thereafter, were deposited the remains of marine plants and animals of that period. The corresponding depressions east of the Cascade Range, shut off from all access to the ocean, soon lost the saltiness of their waters, and therefore only contain the record of fresh-water life.

These wrinklings or flexures of the earth's crust which folded its rocky masses into mountain ranges, were not the only application of the working forces of that age. There occurred, also, a general elevation of the whole of the now western slope of the continent, giving greater descent and consequent wearing force to its streams; and, as a result, the rapid wearing of their channels deeper, until many of its lakes were drained off. Now, as these streams have never since that time ceased to flow, and as the lakes into which they flowed, or from which they sprung, never, as long as they remained such, ceased to deposit, in the sediment of their floods, the history of the life-struggle upon their shores, or in their waters, the resulting records of these natural archives must have continued in uninterrupted series.

If this brief introduction be at all true to the facts of the case, then two plain and important truths force themselves

upon us: One, that the emergence of its mountain ranges from the bed of the ocean forms a natural epoch in the geology of Oregon. The other, that an uninterrupted series of chapters in its record of the past is found in the now elevated sediment of its former inland seas and lakes.

Let us endeavor to get hold of the thread of this record at the point where it touches upon our own, and trace it backward into the distant past, as far as we may, unbroken. But, before consulting the earth itself for the facts that tell of past changes, and of the forms of life that existed long ago, a single Indian tradition, founded upon a belief among the Indians of the Lower Columbia of recent changes in the levels of that river, will not be uninteresting—perhaps not uninteresting. The legend states, that formerly the Columbia River was navigable for canoes from the Chinook villages at its mouth to the Dalles, where a perpendicular fall of twelve or fifteen times the height of a tall man arrested even the ascent of the salmon, and compelled the Indians of the interior to journey to the Dalles for their fish, to trade for which they brought dried buffalo meat and buffalo robes.

The legend further states that a massive natural bridge then spanned the river at the present Cascades. That this state of things was suddenly brought to a close by a quarrel between Mount Hood and Mount St. Helen's, during which they belched forth fire and smoke at each other, and cast heavy rocks, with such noise and quakings of the earth as to shake down the bridge. That the ruins of the bridge form the present Cascades, having also dammed up the water above so much as to take away almost all of the upper fall at the Dalles, and so permit the salmon to pass over that fall and away into the interior, which they have continued to do ever since. Such is the Indian legend.

The gold-hunter takes a pan of dirt, shakes it thoroughly in water till he sees the gold, if there be any. A similar process may enable the geologist to find some grains of truth in this Indian tradition. The legend associates the change with a quarrel among the mountains, during which they belched forth fire and smoke, and cast heavy stones. This does not need even translation to enable us to see in it a volcanic eruption—a supposition the more probable from the fact that both the mountains named have been seen by white men in volcanic action. The casting into the bed of the river of that ancient natural bridge we may believe to have had a partial foundation in fact—the fact of an extensive mountain land-slide, occurring during that volcanic action, and being precipitated into the bed of the river. The damming up of the waters above this slide would necessarily follow, and also a rapid or fall at the site of the slide. Some facts in the present state of the river, too, give an air of almost historic record to that wild legend: 1st. The river above the present Cascades is deep, and slow of current. 2d. There are buried forests for miles along both banks, in places where local slides can not be supposed. 3d. There is now a glacier-like, lateral pressure against the railroad at the Cascades, so powerful that the road is continually thrown out of line toward the river, needing frequent re-adjustment. And, 4th. There are many evidences in the surrounding mountains of recent volcanic action there. So there may have been some truth at the foundation of that Indian legend.

Let us return to the geological record. We were to take up the thread of that record at the point where it touched our own—the human. But when do we find the last foot-mark of the human record from which we have agreed to take our start? On the island of Guadaloupe

the last human foot-mark in the dim receding distance of the past, is found imbedded in the solid lime-rock of the sea-shore; in Florida, it is found inclosed in an ancient coral reef so remote from the sea-shore as to have required a long period of growth in the land since it was impressed there; in Switzerland, the remotest traces of human life are lost among the ruins of the wonderful and ancient "Lake Dwellings" of that wonderful country; in Belgium, and England, they are found incased in the stalagmites of ancient cave dwellings; in France, buried among the gravel-beds of the valley of the Somme, in the form of rude stone implements of industry; upon the banks of the Mississippi, buried under cypress forests of untold ages; and in California, where that world-renowned Calaveras skull was found, startling the world with a story of antiquity beyond them all. When we turn from such a list to Oregon's record, and ask, Where does the geological record of this State place the remotest foot-mark of human life? we are constrained to admit that upon this question of human antiquity, Oregon's geology furnishes, as yet, but little light. This may be, in part, owing to the few extensive excavations of public works here. In some instances, too, where fossil bones were found, much care may not have been exercised in search of human remains. In most of the instances of such discovery, however, it was otherwise; for the greatest care and diligence were used to detect the least sign of former human life.

Nothing has yet come to light in the geology of Oregon to show that the record of human life, here, reaches any further back into the past than would be indicated by bones and implements buried a few feet in surface soil. Some pieces of rude sculpture, representing birds, beasts, and men, worked in a soft volcanic tufa, were found some years since, on Seauvie's Island, buried in sur-

face soil, interesting in themselves, as rude works of art—perhaps, intended as idols—but throwing no light on the question of human antiquity. Stone implements are found in abundance along the Columbia River, often several feet below the surface. Some of these are elaborately finished, intended for uses of which living Indians are entirely ignorant; but none of these stone implements, not even the rudest, have ever been found here, across that chasm that separates, as yet, in our geological record, the Human Period from that which is found next beyond—*i. e.*, the Period of the Extinct Elephant.

A deeply interesting portion of the geological record of Oregon occurs imbedded in those sands, clays, and washed gravel-beds, that mark the position and outline of former lakes and streams, whose waters have long since drained off, to return as such no more, leaving the long record of the varied forms of life that once struggled upon their shores or sported in their waters.

In the winter of 1865 a freshet, caused by the sudden melting of snows and a warm rain-storm, occurred throughout central Oregon. So violent were the floods, that in several places, within twenty miles of the Dalles, new ravines were opened through the country, laying bare beds of stratified clay, sands, and washed gravels, twenty to thirty feet below even the beds of the older ravines, extending, in some instances, to over a mile in length, and excavating to a width of a hundred feet or more.

That these excavations would lay open to the light fossil remains, was to be expected. Search was made, and eight elephant tusks were found—of which five were so far decayed, that, on exposure to the air, they crumbled to pieces; the remaining three have been preserved, and are now in good condition, though not entire. One of these—a part of a large tusk—is entire for about

five feet of its length. It measures twenty-four and a half inches in circumference at the larger end, and twenty-two and a quarter inches at the smaller one, and belonged to the middle portion of the tusk. Another one—nearly all of which is preserved, though broken into four pieces—measures about seven feet in length, and is eighteen inches in circumference near the socket. In both these specimens, the ivory structure is finely marked.

Other bones of the elephant were found in these excavations; among them a well preserved hip-bone, the socket of which measures nineteen and a half inches round its rim. Several other bones, of less geological value, yet making in all a handsome collection, were thus obtained. Four well preserved teeth of the elephant were also found in these excavations. In the same beds were found other bones than those of the elephant. One of these is worth mentioning: part of the skull of an extinct member of the *Bos* family—perhaps the *Bos Latifrons*; for a line drawn across the bony forehead measures eighteen inches, which is a trifle more than that of the largest of that species in the British Museum. A radius of an elk, entire when found, yet so fragile that it is now broken, was also discovered, with other bones—making the opening of a chapter of Oregon's early history, unlooked for in this region, yet not unappreciated.

As yet, no trace of human bones or implements has been found in these excavations: a negative statement, it is true, that amounts to but little as an argument against the existence, during the Elephant Period, of human beings on these shores. And yet, for a negative argument, it amounts to more than would appear in its first statement; for the vicinity was certainly a pleasant one for human habitations. The waters that covered these bones with sand and grav-

el, stood two or three hundred feet above the present level of the Columbia River, and retained that level for a long time. A broad, beautiful lake extended, westward and northward, over the present city of The Dalles; and making the sheltered indentations among the low line of hills to the eastward, a pleasant shore to inhabit. Into these indentations, mountain streams washed the sediment that now covers the bones we find.

The objection to the force of these remarks, that those ravines are too narrow to lay bare but a very small part of the record, finds in a knowledge of the locality itself an answer; for these were ravines of ravines, into which the whole surface drained, and toward which all things movable by flood or wind tended. A careful search for some trace of human life in these excavations, resulted in no discovery that would associate man with these early inhabitants of the lake shores of the interior of Oregon.

Three years ago some men attempted to dig a well, fifteen miles from the Snake branch of the Columbia. They reached a depth of sixty-eight feet without finding water, and at this depth found, among washed gravel, a somewhat water-worn fragment of a bone. On examination, it proved to be the lower end of the radius of a horse. What a record comes to the light with this fragment of a bone! Sixty-eight feet from the surface, in a country nearly level for thirty miles or more. Sixty-eight feet of washed gravel, and kindred materials, showing a continued deposit of a body of fresh water that could result from no other cause than a lake extension of the Snake River, at a much higher level than its present one. Sixty-eight feet of this filling in and extending for miles—thirty miles in one direction, and not less than this in others. This is surely an extended record of the past; and suspended—wonderfully, yet reliably—upon a small fragment of a

bone: for bone it certainly is, and horse it as certainly was. Other localities than those named have contributed their share of facts in this wonderful record. A large tusk was found in Polk County—a fine specimen of part of the lower jaw, with its two teeth broken; yet all these, and plainly elephantine, were dug from a mill-race at Dayton. Three teeth of the same kind were dug from a mill-race on the Callapooya, near Albany; another, from Oak Creek, near the same place. Several fine teeth were dug from a mining claim in Canyon City, one of which—a large one and well preserved—is now in safe hands. The materials for the history of the Elephant Period are abundant in Oregon, with an almost certainty of large increase in future excavations.

Other animals than those named will doubtless yet be found represented in those clays, and sands, and washed gravels, with the remains of the extinct elephant; yet, those already discovered make an interesting group. A few specimens of the woods of that period were also brought to light, among them some well preserved pieces of birch-wood and a few cones of the larch.

The connecting link between our modern Human Period and that of the Extinct Elephant, as before stated, is not yet found in Oregon. In other countries, this has been found; for the teeth of the elephant, and the implements of stone, that speak of human industry, have been found together in the same deposit; and therefore the Elephant Period was at once introduced in our sketch, after the Human Period, without questioning whether we had not thus dropped the promised thread of our record. The connection between the Elephant Period and that next beyond, or older, is not so plain; for that older record was closed in violence—in great outflow of volcanic floods, and other kindred disturbing forces of the earth.

Animal remains in Oregon, older than those of the extinct elephant, are no longer found in clays, sands, and gravels, but in the argillaceous rocks, sandstones, and conglomerates into which those were changed—bony remains still, and truly, yet no longer bone, but rock. In these rocks we find opening to us the more recent chapters in the records of Oregon's Tertiary rocks—records full of interest and beauty. In the period of which these last tell us, the great interior of the country east of the Cascade Mountains was interspersed with vast bodies of fresh water, filled with life and herb and tree, of insect and beast and bird; and the remains of these are preserved with marvelous truth and beauty, making the fragments of rock that contain them, often, gems of their kind—mute and blind, yet truthful historians of an age long, long since passed away.

If the question be asked, Why are the fossil remains of the Elephant Period in loose sands and clays, while the remains of the next period beyond are found in like beds, but changed into sandstones and argillaceous rock?—and we look around carefully for an answer to this question, we shall find that the facts that now separate the one period from the other speak plainly of a time of the escape of great heat and heated vapors, loaded with mineral substances from the interior of the earth, and also of vast and frequent and continued volcanic overflows. How long that period of violence lasted, and how extensively it destroyed old things and built up new, are questions to be answered through future research. That during that period all life was cut off from the earth, or even from this continent, is not to be believed; for, while it was a time of violent change and disturbance along the lines of our two principal ranges of mountains, a time of comparative quiet may have existed on the other slope of

the continent, and life of plant and animal may have gone on in their accustomed round of growth and death. But here, in what is now Oregon, a broad and deep chasm in the history of life was brought upon the lands and upon the waters, separating the life-record on this side, which we have designated as that of the Extinct Elephant Period, from that which existed beyond.

We have thus briefly skimmed over the surface geology of Oregon, treating our subject under the two divisions of, first, the Human Period, and second, the Period of the Extinct Elephant. Briefly as the subject is sketched, it covers the records of a length of time difficult to realize; and yet our inquiries have only reached the threshold of the subject.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack," or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some infelicitous slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name, in that day, rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title: That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct indi-

viduality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the

Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But, to every body's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys, who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting, were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler—he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your wappings might get you into trouble in Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fash-

ion as his prototype—the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man, on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the *chaparral*-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated, resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office, stood out staringly bright; and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some

extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable, but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which

his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and, after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you any thing to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'int in that young man—thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to—as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you—confidential-like, and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know any thing in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential-like, as between man and man—what should a man know of his pardner?"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say any thing agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger,

and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you—bein' a far-minded man—and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily, "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it's about all my pile—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offense could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand,

played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have any thing to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say any thing, how perfect were the arrangements of the Committee, were all duly reported—with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers—in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite Serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone,

as cheerily as before; and possibly, the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart, halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant, the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the Committee." He didn't wish to "hurry any thing;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l—they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar; perhaps it was from something even better than that: but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with

"Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart; some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road, or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folsinsbee, who had, at the outset, played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon—by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in the red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating, in the ferns by the road-side, as the *cortège* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it, we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent at-

tempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the inclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance, with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time—why"—he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'll's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation, gradually withdrew.

As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well meant kindnesses. But from that day, his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying: "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart;" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now—steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way, too—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

THE CRUISE OF THE "MONADNOCK."

NO. III.

WHILE we were lying in the harbor of Montevideo, a boat came off to the *Vanderbilt*, one morning, bringing a well-dressed, good-looking young fellow, who, with an unmistakably German accent, announced himself to the officer of the deck as an American citizen, and inquired if there was a Chaplain on board. He was told that no Chaplain was officially connected with the squadron; but that a clergyman from the United States, at the request of the Commodore and other officers, frequently held religious services on board; while in port, however, he was generally ashore; and the man was directed to one of the hotels in town, where he could be found. Returning immediately, he sought the Dominie's address, and made known his wish to be married on one of the American ships. He said he was of German birth, but, on reaching manhood, had come to the United States, and there been naturalized—the evidence of which he presented in his certificate and passport; thence he had come to South America, and was now doing business in Montevideo. In religion, he was a Protestant. His *fiancée*, however, was a Roman Catholic, and by the laws of the country their marriage, to be valid, must be solemnized by a priest of that Church; and he must either renounce his religion, or obtain, at considerable cost, a dispensation from the Pope. In this dilemma, he had sought the American Consul, and learned from him that the Government was bound to recognize the validity of marriages legally solemnized in other countries; and that, as an

American citizen, he could be married with the like effect on board of an American vessel in port, according to the usages of his adopted country. He had been waiting, he said, a year or more for such an opportunity, and was now most anxious to avail himself of the presence of our squadron, and of the services of its Chaplain. The latter were cheerfully promised; and it was soon known among the officers that we were to have a wedding on board the *Vanderbilt*. An occasion so novel was not to pass without a bit of a frolic. Some of the *Monadnock's* officers, thinking to give piquancy to the affair, urged upon the Chaplain the choice of their ship for the ceremony; and it was accordingly arranged that the couple should be made happy under the huge guns of the Monitor. The next morning, a sail-boat, containing the bridal party, with a proper escort of officers, was seen approaching the *Monadnock*. The wind was blowing a gale, very much to the discomfort of the groom, whose "full dress" was not much improved by an occasional dash of salt water. The bride—a very pretty Italiane, carefully enveloped in an officer's cloak—was as smiling as a May morning; and though the boat came alongside the ship, at no little risk to her safety, and looks of alarm were exchanged by her companions, her own radiant face gave the assurance, once given in the like fear before: "*You carry the bride.*" The ceremony soon followed in the cabin; the substance of it being translated for the bride, who understood nothing of English. The groom, having won an heiress, and him-

self being well to do in the world, accompanied the service with suitable presents to the Captain, the First-Lieutenant, and the Chaplain. The entertainment that followed was worthy of the occasion. Bumpers of champagne were swallowed to the health of the bridegroom, the Stars and Stripes, etc.; the groom, in one of his responses, declaring that the first child, whether boy or girl, should be christened "Monadnock."

We sailed from Montevideo on the 25th of January, 1866; and after a pleasant passage of eight days, came to anchor on the Patagonian shore, off Cape Virgin. There we remained a day or two, waiting for a favorable wind and tide to enter the Straits of Magellan. The weather in this region is generally rough and stormy, making the passage through the Straits very difficult to sailing vessels. The Commodore, however, had so timed the departure of the squadron that we should reach this part of the cruise at the least trying season in the year, and, by the aid of steam, make the Pacific side without delay. In this we were singularly fortunate. We encountered, neither on the coast of Patagonia nor in the Straits, those violent tempests in which the accounts of this region abound; and we could hardly recognize, for this reason, the various localities described by Captain (afterward Admiral) Fitzroy and Captain King, of the British Navy, who cruised in these waters many years ago—the latter of whom lost his reason and his life through excessive care and hardship. Thanks to their labors, the amended charts now in use have made the navigation of them comparatively safe. It was thought prudent, however, by the Commodore, to proceed through the Straits leisurely, coming to anchor each night in some sheltered place. The first anchorage was in Possession Bay, which we made on the 4th of February. The

reader will bear in mind, by the way, that the winters in the north are the summers here. The next day we proceeded as far as Gregory Bay, meeting no bad weather, and witnessing nothing very remarkable. We had, as yet, been able to see no more of the land than we could distinguish from the ship. It had very much the appearance of prairie land in the West, late in the fall. No mountains were in sight, and no trees; but everywhere, long stretches of undulating plain, covered with coarse, withered grass. The sky was generally veiled with clouds, driven rapidly along by cold winds—the temperature being about that of November in the Middle States, and Nature, on all sides, wearing a cheerless and forbidding aspect. At Gregory Bay, however, we anchored under the lee of some bluffs, and the next morning were gladdened by a clear sky, and a tolerably warm sun. Here we gladly improved the opportunity to go ashore, and examine the country; not forgetting the Commodore's injunction to go armed, partly in the hope of finding something to shoot, and partly that the natives, who were represented as cannibals, might not make game of us. We had no occasion, however, to use them for either purpose. We found the land very much as it had appeared from the ship. Ascending the bluff, except a range of hills, a few miles distant, we saw nothing but a slightly rolling tract of prairie. Glad to escape the confinement of the ship, we ran over this like boys out of school, separating at length into little parties in pursuit of the *guanacos*—a species of llama, of which we had seen, here and there, a few along the shore. The day seemed likely to pass without incident, save the simple fact of our first landing, in the Straits, on the shores of Patagonia. Toward night, however, while strolling about the beach, I learned from one of the men that some of the natives had been seen, and that a number of the

officers had gone out to meet them. I ran immediately up the hill, and saw, a little way off, three or four on horseback, galloping toward me like mad, with a crowd of officers and men in pursuit. They soon reached the beach, and there halting, we had our first sight of a Patagonian. In this, we were very pleasantly disappointed. The gigantic stature and forbidding visage, which many travelers have recorded, and which make up the description of our older school-books, are a fable. Their average height is not greater than that of the North American Indians, to whom, also, in form and feature, they bear a very close resemblance. The tallest of the party measured about six feet. He was handsomely and powerfully made, with rather a pleasant expression of countenance. He could say a few words of English, picked up from a chance interview, now and then, with sailors—the most noticeable of which were "rum" and "bread." Pointing to the ships and one of the boats near by, he expressed a desire to go on board—in the hope, no doubt, of regaling himself with those delicacies. The Commodore gratified his wish, by taking the party off to the *Vanderbilt*, whence they soon returned, with a bushel or two of hard-tack, and, happily, none the worse for the entertainment on board. The spokesman, who seemed to receive from his companions the respect due to a chief, was amusingly jealous of his dignity. Observing that the officers were borne on the backs of the sailors, through a little shoal, to the boats, he, too, insisted on keeping his own feet dry, and would not stir until the Commodore directed one of the men to carry him. Their only clothing was a *guanaco* robe, which was wrapped about the body, and strapped or tied around the waist; leaving their bare arms free, with leggings and rude moccasins of the same material. Their hair hung long behind, with a tuft on the crown, and shortened

near the forehead. Each one carried a long, sharp knife, and what in South America is called a *bolas*, made of two round stones about the size of a hen's egg, covered with leather, and united by a thong of hide some eight or ten feet in length. This they cast toward the legs of their prey, entangling and throwing the animal, and then riding up immediately and dispatching him with their knives. We observed the carcasses of an ostrich and a fox, just killed, tied upon the backs of their horses. They had, also, a number of *guanaco* skins, which they had brought down to barter for the commodities above-named. The fur of these is soft and fine, making very beautiful sleigh-robos, which, in New York, command a very high price.

Toward nightfall they left us, evidently pleased with the attention and kind treatment they had met, and promising to come again the next morning, with a large number of their people, who were then encamped a short distance away. They were as good as their word; for soon after sunrise the beach was swarming with men, women, and children—all eager to see the wonders, and share the bounty, described by their companions. We were compelled, however, to disappoint them—the order being given to weigh anchor, and none going ashore to meet them but the Commodore, with a small escort of officers. Unhappily, our next sight of them was only to repeat the old story of what rum does for the "poor Indian" everywhere. This was at Sandy Point, our next anchorage in the Straits, where a number were still lingering from a large encampment of several hundred, broken up a short time before our arrival. They were all beastly drunk, except one of them—a woman, with a little child some two or three years of age—and she was half wild with drink and trouble. I feared for the lives of both, from the violence of a drunken brute who appeared to be

the husband. But somehow the mother succeeded in mounting a horse, and rode away, with the little fellow in her arms. He was a handsome child, with chubby cheeks and bright, black eyes, and seemed quite undisturbed by the wild scene about him. The reader must not infer that the rum which produced this scene had been furnished by our own squadron. The natives had procured it from some of the Chileno traders at Sandy Point, in exchange for their furs.

The identity of the Patagonians in race with the Indians of North America, as indeed with all the aborigines of the continent, can hardly be doubted. One observes among them all the same high cheek-bones, the same breadth of jaw, and the same general cast of features. Climate, food, and occupation will account for all the variations among them. These are nowhere greater than between the "horse Indians," as they are called, on the main-land of Patagonia, and the "canoe Indians," on the island of Tierra del Fuego. The latter, of whom we saw a few, are of the lowest type of humanity—inferior, if possible, to the Diggers of California. Stunted in growth, their necks sunk into their chests, and their legs shriveled and spindling, they present the most decided contrast to the natives on the opposite shores of the Straits. Yet the differing habits of life will explain the unlikeness. The latter live on horseback, subsist by the chase, and are comfortably clad in furs. The former live in their canoes, with mussels and other inferior kinds of fish for their only food, and often with neither rags nor skins to cover their nakedness. The islanders, too, are isolated—each family building its hut, and lighting its fire, on the lonely shore, by itself and for itself. Their neighbors opposite, in larger numbers, find something of a community of interest, and therefore the need and the advantage of social order and discipline. A few generations only would need to

come and go, to produce all the diversity now witnessed; and yet one can easily trace in the features of these islanders their descent from the people on the main-land.*

A painful incident added very much to the sympathy with these poor creatures, which their forlorn condition naturally awakened. A chance-shot from the gun of one of the sailors, who was shooting ducks, struck a little child in the canoe of a native, as he was paddling from the shore to one of the ships. The wound was a dangerous one, though not mortal under proper treatment, and caused the little one great suffering. The man paddled up to the sides of the *Vanderbilt*, and the distressed mother held her poor child up to show the officers the injury it had received. Of course they were taken on board, and the wound dressed by the surgeon. But beyond this, nothing could be done. Of the probable pain and sickness of the child that followed, in their miserable and destitute condition, we could only indulge in sympathetic conjecture.

We remained at Sandy Point several days. It was formerly a penal settlement of Chile; but, a few years since, the convicts overpowered their keepers, and escaped. Since then it has been maintained as a military post, with a garrison of about a hundred men. These, with the officers and their families, form a population of something less than two hundred. No attempt at fortification is made—a fact that speaks well for the disposition of the natives, who could easily, with their superior numbers, assault and destroy the garrison. They are well treated, however; and they have the wit to see that so long as this continues, it is their interest to be

* The reader will be interested in some of the "speculations" of the Duke of Argyll upon the primitive condition of the human race, illustrated by facts narrated of the Fuegians by Darwin, the English Naturalist. *Vide* No. IV: "His Primitive Condition."

on good terms with their neighbors. The Chileno settlement is a neat little hamlet, with small, but tolerably comfortable houses of wood; that of the *Commandante* being quite a respectable mansion, with some pretensions to ornamental shrubbery around it—all the prettier and more interesting to us because of its incongruity with our former thoughts of Patagonia. There is also a neat little chapel, alongside of which lives the *Padre*, whom we found a pleasant-looking person, very polite and kindly disposed. After a little conversation with our own Dominie—introduced to him as a Protestant *Padre*—he embraced him very cordially, seeming not at all reluctant to acknowledge him as a brother. From what we heard afterward, however, of the little man, the relationship was not one to boast of. An English-speaking Russian, who lived in the settlement, told one of our officers that the cock-fight which often followed the Sunday service was not unfrequently attended by the *Padre*, himself acting as umpire, and sometimes betting with the rest. He added that it was generally safe to stake money on his side, as it was very apt to be the winning side. The story—no doubt for the most part a slander, for there could have been no better way of breaking up the amusement—did not efface the impression which the *Padre's* good countenance and kind manners left upon me. Doubtless his religious teachings, without raising very much the standard of morality about him, were adapted to the customs and usages of the community. And, on the whole, his people were probably not worse, but better, through his influence.

Attached to each house was a little garden, containing about an eighth of an acre. The vegetation in these was strong and luxuriant. Green peas, potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, etc., were produced, they told us, in abundance. Patches of wheat and barley promised,

in appearance, an excellent crop. The summer was too short, however, to bring them to maturity, and they were cut for the horses soon after heading. Cherry-trees and pear-trees grew thriftily, but yielded no fruit. The cattle and horses were in good condition, finding excellent pasturage in summer, and in winter good browsing in the forests. In these the trees grew to great size. We saw live-oaks from six to eight feet in diameter, some of them a hundred feet or more in height. The woods were filled with wild flowers; the fuchsia—in the Eastern States a delicate and carefully nurtured plant—here growing wild in the greatest luxuriance: plainly showing—that we learned otherwise—that the winters here, though more protracted, are much less severe than there. The summers, too, in this region are short, and the heat never intense. Though February corresponds to the northern August, snow was visible on all of the mountains about, at a height of not more than fifteen hundred feet. It should be remarked that around Sandy Point the face of the country was diversified with mountain, plain, and forest, presenting an aspect much more agreeable than any we had yet beheld in the Straits. In a clear morning, the solitary peak of Mount Sarmiento was seen glittering in the sun-light, near a hundred miles away to the south-west—the first snow-clad mountain of any great height that we had seen, and interesting, besides, from the name it has received of the great Portuguese navigator, who was among the first to explore these regions.

While at Sandy Point, we were told of a coal mine, some eight or ten miles from the coast, which the *Commodore* and several other officers expressing a desire to visit, the *Commandante* furnished them with guides and horses for the purpose. Making an early start, we reached the place before noon, our course lying through a dense forest, and

along the bed of a mountain stream. The weather was fine, very like a Northern May-day; and as the party was well made up, the horses of the best, and ample provision made in the way of creature comforts, the excursion was altogether one to be enjoyed. Let the reader imagine a picnic—for such we made it—in Patagonia! the cavalcade winding through the forest, or fording the stream; the Chilenos, with their bright, scarlet riding cloaks, and the officers in the neat, close-fitting uniform of American blue; and then the feast and merry-making that followed, until very little time was left for *prospecting*. Business, however, was not forgotten. All along the bed of the stream we had observed small fragments of bituminous coal, and more than once had noticed signs of it in the banks by its side. At our stopping-place a stratum of it, several feet in thickness, was visible, and the guides told us of other beds still finer a few miles beyond. Not having brought the tools, however, for a very thorough examination, we contented ourselves with a survey, as we could best make it, at this point. From this, the evidence of good coal was decided enough to determine the Commodore in arranging another more effective expedition the following day. In this the Chief Engineer of the *Vanderbilt*, with several picked men, and the necessary tools and bags, were included. An excavation of several feet was made into the bed, and a considerable quantity of the coal brought away for trial. The Engineer pronounced it good, and believed it would be found still better, the farther the bed was penetrated. It was amusing to observe how the characteristic spirit of Yankee enterprise and speculation was set to work by the report of what was found. The project was at once conceived and seriously discussed throughout the squadron, of forming a company with sufficient capital to procure a grant

of the mines from the Chilean Government—which lays claim to Patagonia—and work them on such a scale as to monopolize the trade in all the ports of South America. Besides this, a fleet of steam launches should be built, procuring cheap supplies of coal here, to take in tow through the Straits all the sailing-ships that now double Cape Horn. Of course, the profits of such an enterprise would be enormous; and the New York and San Francisco capitalists would be glad enough to take the stock, while naval officers of ability would not be wanting to exchange their commissions for an active interest in the concern. I need hardly say that the bubble burst before any body was hurt by the glitter of it. But many a fortune has been lost in speculations more foolish. No doubt the time will soon come when some similar project will become a reality, and the mines we visited be worked with profit.

From Sandy Point onward, the grand scenery of the Straits opened before us. The hills were covered with rich masses of verdure. On all sides the mountains—now fronted with plains, and then rising abruptly from the water's edge—lifted their white crests to the sky. The wild grandeur of the scene seemed to culminate as we rounded Cape Forward, the southernmost point of the main-land, where "the backbone of the continent" has been broken in one of Nature's convulsions, and the two oceans have embraced each other over the ruin. Traces of this ancient war of the elements may be found the world over; but in few places are its ravages, and the signs of its continued violence, more interesting than here. Immense glaciers, numbers of which we saw, are still rasping the mountain-sides, and adding breadth to the valleys beneath. Some of them, in the distance, under the heightening power of the imagination, were like mighty cataracts, as if Niagara were

pouring down its blue waters from the clouds.

On the western coast of Patagonia, coming to anchor in the Bay of San Estevan, we were fortunate enough to have a sight of the three glaciers briefly described by Darwin, the English Naturalist, who accompanied Captain Fitzroy thither, some years ago, in H. B. M. ship, the *Beagle*. He speaks of them as the largest in the world, except one in Greenland; though, from the very meagre account he gives, it is probable that the fogs and tempests, which he describes as incessant, rendered any more than a partial and interrupted view of them possible. It happened to us in the *Vanderbilt* to approach them on one of the exceptional days of the year, under an almost cloudless sky. To paint the beauty and magnificence of the scene that gradually opened before us, would baffle the art of one much more skilled than the writer. I was called on deck by the officer in charge, about mid-day, to see the mountains that had just come in sight. Two cloud-like peaks were faintly visible to the northward, which one could hardly believe were mountains, so great was their height above the horizon and the darker cloud-masses beneath. The glass, however, left no doubt of what they were. As we drew near them, hour by hour, their outlines and surface came out more distinctly. Gradually the clouds rolled away, revealing other summits still loftier, until, at length, a magnificent range of mountains, covered with snow, and fronted with thickly-wooded hills, was before us. Presently, in an opening of these hills, we noticed a small, triangular-shaped space, perfectly white, with a

point touching the water. As we drew near, this slowly enlarged, changing at the same time its shape, until we could distinguish it as a river of snow and ice, pouring down from the mountains beyond. Very soon, another similar space appeared, some distance to the left; and then a third, of greater dimensions, in the centre—both of which opened gradually to view, like the first. Here, then, as we came to anchor, toward the close of a beautifully clear day, were these three immense glaciers directly before us, each several miles in width—the mountains towering loftily above and beyond, and the still waters of the bay edged all around with foliage, whose rich dark-green faded into purple in the distance. Let the reader picture to himself the scene, as the sun was calmly sinking into its watery bed behind, its light being reflected by the snow as by burnished silver, and its last rays tinging the mountain-tops with gold.

But Nature is chary of her most beautiful gifts in these regions. It was by extraordinary favor that we were allowed to approach, in a day so clear and still, a spot but rarely visited, and to gaze upon a scene closely veiled, through most of the year, by mist and storm. The next day the sky was overcast, and the clouds gathered around the mountains. Nor was the view upon which our eyes had feasted the day before, restored during the week that we lay at anchor in the bay. Thank God, the memory of what we saw remains. The sight of all outward things must soon pass away; but the images of beauty and of glory which the mind has once received it may retain, if it will, forever.

BALLAD TO THE KING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

At Wurzburg, by the minster, there sleeps a singer well;
His harp was skilled in lyrics that martial prowess tell;

His songs of flowers echoed from Danube to the Rhine:
He sang of Love and Wooing, his ninety years and nine,

Of Liberty and Justice, of Kaiser and of Crown,
And how the German honor none equaled in renown.

His spirit hovers near me, and every German woe
I carry to Herr Walter, who hears my plaining low.

But when, yestreen at gloaming, I wandered to his grave,
I said, "Aha, Herr Walter! this day our land will save.

Hear ye the bells' loud pealing, see ye the banners gay?
Hear ye the Main, the ancient, how loud he laughs to-day?

See ye the hill-tops gleaming with many a flaming brand?
The young King of Bavaria is riding through his land."

Then spake Herr Walter, softly: "I see, but yet am sad.
His eye beams only kindness, his people's heart is glad;

But there come olden memories, when others ruled the main;
Would ye your King petition, bate not the ancient gain.

We bade him cordial welcome, and festal offerings paid,
But loyally before him the truth in candor laid.

We said to him, 'O King, the land is sore oppressed,
For many things are ordered against thy good behest.

The festal wreaths withhold thy eyes from many a shaken wall,
But when the future storm comes, who knows if it may fall?

Then search and sift, we pray thee, and help us with thy might,
That when the house is beat upon it fall not in the night.'

Thus speak before your ruler, and quail not in your heart:
Of the homage which ye owe him truth is the noblest part."

THE NORTH-WEST.

ALL that vast tract of country in North America which is bounded eastward by the river Ohio and the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, northward by the Canadas, westward by the Lake of the Woods and the Mississippi, and southward by the junction of that river and the Ohio, is known as THE NORTH-WEST. It stretches from the latitude of 37° to 49° north. Its longitude is from $80^{\circ} 34'$ to $103^{\circ} 32'$ west of Greenwich, and its area equals that of Great Britain and Prussia, embracing the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and that portion of Minnesota which lies east of that "Father of Waters" who laves his head in the lake of Itasca, and bathes his feet in the Gulf of Mexico. Its length is nearly two thousand miles, its average breadth six hundred, and it contains an area of 261,681 square miles. No wonder that Washington called it "that Western world," or that William Penn should have predicted that "it will make a glorious country."

The history of the North-west exhibits three distinct epochs: the Romantic, the Military, and the Practical. The first period extends from the middle of the seventeenth century to the year 1759, when the heroic Wolfe, on the Plains of Abraham, transferred its dominion from France to Great Britain. The second commences with the Pontiac War, extending through successive struggles of the British, the Indians, and the Americans, to obtain possession of the country. The third period dates from the conciliation of the Indian tribes, in 1815, to our own day—the enterprising, working, and commercial era—the age of agriculture, of mechanics, of manufact-

ures, of ships, steamers, canals, and—most important of all in the development of the North-west—the age of railroads. In the middle of the eighteenth century there were only five European settlements, containing a few hundred inhabitants, in this vast territory: its present population is eight millions. Illinois alone contributed to the Union armies, during the late war, nearly three hundred thousand fighting men. Pope—could he behold the North-west of 1869—would take back his words—

"A thousand years scarce serve to make a state;"

and good old Bishop Berkeley would willingly concede as a fact, that which alone existed in the imagination of the poet, when he exclaimed—

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Let us glance at the early history of the North-west, which is now in the very heart of the Republic.

Five thousand eight hundred and seventy years ago, a continent was created for some high and holy purpose. For a reason known to its Creator alone, the civilized world remained in ignorance of its existence for five thousand four hundred and ninety years. On Friday, October 14, 1492, its *outposts* were discovered by Columbus, and in the spring of the following year the news of the great event burst upon the astonished ears of Europe. England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Spain started in a race for the magnificent prize of supremacy in America. Each made discoveries in, and claimed title to the new world. To France belongs the honor of first exploring and settling that portion of the new world known as the North-west. Her hardy mariners, her courageous

coureurs des bois, her plumed cavaliers, and her faithful and fearless missionaries first penetrated into the unknown and distant land, and on the shores of those mighty rivers and great inland oceans raised the Cross, and unfurled the *fleur de lis* of France.

In the year 1535, Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo—that ancient town thrust out like a buttress into the sea, strange and grim of aspect, breathing war from its wall and battlements of ragged stone—discovered and explored the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and was the first Frenchman to point out to his Government the vast inland seas that roll their mighty waters through its channel to the ocean. In 1608, Samuel de Champlain, of Bruage, a marine officer “who delighted marvelously in adventures”—a true hero of the chivalrous medieval type—established a French colony at Quebec, and seven years later pushed his discoveries westward to Lake Huron. In 1634, two Jesuit missionaries reached the Sault Ste. Marie, and set forth the claims of the Cross to the wondering Red Men, who gazed for the first time, with mingled awe and admiration, upon the “pale faces.” Twenty years later, two Canadian fur-traders extended their commerce to Lakes Superior and Michigan, and soon after penetrated as far as Green Bay, in Wisconsin. In 1664, Claude Jean Allouez, the first successful missionary among the Indians of the North-west, visited Lake Superior, establishing missions there, and also at the Sault Ste. Marie. Here Allouez remained for two years, ministering to the spiritual wants of the dusky children of the wilderness, lighting the Catholic torch at the council-fires of more than twenty tribes, and counseling with them, also, in temporal affairs.

Among the various Indian nations who sought for the friendship of the French missionary, were the Pottawatomies and Miamis, who came from the unexplored

regions of Lake Michigan and the Illinois, from the interior of the great State which receives its name from that tribe, bringing with them glowing accounts of the boundless prairies, of which Allouez says: “Their country is the best field for the Gospel. Had I leisure, I would have gone to their dwellings, to see with my own eyes all the good was told me of them.” Here, too, came the Sioux, from the south-west of Lake Superior, from whom Allouez learned the existence of the “Father of Waters”—the name of which they gave as the “Mech-aspé.” To this enterprising and pious priest belongs the credit of giving the impetus to the discoveries and settlements which carried the *fleur de lis* of France from the shores of Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico.

A few years later, Jean Marquette, better known as Père Marquette, a devoted and pious missionary, with a company of natives, entered an Indian village on the north side of the Straits of Michilimackinac. During the year that he was planting his colony and erecting a chapel on Iroquois Point, which he designated St. Ignace, he resided on the island of Mackinac. Other portions of the country were explored, and colonies and missions established, by Allouez, Dablon, and their associates, at Maintin Islands, at Green Bay, at the mouth of the Fox River, on Lake Winnebago, at Milwaukee, and at various other points adjacent to the Great Lakes—missions established in the very centre of barbarism, which are allowed to have realized the sublime ideas of Plato, Fénelon, and Sir Thomas More. In 1670, Nicholas Perrot, an experienced traveler, was dispatched by M. Talon, the *Intendante* of Nouvelle France, as Canada was then called, to the north-western tribes, for the purpose of inducing them to hold a meeting at some convenient place, with a view to discussing the rights of the French Crown. This fearless adven-

turer penetrated among those nations dwelling near the great inland seas, and was successful in persuading them all to send deputies to the Sault Ste. Marie. The Sieur de St. Lussan met the assembled chiefs in May, 1671, and Allouez, acting as interpreter, induced them to acknowledge the sovereignty of his King; and, with ceremonies impressive and appropriate to the savage mind, took formal possession of the North-west. A cross, bearing the name of France, was erected on a hill above the village, and while being raised, the *Vexilla* was chanted by the assembled Frenchmen, to the great and inexpressible delight of the assembled savages.

M. Talon, the *Intendante*, was at this time recalled; but, before he departed, he planned a scheme of exploration more extensive than any which had yet been undertaken in New France. From the information derived by Allouez, and from the traditions current among the tribes assembled at the Sault Ste. Marie, it was believed that to the south-west of Canada there flowed a vast river, called the Mechasépé, or Mississippi, whose course was neither toward the Great Lakes of the North, nor the Atlantic, to the East. It was, therefore, surmised that the unknown flood must pour its waters either into the Pacific Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico. The wise M. Talon was so much impressed with the importance to France of possessing a channel of navigation to the waters of the South and West, that, upon his departure from America, he made arrangements to have the course of the unknown and mysterious stream explored. He intrusted the arduous and dangerous duty to Louis Joliet, an adventurous and able merchant, a native of Quebec. The Comte de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, gave his aid and countenance to the expedition; and in the meantime himself extended the line of French settlements to the shores of Lake Ontario—building

there the fort which bore his name—and opened communication with the numerous tribes westward of the Alleghany Mountains.

In the year 1672, while Marquette was engaged in delivering the word of redemption to the Indians, and while they reverently listened to the matins and vespers which were daily chanted in his chapel at Point St. Ignace, Joliet arrived at Mackinac, bearing a commission from Frontenac, empowering him to select Marquette as a companion and enter upon a voyage of discovery. The winter was spent in making preparations for their journey, the specific object of which was the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi. To this end Joliet and Marquette endeavored to obtain all the information possible respecting the unknown stream, from the most noted *coureurs des bois*; and from the information thus acquired a map of the Mississippi was made, including its course and direction, and all the streams known to empty into it.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in May, 1673, that Joliet, accompanied by Marquette and six Frenchmen, as companions, left Mackinac, in two frail canoes, on their expedition, unappalled by the great and terrible dangers which the Indians represented would beset their path, and directed their course toward Green Bay. On the 7th of June the *voyageurs* reached the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, at the mouth of the Fox River, where delegations of the Winnebagoes, Pottawatomes, and Miamis received Joliet and his associates. "My companion," said Marquette, "is an envoy of France to discover new countries, and I am ambassador from God to enlighten them with the Gospel." Joliet presented them with various gifts, and requested two guides to accompany the expedition to one of the tributaries of the great river of which they were in search. The request was granted, and

a mat, to serve as a couch for the voyage, was given in return for his presents.

On the 10th of June, after uniting in prayer with the tawny savages on the banks of the river, the party, accompanied by two warriors of the Miamis—the most civilized and intelligent of the native tribes with whom they had met—launched their canoes, and started on their voyage of discovery. Proceeding up the Fox River—so broad at its entrance into the lake, but gradually narrowing and divided by marshes into a labyrinth of channels—they found the wild oats growing so thickly in the river that they seemed to be passing through fields of corn. When the party reached the rapids, they were obliged to wade up the streams, drawing their canoes after them. Having at length reached the portage of a mile and a half, where a narrow ridge of land divides the rivers that flow—one to the north-east, the other to the south-west—they launched their canoes on the waters of the Wisconsin. Here the guides departed—“leaving us,” says Marquette, “in the hands of Providence,” to find a way into the solitudes of an unknown world. Sailing down the stream, where they no longer had to breast a strong current, as the Wisconsin River flows to the west, they passed along, amid alternate hills and prairies—past lofty forests and flowery fields—daily observing deer and herds of buffaloes, of which latter Marquette counted upward of four hundred in a single flock, they at length reached the “Father of Waters” on the morning of the 20th of June, 1673, which they entered “with a joy that can not be expressed.” Floating with the rapid current down the Mississippi, Joliet and his companions continued on their journey through verdant and majestic solitudes, with illimitable prairies and island groves, where no sign of human life appeared, until, having sailed a distance of about two hundred miles, they were

gladdened by the sight of foot-prints on the sandy beach of the western shore. Joliet and Marquette thereupon unhesitatingly landed, and following the well worn trail for some six miles, came upon two Indian villages, situated upon the banks of the Des Moines River, in Iowa, which proved to be those of the “Pewaries” and the “Moing-wenas.” Several Indians advanced to meet them, bearing the pipe of peace, brilliant with many-colored plumes, and said, in answer to Marquette’s salutation, “We are *Illinois*,” which means, in their tongue, “we are men,” and is designed to express their superiority over other tribes. An aged chief received them in his cabin, and, with uplifted hands, said, “How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when you come to visit us! Our whole village awaits you. You shall enter in peace all our dwellings.”

After a sojourn of several days, during which Marquette communicated to them knowledge of the one true God, and of the King of France, and his great captain, Frontenac, and had gleaned, carefully, all the information respecting the Mississippi and the natives that inhabited its banks, they were attended to their canoes by hundreds of the warriors and their principal chief, who, before they re-embarked, hung around Marquette’s neck the pipe of peace, embellished with the heads and necks of brilliant birds, and all feathered over with plumage of various hues—the mysterious arbiter of peace and war, the sacred Calumet, a safeguard among the nations.

The French adventurers proceeded on their voyage down the Mississippi, observing the towering rocks at Alton, and past the Missouri, known to them by its Indian name of “Pekitanoni,” which Marquette resolved, in his mind, to one day ascend to its source, and, crossing the vast continent, to carry the Cross to all the nations of the New World. Journeying on, they passed

the Ohio, whose banks were dotted with the villages of the peaceful Shawnees, who ran to meet them when they landed, and entertained the explorers with hominy and fish and game, and proceeded as far south as the Arkansas, where they met with hostile tribes, carrying guns, and speaking a language unknown to them or their interpreter. Having ascertained that the Mississippi neither flowed into the Pacific, as they had fondly hoped, nor into the Atlantic Ocean east of Florida, and fearing that, by venturing farther, they might fall into the hands of the Spaniards, thus losing all the fruits of their toils and dangers, they determined to return to Canada.

Accordingly, on the 17th of July, they changed their course, and ascended the Mississippi until, reaching the Illinois River, they determined upon returning by that route. As they passed up the Illinois, they beheld a country unparalleled for the fertility of its boundless and magnificent prairies, covered with millions of wild flowers of every hue, with herds of buffalo and deer, and vast flocks of wild turkeys, ducks, and other varieties of game. Arriving at the portage of the Illinois, they met the Kaskaskias, a tribe living on its banks, who entreated Joliet and his comrades to remain among them. Expressing their desire, however, to pursue their journey, one of the chiefs, with a number of warriors, accompanied them, by way of the Des Plaines, to the Chicago River, and thence to Lake Michigan. Joliet, Marquette, and their companions reached the site of the now populous city of Chicago in September, being the first white men who ever visited the prairie on which stands "The Garden City." Sailing along the western shore of the lake, they again found themselves at Green Bay, and were most heartily welcomed by the brethren at the St. Francis Xavier Mission, having been absent a little more than three months. Joliet

hastened back to Quebec to announce their discoveries, while Marquette remained at the Mission to recruit his health, occupying his time in preparing his journal of the voyage, accompanied by a map of the Mississippi, which he named "*Rivière de la Conception*." The map is still preserved in the Jesuit College at Montreal.

After having passed the following winter and summer at the St. Francis Xavier Mission, orders came from Montreal to establish a mission among the Illinois, with whom Joliet and Marquette had had so friendly an interview the preceding year. He accordingly commenced his journey; but on reaching Chicago, finding the river closed and his health infirm, Marquette resolved to spend the winter among the Miamis—the tribe which, at that date, occupied that portion of Illinois adjacent to the head-waters of Lake Michigan. He, accordingly, with two French traders for companions, spent the long and severe winter of 1674-5 in Chicago—his chapel bell daily calling around him, in his humble log-cabin, the wild children of the forest, to listen to his morning and evening hymns, and to the teachings of this pious and devoted follower of Ignatius Loyola.

On the return of spring, Marquette, with his two countrymen, and several Miami Indians, who had become much attached to the faithful missionary, proceeded to Kaskaskia, on the Illinois River, where he arrived at the end of a fortnight, and at once entered upon the labors of his new field. After instructing the Red Men as to the purpose of his mission, he called them together on the open prairie, and erected a rude altar, surmounted by the cross. Bright and cheering were the prospects of converting the children of the forest to Christianity, when his work was suddenly interrupted by a return of his distressing malady, which assumed so alarming a

type, that Marquette felt that his end was near, and that if he would again behold his beloved Mission, which he had established at Mackinac, he must return at once. The Kaskaskias were much grieved at the departure of the dying missionary, and a number of the tribe accompanied him to Chicago, where he at once embarked with his two French companions. As they proceeded along the eastern shore of the lake, Marquette, conscious of his approaching dissolution, directed the *voyageurs* to enter a small river in Michigan, and pointing to an eminence near the lake, said: "Bury me there." His attendants erected a rude shelter for him, and they received his dying directions—after which he desired them to leave him alone.

"In the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks,
And supplication."

In accordance with Marquette's directions, the two Frenchmen committed his body to the ground at the spot indicated, near the lake, and upon the banks of the river, which has ever since borne his name, and erected a rude cross at the head of his grave. Thus passed away one of the noble band of pioneer missionaries, whose memory the great Northwest will not willingly let die.

The account brought back to Quebec by Joliet aroused a deep interest among the people of Canada, and it was deemed a matter of national importance to extend their discoveries. There chanced to be residing in Quebec, at that time, a young Frenchman of fortune and good birth, named Robert, Chevalier de la Salle, ambitious, brave, and energetic. He had emigrated to America with the hope of gaining fame and wealth in the New World. The aspiring mind of La Salle was at once excited. He immediately sailed for France, to procure the means of fitting out an expedition.

Through his own influence and that of the Governor-General of Canada, with Colbert, the Minister of Finance, he succeeded in obtaining a monopoly of the traffic with the Indians, and a commission for perfecting the discovery of the Mississippi and its tributaries. Associating with him the Chevalier de Tonti, a brave officer, who had lost an arm in the Sicilian wars, La Salle sailed, with thirty men, from Rochelle, July 14, 1678, and in two months reached Quebec. Hastening from thence to Fort Frontenac, where he at once commenced the preliminary arrangements for the expedition, he was soon after joined by Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan friar of the *Récollet* order, appointed by his religious superiors to accompany La Salle's expedition.

On the 18th day of November, the discoverers embarked in a vessel of ten tons' burden, the first that ever sailed the waters of Lake Ontario. Transporting their stores around Niagara Falls to an Indian village on Lake Erie, La Salle erected a fort there; and during the winter and spring, built a vessel of sixty tons, called the *Griffin*, in compliment to the Comte de Frontenac, whose armorial bearings were adorned by two griffins, as supporters. Having sent forward messengers with merchandise to trade for furs and skins, as well as to apprise the various tribes of his contemplated settlements, the expedition at length set sail, on the 7th of August, 1679—the children of the woods gazing with astonishment upon the huge vessel, and listening with mingled awe and wonder to the reverberation of its artillery. Passing through the Detroit River, they reached Mackinac on the 27th of the same month. After building a fort there, La Salle sailed for Green Bay; from which place, having disposed of all his merchandise at an immense profit, in exchange for a rich cargo of furs, his vessel was sent back for another supply

of stores and merchandise, for traffic with the Indians.

On their way to the head-waters of Lake Michigan, in canoes, their friendly relations were for the first time interrupted with the Indians, by a party of Ontaganies having robbed them of a military coat. The French demanded restitution of the stolen garment, under threat of putting the offender to death. The Ontaganies, having divided the coat into a number of small pieces, for general distribution, found it impossible to comply with the demand; and, supposing that no other resource remained, presented themselves before the French in battle array. However, through the wise mediation of Hennepin, the quarrel was amicably arranged, and friendly relations restored. After a tedious and tempestuous voyage of six weeks, La Salle reached the mouth of the St. Joseph's River, in Michigan, where he erected a small trading-house with palisades, then, and for a long time afterward, known as the Fort of the Miamis.

Weary of waiting for the return of the *Griffin*, La Salle set out early in December, with a party of forty-four men and three *Récollets*, including Father Hennepin and the Chevalier de Tonti, to pursue his cherished scheme of exploring the Mississippi. Ascending the St. Joseph's to its short portage to the Kankakee, they descended the latter river to its junction with the Illinois, and proceeded as far as an Indian village, situated near the site of the town of Ottawa. Here they supplied themselves with provisions, and continued their course down the Illinois, charmed with the beauty and fertility of the country. On the 4th of January, the expedition reached Lake Peoria, and was kindly received by the natives, who exhibited great joy when told that colonies were to be established among them. A growing discontent—which first displayed itself among a portion of La Salle's followers by an at-

tempt to poison him and his faithful adherents at a Christmas dinner—here broke out in open mutiny, and they demanded his return. La Salle, however, succeeded in partially allaying their discontent, saying, "Remain with me until spring, and none shall remain thereafter, except from choice." He at once erected a fort near where Peoria now stands, which, thwarted as he had been, and almost despairing of success in his glorious undertaking, he named *Crève-cœur*.

Early in February, La Salle sent Hennepin, with four others, to explore the Upper Mississippi. Leaving Tonti in command, he set out on foot, with companions, for Fort Frontenac, for the purpose of procuring men and means to pursue his enterprise. His route was along the southern shores of Lakes Michigan, Erie, and Ontario. What a journey at such a season, through a pathless wilderness of nearly twelve hundred miles, without guides or shelter, and only such food as their guns could procure for them! On arriving at Fort Frontenac, La Salle found his worst fears realized. The *Griffin*, with her valuable cargo, was lost, and his agents had defrauded him. La Salle, undaunted by his misfortunes, soon obtained new supplies, and with a number of followers returned to Illinois, only to find his posts on the Illinois River deserted. His faithful associate, Tonti, who erected a post at Rock Fort, as directed, and called it St. Louis, owing to serious difficulties with the Indians had been compelled to abandon both posts, and had returned to Mackinac, to which place La Salle at once proceeded. Gathering together their scattered company, they again retraced their steps to the south, this time by way of Chicago. The passage of the party by this route is the first mention made in history of Chicago, by name. They passed to the Mississippi safely, and were received with various welcomes by the tribes who dwelt along its banks,

as they journeyed on, from day to day. On the 9th of April, with his followers under arms, amid the firing of musketry, the chanting of the *Te Deum*, and shouts of "*Vive le roi*," La Salle, as he gazed with his comrades upon the broad ocean, took formal possession of the vast valley of the Mississippi, in the name of Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre.

Neither our limits, nor the scope of our narrative of the early history of the North-west, will allow us to follow the fortunes of the bold and ambitious La Salle, in his journeyings to and fro, until, in the solitude of a dreary Texan wilderness, the career of this iron-hearted discoverer was brought to a sad and untimely end by one of his lawless followers. It has been already mentioned that La Salle had sent Hennepin, with others, to explore the Mississippi. They ascended the river past the mouth of the Missouri and Wisconsin, and soon reached beyond those beautiful falls to which the adventurous priest gave the name of St. Anthony. Continual danger threatened these travelers, from the caprice or hostility of the powerful tribes of the Upper Mississippi Indians, and they were held for a long time in a cruel captivity. They were, however, at length permitted to depart; and using their lib-

erty, after many privations and much suffering reached Canada in safety.

The disaster and disappointment attending the expeditions of La Salle and Hennepin, for some time deterred others from venturing to explore the dangerous regions of the North-west; and the Government totally neglected to occupy the splendid heritage offered by the labors of Allouez, Hennepin, Joliet, La Salle, and Marquette. It was left to the love of fame and glory, or the hope of gain, and to the religious zeal of Jesuit and other missionaries, to continue the explorations of the solitudes of a new continent. The Baron le Hontan was one of the earliest of these dauntless travelers. While employed upon the Lakes by the French Government, he became intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians, and from his intercourse with them, formed the project of perambulating the remote depths of the country west of the Mississippi. His actual discoveries were probably not very important, and his record of them is not always reliable; but he was the first to learn the existence of the Rocky Mountains, and of that vast ocean which separates the western coast of North America from the continent of Asia.

ETC.

THERE are passages in the opera of *Don Giovanni* where the sympathies of the audience are very apt to be in favor of the Don. It is not, of course, where the ghostly and rigid Commander drags the miserable profligate down to perdition through a trap-door—for that we feel to be orthodox and proper, and consistent with our earliest teachings. But it is where the unhappy Don is followed about by the injured Donna Anna and the correct Donna Elvira, and is persistently and virtuously sung at in melancholy minor. Even Mozart's music can not divest this scene of its overpowering terror. You might knock over with your fan the guilty Captain Lovelace in the pit, and the too conscious Mr. Lothario sitting in the boxes—such is the tremendous and significant moral power of an injured sex. Now, let the reader imagine the Don's prototype and faithful biographer—Lord George Gordon Noel Byron—as the object of a virtuous and persistent objurgation that, alas! is neither musical nor harmonious—let him, we say, fancy this weak and tinselled actor followed beyond the green curtain of the grave by two superior women like Mrs. Stowe and Lady Byron, and he will not wonder that a human and masculine Press generally sympathize with the sinner. People that laughed at the foolish and sinful, and yet feminine passion that survived thirty years, in the Countess Guiccioli's book, may well look grave at this unfeminine and unimpassioned justice of the wife, that has even outlived the love of the mistress.

For the last forty years the reputation of Lord Byron has been that of an audaciously immoral man. His immoralities were patent in his writings, in his letters, in the testimony of his contemporaries, in the verdict of posterity. He deceived nobody. He was a common text, from which all might preach—from which thousands *did* preach a sermon. Not that Byron was any worse than Smith

or Jones, our neighbors—whom the Divorce Courts show to be guilty of like offenses—but that his immorality was more open, and that he was remarkable for other things besides his vices, while Smith and Jones were not. He lived and died an immoral man. His life was not a happy one: your voluptuary's seldom is. Outside of the pages of a moral novel or the columns of a family newspaper, the career of a man of pleasure is not seductive. As told in their lives, there is no more dreary record. Restlessness, satiety, vacuity, death—is not a pleasant outlook for young gentlemen who affect low collars and gin and water. Exiled, he offered himself to struggling Greece—who accepted him, as Literature did, for some quality outside of his morals. He died in exile. One might think that pathetic, hopeless, helpless death-bed was significant enough for any moral lesson that weak humanity may teach. But in the hands of outraged feminine justice it has yielded something more. It was for "Truth's" sake that the sheet was lifted and the dead man's physical infirmity exposed; it was for "Truth's" sake that the inscrutable veil which hid a spiritual infirmity was raised.

On the other hand, for years Lady Byron bore the reputation of an abused and injured wife, and had the world's sympathy. Nothing could be more in direct contrast to the excesses of her husband than her subdued and religious retirement. The moral of her life was as sharply defined as that of her husband's. The antithesis was perfect. The utmost that was ever charged against her was that she was too perfect herself to overlook the irregularities and imperfections of her husband. She attended Dorcas societies, while Byron was at his vile orgies abroad. She provided for fugitive slaves sent over by Mrs. Stowe, while her wicked lord was fighting for the Greeks. She died

respected by every body—except, perhaps, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

One would think but little could be added to the history of two such lives, either for the interests of morality, or dramatic completeness. But now we come to a tale of horror—a story of incestuous intrigue, so wild and unnatural, that nothing but the high veracity of the narrator gives it a moment's credence. In an evil hour Lady Byron was visited in her retirement by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. A fatal intimacy—degrading to the hitherto unblemished reputation of both parties—took place. The offspring of that intimacy—an intimacy unhallowed and forbidden by consanguinity of intellect and taste—was born in London, on the first of September, in the pages of *Macmillan's*.

It is known, not inaptly, as "The Byron Horror." Unnaturally conceived, posthumously brought into the world, nourished in secret—it inherits the weaknesses and infirmities of its consanguineous progenitors. It will live only long enough to shame their memories, and its gratuitous life will be forgotten. For, true or false, it is monstrous.

ONE can not but admire, on the whole, the heroic manner in which the Society of California Pioneers grapple with the Past, Present, and Future of the State annually on the ninth day of September. The prospect of yearly going over the same field of retrospect—not in itself very wide, or very long—would, we think, deter any but really very courageous or very self-devoted men from the task. This year, they got through it very creditably, with the usual prophecy of a brilliant future, and the usual bland indorsement of every thing and every body connected with the State.

Of course these anniversaries are stimulating to patriotism and local pride; but we have yet to learn that California patriotism and local pride require any stimulating, and are doubtful whether a Society for the Suppression of Local Pride would not, on the whole, be more truly beneficial to a State whose natives think nothing of seriously asking strangers "if this is not the most wonderful country on the globe?"—and who write indignant and provincial letters to the newspapers when lecturers do not flatter them.

And we confess to indulging in a fond and foolish dream of the future—based not so much upon the Pioneers' oration as upon the Pioneers' projected excursion over the Pacific Railroad to their old Eastern homes—when California Pioneers shall be able to see that the world has not stood still, outside of California, for the last twenty years; that there are cities as large as San Francisco much more cleanly in aspect and tasteful in exterior; that there are communities as young as ours in which there is a greater proportion of public-spirited and generous men, and public-spirited and generous works; that there are cities of half our wealth that, boasting less and doing more, would be ashamed to keep their public library for twelve months before the world in the attitude of bankruptcy, and that there are countries less self-heralded for their generosity and charity that would not dare to invite immigration to their doors without a public hospital to take care of their sick and suffering.

How far the cheapness of a good deal of modern literature and art is attributable to the cheapness of that kind of criticism known as "good-humored" and "genial," may be difficult to exactly determine. That the old style of flaying—even when deserved—produced a reaction in favor of the sufferer, in society who cared little for his offenses, but were rendered uncomfortable by his appearance and the certainty of being called upon to nurse his wounds, is a fact that can not be denied; and it is equally true that it is sometimes as difficult to kill the pretender, as it is the true man. The *dissecta membra* of your bad poet—like the angle worm—are very apt to possess a wriggling vitality, which a good many readers are prone to mistake for the immortality of genius. Most people can remember men who have been knocked on the head in their various attempts to gain an incompetency, whom they have unexpectedly met in after-years at their old unhallowed calling; and the conductors of literary journals—where the execution was strictly private—are still in the habit of receiving fresh evidences of guilt from old offenders who have paid the last penalty of the law. From which it would seem that severe criticism may be practically weak in effect; and

as its office is to benefit the public, quite as much as to satisfy the critic's stern sense of duty, it is, perhaps, to some extent a failure.

But if this is true of severe criticism, it is equally true of that bland refuge of the modern critic, with the important addition that "good-nature" precipitates upon a suffering public a still lower class of timid intellects, who have been hitherto restrained by fear. The good-natured, meaningless formula with which we recognize A.'s stupid performance may fulfill its office, as far as he is concerned, as well as severity—that is, not at all; but B.—who, with the sympathetic instincts of folly, recognizes a brother ass in A.—is thus encouraged to come forward, when an "example" would have kept him back. The number of anæmic writers tempted to exposure by this kind of summer criticism, is painful to contemplate; and when we consider that even this blandness is apt to be followed by a spell of severity, it can hardly be called humane. It is possible, after all, that old-fashioned severity may be the most merciful; and, in this regard, it is well to seriously consider the suggestion of a late critic, whose severe fastidiousness is delicately shaded by humor, to wit: that some "subtle *acquetta*" be distilled from the critic's irony, that shall take off the obnoxious writer without pain, or confusion—and better, without trace or suspicion that shall return upon the critic.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Under the Quirinal Gardens, Rome.

Several *festas* have occurred since the date of my last letter. That of Genzano is a most exquisitely beautiful rural festival. The little village lies on one of the slopes of the Alban Mountains, and the road thence from the city commands charming bits of the Roman Campagna. It stretches from the Porto San Giovanni, so near the old Appian Way that the tombs which line the ancient Roman road are visible. And the grand arches of the aqueducts also accompany us through a great part of the journey. The village of Albano, through which we drove, was arrayed in banners and wreaths, and triumphal arches were erected over the streets. The gates were decorated with flowers and colored lanterns, and the peasantry were all out in their

smartest dresses. The road hence to Genzano passes over a magnificent viaduct, whence the view is most extensive and beautiful. The great plain of Latium—the site of the many cities which poured their tribute into Rome—lies spread at our feet. Far below is a forest, whose trees date from hundreds of years ago. It was a forest in Roman days, and sacred to the woodland gods and fauns of Roman mythology. Above us is Monte Cavo, where was a temple of Jupiter; and to this fane the conquerors of the world mounted in triumphal procession. Genzano overhangs the Lake of Nemi—an emerald cup hollowed out from the mountain, and dropped below the deep woods which surround it. The village straggles up the mountain, and its principal street was converted into a hanging-garden. A carpet of flowers was thrown over it, into which were woven all manner of curious and beautiful devices. The arms of the Pope, of the Chigi family, and various other nobles, bloomed in Nature's most beautiful coloring on the hill-side, intermingled with stars and scrolls, and various emblematical and curious designs. The air was full of the perfume given out by the breath of the flowers, plucked petal by petal and lain in showers of rainbow tints under the deep-blue sky which endomed the whole beautiful scene. The crowd was very great. Our party purchased a seat upon a wall which overlooked the street, of some small boys. They were very willing to find themselves masters of a few coppers; but when the procession began to move beside the flowery carpet they were unhappy, and one very small youth flung himself on the ground in the bitterness of his soul, and lamented loudly. We were obliged to make room for the unsavory little beings; and withdrawn to a respectable distance, we watched the strange scene. At either side of the street the crowd was gathered—a motley assemblage, composed of the peasantry from the neighborhood. The houses were dressed with red and yellow hangings. The church bells were ringing, and from a distance the cannon were booming, while the voices of the crowd were like the sound of many waters. There came, first, the various societies of the villages on the Alban and Sabine hills, bearing their banners, with effigies of the particular saints to

which they were devoted. Sundry small children in yellowish-white dresses, long, black hair, wreaths, and blue ribbons, were, by an effort of the imagination, converted into angels. Then came an array of monks, chanting slowly as they followed in the train. These all kept outside the beautiful carpet. But behind them followed the little choristers, carrying crucifixes, candles, and incense. These and the rest of the procession walked directly over the flowers. The priests, the lower and higher clergy, and the Cardinal Bishop bearing the host, trod slowly over the wonderful hanging garden. Toward the foot of the hill an altar had been erected. Here the procession paused. The Cardinal deposited the host. The voices of the great multitude chanted a portion of the evening litany. They kneeled upon the flowers. The Pope appeared upon a balcony just opposite the altar, and gave his blessing. Then all arose, and the procession reformed. The people followed closely, treading out forever the life and beauty of the flower festival of Genzano. The Pope drove rapidly away from the town, spending the night at Castel Gandolfo. The houses and villages on his road were illuminated, and flashed behind us as we drove rapidly away in the darkness toward our Roman home. The last *festas* we have had were on occasion of the anniversary of the Pope's election. Official mass, an allocution, and an illumination of the city in the evening, formed the programme. The feast of St. Barnabas at Marino—another of the Sabine villages—was marred by a murder committed in open day. The Italians are very excitable. At these *festas* they eat but little nourishing food, but drink more than usual. The wine of Marino is one of the strongest country wines. And the dreadful habit of wearing knives often leads to serious troubles among a people who are of gentle and kindly disposition, but who, when they become excited, seem maddened. A baker in the city—an old man with a young wife—became suspicious that all was not going on well in his domestic affairs, and settled the matter by drawing a razor across his wife's throat. Besides these two crimes, we have had several suicides during the last fortnight. One man gave himself a good dose of vitriol; and four dead bodies were

taken from the Tiber in one day, one being that of a Zouave.

Political matters are perfectly quiet. The Romans feel assured that France is about to change her policy with regard to them and to the kingdom of Italy, and to recall her army from the city. They declare that the date for this is settled: that they will leave on the 15th of September. "And so," they say, "we bide our time." Every body remembers their supineness two years ago, and the Papal Government is perfectly easy with regard to its own people. For the first time, excursion tickets have been issued, allowing their holders to visit Naples, Florence, Milan, Turin, and other parts of Italy. The very request for a passport to visit Florence or Naples would, a few years ago, have stamped the would-be traveler as a suspicious character. But although all at home is quiet, there are gathering clouds abroad which threaten the Papal power. The Prince of Hohenlohé makes a serious appeal to the Governments of Europe, inviting them to meet before the Council is held, that they may determine their course with regard to it. Indeed, the world, instead of bowing the head to the future decrees of this assembly, inquires whether it shall be permitted to assemble, and what are to be the subjects under discussion. The Jesuits are greatly weakening the Papal cause by insisting upon the infallibility of the Pope as a dogma. Cardinal Quaglia, to whom much of the preliminary business of the Council had been intrusted, has become insane. Prussia is ready to take counsel with the other German states with regard to the Council. Austria, for the present, prefers an expectant position. Her future conduct will depend on that of the Council. So that all assume the liberty of private judgment. Many of the Cardinals themselves advocate conciliation, and advise that the Church put herself more in harmony with the spirit of the present age. The late allocutions of his Holiness are not considered hopeful by the more liberal Catholics, many of whom regret that the Council has been called. The allocution on the 18th was very bitter against Italy. His Holiness complains of the persecution of the Catholics in Poland. The news from Spain grieves him greatly. That kingdom and Austria have become "persecuting pow-

ers," because religious liberty is allowed in Spain, and priests who are criminals are punished in Austria; but the crime of crimes is submitting the clergy to military conscription.

There have been some local disturbances in Italy during the past month. That of Milan was the most serious; and at one time, loss of life seemed imminent. But every thing is quiet at present. In Florence, great excitement was caused by an attack made upon Mr. Lobbia. It occurred at midnight, in the street. The would-be assassin aimed a blow with a poniard at the breast, which would have been fatal, had not the blade been turned by a package of papers which Mr. Lobbia wore in his pocket. The wound is not serious, but it has caused great excitement. Mr. Lobbia, the day before, had presented to the Chambers sealed papers which he said contained proofs of perversion of the public money, and insisted upon an examination of what he called the "tobacco frauds." In Parliament, the next day, the excitement was very great. The order of the day contained a unanimous vote of sympathy with Mr. Lobbia, of the strongest reprehension of the attack made upon him, and of appeal to Government to discover and punish the assassin. The affair is shrouded in mystery as yet. Garibaldi's name has not appeared in the late troubles. A letter from Mazzini was discovered among some papers seized after the disturbances were over, in which he deprecated the manner in which they were conducted. But he considers the country ripe for revolution, and urges agitation in the various cities. Four priests have just been arrested at Cupromontara, in the Marches, for refusing absolution to holders of former ecclesiastical property, unless they at once returned its price to the Pope. The sellers of the property were called thieves, and the holders their accomplices. The wife of one man who refused to obey the priest attempted to kill herself; and several others left their husbands, because they were told that they shared their condemnation.

The lottery has caused another excitement lately. A certain *Fràte* gave numbers to the people, which he assured them would be lucky. An immense number of tickets were sold. The *Fràte's* numbers were posted up

all over the city, and were eagerly bought. The day of the drawing arrived, and an immense crowd collected. Not one of the hoped-for numbers turned up!

A national Pantheon has just been consecrated in Madrid. The Escorial would have been the best place for the last home of Spanish heroes; but it had been the abode and the grave of too many hated kings. The best church in the city was therefore chosen—a mean edifice, by the way—San Francisco. All the official world, the delegates of various societies, and the literary men of the kingdom, met at the Basilica of Notre Dame d'Atocha, where a funeral service was held. The church was splendidly draped. Flags and hangings of the national colors were grouped about an inscription which surmounted the roll of the heroic names: "Spain to her Illustrious Sons." A long procession set forth from Notre Dame to San Francisco. The streets were festively decorated, and lined with soldiers. A choir sang appropriate music, bells were rung and cannon fired, and, swaying with the motion of the crowd, were borne fourteen funeral cars. Upon each car was an urn containing the ashes of a Spanish hero. Among the number were Gonsalvo de Cordova and Calderon de la Barca. The urns were deposited, with due honor, behind the high altar of San Francisco. Regent Serrano hedges himself about with the pomp of royalty, and complaints are made of his assumption of grandeur. The opposition party scold merrily. They predict Republican risings, on the one side; and Charles VII—by the grace of God, King of Spain and the Indies—on the other. Both parties absented themselves on the occasion of the proclamation of the Regency. On the 18th of June, 1869, General Serrano, Duke della Torre, took an oath to preserve the Constitution of Spain, as Regent. On the 18th of June, 1837, Christina, of Bourbon, took a similar oath. Pezuela, Count de Cheste, one of Isabella's Councilors, and a fearful enemy of civil and religious liberty, has been arrested and sent to the Canaries, to be tried for his iniquitous and cruel administration of law. In general, slow, but sure progress is being made in Spain. It is said that Marfori is about to resign his position in the employ of Queen Isabella. Whether

he intends to offer his services to the present Government, is not stated. Mendicity has been by law abolished. A vast number of persons will be thrown out of employment by this new regulation. An interesting paper, found in the palace, is giving amusement just now to good-natured Spanish gossips. It is a letter from their sovereign to Father Charet, asking permission to wear a green dress, on occasion of the *festa* of Corpus Domini.

The Duchess of Aosta is ill with miliary fever. She is pronounced convalescent. The Queen of Portugal is at Vienna.

The election troubles in France were at last put down by the strong hand. A very large number of arrests were made. Some eleven hundred persons were taken to the Conciergerie, and most of them afterward to the fort of Bicêtre. Many of them were persons accustomed to the refinements of life, and their sufferings were very great. Their appearance is most graphically described by an eye-witness—a reporter of one of the journals. He mentions the soiled linen, the disordered dress, the unkempt hair and beard, and the state of prostration of mind and body, noticeable in most of them. One poor fellow succeeded in committing suicide; and several were only kept from self-destruction by actual force. The greater part of the prisoners have, however, been set free some time since. The demonstrations were idle, and productive of nothing but harm to those engaged in them. But they are a significant sign of the times. And the general dissatisfaction of the working classes is very sad. Strikes abound. One of these, at St. Etienne, has had most melancholy results. Troops were sent to disperse disorderly mobs, which had assembled in the streets. They were assaulted by the crowd with stones, and otherwise maltreated. They at last lost patience, and fired into the ranks of their tormentors. Many persons were wounded, and twelve killed. The Editor of the *Moniteur* visited the scene on the day appointed for the funeral of the victims of the sad encounter. The harvest fields were trodden down. In some instances the grain had changed its color, and was reddened with the blood of those who fell and died beside the ripening corn. The people—

pale, worn, scowling—were gathered about the hospital, where most of the dead lay. But they refused to bear them to the grave. The Prefect sent persons to perform the sad ceremony; but the workmen would not allow them to touch their dead. The result might have been most serious, for the crowd was maddened with agony and rage. But M. Léon Heckiss, the Editor of the *Moniteur*, stepped forward and made a most touching appeal to the crowd, volunteering to be one of the bearers. He was able to persuade enough persons to come forward to allow the sad procession to be formed. It wound slowly on, followed by the weeping mourners, stopping once to take up the body of a little child, which had been shot in its mother's arms. At the grave M. Heckiss again addressed the crowd, bidding them remember the living; and organized on the spot a subscription for the wounded, and the families of the dead. A sum of 120 francs was collected. Seventy of these were of two-sous pieces—the offering of the poor. Seven or eight of the wounded have died since this funeral. The strike still continues, and with it great misery. Indeed, scarcely a district in the Empire is free from disturbances of the manufacturing population.

An extraordinary trial has just taken place, in which two men who had been punished for introducing the *Lanterne* into France have been again brought before the courts for the offense which they had already expiated. They were condemned again, but their punishment is condoned, as having been already inflicted. Rochefort, however, was tried as their accomplice, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, ten thousand francs' fine, and deprivation of civil rights. This latter explains the whole thing. He can not now be made a deputy. The Emperor visited the Camp of Chalons, this year, earlier than usual. His address to the soldiers contained these words: "The history of the wars of France is the history of civilization." The comments on all this are innumerable. It is said that the imperial visit was anticipated, that he might calm the minds of the soldiers, impatient to wipe out the stains received by the arms of France in Mexico, and at Sadowa. One can not but wonder, also, how civilization was advanced

by the battles fought for poor Maximilian, and by the murder of Italian boys near Rome two years ago. Just as the Emperor was delivering what is called his war speech, as luck would have it, a meeting of the International Peace Society was being held. Addresses were made by Father Hyacinth, by a Rabbi, and by Pasteur Paschoud. These deluded men set forth the benefits of peace; the material, moral, and religious advantages it promises to the world; and seemed even to disbelieve in religious wars, to the great disgust of the ultramontane papers. The Emperor has returned to St. Cloud. The Empress leaves Paris on the 15th of October, to be present at the inauguration of the Suez Canal. She proceeds directly to Cairo, and will ascend the Nile as far as the second cataract. The Empress will be accompanied by the Prince Imperial. They will stop at Constantinople for a few days; and the Sultan is preparing a palace for their reception. The Viceroy of Egypt is giving out invitations to the inauguration. He has visited Paris, and England. In the latter country, long and loud have been the discussions as to the manner of his reception. Little doors have been opened to admit him, and big ones closed. A guard was sent to receive him just a little too late; and great stress was laid upon the impropriety of allowing him to sleep in the bed where royalty had lain his august limbs. Demi-semi-regal linen covered the vice-royal pillow—and the peace of Europe is assured. On Thursday, the Viceroy bears his invitation to the King of the Belgians. Lacroma, the residence of poor Emperor Maximilian, has lately been sold, with its books and furniture. The castle—which was built with the price of Richard, Cœur de Lion's ransom—is to be turned into a bathing establishment. The costly exotics which the Prince had collected, are scattered. The only wooded island of the Adriatic forms part of the estate; and upon it a lime-kiln

is to be established. The poor widow of the forgotten Prince is in a most hopeless state. The "progress of civilization" has proved unfavorable to the ex-Emperor and Empress of Mexico.

A Prussian port has just been inaugurated. In 1854, Prussia bought from the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg a little territory on the borders of the North Sea, at the mouth of the Jahde. They wished to form there a maritime arsenal, but Hanover would not allow them to do so. She can not help herself now. The Grand Duke of Oldenburg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Adalbert of Prussia, and other great dignitaries were present. The new port receives the name of *Wilhelmshäfen* (Williamsport). The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has received a petition from some 1,600 of his people, proposing that he transfer himself and his duchy to the North German Confederation. They promise great glory to him, and prosperity to themselves, if he should favor their request. At Munich, an Art Exhibition is to be opened on the 15th of July. It will be held in the Crystal Palace. With the exhibition of the works of modern artists, will be joined a collection of ancient statues, and works of the great masters. These are lent by the owners of private galleries. Unusual facilities for seeing the monuments, gardens, and works of interest of the Bavarian capital will be afforded to visitors at this time. Some two hundred cases, containing statues and pictures, have already left this city. All the expenses of their transportation are paid by the generosity of the Bavarian Government, which also returns them, free of cost, to the artists.

Our artists are finishing their labors for the season; and Rome will, ere long, be abandoned to the Romans. The Campagna continues to be a never failing delight to us yet, however; and the treasures of the galleries are glorified by the summer sun.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ITALY, FLORENCE, AND VENICE. From the French of H. Taine, by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

It is not necessary to indorse M. Taine's criticism—or, in fact, to entirely understand it—to believe that he is, in some respects, the best and most accomplished art critic who has yet appeared; nor is it necessary to admit the material value of his book. So evident is his analytical power, and so pronounced his esthetic faculty, that even those who know little of art, but something of good taste and judgment, will be quite willing to accept his criticism as correct. Much of this may be attributed to a style in itself pleasant, and much more to a certain realism, which has hitherto been too rare in art criticism.

It is a singular, but indubitable fact, that enthusiasts in painting and music fail signally in conveying their enthusiasm to any but other enthusiasts, who, reasonably, don't want it. But the ignorance that should be educated, or the indifference that should be impressed, is offered either slang which it does not understand, or ecstatic raving at which it laughs. The utmost we can get from musical reviews and biographies is extravagance; from artist amateurs, a jargon of "depth," "tone," "foreshortening," "scumble," etc. It is no argument to say that this sort of thing is intended for artists, who comprehend it. The best critic is he who makes himself best understood; and no art criticism is valuable as instruction, that can not make itself understood without the use of technicalities. Its material office is to keep Mr. Jones, of Mud Flat—who has more dollars than art knowledge—from buying cheap daubs when he goes abroad; or what is better, from the greater danger of buying what others praise. If it does this, and gives him the pluck to stand up and say that he does not fancy certain famous pictures by certain famous masters, and enables him to show some reason why

he need not like them, it matters little if it does not offer to Jones, Jr., the usual capital of cant phrases and formulas, which permit him to set up as an amateur.

There is as much of this straightforward materialness in M. Taine's book as is compatible with a criticism that goes into history and analysis of national character. In this method of determining the growth of art, and the influence of society and the different phases of civilization upon it, M. Taine will remind the reader of Ruskin—but in nothing else. He is lacking in Ruskin's reverence, and perhaps for that reason is a safer critic; but like most French skeptics, his philosophy is more or less streaked with sentiment. He delights in color, and yet in what a realistic way:

What a miserable instrumentality is words! A tone of satiny flesh, a luminous shadow on a nude shoulder, a flickering light on floating silk, attract, retain, and recall the eye for a quarter of an hour, and yet there is only a vague phrase to express it. With what can one convey the harmony of blue relieving on yellow drapery, or of an arm, one-half of which is in shadow and the rest in sunshine? And yet almost all the power of painting lies there: in the effect of one tone on another, as in music that of one note on another, the eye enjoying corporeally like the ear—a piece of writing which reaches the intellect having no effect upon the nerves.

It is more easy to conceive how such an acute and fastidious sense of the mere beauty of form debars such an intellect from seeing any thing more in an infant Christ than the "protuberant belly," and other defects of immaturity; and how natural it is for such a critic to look through the Madonna or Magdalene to the rustic model, and spend his criticism upon that suggestiveness.

M. Taine's style is fascinating and picturesque; but with all its skepticism and realism of idea, has the true Gallic quality of exaggeration. Perhaps the word "marvelous" would better describe it. His painting of locality and scenery is elegant, but the admi-

ration it awakens in the reader is of Art—which, when Nature is the subject, we would venture to suggest, is somewhat inconsistent. He paints Nature as M. Hugo does: theatrically. And while the reader will delight in the following artistic description of a Venetian night, he will compare it with the opening passages in "The Vestibule" of Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. We purposely omit the view of "a superb creature, with red sleeves striped with gold," whose "swelling breasts expand the chemise of her bodice."

To the east is a terrace commanding a view of the horizon, and of the remoter islands. From this one contemplates the sea at his feet, rolling up in long, thin waves on the ruddy sand; exquisite melting, silken tints, veined roses and pale violets, like the draperies of Veronese, golden orange, yellows, vinous and intense, like Titian's simarres, tender greens drowned in dark-blue, sea-green shades striped with silver or flashing with sparks, undulate, conflict, and lose themselves under the innumerable flaming darts descending from above at every discharge of the sun's rays. A vast sky of tender azure forms an arch, of which one end rests on the Lido, while three or four motionless clouds seem to be banks of pearl.

I strolled on farther, and finished my day on the sea. Toward night the wind arose, and it became dark. Wan hues of a yellowish-gray and of a purple-green overspread the water; this sends forth an infinite, indistinct murmur, its blackening surge exciting a prolonged sentiment of disquietude.

This is undoubtedly fine. But is it as fine as Ruskin's? Or, dare we ask, does the untraveled reader see Venice as clearly and as truthfully in these intellectual coruscations, as in the pleasant light of some passages in Mr. Howells' *Venetian Life*?

OLDTOWN FOLKS. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

As we believe it will be yet found possible to disagree with Mrs. Stowe's theories of New England, without any exact disrespect to that extraordinary "seed-bed" of most of the cardinal American virtues, we may venture to assert, at this safe distance and at this early day, that Mrs. Stowe's treatment of "Old-town folks" is even more provincial than her subject. It is not merely that she seizes on a much-used stock of New England provincials, for Hawthorne has done the same; but that she uses them—as Hawthorne never did—as if they were something better, and with the provincial satisfaction of a village gossip

recalling village worthies. In that possible period hinted at in the beginning of this paragraph we shall probably hear less of Jonathan Edwards and Governor Winthrop, and even begin to understand that they have as little to do with the present civilization as the aborigines. And we shall be very lucky if we do not learn also that New England has made less positive progress for the last twenty years, through this habit of stopping to look back at her history.

Of course, in that day when Governor Winthrop shall become a burden, and the Edwards family shall fail, and the mourners shall go about the streets of Boston, we shall lose some details that are pleasant reading—pictures like that given of an "old-time" household and the "Rev. Mr. Lothrop;" but we shall not lose "Sam Lawson," the village "do-nothing"—for he is not provincial, but universal—nor the quaint Puritan humor with which Mrs. Stowe draws his character. But we trust by that time we shall lose, for obvious reasons, the "negro bondman," whom Mrs. Stowe seems to find as difficult to keep out of her writing as "Mr. Dick" did the head of Charles I from his. And in this view of the case it behooves Mrs. Stowe to consider whether we may not lose her with the rest.

STRETTON. A novel. By Henry Kingsley. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

If any discomfited American still fails to comprehend why his countrymen were beaten in the late boat-race, he has only to read *Stretton* to understand it all. The picture therein given of a prize boat's crew of Eton boys, faultless in Greek and perfect in Aquatics, will go far to reconcile him to that defeat which must inevitably follow a conflict with the original of Mr. Kingsley's ideal. For Mr. Kingsley's heroes are not only striking figures on the Thames, but are morally and physically wonderful in their martial aspect in India afterward—being, as Mr. Kingsley informs us, of an invincible English type. Although all this is but incident to a romance whose characters are fictitious, yet in the author's enthusiasm we catch the spirit of that odd mixture of muscle, Christianity, scholarship, and medieval chivalry which Tom Hughes, Dr. Brown, and Charles Reade de

liver to us ; and which, we suppose, we must begin to accept as a sterling English quantity. The "Evanses" and "Mordaunts" of *Stretton*, the "Tom Brown" of Hughes, the "Alfred Hardin" of Charles Reade, are more distinctively English than the broader and more cosmopolitan characters of Dickens and Thackeray. We are willing to believe, with Mr. Kingsley, that these are the men who do the material and conservative work of England, and keep up her flavor. How far these men are romantic or heroic the reader will, of course, determine for himself, independently of Mr. Kingsley.

We like the women of *Stretton* better than we do the men. One tires of this noisy, muscular, masculine chorus, in which all individuality of tone is lost, and in which distinctive character becomes as confused as the genealogy of the "Evanses" and "Mordaunts." And yet, on reflection, we do not know whether—with the sole exception of "Aunt Eleanor"—the women are any more positive. "Ethel" is good only as she approximates to "Aunt Eleanor." The others are put in the background ; and their delicate flavor, if they have any, is lost in the rankness of muscular, masculine Christianity.

Mr. Kingsley's style, we fancy, would be pleasant to those who are willing to give him a good deal more attention than the telling of his story requires, and to concede to him a philosophical sagacity which one does not expect from one who takes such an evident pleasure in mere vitality. Most of Mr. Kingsley's asides are clever ; but some are tedious, and many illogical and gratuitous. And sometimes—perhaps from sympathy with his youthful heroes—he mistakes mere brusqueness and volubility for vivacity and cheeriness.

OUR NEW WAY ROUND THE WORLD. By Charles Carleton Coffin, author of "Four Years of Fighting," "Winning His Way," "Following the Flag," etc., etc. Boston : Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. pp. 528.

Delhi is next door ; Ispahan and Teheran are our near neighbors ; and a daily stage will take us into the Valley of Cashmere—"through by daylight." The incredulous reader is referred to Mr. Coffin's *New Way Round the World* for the truth of all this. If he does not know that our new way round the

world is a very different one from that which poets have sung and voyagers have told us of, let him read this book, in which a clever newspaper correspondent and mild-mannered *raconteur* tells the story of his circumnavigating the globe with less flourish than Virgil would recite the adventures of some ambitious voyager along the coast of ancient Phrygia. Mr. Coffin, our new Palinurus, but more wakeful than the old-time pilot, begins conscientiously at the beginning of things, as one should say : "I did not start on a trip around the world from nowhere." He had an honest starting-point. It was at New York ; and we are faithfully told that the momentous day was "hot and sweltering," as July days in New York are apt to be ; and that on his—or "our"—arrival in England, "the reform movement, which has since resulted," etc., was just beginning ; that English matters were generally in a chaotic state ; and that "Austria, although she had won Custozza, was preparing to accept the situation into which she had been forced by her defeat at Sadowa ;" and that "Victor Emanuel comes, and there is a revival of the pageantry of other days." But all this is the merest prologue—the unnoted tuning of the orchestra—the packing of the portmanteau for the trip around the world. Still, it is an honest and fair beginning ; and we are relieved by the assurance that when Mr. Coffin actually began to move on in his new orbit, the condition of Europe was decidedly kaleidoscopic, and it is by no means his intention to dwell upon events transpiring in that part of the world during the years 1866 and 1867. This, at least, is plain sailing.

Embarking at Marseilles on a voyage of five hundred pages of moderately fine type, we are told that "this is the land of the orange, the olive, and the grape ;" and that, six hundred years before the time of Christ, soon after the founding of Rome, the Phenicians, coasting along the shore, discovered the advantages of this harbor. It is plain that a violent attack of guide-book has set in ; and it does not leave the unhappy tourist until he is half-way round the world, when a mild symptom of poetical quotation appears, and the rest of the volume is judiciously interspersed with brief selections from Watts, Bryant, and Cowper. Of course, as we pass into

the classic regions of Greece and the ancient Arcadia, we are treated to a rehabilitation of scenery made famous by the old poets. "The Scylla and Charybdis, navigated by Ulysses," and other such localities, are gilded by the tourist's passing eloquence. Scraps of ancient history are rescued from the oblivion of school-boy reminiscences as we skip by Salamis, Athens, and the Ilissus. At Alexandria the show fairly begins, and at once we are irresistibly reminded of the panorama-man, whose rotund notes roll out with unruffled smoothness ever and ever. Indeed, Mr. Coffin's style throughout his work is a cross between that of the panorama-man and the Sunday School book; a flavor of the primary geography for younger pupils is also perceptible. This gives us exactness without color—a photograph without artistic distance. Nor is the tourist above perpetrating a mild form of witicism: the cheating Arabs compel him to declare that "there are no Bedouins of the desert that can equal the hackmen *and* stock-jobbers of New York;" and the flavor of Mocha coffee revives memories that "are painful in these days of burnt beans, roasted corn, chicory, and carrots," for he recalls the good old times when every body knew that breakfast was ready by the aroma that was exhaled from the coffee-pot in the kitchen. Then there is a smack of the inevitable provincialism of the newly traveled American. Bombay, like Boston, has its "Back Bay;" the Jumna, where the railroad from Calcutta crosses it, is "as wide as the Connecticut at Springfield;" and the White Cloud Hills of China have something in common with western Massachusetts. The book is written in that wearying style of the present tense that is so much affected by the cheap variety of dramatic novelists. One says: "And now he scales the slippery crag; his brain is all on fire as he sees his beloved Eudora clasped to the bosom of the foul monster, whose vile lips pollute her pale cheek with caresses. Stridently he cries," etc. The other thus: "Here we have the city of Ahrajpootneer, built in 2703 B.C.; that domed building on the right is the home of the Rajore of Keerhat; we take a palanquin at the ruined quay, and are carried," etc. To sustain a strain of that sort through the whole length of such a book is not only tiresome: it is vicious.

Still, so long as there are so many better

books on the countries which Mr. Coffin visited, we do not suppose that he rests any claim for superior merit upon what he has to say about those regions. In a hurried rush through Europe and Asia, it was not possible for the tourist to collect much new data; and in a book of five hundred pages, what can be said more than shall describe Mr. Coffin's new way round the world? So the author has given us a hastily seen and hastily sketched panorama of his voyage. Hindoo women, "examining each other's heads for population not put down in the census," cut just as large a figure in the moving picture, as the Greek ambassador Megasthenes at Allahabad in 300 B.C.; a block of Boston ice at Cairo is as conspicuous in the landscape as the Egyptian Sphinx. Mr. Coffin is not guilty of the impertinence of seeing for other people: he has surveyed the route around the world, and tells us simply what he saw, and how things struck him. It is not his fault that Chinese duck-boats and sedan-chairs made a deeper impression upon his mind than some things of which we would like to hear more. But in a supplementary chapter he has atoned for any lack of such detail as future tourists may want, by printing therein a complete guide-book of the trip around the world. In this chapter we observe that he confesses that his new way is not the best way: the traveler must travel westward, not eastward, if he would so time his voyage as to reach each zone at the supreme moment when it is in the best mood for receiving visitors. Easily detached people, contemplating a run around the globe, will here find explicit information on every point—even down to the fittest works for him to cram himself withal before starting. As the Great Republic was the author's *Alpha*, so is it his *Omega*; and the volume rounds out with a hasty glimpse of California—a tolerably minute sketch of the inevitable Yosemite coming in oddly after Mirzapoor and Whang-chu. The completion of the Pacific Railroad, some poetic allusion to the Ship of State, and a touch of "Jefferson Brick," whose home was in the setting sun, fitly unite both ends of the girdle round the earth; and the reader will close the volume with a vague resolve to see with his own eyes the countries thus hastily strung on the imperfect thread of the Returned Traveler's narration.



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

In fact, the greatness of California is shown to so much better advantage in her literature, that if only she will keep the *Overland Monthly* vigorous, we will never ask her for another bottle of her "champagne" or "hock." It is a little matter that half a million of people now exist on a site where but five hundred lived twenty years ago; the world has got used to all that and rather tired of it; and it is no longer so very surprising that myriads of vines bear grapes, or that thousands of miles of corn-field and wheat-field flourish where was yesterday a wilderness; but it is a real wonder when a new land like California gives the world literature of prime quality, in a magazine which is not likely to be banished from "gentlemen's tables," though the "Angelica" and the "Mission" have ceased to flow there. There is something Attic in this sort of greatness that dwarfs bigness; and that suggests the difference between most American cities and Athens—or Frisco.—*August Atlantic Monthly.*

The *Overland Monthly*, published in San Francisco, is comparatively a new magazine, having been started in 1868, and just entered on its third, or half-yearly, volume. From the outset, this periodical made a favorable impression, and soon achieved a world-wide reputation for its freshness, piquancy, and the entertaining style of its articles. It exhibited a vein of literature, peculiar to the Pacific coast, which had never been struck before—a paying lode of rich metal. The readers of *The Journal* know how often we have quoted from the pages of the *Overland*, and with them we can bear testimony that these stories and poems have been among the most entertaining we have had the pleasure of printing. This magazine has young writers who are full of good things, and know just how to tell them.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, July.*

The *Overland Monthly*, fresh from the Golden Gate, again looks in upon us, and the opened covers reveal the usual amount and variety of literary entertainment that we have learned to expect in this enterprising and successful magazine. Into this monthly pamphlet all the enthusiasm, energy, and growing culture of the Pacific coast seems to pour its burden of literary wealth, and every exodus of useful information from all the varied talent of that thermal clime apparently finds a resting place upon its ever crowded pages.—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier.*

This is one of the best magazines on our table, and our favorite. The articles are fresh, genuine, and original, and the poetry excellent, while permeating every thing there runs an undercurrent of genial Western heartiness and humor that is very attractive and refreshing. Its criticisms are the best that appear in any American magazine.—*Monroe Advertiser, Forsyth, Ga.*

Perhaps there is no periodical published in this country that offers more interesting reading matter than the *Overland Monthly*. * * * The editor of the magazine shows great common sense in the selection of his articles, by confining them almost entirely to subjects that relate to the various phases of life, society, commerce, scenery, and customs of his own section of country; for there is nothing that we Easterners know less about, and nothing concerning which we are more eager to be informed.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

The *Overland* is the equal of any magazine which comes to our table, and is superior, in some respects. If California can sustain such a work, what may we not expect of her?—*New Haven Register.*

The *Overland* comes to us laden with the most choice and interesting literature, the product of gifted and facile pens. This periodical is fast merging toward an enviable position of popularity.—*Portland (Oregon) Commercial.*

Admirable, as usual. It is full, from cover to cover, of most readable and varied matter. It is strange that literature should be so well represented at San Francisco, which most of us look upon as still a sort of unredeemed desert of diggings. * * * There are few magazines you can read from beginning to end without skipping, as you can this one. A good deal of this may be owing to the fact that it has an object, being as its wrapper states "devoted to the development of the country." * * * The solid is not overlooked. The practical reader is amply catered for; in short, as has always been the case with this magazine, every paper in it is thoroughly readable.—*London Fun.*

Well written, edited, and printed, and will be read with interest by amateurs in national literatures.—*London Evening Star.*

A monthly from a remote region of the new

world, fully equal in literary ability and interest to many of those published in this metropolitan centre of old world civilization.—*London Tablet*.

This magazine, which is named after the real overland route, that of the Pacific Railway, and "devoted to the development of the country," is published in San Francisco, California, the State which boasted of one adult native, who is said to have voted at the last Presidential election. It has, if anything, improved since the first number was issued, and we have long wished to say a few words on some of its merits, of which we may remark *en passant*, the English press have spoken very highly. * * There is not an uninteresting article in the nine numbers already issued of the *Overland Monthly*, and our readers cannot do better than buy all that are published, and others as issued.—*Trubner's Literary Record, London*.

All along the line of the great railroad at its western end the *Overland* will be a formidable competitor and rival to the *Atlantic*, *Harper*, *Putnam*, etc. In real value it surpasses most of the Eastern magazines, and in its devotion to the Pacific interests it has a strong hold, not only on the dwellers beyond the mountains, but on all who are looking that way. * * The book notices are even exceptionally good, bestowing on popular books that happy mixture of blame and praise which it is so difficult to prepare, and sometimes so hard for an author to swallow.—*Springfield Republican*.

What we must consider one of the most remarkable literary enterprises of the day, since its unexpected excellence demonstrates the existence on our Pacific coast of the ability to write and the taste to appreciate magazine matter of the very first order. * * Contrives to be lively throughout without a single piece of fiction in all its contents.—*Advertiser, Boston*.

The recipient of various tributes of admiration from all quarters, it may seem vain for us to attempt to add to them. * * We are pleased to observe that in its book notices it treats Trojan and Tyrian alike, bestowing censure, when deserved, on the publications of its proprietors. Like everything in California, it is "devoted to the development of the country."—*Williams' Quarterly, Williamstown, Mass.*

Nothing in it that is bad and little that is not good. * * So far the *Overland* has kept itself astonishingly free from padding, and thus negatively, as well as in many ways positively, sets the older Eastern magazines an example as unexpected as it is honorable to the conductors of the new periodical.—*New York Nation*.

The January *Overland* sustains the well-won reputation of the half-dozen preceding numbers.—*Fale Literary Magazine*.

One of the handsomest magazines we have seen. It justifies its claim to be devoted to the development of the country by several excellent papers descriptive of the western part of our continent. * * Will well repay perusal; for, besides treating with much interest of topics of special character, it enters, with no mean degree of credit, the domain of general literature.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Like the people of the region from whence it emanates, the *Overland* deals with every day, living, vigorous facts. * * The great and important topics of the day are ably and elegantly discussed, the status of the great improvements of the country are intelligibly and clearly portrayed, and when it deals with literature, attention is given to such branches of it as are useful and real.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin*.

It is ably edited, and numbers among its contributors some of the most popular and brilliant pens on the Pacific coast.—*American Publisher and Bookseller*.

Interests us more than any of the monthlies. It is full of well written pictures of life on our

western shore, on the borders of that vast, and to us unknown ocean, that rolls westward so many thousand leagues; and whose waves, receding from our shores, kiss the feet of the almond-eyed Chinese, and haughty Japanese; whose murmur, as they pass the Golden Gate, is of far Cathay; and to gaze upon whose vast expanse, we have just built, with eager haste, a railroad through the Great Desert, and over the mighty Sierras!—*Fonkers Statesman*.

Excellent, and San Francisco can already compete with the Atlantic cities in literature, as it has long done, successfully, in business.—*Daily State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.*

We cannot describe at length the various matters treated of in this well-ventilated, wholesome and spicy magazine. It is simply irresistible. The pictures of life in foreign places, such as Panama, the Fiji Islands, the Texan Prairies, Montana, are more life-like than photographs, and more absorbing than the voyages of Sinbad. We can pay the *Overland* the compliment of declaring that no one of the monthlies to which our desk is habituated has become so much like a bad habit—so near, dear, pleasant and hard to part with.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

One of the freshest and liveliest of all the magazines. * * The work of practiced pens and thinking minds, and we always hail its appearance with delight.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

Every number is an improvement upon the preceding ones, and, although it is only fifteen months since its publication was commenced, it ranks among the best periodicals published in America.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

One of the very best specimens of periodical literature which the literary market affords. The papers are very diverse in topic, and are always able and dignified, and not only abound in pleasant discursive reading, but in much valuable information. The poetical contributions also maintain as high a standard as the prose, which is a very rare fact in magazine literature.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It reflects Western sentiments in a more faithful manner than any of the Eastern periodicals.—*Chicago Courier*.

The *Overland Monthly* justifies its title by coming to us overland, by the identical railroad, two of whose rails, bestriden by a Pacific (not pacific) bear constitute its neat and unique vignette. But if it justifies its title, it far more than justifies any anticipations which might be formed by the reader unacquainted with its merit. Editorially and typographically it ranks with the *Atlantic*, the *Galaxy* and other first-class magazines of the Atlantic coast. * * The literary criticisms are uncommonly good.—*Chicago Post*.

From the Pacific coast comes to us a magazine equal to the best in typographical appearance, and of such excellence in a literary point of view as already to have become a prominent rival of the established Eastern monthlies. * * The *Overland* has leaped at once full grown into the literary arena, sustaining a comparison with the most pretentious of its rivals. California is a remarkable country, said by some observers to be producing a new race of men, and judging by this magazine, possessing both the culture and the vigor to handsomely sustain its own where older communities have assumed to monopolize the honors. So long as the *Overland* keeps up its present standard, it will be a welcome visitor in thousands of Western households.—*Journal of Commerce, Kansas City*.

Enjoys a reputation second to no other magazine in the country. Its contents are spicy, varied, and sparkling.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Evening Bulletin*.

This most excellent magazine was established something more than a year ago, and its appearance was met with the fear, that because of the comparative isolation of California from the rest of the

world, and its general dependence upon the Atlantic States for good literature, the enterprise would not prove a profitable one; but the experiment has been made, and a few months have sufficed to realize to the enterprising publishers the full fruition of success. Thus it is, we see the people of the Pacific side creating a literature of their own, through which medium they are beginning to assert a degree of intelligence equal in every respect to that of New England.—*Cheyenne (Wyoming Ter.) Leader*.

Among the few things *not* sensational, the still fewer which give us vastly more than they promise, is the *Overland Monthly*. Coming from San Francisco, it brings with it somewhat of the breadth, the freshness, the freedom of the far Pacific seas. It more than hints of the inexhaustible and as yet almost untouched wealth of the California vales and mountains; it reflects the brightness of their vivid colors, the exhilaration of their wonderful atmospheres. It is really refreshing to turn away from the stereotyped, much-harped-on themes of the distinguished, from the old things run so deep into the ruts of dullness, to names that we never heard before, and to themes new, unique, healthy, and suggestive. Then it is so delightful to find something a great deal better than you expected—so much more delightful than to expect a great deal, to be disappointed. Only we wonder that a thing can be so good that we hear so little about it; though that is the very reason, probably, why we do hear so little about it.—*New York Independent*.

It is a striking evidence of the advance of the western half of the nation when a serial is issued on the Pacific coast that is equal to the best of old, long-established Eastern magazines.—*Lawrence (Kan.) Tribune*.

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Every article is entertaining and instructive.—*Colorado Miner, Georgetown, Col.*

It is devoted to the development of the country, and certainly is fulfilling its mission.—*Nebraska Register, Rulo City*.

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Replete with all the fresh, vigorous energy of the young civilization of California. Its articles display a degree of culture and finished composition which one would hardly expect from a place in which society is yet in so unsettled and changing a state.—*Western Catholic, Detroit*.

To our readers desiring an excellent and most readable magazine, we heartily recommend the *Overland Monthly*.—*Methodist Recorder, Springfield, Ohio*.

Fresh, sparkling, unique. It has a delicious flavor, like a ripe peach, picked and eaten under its own tree. The Pacific Road is to be thanked for furnishing "transportation" to this magazine. We can wait for our tea to come by water, for our gold and silver by the steamer, but we want the *Overland* by rail. There is nothing of the *Owl* in its pages, yet its frolicsome humor and boldness is chastened by taste and culture. We know of no magazine that contains such valuable criticisms on current literature.—*Georgia Register*.

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A Beginning.

A farmer who bought last November (1868), reports (July 1869), that he has just engaged freight, to San Francisco, for 1,000 tons of Barley, produced by him on the "Stearn's Ranchos," and, but for starting too late, would have had much more to ship.

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The large sail vessels constantly carrying, to the county of Los Angeles, lumber, railroad material, merchandise, etc., can well afford to take freight back to San Francisco at \$3 per ton, when promptly supplied with whole cargoes.

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Fencing.

"Live Fences" are usual and popular near Los Angeles and Anaheim, and indeed they are in common use around the grain farms. Willows and other trees are set out, soon become fine hedges, and furnish also firewood.

Board and post fences are coming into favor as the lumber by the cargo can be delivered at Anaheim Landing at \$20 to \$25 per 1,000 feet.

The vessels can afford to take lumber from the mills on the N. W. coast of California to Los Angeles county at much lower rates as soon as the crops growing and to be produced, furnish return cargoes to the North.

On the vast prairies of the Stearns' Ranchos, many persons, producing large crops, do not deem it necessary to fence.

It is proposed to continue the stipulation in all contracts of sale, that animals shall not be allowed to roam over lands of others than the owners.

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The price of corn land, that will produce 80 to 120 bushels per acre, is \$12, or less; of other lands, 50 to 60 bushels of wheat or barley per acre, same price; choice vineyards and orchard lands, \$10 to \$5. Terms to colonies, extra favorable.

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Early Mexican Grants confirmed by the U. S. Courts; distant 6 miles E. of the San Pedro and Los Angeles Railroad, now being constructed, 10 miles E. from Wilmington Port, 12 miles S. E. from Los Angeles, 1 mile from Anaheim Landing, where the steamers regularly deliver and receive cargo.

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This large tract, nearly level, with a gentle slope southward towards the Ocean, comprises a variety of soil, rich and fertile, well adapted to wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, etc., and choice tracts for the culture of the orange, lemon, olive, fig, mulberry, grape, and tropical and northern fruits generally; also, hops, castor-oil beans, hemp, flax and tobacco.

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These lands are now for sale. $\frac{1}{4}$ cash, balance in 1, 2 and 3 years, with interest at 10 per cent., payable annually.

Routes.

Steamships leave San Francisco once every six days, touching at Santa Barbara (280 miles) the following noon, remaining a few hours; arrive at San Pedro and Wilmington (380 miles) the next morning; thence, after a few hours, proceed to Anaheim Landing (10 miles), and San Diego (90 miles). Returning, arrive at San Francisco the following Saturday.

Stages connect with steamers from San Pedro to Los Angeles (24 miles), from Wilmington to Los Angeles (20 miles), from Wilmington to Anaheim (20 miles).

The land route from San Francisco is by railroad, daily, to Gilroy (80), thence by stage through to Los Angeles in about two days, thence through Anaheim (25 miles) to San Diego, and return.

The Railroad from Wilmington to Los Angeles, now operated, is nearly finished.

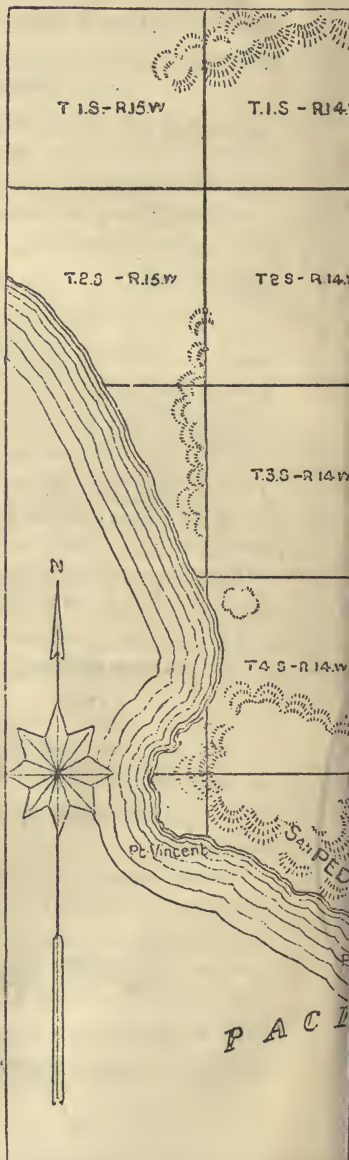
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MAP OF PART OF
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Statistics—Los Angeles Co.

The lands, generally, of the "Santa Ana" and "San Gabriel" valleys, including the Stearns' Ranchos, have heretofore been used for grazing only. Now (in 1869) the horses and cattle have been removed, and there is a wonderful increase in the cultivation of grain and general farm produce—results of the conversion of the region into small farms and the great increase of the farming population.

The following statistics, compiled from returns so far as made to the County Assessor to August, 1868, though incomplete, and far below the actual quantities, will show what *had* been done on the comparatively few acres then in cultivation, and by the then small producing population :

LAND enclosed, 17,000 acres. Land cultivated, 15,000. Wheat, 800 acres, 19,200 bushels. Rye, 35 acres, 700 bushels. Corn, 5,300 acres, 238,500 bushels. Buckwheat, 50, 1,500 bushels. Peas, 20 acres, 500 bushels. Peanuts, 10 acres, 10,000 pounds. Beans, 600 acres, 12,000 bushels. Sweet potatoes, 50 acres, 3,750 bushels. Onions, 25 acres, 62,500 bushels. Hay, 320 acres, 800 tons. Hops, 50 acres, 40,000 pounds. Tobacco, 15 acres, 8,250 pounds. Beets 20 tons. Turnips, 15 tons. Pumpkins and squashes, 1,000 tons. Cotton, 4 acres, 500 pounds. Silk cocoons, none. Rice, none. Broom corn, 25 acres. Butter, 25,000 pounds. Cheese, 10,000 pounds. Wool, 450,000 pounds. Honey, 75,000 pounds.

TREES, &c.—Apple, 6,500. Peach, 9,000. Pear, 4,000. Plum, 100. Cherry, 100. Nectarine, 200. Quince, 600. Apricot, 1,820. Fig, 2,000. Lemon, 2,300. Orange, 15,000. Olive, 1,590. Prune, 75. Mulberry, 250. Almond 500. Walnut, 3,090. Strawberry, vines, 40,000. Grape vines, 3,838,000.

Wine, 760,000 gallons. Brandy, 77,000.

Horses, 12,000. Mules, 2,000. Asses, 200. Cows, 2,900. Calves, 2,070. Beef cattle, 7,000. Oxen, 560. Total number of cattle, 12,500. Sheep, 148,700. Hogs, 4,980. Chickens, 30,000. Turkeys, 1,000. Geese, 500. Ducks, 200. Hives of bees, 1,500.

Grist mills, water power, 5. Run of Stone, 10. Barrels of flour made, 6,700 Bushels of corn ground, 10,000. Saw mills, steam-power, 1. Quartz mills, 2. Tons of quartz crushed, 600.

Mining ditches, 3 miles in length, 14. Average amount of water used daily 456 inches.

Irrigating ditches, 41. Acres irrigated, 10,000. The foregoing is for the year 1867.

LAND cultivated in 1868, acres, 19,600. Acres of wheat sown in 1868, 765. Acres of barley sown in 1868, 6,000. Assessed value of real estate and assessed value of improvements, \$1,142,830. Assessed value of personal property, \$1,139,221. Estimated total population, 9,500. Registered voters, 2,370.

Economy of Cultivation.

No forests to remove, no stumps to get out, no preliminary clearing at \$50 or \$5 per acre is necessary on the "Stearns' Ranchos," Los Angeles Co. This extensive prairie is now ready for the plow, and, from the peculiarity of the soil, may be ploughed any day, even during the dry season.

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To Immigration Aid Societies.

We would call your attention to the opinions expressed by leading contemporary journals in reference to the *OVERLAND MONTHLY* as an exponent of Californian interests, and their recognition of that Pacific Coast intelligence, imparted in captivating articles, which enriches each number without trenching upon the space devoted to other subjects:

The *Overland* is doing much to enlighten the world as to the beauties and advantages of the Pacific slope and should have a liberal support.—*Oregon Sentinel*, Jacksonville.

Into this monthly pamphlet all the enthusiasm, energy and growing culture of the Pacific coast seems to pour its burden of literary wealth, and every exodus of useful information from all the varied talent of that thermal clime apparently finds a resting place upon its ever crowded pages.—*Norwich (Conn.) Weekly Courier*.

As an exponent of the material resources of this coast, the *Overland Monthly* is invaluable, and not more to readers abroad than to our own people; for it not unfrequently throws a flood of light upon subjects with which we supposed every body familiar.—*Weekly Pacific Tribune, Olympia, W. T.*

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The *Overland* is chiefly valuable to Western men on account of the information it contains of every thing on the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Patagonia.—*Salt Lake Daily Reporter*.

Among the few things *not* sensational, the still fewer which give us vastly more than they promise, is the *Overland Monthly*. Coming from San Francisco, it brings with it somewhat of the breadth, the freshness, the freedom of the far Pacific seas. It more than hints of the inexhaustible and as yet almost untouched wealth of the California vales and mountains; it reflects the brightness of their vivid colors, the exhilaration of their wonderful atmospheres. It is really refreshing to turn away from the stereotyped, much-harped-on themes of the distinguished, from the old things run so deep into the ruts of dullness, to names that we never heard before, and to themes new, unique, healthy, and suggestive. Then it is so delightful to find something a great deal better than you expected—so much more delightful than to expect a great deal, to be disappointed. Only we wonder that a thing can be so good that we hear so little about; though that is the very reason, probably, why we do hear so little about it.—*New York Independent*.

This magazine has demonstrated the fact that the people of this coast are not only energetic, enterprising workers, but strong, forcible and clear writers. The *Overland Monthly* has been doing, in a quiet, unostentatious way, a world of good for the entire Pacific coast, and merits the generous patronage of our people.—*Pacific Tribune, Olympia, W. T.*

It reflects Western sentiments in a more faithful manner than any of the Eastern periodicals.—*Chicago Courier*.

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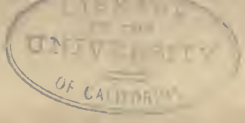
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VOL. 3.—NOVEMBER, 1869.—No. 5.

FUR SEALS.

SINCE the purchase of Alaska by the United States, speculation has been rife as to what its resources were in a commercial point of view. It was known that among its productions are the valuable furs, that furnish material to clothe and protect the natives who inhabit those frosty regions, and which supply, to a great extent, the rare and costly decorations worn by the higher civilized classes throughout the world. Among the great variety of animals producing the indispensable materials for clothing these aborigines, as well as the costly peltries of commerce, we find the Fur Seals have attracted much attention.

These *amphibia* have so wide a geographical range—extending nearly to the highest navigable latitudes in both the northern and southern hemispheres—and being found assembled in such countless numbers at their favorite resorts, they become at once a source of great commercial wealth; and among marine mammalia, they are the most interesting we have met with.

Captain Fanning—one of the most

noted sealing masters in early times—distinguishes the different ages and sexes as follows:

“Full-aged males, called ‘wigs;’ the females, ‘clapmatches;’ those not quite so old, ‘bulls;’ all the half-grown of both, ‘yearlings;’ the young of nearly a year old, called ‘gray’ or ‘silvered pups;’ and before their coats are changed to this shade, called ‘black pups.’”

The color of the full-grown males, or “wigs,” is a dark-brown, and in some instances nearly approaches to black. At a short distance, it is difficult to distinguish between an old “wig” and a full-grown male Sea-Lion of the California coast—the former being frequently found measuring ten feet in length.

The “clapmatches” may average one-half the length of the largest “wigs,” and the greater portion of them are of a silver-gray color; the very oldest, however, are a dark-brown on back and sides, with scattering white hairs over all. The fur is a reddish-brown inside. The thick mixture of black, glistening hairs imparts the dark hue to the old-

est animals, and the white hairs on the younger ones give them the silvery lustre. Both old and young are of lighter shade underneath, particularly about the pectorals and posterior portions of the body.

The layer of fat, or blubber, between the skin and flesh, may average one and a half inches in thickness, varying according to the time the animal has been on shore: it being very fat when the season begins, and very lean when the season is over.

It is very rarely that the "clapmatch" has more than one pup. Out of twenty-two individuals examined, not one was found with twins; and the Indians about Fuca Strait say they never have seen two fœtuses in the same seal.

We recollect taking measurements of several "clapmatches" at the summer village of Kiddy Kubbit, situated near the mouth and on the south side of the strait. The animals lay in one of the large lodges, where the women were engaged in skinning them and trying out oil from the blubber. The question arose, whether a female Fur Seal ever had more than one pup at a birth. A bevy of squaws discussed the subject with great spirit, raising such a din about our ears that nothing else could be heard; at last, a herculean Kloochman clutched a knife, and slashing into the seals, brought forth one pup only from each individual, and, with a knowing look as well as a multitude of words, gave us to understand that this examination, together with past experience in the matter, was proof positive that the offspring of this species of mammalia did not come in pairs.

The time of gestation is supposed to be nine months. The pups, when first born, are about one-third the length of the mother. They are covered with a thick mat of coarse fur, which changes to a finer texture and lighter shade as the animals mature.

The time of bringing forth the young, ("pupping season") on the coast of California, is from May to August, including a part of both months; on the coast of Patagonia and the latitudes near Cape Horn, from October to March.

The flippers of the Fur Seal are destitute of hair, being covered with a sort of shagreen; the side ones are shaped much like the fins of the smaller cetaceous animals; the posterior ones, however, have each five distinct toes, or digits, and three nails, or claws, project from the upper sides, four inches or more from the extremities, according to the size and age of the animal. The tail is extremely short and pointed. The ears are quite pointed also, slanting backward, and are covered with short, fine hair. The head, in proportion, is longer and sharper than that of the Leopard Seal. The number of whiskers on each side of the face may average twenty: they are of different shades, from dark, blackish-brown to white, and frequently attain the length of seven inches. The eyes are invariably dark and glistening, and have a human-like expression.

The intrinsic value of the animal does not depend upon the price of its skin alone; for the layer of fat adhering to it yields the oil of commerce, and supplies light and heat to the natives in their dismal winter-quarters. The flesh, likewise, affords them a staple article of food.

Fanning, as well as other early voyagers, speaks of the flesh of the Fur Seal pups, when six weeks old or more, as being equal to the best mutton, if properly cooked. Notwithstanding, after repeated trials, we confess our preference for the latter.

The hearts and livers of young seals, whether of the Fur or Hair species, are excellent; but we would advise those fond of fresh meat not to witness the killing of the animals and the extraction of those choice portions of them. The

employés of the Russian American Company frequently salted seal meat for ship's use when a supply of beef could not be obtained.

The habits of the Fur Seals differ in several respects from those of the numerous Hair species. One of the most remarkable traits is their extended geographical range. To give a clear idea of their varied haunts as regards climate and diversity of locality, we mention the following as among their favorite resorting places: the coast of Patagonia, west coast of Africa, Falkland Islands, New South Shetlands, South Georgia, southern coast of Chile, island of Masafuero, Lobos Islands, (on the coast of Peru) Gallapagos Islands, (off the coast of Ecuador) the islands of Desolation, Crozets, and St. Paul's in the Indian Ocean, St. Paul Island, (Behring's Sea) and the islands of Robbin and Jonas in the Okhotsk Sea. Thus it will be seen that these interesting animals are inhabitants of the antipodes of the globe, and bask in a tropical sun as well as endure the rigors of the icy regions of the Arctic and Antarctic.

Some idea may be had of their numbers in former years, when on the island of Masafuero, on the coast of Chile—which is not over twenty-five miles in circumference—the American ship *Betsy*, in the year 1797, obtained a full cargo of choice skins. It was estimated at the time that there were left on the island at least five hundred thousand seals. Subsequently, there were taken from the island but little short of one million skins.

The seal fishery was extensively prosecuted for many years by our countrymen. The sailing fleet on the coast of Chile alone, in 1801, amounted to thirty vessels, many of which were ships of the larger class, and nearly all were under the American flag. Up to the present day, American vessels are found—the pioneers—in the most remote and un-

explored regions, wherever the migratory animals are to be found in sufficient numbers to induce that class of our seamen who are fond of a sportsman's life in addition to that of sea-faring, to embark in the enterprise.

In the midst of the Crimean War, an enterprising firm in New London, Connecticut, fitted out a clipper bark, which was officered and manned expressly for a sealing voyage in the Okhotsk Sea. The Captain was a veteran in the business, and many thought him too old to command, but the result of the voyage proved him equal to the task.

The vessel proceeded to Robbin Island—a mere volcanic rock, situated on the eastern side of the large island of Saghalien. Many outlying rocks and reefs are about it, making it dangerous to approach, and affording but slight shelter for an anchorage. Here the vessel (of about three hundred tons) lay, with ground tackling of a weight for a craft of twice the size. Much of the time fresh winds prevailed, accompanied by the usual ugly ground-swell; and in consequence of her being long, low, and sharp, the deck was at such times frequently flooded; nevertheless, she "rode out the whole season, though wet as a half-tide rock," and a valuable cargo of skins was procured, which brought an unusually high price in the European market on account of the regular Russian supply being cut off in consequence of the war. This is only given as one instance of the many that might be related of sealing life.

The "season," as understood by sealers, is the time the animals collect in herds, or rookeries, on shore: the females, to bring forth their young; and the old males, to guard them, till all again return to the sea, and migrate to some unknown quarter. A few days before the main body arrive, a number of old "wigs" come up as if to see that all is right. Frequently the innumera-

ble herd have been seen as far as the eye could distinguish at sea, leaping and plunging like a shoal of porpoises till nearing the shore; then, passing through the surf, they collect upon the beaches, and divide into families, or rookeries, as far as practicable. These families, or divisions, are guarded by the oldest "wigs," who can only maintain their authority and position at the expense of frequent pitched battles with others of their kind who may attempt to displace them. They also keep a watchful eye over the numerous "clapmatches" under their charge; and should one attempt to take to the water, she is immediately driven back, and frequently suffers from the savage bites of her master for attempting to escape.

It is no unusual occurrence in the "height" of the season to see two full-grown "wigs" fight by the hour, exhibiting much tact in their assaults upon each other, both endeavoring to gain advantage by some adroit movement—sometimes making a dead-lock with their mouths, or seizing each other by the fore flippers, or gashing necks and bodies with their sharp, tusk-like teeth. Sometimes we have seen several old "wigs" together on a separate beach, who were cut in every direction, and apparently had retired from the main herd, being unable to continue the fight in consequence of wounds received.

Frequently, many thousands of seals congregate on the same island. They prefer remote, isolated situations, often upon barren rocks or islands, the shores of which are surrounded by a high surf, in which at times they delight to play. They sometimes ascend high, precipitous rocks, where it is next to impossible for man to follow them. Their food consists of fish and a variety of other marine productions, and small stones or pebbles are found in their maws. When a great number are collected on shore, their barkings and howlings are almost

deafening; and when passing to leeward of a seal island, the odor arising from it is any thing but pleasant.

We have before spoken of the wide geographical distribution of the Fur Seals, and of their inordinate gregarious propensity. We may add, likewise, from our own observation as well as the expressed opinion of several experienced sealing masters, that their natural migrations extend over a great expanse of the ocean; and if they are unusually disturbed in their favorite haunts for several successive seasons, they are quite sure to seek some distant or unknown place, where they can congregate unmolested by man.

The females have great affection for their young, which may be more manifested on a coast where, by almost constant hunting from year to year, they have become wild and shy.

On one of the San Benito Islands, on the coast of Lower California, we once watched with interest a "clapmatch" and her pup, which was but a few weeks old. She approached the shore cautiously, with her little one nestling about her; and while "hauling" upon the beach, she was constantly on the lookout, but at the same time caressing, and endeavoring to quiet the object of her care, with a fondness almost human. All being still about the shore save the "wash" along the beach, she soon lulled it into quietness, and both lay huddled on a shelving rock, enjoying the warmth of a midday sun. Now and then a heavier swell than usual would roll in, varying the otherwise monotonous sound, when instantly the mother would raise her head and gaze with glaring eyes to make sure that there was no cause for alarm; then again she would resume her former posture, with her pup hugged to her breast by one of her pectorals, as if to sleep.

Some small sticks being at hand, we broke one, to see what effect so slight a

noise might have upon them. The instant it snapped, the young one uttered cries of alarm, and the mother yelped defiantly; they soon, however, became quiet again, and we were on the point of leveling the rifle, when accidentally we caught sight of an old "wig" lying on a high rock not far distant: taking sure aim we fired, then turned to observe the movements of the "clapmatch" and her little one. With a bound or two she reached the water, but returned again to urge her young one off as best she could; soon both were in their chosen element, and disappeared around a rocky point—and that was the last seen of them.

Our observations having been confined almost exclusively to the Pacific coast, and chiefly between Chile and Alaska, what may follow, in addition to personal knowledge, has been obtained from the most reliable sources within our reach.

In former times, when Fur Seals abounded, they were captured in large numbers with the ordinary seal-club in the hands of the sealer, who would slay the animals "right and left" by one or two blows upon the head. A large party would cautiously land to leeward of the rookery, if possible; then, when in readiness, at a given signal all hands would approach them, shouting, and using their clubs to the best advantage in the conflict. Many hundreds were frequently taken in one of these "knock-downs," as they were called. As soon as the killing was over, the flaying commenced. Some sealers became great experts in skinning the animals; and the number of skins one would take off in the course of an hour, would be a decidedly fishy story to tell. However, to flay fifty seals in a day would be regarded as good work. It will be readily seen that a sealing ship's crew, numbering twenty or more, would make great havoc among a seal rookery, in very short time; and, it is no matter of surprise that these valuable

fur-bearing animals soon became comparatively scarce. As early as 1835, about Cape Horn, Patagonia, and other points in the Antarctic regions, men were left to "watch out" and shoot the animals as one or more came on shore.

Both officers and men have been frequently landed from sealing vessels on barren islands, rocks, or points, which would appear quite inaccessible to any but sealers or sea-elephant hunters, by reason of the heavy surf and surge about them; and where men occasionally have perished of starvation or thirst, from not receiving the needful supplies from the ship, which might have been wrecked before the time for her return. One can hardly imagine more desolate habitations than the Diego Ramirez, off Cape Horn, or the Crozets and Prince Edward's Islands, in the Indian Ocean; but these places are no more forbidding in point of gloomy climate, isolation, and barrenness, than scores of others that might be mentioned, where men were left for months with or without a boat, as occasion required.

On the coast of California, many beaches were found fronting gullies, where seals in large numbers formerly gathered; and as they there had plenty of ground to retreat upon, the sealers sometimes drove them far enough back to make sure of the whole herd, or that portion of them whose skins were desirable.

On the north-west coast, south of the Aleutian Islands, but few Fur Seals are taken, and those are chiefly caught by the Indians with spears of native manufacture—the fishing being almost entirely confined to the mouth of the Juan de Fuca Strait, and the contiguous coast of the Pacific.

The Indian seal-fishers are among the tribes inhabiting the coast from Gray's Harbor to the southern part of Vancouver's Island. The seals appear on the coast some years as early as the first of

March, and more or less remain till July or August; but they are most plentiful in April and May. During these two months, the Indians devote nearly all of their time to sealing, when the weather will permit.

It is but a few years since the Indians have turned their attention to taking seals solely to procure their skins for barter; and what may seem surprising, it is but a few years since the animals have been known to resort to the vicinity of the strait in such large numbers. We have it from the most reliable source that there were but a few dozens of Fur Seal skins taken annually by the Indians, from 1843 to 1864; after which period, the number of skins sold by them at Victoria, Vancouver's Island, Nee-ah Bay, and points on Puget Sound, has steadily increased till the present year, 1869, when the number in the aggregate will amount to fully five thousand skins.

When going in pursuit of seals, three or four natives embark in a canoe at an early hour in the morning, and usually return the following evening. The fishing-gear consists of two spears, which are fitted to a pronged pole fifteen feet in length; to the spears a line is attached, which is fastened to the spear-pole close to, or is held in the hand of the spearman when he darts the weapon. A seal-club is also provided, as well as two seal-skin buoys—the latter being taken in the canoe to be used in rough weather, if necessary; or if a seal, after being speared, can not be managed with the line in hand, a buoy is "bent on," and the animal is allowed to take its course for a time. Its efforts to escape, by diving repeatedly, and plunging about near the surface of the water, soon exhaust the animal somewhat; and when a favorable time presents, the spearman seizes the buoy, hauls in the line until within reach of the seal, when it is captured by clubbing. But, generally, the

line is held in the hand when the spear is thrust into the seal; then the pole is instantly withdrawn, and the canoe is hauled at once to the floundering creature, which is dispatched as before described. Indians from the Vancouver shore frequently start in the night, so as to be on the best sealing-ground in the morning. This locality is said to be south-west of Cape Classet, five to fifteen miles distant.

Frequently, during the early part of the day, in the spring months, fresh winds come from the eastward, causing a rough, short sea about the mouth of the strait in the whirling currents. At such times these seal-fishers, or hunters, squatting in their canoes—that have a skin buoy lashed on each side the bow—present not only a comical, but perilous appearance, they being continually drenched with salt water by the toppling seas, and the canoes make as great a diversity of bounds and plunges as do the seals themselves.

In Behring's Sea, the islands of St. Paul and St. George are now the main resorting places of the Fur Seal, although in former years Copper Island swarmed with these periodical visitors; considerable numbers were also inhabitants of Behring's Island, as well as several of the most isolated points in the Aleutian chain.

They make their appearance soon after the ice leaves—the last of May or the beginning of June—and more or less remain till October, varying a little as to time, according to the rigor of the season.

The Aleutians, under the direction of officers of the Russian American Company, were employed in taking the seals. The *modus operandi* was to intercept the animals between the beach and water; then to drive them far enough inland to prevent the possible escape of any which might be selected from among the males to be killed—the "clapmatch-

es" always being reserved as breeders; then all those selected were dispatched with the club, unless, now and then, an old "wig" could be more easily taken by shooting a ball through his brain.

Under the judicious management of the Russians, the animals did not decrease in numbers, and, to a certain extent, they became tamed, for they returned periodically to the islands and brought forth and nurtured their young; and all were habituated to being driven inland every year for the purpose of slaying thousands of their numbers. The loud moanings of the animals when the work of slaughtering is going on, beggars description—in fact, they manifest vividly to any observing eye a tenderness of feeling not to be mistaken; even the simple-hearted Aleutians say that "the seals shed tears."

Our observations about the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca lead us to believe that the unusually large number seen in the vicinity during the present year are a portion, at least, of the great herd that resort to St. Paul and St. George. One reason for this conclusion is, that no adult males are found with them. This would naturally follow the careful course adopted by the Russians of sparing the females, in order to propagate the stock; moreover, this female herd—for, almost invariably, those of the herd which have been taken by the Indians were females—are found to have fœtuses in them that must necessarily be brought forth in the course of a month or two, which would probably be about the time they would arrive in that far northern region. The Indians unanimously affirm that they come from the south and go to the north. It is quite certain that they do not resort to any islands in or near the strait, or the adjacent coast. As near as could be

ascertained, the main body pass by the mouth of the strait during the months of March and April and a part of May, after which comparatively few are seen; scattering ones, however, remain till the close of summer, as before mentioned. But where these countless herds of fur-bearing animals resort to in winter seems a mystery. All we know is, that at the proper season of the year they come on shore plump and fat, the females have their young, and all remain about the land till the little ones are sufficiently matured to migrate. By this time the old ones become very poor, but after a winter's absence they return in good condition again.

In relation to the extent and value of the Fur Seal fishery upon our coasts we append the following:

From eighty to one hundred thousand skins are said to have been taken annually by the Russian American Company, from St. Paul and St. George, for several successive years previous to the transfer of Russian America to the United States. Since that time, up to the spring of the present year, (1869) according to the number reported to have been obtained by all the vessels trading on the coast, the aggregate is 274,052, which, if valued at \$5 each, would amount to \$1,370,260.

This large export during so short a time probably embraces nearly all the skins taken for two years. At the present time the Government has restricted the number of seals to be killed at St. Paul and St. George, in order to protect them from total destruction. It is thought, however, by experienced men who have been engaged in the business, that if the fishery is judiciously managed, the products of those islands will fully equal, if not exceed, what they were before the transfer.

A VIEW OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

“**W**HAT a queer country, and how different!” exclaimed a

German immigrant, in the language of the Fatherland, the other day, as he sat himself down on his big iron-bound chest and looked about him, at a frontier station of an Iowa railroad. Just between his two wooden shoes, which dangled wearily against the side of the box on which he sat, “*Eil-gut*” was plainly legible in white German text. This told the honest fellow’s story graphically enough: how he had been crowded into the steerage of the steamer, hustled through the miseries of Castle Garden, and pushed on to the westward-going train; until here, in remote Iowa, he had taken the first and only chance, since arriving in the land of promise, to stretch his limbs and look about him, and make the foregoing astute remark. And there was, I think, more philosophy in it than we would at first suppose. In his way to that frontier station, he had been pushed and thumped through one of the great commercial cities of Germany, and through one or the other of the European capitals, Paris or London, besides New York; but these, to his hurried observation, were about alike—the same bustle around the station, the same bewildering crowds in the streets, and the same implacable emigrant agent to push and thrust him and his *Eil-gut* along toward his new home. When, however, he had time to breathe and dangle his tired legs over his iron-bound box at his destination, he looked surprisedly through a memory of the Rhine Valley, or, perhaps, of the Bavarian Oberland, out upon the unpainted frame houses and board fences, set up against a background of native forest, and ex-

claimed: “What a queer country, and how different!”

If it had been one of the æsthetic Professors of Germany, instead of the ignorant peasant, his remark would have amounted to about the same thing. The Professor might have said that the great cities of the civilized world are becoming alike—beginning the enumeration with Berlin and ending it with New York—showing how you would find the same silk hats and kid gloves on the Berliner Brücke, or London Bridge, the Boulevards, or Broadway. But, the Professor would say, exposed bricks, frame houses, and board fences—these are American, the *persönlichkeit* of the country; and, if he were a Hofrath, he would be likely to go further, and say that the people and their institutions are, like their houses and their fences, rough in their strength, temporary and unstable in their prosperity. The Hofrath, however, receives his salary from a King who rules yet by Divine Right of misgovernment; so he can be excused for any little slur at Republicanism, in gratitude for his having touched upon the outskirts of a truth of which so few of ourselves are conscious: namely, that this country of ours is as much a curiosity—a sight to be seen and studied—as the greatest traveler will meet in the world elsewhere.

There is no allusion now made to the commercial wonders of the land, or the natural wonders, as Niagara and Yosemite; but to that strange inner life which makes every thing on the northern half of this continent a thing peculiar—that is, American. The New World being essentially active, and the Old World passive, Europe does not

differ from America so much as America differs from Europe.

I do not profess to understand this subject. Let those who do explain it, after following and watching the workings of this American spirit, as it gradually mixes more meat with the potatoes in the diet and life of our Iowa immigrant, until the Old World peasant, who, at home, never read a newspaper, or had a thought beyond his acre by day and the village beer-house by night, becomes here, in a dozen years, the intelligent citizen, and, may be, the ruler.

The person who will take the pains to ride through this broad land on the mail, instead of the express trains, will be struck with the similitude, overshadowing the slight local differences, of the faces, clothes, and manners of the people who get in and out at the way-stations, from Maine to Maryland, or Minnesota. The mail train is, indeed, one of the best means, and certainly the most expeditious means, of becoming acquainted with the social characteristics of any given region. You will find the majority of the people in the car with you acquainted with one another; for scarcely any of them are through passengers; they carry their neighborhood with them, and leave the train before they get out of the circle of their acquaintance. Others come in to take up the conversation, and so the acquaintance and companionship extend themselves from one end of the country to the other. The irrepressible baby sleeps, squalls, or partakes of his lunch within the immediate range of your eyes and ears. The bargain goes on between a couple of sharp-faced gentlemen met casually just behind you. A horse, or a car-load or so of grain, is bought or sold, after all the preliminary advances, retreats, ambushes, flank movements, etc., of the legitimate "dicker." Even family confidences and the gossip of neighborhoods are shouted at you from the other

end of the car by unsophisticated persons, who, while speaking louder than the din and clatter of the wheels over the rails, are not aware that you and the whole car-load of passengers must necessarily hear every thing that rises above the usual racket. The fashions, you will observe everywhere, are on the same average of from three months to three years posterior to those of Broadway. And as you ride on, the place of the irrepressible baby will be taken by another irrepressible baby; and the squalls, and bargaining, and gossip will be kept up perennially on the way-train, across and around the Great Republic, which, you will find, is made up everywhere of about the same kind of free, self-conscious manhood and womanhood.

One who is accustomed to observe the strong influence, and even preponderance, of the English in the strongholds of commerce, from the White Sea to the ports of Egypt, would naturally expect to see the same to a greater extent in the British Provinces of this continent. But he will be surprised to find that Montreal, at least, looks to New York almost as Chicago does. Thoughtful Canadians are constrained to confess that the trail of the American spirit is over them all.

But it was a recent first view of Washington that suggested the remark of the Iowa immigrant, and I must get back to the intention with which I first quoted it—which was, to use it, with a slight modification, as the best utterance of my first impressions: "What a queer city, and how different from all other political capitals!"

Arriving on the afternoon train about the middle of March, and riding up to the hotel leisurely—as almost every thing, except office-seeking, seems to be done in Washington—with now a glimpse of a distant public building, and then a long reach of sleepy street, the proud American is likely to be dis-

appointed; or, if of a dreamy disposition, to doubt that he is in the capital of his country. If he trusts the testimony of his eyes and memory only, he may well be excused for his inability to decide whether he is in some quiet Virginia village or in some South American city. The numerical preponderance of the negro race everywhere, and the lazy spirit of the whites, of both genders, as manifested in a tendency to loll out of windows and to hang over old-fashioned stoop-railings—these are the unmistakable peculiarities of inland “Sunny South.” But how like a view of Lima or Quito is that about the City Hall, with its tropical and scalene-angled groups leaning or sitting around the gray stone pillars, the portico and background of the dingy building tending to make the illusion only the more complete!

There is, in commercial affairs at least, some shadow of truth in the boast of the Gothamites, that outside of New York all is provincial. In this sense, and in many others, the National City is unquestionably provincial. The intention of the founders that Washington should not be a commercial capital, seems to have been carried out better than any other of their magnificent plans. But that so sleepy a place should be the political heart of so sprightly a body is just a little surprising. The crumbling ruins of certain old-fashioned brick houses on Capitol Hill and thereabout still attest the disastrous result of the only *bona fide* local speculation of great consequence that was ever made by private citizens in Washington. The tide of the city's growth flowed perversely in the wrong direction, and left the investment of the early speculators to lie as a sort of intangible treasure-trove for a couple of generations. The city of magnificent space belongs to the whole nation, and, as individuals, we have, or at least take, the right to abuse it as much as we like. Still, I hardly think

the inhabitants are so much to be blamed as they are to be pitied. They are in the very worst of atmospheres. The whole District of Columbia is, in fact, a species of American colony in the midst of the nation; and though “the public improvements at the stationary residence of Government,” in the language of the Federalist, might have been “too great a public pledge to be left in the hands of a single State,” yet it will hardly be questioned that the city and too many of its people have been not a little demoralized by dependence upon the General Government.

But Washington, since the war, and especially since the inauguration of President Grant, has been advancing greatly in the matter of inhabitants and business. There are actually people there now who would consider it disgraceful to depend upon the Government for anything less than a portfolio or a heavy contract. Except in the matter of commerce—and, perhaps, the pliocene life of the departmental clerks—Washington is, after all, a fair representative of Americanism. As has been said, it is unlike any other political capital of the world—and so it should be, to represent the indefinable American spirit. The public buildings are in themselves ponderous Americanisms—as large and costly as any in the world, and yet set up in the very worst places with respect to one another and to the effect of all. There is no secular building on the face of the earth to be compared with the Capitol in the way of massive extent and expensive material; yet, with the exception of Rogers' bronze doors and the exquisite clock in the old Hall of Representatives, the art which it enshrines is, to say the least, very questionable. This may not be as it should be, but it certainly could not be otherwise and be representative.

It is very doubtful whether there have ever been a dozen full-dress parties of

American citizens where there was not some one man—say an elderly gentleman of pecuniary or intellectual independence—who betrayed his republicanism by appearing without gloves or claw-hammer coat. So Washington, at every turn, is showing its hard-fisted origin—the expansive American spirit which built it. And who of our capacious *dilettanti* would, for instance, accept the life of the Roman populace for the sake of their mosaics; or exchange the art beginnings of our Republic for the gorgeous porcelain of Sèvres, if they could be preserved only in the gingerbread architecture of the French palaces? Those fine things belong yet to nations that are given to an excessive use of ah! and oh! and whose life as well as language are, as I may say, full of airy exclamation points. The low, solid public buildings of Washington belong very properly to a nation that, in important affairs, says flat, square Yes and No. For these structures and the late war have shown that they are mistaken who believe the Americans are impulsive in great things.

It is rare to meet a man who considers the National Capital his permanent home. He may have been there twenty years; but he will persistently claim to live somewhere else. The plain of the Potomac is, in fact, a camping-ground for all sorts of political nomads. This is probably why the faces, clothes, and manners of the people are more like the average of those you will have met in the mail trains, going from one end of the Union to the other, than you will find in any other one city on this continent. Washington is a sort of centre of gravity of American society, with Maine and Oregon taken as the extreme edges of the mass—as much above the generous *abandon* of the Far West as it is below the cultivated repose of the older cities of the Middle and New England States. In the very *élite*, even, of the official

circles there, one detects a something of the *nouveau riche*—not defined enough, indeed, to be called a flavor, but akin to what the French, in a criticism of soups, would call a “suspicion.” The ladies, although indulging in all the costliness of dress and all the stateliness of prescribed formalities, have not always grown in *ton* as fast as their husbands have grown in political position; and their ways and conversation are not infrequently full of little inadvertent reminiscences of a less exalted, and, perhaps, happier sphere. It is true, nevertheless, that Washington is representative as a social aggregate—the real point in the plane where the social lines of the whole country may be said to meet.

The boarding-house seems to be the rule of common life in Washington. The hotels are given over almost exclusively to the higher officials and to the more important office-seekers; to heiresses from the South, who tell of the magnitude of their claims to any chance-comer of the parlors consenting to listen; and to ambitious speculators or contractors, who fill the reading-rooms and corridors with the windy details of their vast projects. While Congress is in session, the boarding-houses are filled to overflowing; and, I think, nothing equal to their sublime discomforts will be found elsewhere. At half-past four or five in the afternoon, a hundred famished people of all ranks, and from every part of the country, assemble about the prandial board, and begin a vigorous game of grab. First come, first served. It is a perilous and desperate thing to be a half-hour late at a boarding-house *table d'hôte* in Washington. And yet hundreds of families leave well-appointed homes to come and endure these domiciliary miseries season after season—for what good and sufficient cause, it would embarrass them as much as it does your present philosopher to say. A queer fancy always haunted me at my

caravansary, in the midst of these desperate skirmishes for roast beef and pudding. I could not help thinking of myself and the ninety-nine others as reversing the sacrificial custom of the ancients, and offering ourselves as a human hecatomb to the slaughtered ox.

It was my fortune to have my seat at table next to a portly Western Senator. Affected by the persistency with which, from day to day, he reached directly across my plate for the butter and any other dish that happened to come within the measure of his arms, I took the trouble to pass him any thing I saw his eye resting upon that lay in the line of the fatal diagonal; and in this way we became acquainted. I will confess that, having no office to seek, I had expected no greater pleasure or advantage from my new acquaintance than what would naturally accrue from a certainty that he would no longer be in such imminent danger of carrying off fragments of my dinner on his coat-sleeve. I may as well own, too, that I felt some little shade of humiliation when I saw a man, holding so exalted a place in the councils of the nation, eating his potatoes with his knife. My first agreeable surprise was that in his casual conversation, or in his more earnest confidences with a Congressman of his own party, who sat opposite, he never said any thing harsh of his political opponents. When any public man, of whatsoever party, was the subject of abuse, I noticed that the Senator always found something good to say of him. But what was my astonishment, when, one day, as we chanced both to be late at dinner, and drifted into a long talk about literature, to hear this rough Westerner discourse lovingly and appreciatively of my favorite authors. He was, indeed, a man full of surprises. I had the good fortune to be much with him afterward, and on one occasion spent a whole day in his company in an excursion to Mt. Vernon; and I think I

never knew a man the benevolence of whose heart so shone out through every opinion he uttered. He could hardly tell how he ever got into politics; and, though he never said so, I think he felt thoroughly ashamed of himself for doing any thing so out of keeping with his frank and kindly nature. He was inclined to think—and this much he said—that he had been forced into the uncongenial life at Washington, and was very anxious to get back to his home in the West.

I do not know whether I shall be excused for noting down here incidentally another surprise which met me one day in the Senate Chamber. I noticed at a desk there, during a recess, a gentleman whose face strongly resembled that of a person with whom I was not long since familiar in San Francisco—a man who made so little stir in the occidental metropolis that he would scarcely be recognized by a dozen people, if he should appear on Montgomery street to-day. I approached and read on the desk before him the name of this gentleman, in whose face I had not been mistaken. He is now a Senator from a Southern State.

It is, I believe, acknowledged that never before was Washington so overrun by office-seekers as it was after the inauguration of the present administration. Not only the public buildings, hotels, boarding and private houses, but the sidewalks, and, in some instances, the gutters, were full to overflowing with button-holders and button-holes. Eager faces and tired faces, hopeful faces and disappointed faces, and long envelopes containing applications and recommendations, stared and thrust themselves from every unexpected place. But the scene at the Capitol could scarcely be painted in words. The constant stream flowing each way between the two Houses of Congress, meeting, and swaying, and eddying in the Rotunda, can be compared only to the headlong representation in

the Cistine Chapel; and it is not our duty to say which House is the similitude of the blessed or the infernal side of Angelo's "Last Judgment."

Who was in and who was out, and who was going to be in and who was going to be out, were the burden of every chance conversation. My negro barber left me, one morning, with my chin half shaved, to confer with a "ge'man," as he assured me, who had hired him to use his influence with one of his official customers. There were people from the remotest ends of the Republic, who had come for what they could get. I heard of one person that came for a foreign mission, and who, finally tapering down to the pursuit of a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship, was—unsuccessful. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, at a time when his anteroom was filled with scores of Senators, Representatives, and office-seekers waiting for an interview, received a letter informing him that the writer had sent in his application for the post-office of some little town in the West, and wished that the Commissioner would just run over to the Postmaster-General's and see if it had been received. The very next letter which the same official opened was from a young man who wanted a place in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and wished to board with the Commissioner or the Secretary of the Treasury—he didn't care which. This unsophisticated order of persons is, after all, the least numerous of the four classes of office-seekers. Of this species, undoubtedly, was that tanned, long-shanked individual whom I met climbing, perspiring, up Capitol Hill, beneath a hot sun, and who, stopping and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, wanted to know if he was in the right direction "for the place where the General Postmaster lives." A second, and, perhaps, more numerous class of office-seekers is made up of gentlemen who wear kid gloves, and, very often, eye-

glasses, to impress upon the powers that be their eligibility to consulships and other clerkly positions in the gift of Government. They may make good officers, but they are very contemptible as exquisites, for, in attire, they are never quite up to the latest fashions. There is a third class of honest men who come to Washington because they deserve, and a large constituency want them to have, the offices for which they are forced to squabble with pretenders; and then there is the fourth and the last class of office-seekers which I shall feel called upon to mention. These are they who use whisky as a means of electioneering, both at home and in Washington; and they comprise a numerous and very successful host. It would, indeed, be a fine piece of political chemistry to make such an analysis as should determine just what it is in whisky that makes it so great a power behind the throne in our governmental affairs. Many a man, who would not sell his vote or his influence for money, has parted with both for liquor. It would be unjust and scandalous to say that whisky gets into the heads of Departments; but its outside pressure most certainly does get there.

The fountain in front of the Capitol was, last March and April, a sort of barometer, where one could read the success, or the lack of it, in the faces of the office-seekers, who were in the habit of lounging about it at almost all hours. They with the hopeful countenances were cheerfully feeding the gold-fishes; they of the doubtful or disappointed ones, were staring vacantly over the railings into the water. It must, however, have been an unsuccessful whisky electioneerer, who, having vainly squandered his money on the more fiery liquid, and now forced to drink from the common grave of an old world of sinners, wrote with a reckless hand and a lead pencil, this feeling record on the white

marble of the fountain: "*March 31st—A wild-goose chase.*"

There is more whisky consumed in Washington, I think, than in any other city of its size in the Union. New Orleans, before the war, might have contested this claim. She would hardly attempt it now. When one considers the thousands of clerks and minor officials who make the National Capital their temporary home, the deplorable fact just enunciated will not seem so inexplicable. I believe it is generally acknowledged that a clerkship will, in time, dwarf and shrivel the strongest intellect. There is, at least, nothing surer than that this kind of transient life is the very worst thing for morals. The early days of California and the present days of White Pine illustrate that fact, to the heart's content of any philosopher. Nor will it be questioned by those competent to judge, that more young men have been irretrievably ruined in Washington than in any other city of its population in the country. A youth from some inland district is placed in a Department, by the influence of his Representative, and there he stays, year after year, falling before the temptations of his homeless life, or growing so poor and old, and enervated by his monotonous toil, that he has not courage to go back to his native place, or any better one, till, by some political earthquake, he is set adrift—a helpless old man.

The vacant, aimless faces one meets at times in Washington are positively distressing. The whole city, when the crowds have gone away with the adjourned Congress, has a fossil, clerkly aspect. There is nothing more hopeless than the poverty of those miserable clerks, who struggle to support a wife and six or eight children on twelve hundred dollars a year in Washington, where the cost of living is almost as great as it is in New York. But when, as in too many cases, the clerk himself is a

drunkard, the miseries of the family are too appalling to be dwelt upon. I saw one wretched fellow, with a shabby coat and a bloated face, who—having begged and borrowed money of his friends to spend for liquor till they were tired and refused him—stood in a most ludicrously pleading attitude at the door of my boarding-house with a Baltimore ham under his arm. It had been sent to his wife by some commiserating friend, and he had borne it away stealthily to pawn or sell for money to apply in the same fatal places where his salary was pledged months before it was due.

I knew of another clerk who had been for thirty years in one of the Departments, and who could scarcely remember when he had not sold his monthly pay in advance, at a discount, to meet his necessities. Thus, in the month of March he could get no money till he had disposed of his salary for April; and the poor old fellow never hoped to get so far ahead again as to save the discount he was forced to lose every month. You are reading every few days of the removal of clerks at Washington. To all young men in the Departments such an event should be a blessing; but I remember nothing more heart-rending than the plight of one poor old fellow I saw who, after serving a Department for eighteen years, was turned out penniless into the world, with a family dependent upon him. The old clerks become as thoroughly enervated and worthless by their long service as do the "be-mossed heads" of the German Universities—those students who hang about an academic city for years and years, drinking beer, fighting duels, and doing every thing else but attending lectures, passing examinations, or taking degrees. I met one venerable old fellow at Washington who had been a clerk through untold years of political strife from the times of Clay and Webster to these latter days of impeachment. Living al-

ways within twenty minutes' walk of the two chambers where the giants were met in debate, or where the Lilliputs, even, were making history, this venerable old fellow had never had energy in all his life to visit the Capitol but twice.

Of the numerous female clerks in the Government service, I saw so little that I could not justly pronounce an opinion of their morals or efficiency. There are many wild rumors afloat; but I fear they may, most of them, have sprung from the jealousy of their worthless clerical rivals of the opposite sex. Enough, however, has been written to give some hint of the peculiarities of the National City, and to show that, while it is differ-

ent from all other political capitals, it is still fairly representative of the nation: not in its fossil clerks, but in the strong buildings where they drudge away their lives; not in the commercial thrift of its private citizens, but in the greater energies of the American spirit, which have met there to spread out the broad avenues, and pile up the costly marbles of the Capitol. At least, so it has seemed to your present superficial tourist. And the profoundest moral that he has been able to bear away with him from a careless first view of Washington, is, that if one wants to respect the laws, it is just as well not to know how they are made.

THE CHINESE LABOR PROBLEM.

WE stand to-day on the eve of important changes in the course of trade, with our own Pacific coast, China, Japan, and the thousand islands of the Polynesian Archipelago. We can not hold too sanguine a conception of the magnificent future of this great ocean when we predict that the day will come when that nation which controls the Pacific will command a trade equal to that of the world to-day.

Ancient record divides the East from the West—one empire to remain comparatively stationary, while the other encircles the globe. In our age they again confront, having ripened under different atmospheres. Both reveal their present civilization as the result of the faith that is in them. San Francisco stands on middle ground, between the Orient and Occident of former years. Our progress westward renders these terms obsolete. Steam brings Asia to our very door—a mighty continent beyond the broad Pacific, with unnumbered millions, now our neighbors—a land claimed by scholars

as the birthplace of mankind, and by merchants known to have enriched every nation that has enjoyed the advantage of its trade. Already her olive hand has been extended with treaties of peace and commerce, while her sons have been lent to serve as willing apprentices in our midst. When laborers were scarce—impossible to obtain in sufficient force—gates closed for centuries were unsealed at our bidding, and a transcontinental railway opened for us a new chapter in national progress.

Earth supplies, in appointed time, from hidden reserves, what becomes necessary for the wants of man. Should we look on Mongolians—now offering as laborers—in this beneficent light? Are the necessities of our planters as pressing as were the needs of those bold and deserving men, who, with courage, skill, and enterprise, planned and executed the national highway, under circumstances calculated to appall the most adventurous?

Questions of such importance should

be thoroughly understood, and pertinent facts reviewed, before completing judgment. Enterprises, to succeed, must be well directed. Let us examine and ascertain, so far as facts can reveal, whether endeavors to furnish Chinese laborers to the United States are steps in the true interest of civilization. Will an influx of Chinese laborers contribute to local or national prosperity? Events now concur in placing the people of the United States as prominent customers in labor-markets of the world, seeking accessions of cheap muscular labor. Opinions stated in open convention at Memphis, appear to have met singular unanimity of approval at the South: that our present labor system must be re-organized; that comparatively few women now labor on the crops; that three millions of negro laborers before the war, are now reduced to scarcely a million available field force; and pending some change, or until a substitute from abroad is supplied, enterprise throughout cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco districts must languish.

A want seems to exist; and for purposes of investigation, we admit these statements as facts. How shall it be supplied? As payment of interest and final principal of our national debt, foreign exchanges, and consequent extension of commerce now measurably depend on our ability to export cotton—which product, in turn, depends largely on supplies of labor—the subject becomes national, assuming importance far beyond merely local questions on the west coast.

San Francisco is already, by Internal Revenue returns, the ninth manufacturing city of the United States. With Chinese laborers properly apportioned, California may realize a manufacturing greatness and wealth scarcely second to any State, and largely rival England. Her coal, iron, lead, tin, copper, antimony, quicksilver, marble, etc. wait only

for labor to disengage their latent powers.

Chinese have long been willing suppliants for labor at our Golden Gate. San Francisco, nearer in distance to the Central Flowery Kingdom than any spot advanced in Western civilization, as the principal inlet of Oriental immigration, has a personal experience founded on twenty years of intercourse. Notwithstanding uninformed or partisan assertions, immigration has been, and we trust always will be, conducted on principles universally acknowledged as strictly just, without violation of any existing law, if we except individual cases, where foreign ships have brought to our shores a small excess of passengers—a result occasioned because American law requires more room on shipboard, *per capita*, than British passenger regulations, under which vessels clear from Hongkong.

Chinese, already here, have come about fast enough for gradual assimilation to our wants. They quickly catch the spirit of American enterprise, and profit by its elevating influences. As workmen on the Pacific Railroad they gave essential and substantial aid, laboring in deep snows throughout the coldest weather with undiminished energy—showing ability to live in even extreme sections of our country, although our Southern States present a climate more nearly allied to that portion of China from which we draw most of our immigration.

America, where millions of acres, rightly fruitful, remain barren and fallow because unsettled; where golden harvests await cultivation, because there are not laborers enough, has yet some apparently short-sighted protectionists, who, at heart, desire to exclude any accession of laborers. With whatever cultivated jealousy, or apparent aversion, the presence of Chinese may be regarded by a class of laborers whom they at first

may seem to supplant, but whom they really supplement, they will, nevertheless, certainly form henceforth a part of the industrial sinews of our land.

China can furnish intelligent laborers for a thousand varied requirements, ashore or afloat—for railroads and steamships—for mines, factories, farms, or firesides. Their transportation hither will employ merchant shipping, and may prove a stimulating element in redeveloping it numerically toward that position it held before the rebellion. Railroads will, also, reap liberal benefits from this movement. Americanized Chinamen acquire great love of travel. California stage lines have been largely supported by Chinese. In some districts, a withdrawal of their patronage might have proved ruinous to even those who, on election days, voted anti-Coolie tickets. Chinese "custom" in California is not one to be overlooked in items of calculation.

Coming to us, necessarily, by water across the Pacific, they can only reach us in proportion to our marine transportation. To bring large numbers, adequate to a demand likely to spring from the Cotton States, facilities must be largely and rapidly increased. American mail steamships of the China line, unequaled in size and beauty as specimens of naval architecture, now sail monthly, making twelve round trips a year. The United States Government pays them for carrying mails an annual subsidy of \$500,000 in currency, equal to \$375,000 in gold. Considering the length of voyage and necessary outlays of running steamers between ports where all disbursements are gold or Mexican silver dollars, the present subsidy appears trivial. In view of a prospective demand for largely increased transportation, Congress can hardly do better than double this amount, and require double service from the company. They have large and airy accommodations for about 1,200 Chinese passengers on each steamer: thus their ca-

capacity, running their present number of trips, is only equal to supplying 14,000 laborers per year, and as they carry back over one-third and often half that number of old residents, they can not produce an annual gain much exceeding seven or eight thousand persons, when coming full every voyage. It is true, many come in sailing vessels, but the regular accommodations of these steamships are so far superior, as regards area, food, and general attention, that they prefer paying \$45 passage by steamer, to one-half that sum for the improvised berths temporarily erected between-decks in sailing vessels. We have searched in vain for any statute enacted by Congress, interposing any possible objection to their coming.

To tempt Chinese immigrants, and introduce them into our Cotton States in sufficient numbers to further a higher prosperity, will require skillful management. Chinese merchants, entitled to esteem in their several companies, have lately returned from a prospecting tour to the Atlantic coast, where universal kindness was bestowed upon them, and unmeasured good feeling manifested toward their people. Pioneer gangs have lately started for places in the Eastern States, where their labor is represented as almost a pressing necessity. These, after a short period in a country where all is new to them, write back to their friends accounts, favorable or otherwise, of the locality, people, and occupation. Thus, by degrees, through these means, an immigration will be established. They will come freely, when every letter written home unites in confirming the encouraging assertions of those who visit China personally, to start them forward. The traveled Chinaman, telling stories of his wanderings, will become a sage in his native district when describing railroads, factories, and numerous inventions of our civilization.

The Chinese Empire, with its depend-

encies, embraces 4,695,334 square miles, and supports at the present time a population of 477,500,000—or nearly half the human race. China itself, the most populous locality on earth, contains in eighteen provinces of compact territory 1,308,016 square miles, with a population of 413,267,030, divided, according to the census of 1842, as follows:

PROVINCE.	Miles.	Populat'n.	Capital.
Pee-cho-lee	58,949	36,879,838	Pekin.
Shan-Tang	65,104	28,958,764	Ise-Nan.
Shan-Soc	55,268	17,000,000	Tai-Yuen.
Shen-Lee	67,400	10,500,000	See-Gan.
Ho-Nan	65,104	30,000,000	Kai-Fung.
Kiang-Soo	44,500	40,000,000	Nankin.
Kiang-See	72,176	26,513,889	Nan-Chang.
Ngan-Why	58,468	36,596,858	Ngan-King.
Fook-Keen	53,480	25,799,556	Foo-Chow.
Che-Kiang	39,150	30,437,974	Hang-Chow.
Hoo-Pee	70,450	28,584,504	Koo-Chang.
Hoo-Nan	74,320	20,048,969	Chang-Cha.
Kan-Soo	86,618	19,512,916	Lan-Choo.
Sze-Chuen	166,800	22,256,964	Ching-Too.
Quang-Toong . .	79,456	21,152,603	Canton.
Quang-See	78,250	8,121,327	Kwe-Lin.
Yun-Nan	107,969	5,823,670	Yun-Nan.
Qui-Chow	64,554	5,679,128	Kwi-Yang.

The State of Mantchoo-Tartary has been recently incorporated as the nineteenth province, under the Chinese name of Shing-King, adding her population to the Empire. Statisticians estimate the population of the world at twelve hundred millions, speaking 3,064 languages, and professing 1,100 forms of religion. China Proper contains, therefore, over one-third of all human beings on the globe—a singular and conservative people, with a large share of the earth's wealth and precious metals. At regular intervals, a government census is accurately taken. Provinces are ruled by Mandarins, or Governors, who are annually obliged to render written reports of their official mistakes and misdemeanors, in which any omission receives the severest punishment when discovered. Government offices are held only by educated men, who, after receiving the proper educational degrees corresponding to their office, obtain appointments by competitive examinations rigidly con-

ducted. The literary men of the Empire are eminently conservative; their quiet influence governs the seven advisory Boards, who, through an autocracy free from despotism, virtually direct a paternal Government. These Boards are classified under the names of Justice, Forms, Finance, Public Works, Appointments, War, Censors. The latter are pledged to rebuke wrong wherever found—even in the Emperor: a necessity exercised fearlessly with true moral courage, when occasion demands. Believing a future existence better than this world, they meet death fearlessly.

Confucius, (meaning Holy-Father-Kung) born 551 B. C.—just before Cyrus ascended the throne of Persia, in the days of the prophet Ezra, when the Israelites returned from Babylon and Xerxes invaded Greece—was a contemporary of Pythagoras, Solon, Æsop, and Thales. He collected the three sacred books of "Kings" and the "Leke," acknowledging a personal God; authentic records of Chinese history extending to 2357 B. C.—unquestionably among the oldest productions of the human mind.

Recent scientific explorations have exhumed Chinese sacred mottoes, carved on tombs in Egypt—counterparts of phrases in use to-day—revealing that an intercourse existed when China was ruled by Kings anterior to Moses.

Confucius, who is sometimes called the "Star in the East"—whose writings are still respected by scholars of all nations—affirmed that his work would be completed by a true saint, to be looked for and found in the West. He recorded in the Shu-King, 500 B. C., the germ of our golden rule—"Do not unto others what you would not that others should do unto you"—the great doctrine of reciprocity. And there we find that the famous "*vox populi, vox Dei*" of later Rome was but a transcript or repetition from this book, or the more ancient Chinese authorities from which

it was compiled. He inculcated, "Hon-
or thy parents, that life may be happy,"
and enjoined family affection as a duty.
No crime, in Chinese eyes, exceeds a
violation of filial duties. Family ties are
their closest bonds, and family honor is
their constant pride and greatest re-
straint. Their religion inculcates strict
honesty, and they believe in "Fung
Shuey," or sweet influences from de-
parted ancestral spirits. Education is
esteemed one of the chief ends of life,
which, they hold, should be universal.
Toleration is a principle taught in their
religion, as well as a higher law. "*Original equality of man before the law*,"
and "*Aristocracy comes of intellect, not
of birth or wealth*," have with them long
been fundamental principles. These are
their bulwarks of national strength, and,
combined, form a religion inculcating the
purest moral principles, encouraging nei-
ther cruelty nor sensuality. In these lie
the secret of that perpetuity with which
their type of humanity has quietly sus-
tained itself through centuries, while
Bactrian, Assyrian, and Persian king-
doms, with polished Greece and mighty
Rome, have, in turn, erred from these
high principles and yielded up their na-
tional life.

Among the lower classes are many
Buddhists: these erect images of Joss,
who, like the Satan of Persia, represents
their Evil Spirit. They refuse to make
any image of God, whose care, they
claim, is paternal, and whose kindness
to his children can be implicitly relied
on; but make offerings to conciliate the
Evil Spirit, hoping thus to buy him by
bribery from any desire to plot evil
against them. Their merchants, as a
class, are as upright in business and so-
cial intercourse as those of nations who
have enjoyed our civilization.

Chinese coming to America land in a
country where every thing is strange to
them, and their tongue unknown to its
citizens. Their first tribute to our civil-

ization is an attempt to acquire our lan-
guage. To assist them in their help-
lessness as strangers, they have organ-
ized into clubs or companies for mutual
assistance and protection. Six such
companies, presided over by Chinese
merchants of probity and influence, now
exist in San Francisco. Their duties
and operations have already been fully
described in these pages.

All Chinese read and write their own
language. They figure by mechanical
figuring frames with rapidity far exceed-
ing our way of adding, subtracting, mul-
tiplying, or dividing. All settle annual-
ly every outstanding debt, among them-
selves, at Chinese New Year. They are
understood to have access, by courtesy,
to each other's books, enabling them to
judge of each other's standing—much
as we do that of stock companies.

In China, three hundred Mexican sil-
ver dollars are considered a competency.
Among a people strongly attached to
their native soil, poor men alone are in-
duced to come abroad in hope of better-
ing their condition. To the impecuni-
ous, an advance is absolutely necessary
to enable them to reach a foreign field of
labor. If Americans desire Chinese to
come in numbers sufficient to form an
important element in the labor markets
of Southern States, Congress will be call-
ed upon to legislate and protect the in-
terests of American associations, formed
to advance expenses necessarily incurred
in bringing laborers to this country and
transporting them to the Mississippi Val-
ley. They should not scan this question
with merely local views, but face all its
bearings and larger results, affecting ma-
terial development throughout the whole
country.

Foreigners will certainly come from
the overcrowded districts to a desirable
country, with a population of less than
ten persons, and to a State with only
two and a half persons to a square mile.
The National Constitution makes no

discrimination regarding who may come, but affords equal rights to all. If Chinese present themselves, we must admit them. We are bound by treaty to afford them the same protection we accord other nationalities. Great nations can not afford to be unjust.

Rather than prevent their coming, if it were possible, let us study to understand and become masters of the situation, and direct a system furnishing us Asiatic laborers, so as to advance and elevate all of our present white laboring classes who have within them ability to rise. Their introduction will be gradual, but constant; and after supplying the large deficit of labor at the South, and furnishing sufficient for the inauguration of new enterprises, it will enable all who are capable to advance—and keep pace with the gradual withdrawal of their competitors—from menial labor to higher positions.

Labor will always be valuable in proportion to supply, demand, and its power of production. Legislation can not affix to it any fictitious value that will *stand*, any sooner than paper dollars can be made equal to gold, unless they produce gold; neither would it be any more effective than are usury laws to accomplish their purpose. Labor and money markets of the world are open markets. We may as justly frame a law—and expect that it will succeed—that one grocery store shall not undersell another, as that one laborer shall not work for less, or spend less, than another. Both, like the Fourierite system, would become thoroughly inoperative from natural causes. It is only people without enterprise who can not live in competition with Chinese. Laziness never can compete with industry: God never intended it should. Shall we legislate to protect indolence? That would certainly be special legislation. Let our present laboring classes profit by education, and advance to higher callings.

Let them cease to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, when necessity for it ceases. Let them employ Chinese servants, and exercise ability by finding employment for twenty Mongolians to labor, under their supervision, in ditches where they labored themselves before.

In few words, we say to our present laboring classes: Become employers instead of continuing common laborers. Thus, the existing population could be no poorer, but the community, in fact, richer for their presence, by realizing profits from fruits of their labor. If our wheat crops were doubled by employing additional laborers brought from China, that very result would give profitable employment to additional thousands of white laborers, in transporting to market, storing, selling, and shipping it; and our present ranks of draymen, stevedores, and all occupations connected with movements of produce would require recruiting correspondingly. The mere handling and ordinary transportation of stores daily required for even one hundred thousand Chinese, over any distance, would be sufficient business for no ordinary number of our people: yet some object to supplying the South with two millions actually needed to-day.

John Stuart Mill has pictured the course of every enlightened proposition presented to the masses for consideration, in three words: "Ridicule, argument, adoption." Already, our pictorials have ridiculed the coming Chinese immigration, and our leading journals have entered into the argument: the adoption of a national policy regarding it, seems now but a question of time. It can be introduced, not only without interfering with existing laboring classes, but so as to necessitate the immediate employment of double the white force now engaged.

If, through the introduction of Chinese, necessities of life can be profitably produced at lower cost, and furnished those

who now labor here for half they now pay, would not this reduction of their expenses be equivalent to an increase of wages? Our scale of living is inflated far above any other standard in the world. Like our rates of interest, things range proportionally higher. We need both labor and capital. They are joined together, and they are both entitled to protection, in accordance with their proportionate relations to each other. Of these the strength of nations is born. They should be happily adjusted, and go hand in hand. Lower interest on capital, will follow lower rates for labor; cheap labor will, in turn, when assisted with cheap capital, produce ordinary necessities of life at rates within reach of the great mass of any nation, a numerical majority of which are persons of moderate or limited means. Capital claims protection as the hope of all classes, the life-blood of commerce, the stimulant of enterprise, and sinews of war. It should never be forced to lie inactive, suffered to waste, or be driven away. It is what labor, industry, and genius have earned and laid by, in excess of a sufficient support. Cheap labor, like cheap fares, has its place in the world. We require it in this country, wherever labor at higher rates would be unavailable, or, if used, result disastrously. When employing laborers to harvest crops, we become gainers to the extent of what would otherwise go ungathered and lost. Accessions of laborers can not impoverish our country. Nature is no poorer for yielding her annual bounty to man, than is the capital of banks when paying dividends from accumulated interest.

Many things charged by those who look unfavorably on this movement, become harmless under investigation. It has been alleged that men hired in China at one rate of wages, have been sublet at higher figures. Do not our contractors charge profits on laborers they employ, hiring at \$2 50, and charging \$3

per day to their principals? Journey-men carpenters, hired at \$4, are sublet for \$5. Is profit on labor at all akin to slavery? What is thus charged against Chinese as wrong, we practice daily ourselves! It is further alleged that, because they are a people among whom economy is a virtue, and industry a habit, they are injurious to the State; and "it is the duty of every class of men to unite to prevent the introduction of Chinese."

Laboring Chinamen, when poor and in debt, live, save, and thrive on wages far below our laborers, because honesty is inculcated in their religion; but experience has shown that after they are forehanded, they become more free in the distribution of their money, purchasing freely what will most conduce to their comfort. Human nature is singularly alike the world over. It is natural to use the gains our labor has brought us. As a people, they are neat, orderly, and skillful; not readily excelled in handicraft; frugal, industrious, teachable, patient, and intelligent. They make excellent house-servants, and may be trained to cook skillfully in any style. When taught by French cooks, it is difficult to excel them. With one explanation thoroughly understood, they will need no further instruction or correction. They may occasionally be sullen, but never stupid. They are not given to excessive hilarity, but are quiet, peaceful, and persistent. Their manipulation is careful, and often extraordinary. They would make dexterous cotton-pickers; never bungling ones. The builders of the Central and Western Pacific Railroads, confirm the above statements regarding Chinese laborers; and monthly accounts of the several gangs during more than a year past, fully establish many of these facts. Laborers generally drew from thirty-five to forty per cent. of their \$35 monthly wages, in supplies from the Company's furnishers. A bal-

ance, ranging from fifty to sixty-five per cent., was paid to them monthly, in coin. A large proportion of this was spent at outside stores, along the line, more particularly after repaying their advance for passage, and free from debt. It is the opinion of well informed Chinese merchants, who are close observers, that the annual savings remitted to China by the 65,000 Chinese now on the Pacific coast, do not exceed \$30 to each man; against which, as a State, we have the profit on 23,725,000 days' labor, and all permanent industries developed through their presence, which afford further employment to pure-white laborers. A very large portion of even this sum sent to China, generally goes to assist in bringing more neighbors and friends to this country; and contributes largely to support American shipping. Eight out of every ten ships plying between California and China are American, Chinese merchants having invariably given them preference, even when compelled to pay war-risks, which, with all their other insurance, they give to our local insurance companies. During the war, their merchants gave freely to the Sanitary Fund. They have no desire for suffrage, and study to keep out of politics. All return to China, generally after about five years. A majority return here, bringing others with them. If they die abroad, their bodies are carefully preserved, taken to their native place, and buried in line, at the ancestral grave-yard.

If California could manufacture as cheaply as Massachusetts, she might retain annually \$14,000,000 in the State, which now go East to pay for imported goods. Her wealth may, also, be largely increased by employing Chinese in silk and tea culture. In China, where the use of silk originated, it was a noted industry 4,767 years ago—2898 B.C., or, by Hebrew record, A.L. 1293. They are recorded as using silk strings for musical instruments, 3400 B.C. The

world now annually produces silk valued at \$225,380,000—over half of which still comes from China, Japan, and the neighboring parts of Asia. The United States produces but \$100,000 worth, and imports from \$40,000,000 to \$45,000,000 worth annually, of which about \$27,000,000 worth comes from France, which, in 1860, manufactured \$140,000,000, and exported \$110,000,000, thus giving employment to over 500,000 persons, and adding vastly to her national wealth. We can furnish America all her tea and silk, with the assistance of Chinese laborers. California can thus, singly, settle our national exchanges, by a solution far more satisfactory than England, when she forced opium upon the Chinese. Accessions of cheap laborers, without interfering with those now here, would enable her to supply herself, and produce raisins, almonds, olives, prunes, oil, tobacco, and wine profitably for export. These fields of productive industry will reap far ampler rewards, enriching California more than any present export from the gold-fields. These articles are, also, more valuable as exports, because *annually produced and consumed*; while the production of gold is single and exhaustive, and not being perishable, its relative value to other property diminishes in nearly the ratio of its annually increasing volume.

In addresses to working-men, the theory has been put forth that the necessary consumption, or powers of destruction, developed in an agent performing labor, are a gauge of his usefulness to any community! Machines are but mechanical hands that consume scarcely any thing, particularly when run by water-power, of which our State has an abundant supply, as yet unused. Who is bold enough to pronounce machinery an injury to the State? Yet it represents cheaper labor than ever came from China. England, to-day, with her labor-saving machinery, has looms whose pro-

duction represents a working population of 100,000,000—nearly four times her actual population of all classes, and a number incapable of existing on her territory. Thus, she quadruples her ability, and is enabled to supply nearly all Asia—the very home of cheap manual labor—in its own market, with her manufactured cotton goods. California may herself some day supply China.

What has America done? Negroes, first imported from the wilds of Africa; heathen barbarians, in a wild and savage state far lower in the scale of being than the Chinese were four thousand years ago—for Negroes had no literature, philosophy, or cultivation—were brought as slaves, against their will, with all the horrors of the middle passage, to furnish involuntary labor under the lash—a thing no Chinaman will bear. When, in later days, necessities in the North demanded more laborers, without which improvements could not have advanced, immigration societies gave assistance to Irish laborers, many of whom were specially ordered and brought over for employment, in constructing the early railway enterprises of America. The rigid system of government adopted by England assisted in alienating and transferring a large surplus population from the laboring classes of Ireland to this country. This drain has continued, until, at present, Ireland has few persons she can well spare for emigration abroad. From the general report of British Emigration Commissioners, recently presented before Parliament, we learn that Ireland at one time gave eighty per cent. of the foreign emigration of the Kingdom. In 1863, it fell to sixty and thirty-four hundredths per cent.; and, in 1868, it was but forty-seven and two hundredths per cent. The Hibernian exodus is nearly completed. The German emigration developed later; but, once inaugurated, increased in volume as Ireland became depleted, until, to-day, ar-

rivals from the North German Union are more than twice those from Ireland, as the following statistics show:

Years.	From Ireland.	From Germany.
1863 ...	91,157	35,002
1864 ...	89,399	57,446
1865 ...	70,462	83,451
1866 ...	68,047	106,716
1867 ...	65,134	117,591
1868 ...	47,571	101,989

America, with a people of the future pre-eminently cosmopolitan, daily opening up immense areas heretofore untraversed, "has stomach for them all;" and present urgent wants in our Cotton States point clearly to a large accession of Chinese at no distant date. If we consider ourselves the higher creation, and believe all things were made to minister to our use, why except Chinese laborers from a general law? Is confidence in our race and institutions so limited that we dare not admit them, fearing they will overcome Young America; and, instead of our digesting them, they will swallow and digest our nation and civilization? We welcome their coming, for we fear it not. In the future conflict for manual labor, the Irish will scarcely be in the contest; they may imagine they feel it occasionally to-day, but to them it is but transient, and their children will not dream of it. The Negro and Chinese will become daily associates in application for labor, and will measure each other as a race, until the admitted superiority of one or the other is proclaimed. The inferior race will naturally hate the one next above it. What Chinese lack in bodily strength, they make up in persistency and application. They have never indulged in strikes; but, being good imitators, some of our sanguine "labor leagues" may yet succeed in teaching them. It is an axiom of political economy, that no commodity can long remain below its true market value. Rates of wages hereafter paid them, will doubtless assimilate to the employer's true estimate of their value.

Chinese are coming; the movement is

well under way; its progress seems inevitable; natural laws are at work, greater than man's ability to combat. To forcibly attempt its stay is of no avail, for it is thoroughly legal; whether it develops this year or next, is of little moment. To postpone its discussion, is to allow it to advance unorganized. Let the Irish avail of the opportunity to become masters, rather than competitors, of the Mongolian. Let us control what can not be prevented. It is better to lead than be led, or left behind. Organized in conformity with just laws, under responsible guidance, Congress has but to direct how it shall be conducted—enacting effective laws for equal protection of employers and *employés*. It will advance our national prosperity, enabling us to undertake, complete, and maintain public works, to which the aqueducts and monuments of Rome, the pyramids of Egypt, or the great wall of China, shall be as their early civilization to that we now enjoy.

We are no advocate for what is known as the "Coolie trade," conducted in a terrible and outrageous manner, that should disgrace any civilized nation. Coolie is not a Chinese word, but adopted from the Sanscrit, the oldest language extant, affirmed by scholars to have been the original tongue. It simply means *laborer*. If horrible atrocities were inseparable from any system of Coolie transportation, it should be as decidedly prohibited as the vile slave-trade, that so long disgraced the civilization of both the Old and New World. Because it has been improperly conducted by Portuguese and Peruvians, is no argument that it can not be done with propriety. If we demonstrate a humane manner of conducting this emigration, other nations, seeing its feasibility, will not dare conduct it otherwise. Because emigrants were overcrowded and maltreated on board the *James Foster*, between England and New York, and horrible atrocities per-

petrated on that unfortunate ship, shall European emigration be abandoned? If this emigration can be made serviceable to us, let us seek to regulate it under such considerate laws as shall insure to all the Chinese coming to this country a sufficiency of good food, pure air, and kind treatment: in fact, what they now receive on every steamship of the great American steam line to China.

As a general desire for information regarding labor contracts has been manifested by the press of the country, we are urged to include arguments advanced by advocates of this system; which we do, believing that after a thorough understanding of the subject, public opinion will be able more completely to guard our national principles, as well as local interests. Legislators are aware that human nature is not to be wholly trusted with irresponsible power. By emigration regulations in force at the colony of Hongkong, all laborers under contract to labor abroad must, before leaving, have their contracts read or translated to them personally and alone, and their distinct assent obtained, fourteen days before they can legally embark. After a fortnight, it is again read to them by an emigration officer, and inquiry made if they have changed their minds. If still anxious to go, they are sent on shipboard, where they are offered by the Consul a last opportunity of withdrawing, who certifies that they executed their contracts voluntarily; and thus having, after reflection, thrice publicly re-affirmed the fact, they clear legally from Hongkong. The disreputable manner in which the Portuguese and Peruvians have at times—from Amoy and Macao—pursued the notorious Coolie trade, where men were "shanghaed" for slavery at the Chincha Islands, is so utterly unlike any thing connected with free emigration to America as not to come within range of this investigation.

Labor contracts, if introduced into our

Southern States, must be protected by special laws, necessary to prevent the unscrupulous from taking unjust advantage. No likeness of slavery will be tolerated. They should be invalid until read, clearly explained, and assented to, before a notary or proper officer, whose certificate, with the contract, should be always accessible as a public record. If hedged around with requisite safeguards to prevent kidnapping or any similar outrage, providing care and exemption from work in sickness, and fixing a consideration, on payment of which they may be justly canceled, it is claimed the objections to them are principally overcome.

If, *ab initio*, wrong in principle, as some contend, why do the Federal laws sanction labor contracts in our merchant marine, when certifying to seamen's shipping articles?—or courts, in case of minors, bind out apprentices?—or Government contract for the labor of man-of-war's-men or soldiers for terms ranging from three to five years? Why does the strictest law interpose, remanding deserters to labor, who attempt a violation of terms which they voluntarily contracted to fulfill? Perhaps because exigencies require it. Are not, they ask, the pecuniary exigencies of planters in crop time as great? For instance, a sugar planter in Louisiana, whose crop realizes one hundred thousand dollars: the cane can not be ground until it tassels; it is not ripe enough to do this before September; November frosts ruin it, if uncut. A year's outlay, and results of much labor, depend on the activity of six weeks in autumn.

The Civil Code of Louisiana secures the laborer a first lien for the price of his labor on growing crops he assists in cultivating; also, on farm-houses, furniture, and implements used in cultivation; which lien can not be divested by any prior mortgage, whether conventional, legal, or judicial; or by seizure and sale while the crop is on it. While securing

to laborers the fruits of their labor, it is thought just to insure to planters an honest fulfillment of labor contracts, voluntarily entered into, by those on whom they must rely quite as much as the merchant on the crew of his vessel. Should planters' hands desert in crop time, a year's work would be a failure—perhaps, entailing his ruin.

As a question of intrinsic right, when general laws of the United States bind those who enlist in an army, navy, or merchant marine, to fulfill their contracts to labor, compelling their return in cases of desertion, they ask where their case differs from laborers who voluntarily contract to work twelve months for a planter, and desert when most needed? Is the one a greater restraint of personal liberty than the other?—or is either any violation of justice, when contracts have been voluntarily entered into?

Reports are current that Government, influenced by memorials against the Coolie trade, instructed its officers to inform all Chinese immigrants arriving that no law exists to enforce fulfillment of contracts for labor made abroad; hence, until Congressional legislation indicates a policy, no one will be likely to come under positive engagement to fill orders for laborers under contract. If planters, by association or otherwise, organize proper means for bringing them from China, the South may be supplied with laborers, under contracts to work until their advance shall be reimbursed to the planter, at \$8 to \$12 per month and found; and laborers will be better off than at home. Actual expenses for transportation from mountain districts in China to any part of the South, with outfits, taxes, passage, provisions, commissions, and wages advanced, need not exceed \$200 per head. Customary provisions daily required for each man are: two pounds meat, (pork preferred) one-fourth pound fish, some vegetables, tea, and a little sweet oil for cooking. Par-

ties contemplate contracts running until advances are paid, not exceeding three years, if without legal objection. Advances necessarily incurred in bringing impecunious laborers to America may thus be repaid to the planter within eighteen months or two years, and all wages after that time be realized to the laborer. Planters contracting for laborers to be brought from China should deposit securities for prompt payment of expenses incurred in obtaining them. Local demand for Chinese laborers at \$35, gold, per month, is now so urgent for railroad and other purposes, and their labor so satisfactory, that all arriving are immediately taken for employment on the west coast. Few now in California could profitably be transferred to Eastern or Southern States. Emigration circulars, printed in Chinese, should be extensively circulated in China, if we would secure her better classes from the interior. Agitation may hasten their coming; but solid, patient labor will be required to accomplish permanent results. Their coming will stimulate industries, and enable us to assume a position of greater importance among producing countries of the world. Current estimates place our present average crop at 2,500,000 bales of 450 pounds each, worth, at twenty cents a pound, \$225,000,000. Before the war, we produced 5,500,000 bales. With Chinese laborers, we can readily produce 10,000,000 bales, and add immensely to our national wealth and credit. Arkansas alone, with her scanty supply of labor, produces, this year, a cotton crop valued at \$30,000,000, and thus materially assists our foreign exchanges with Europe.

The policy of introducing a new race, differing in features, tastes, and religion, into our country, is a branch of this problem whose solution should be referred to the best talent among political economists. Emigration should not

flow in solitary channels. If we encourage Chinese in coming, we should equally stimulate a constant Anglo-Saxon immigration. The Minnesota State Immigration Agent, after spreading the glorious advantages of his State before the Swedes, writes, promising to forward 75,000 Scandinavians this year. This example, repeated by other States, constitutes movements by which civilization advances and develops, while isolated California is debating whether to shake off her lethargy and awake from her dream of gold. European immigration made New York the city she is to-day; yet most of it merely passed through her, as Chinese will through San Francisco.

In an address to the Congressional Sub-Committee of Ways and Means, Fung Tang, a prominent Chinese merchant, who speaks English, French, German, Japanese, and Chinese, remarked: "We have very rich merchants and bankers in China, but can not advise them to risk capital here, when their agent can not testify in your courts; for, like your own capitalists, they wish their property protected and secure to them before parting with it. Much gold and silver is hoarded in China, which might be used profitably here, if Chinese felt sure they would have full and proper protection."

The earth has produced about three thousand millions of dollars in gold. America has of this produced one thousand and three hundred millions, and retains to-day about one hundred and thirty millions. The balance, less the wear of usage and consumption for ornaments, has been shipped to Europe, and thence largely absorbed by the traditional East, so long known as the sink of precious metals. Returns of a British steamship company show they carried silver direct from England to Asia amounting, in 1856, to sixty millions, and in 1857 to eighty-four millions of dollars. These years, while they show the tendency,

exceeded the average, as the world's annual yield of silver is now only forty-four millions. If Chinese were not promiscuously stoned and outraged in our streets, their capitalists might come to us, as a number of their millionaires have gone to Australia, and taken their fortunes with them. Sums thus received would assist materially in relieving the tightness of our money market, without perceptibly depleting the immense monetary eddy, so long chronic in China, and inaugurate a healthy and complete circulation of specie around the world, highly beneficial to all. Our Golden Gate, so long the outlet, will some day become an inlet of wealth and precious metals. People of China and Japan, ever watchful of our example, may learn that Christian practice is too often at variance with Christian profession, if we treat them now as heathen having no rights which Christians are bound to respect.

Eminent divines publicly proclaim that Christian people throughout the land are deeply interested in the initial steps of an emigration whose effects will permeate, like rain from heaven, throughout the vast seclusion of that empire—exceeding, in the interest of Christianity, any fruition hitherto developed by foreign missions. The mountain is coming to Mohammed. Pagans, who have beheld the glory of a Western Empire, instructed in civilization, return to their native districts, effective missionaries in the cause of enlightenment; ready and eager to combat the absurdities of paganism in every section of Asia, where foreign footsteps are unknown, and thus largely influence for good the destiny and future welfare of the human race in Oriental empires.

So China appears, to-day, before nations, ready to play her part in the coming drama of the world. In Nature's

grand economy, we have learned that every thing has its appointed time; nations as well as fruits develop and ripen through exact and latent laws; she has her century plants as well as Jonah's gourd. Four thousand years of recorded history have, in their march, assisted in molding the character of this secluded race. Heirs, to-day, of the collected wisdom of many centuries, they retain a peculiar individuality, the result of organization, shut out from active participation with the outside world. They have enjoyed quiet prosperity as national hermits. As Orientals, their civilization has been a separate development under laws of Confucius, Brahma, and Zoroaster; while we moved westward under Hebrew and Christian precepts. The social progress has been in proportion to intellectual development; and the organization of the best intellects is sure to rule the world. Mind is the standard of quality in man, and largely determines his position in life. One clear head, capable of executive talent, is more effective than a universe of stupid impotency. As a race, their mental power will render efficient aid in their service to the people of the United States.

In the necessarily limited space of this article, the view of this controversy presented has been selected because least known; and its discussion elicits a branch of the subject unexplored by general literature, regarding which inquiries are in every mouth. Counter-arguments should be presented before any conclusion is ventured in regard to the policy of legalizing labor contracts. Where right dwells, each must for himself determine. If this article assists general information, provoking a search for truth in whosoever sack it may be found, all will be accomplished that the writer intended.

UNGATHERED.

Never a leaf is shorn
But the vine surely misses :
From ministering night-dews torn,
From the sun's kisses ;

Dozing the warm light in,
In cool winds rustling greenly —
A leaflet with its leafy kin
Dwelling serenely.

Not ever bud doth fall
With blighted leaves yet folden —
Never to wear its coronal
Or white or golden —

But from the mother-stem
Flutters a far, faint sighing :
Is it a tender requiem
Above the dying?

Who knows what dear regrets
Cling to the blossom broken?
Who knows what voiceless longing frets,
What love unspoken?

So, through the summer-shine,
Your frail, brief lives securely
Keep, all ye tender blossoms mine,
Looking up purely.

Enough to breathe the air
Made sweet with your perfuming ;
To see through golden days your fair
And perfect blooming ;

The bees that round you hum,
The butterflies that woo you —
And happy, happy birds that come
And sing unto you.

THE ICE-CAVES OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

NO ice!—Disconsolate drinkers hung about the bar-rooms, sipping insipid cocktails and cobbler, or playing “freeze out” in grim irony, to decide who should have the first lump out of that refrigerant cargo daily expected from the north. Butter pathetically swam about on the platters; cucumbers visibly wilted for disappointed hope; fresh meat grew prematurely old with sorrow; the ice-cream shebangs shut up their business, and all over town might be heard the diabolical chuckle and supercilious snuffle of the tea-kettles, celebrating the triumph of hot water over cold. Even the Templars couldn’t stand it. That worthy association had no scruples about appropriating the convivial songs of all ages, and, skillfully injecting “cold water” into the place originally occupied by “ruby wine,” to adapt them for the uses of reform; but the strongest stomach in the fraternity rebelled at the Bacchanalian choruses: “Warm water for me,” “Tepid and bright, in its liquid light,” “In the simmering stream our brows we lave, and parboil our lips in the crystal wave.” For once the all-transforming wand of the Muse of Temperance was powerless; and the melodeon of the Lodge “dried up.” This was the situation at Portland, Oregon; and it was, to borrow the most expressive word in the Chinook jargon—that ripest fruit of time, product of all languages, essence of concentrated speech—it was, I say, *cultus*: yes, *hyas cultus*, or, in feeble Saxon, highly inconvenient, disgusting, demoralizing.

Happy Dalles City, meanwhile, reveled in ice. The living were content, the unburied dead were comfortable, to-

pers were saved the additional sin of profanity, and the seductive song of “Run, cold water, for you and me” was not a disconsolate voice crying in the sagebrush. The philosophic observer, inquiring as to the cause of this strange contrast, was informed that a mysterious ice-cave in Washington Territory constituted a reserve upon which the Dalles fell back in seasons when the improvidence of the Oregonians, and some unusual irregularity in climate, combined, exhausted the supply of the great necessity of civilized life.

Moved by various individual motives, but united in the desire to render thanks at head-quarters for this blessed relief, a small party of us formed the plan of an excursion to the cave. There was a keen and portly Portlander, who cherished a secret intention of building a hotel, constructing a wagon-road, and creating out of the cave a fashionable ice watering-place. There was a young, enthusiastic Tourist from the Mississippi Valley, who, having lived out West till the West was East, had come to explore the veritable Occident, beyond which there is none. There was a Veteran Inhabitant, who goes out every spring on snow-shoes and “claims” the cave, under an ingenious application of mining law, as a mineral deposit, so as to obtain a monopoly of the ice-packing business. And finally, there was the present writer—a person habitually animated by the purest impulses known to reconstructed humanity—who joined the party because he wished to do so: than which no reason could be more conclusive or free from base motives.

As we disembarked from the handsome steamer of the Oregon Steam Nav-

igation Company, near the mouth of the White Salmon, we found ourselves assembled upon the sandy bank, as follows: four men, four horses, and a huge quantity of bacon, crackers, etc., together with a pair of blankets apiece. The work of distributing the baggage and packing it behind our saddles so that it would not pound on a trot, nor rattle on a gallop, nor quietly slip off on a walk; so that the matches would not ignite upon the coffee-pot, nor the bacon flavor the sugar, nor the sardines burst among the crackers, nor the candles (for exploring the cave) be mangled by the knives and spoons, (for exploring the victuals) was not accomplished without some difficulty. But at length all was adjusted except the frying-pan, which would not pack, and was accepted by the Veteran with some profane grumbling, as a very unnecessary evil, which ought by rights to be "slung to thunder," but was unjustly slung to him instead. That frying-pan owes its safety throughout our trip to the fact that it was borrowed and must be returned. The Veteran rode ahead, brandishing it sullenly, like some new instrument of warfare, and we followed in single file.

It was a ride of some forty miles to the cave, through the bewildering beauty and grandeur of the Cascade Mountains. We galloped over high, breezy tablelands; we looked down on Josselin's nestling ranch, alive with cattle and lovely with fruit-laden orchards; we followed the narrow trail along the steep mountain-side, the deep, misty cañon of the White Salmon below us, and beyond it the leafy mountains rising, ridge above ridge, until they were veiled in the smoke of burning forests far away. We threaded our way through thick wildernesses of undergrowth, parting the branches with our hands, and scarcely able to see before us the path, well worn for the feet by patient pack-mules, but not yet quite ready for a rider taller than a bundle of

ice. Anon, we emerged into beautiful openings, carpeted with bunch-grass or wild oats, and dotted with stately oaks and pines—the ground kept smooth and lawny by woodland fires, that creep silently from tuft to tuft of grass or dry leaves, or smolder along the course of fallen trunks, and kiss, with burning, deceitful passion, as they pass, the feet of the giants of the forest, that disdain to notice such trifles while they can look abroad upon a measureless world and sky. But now and then, favored by drought and wind, the creeping fires grow bold and spring like tigers upon some feeble, dry old tree, wrapping it in flame from root to crown; or they gnaw at a sturdy trunk till its strength is undermined, and then, some fair, quiet day, like that on which we rode through these solitudes, the overstrained column gives way suddenly, and—with a groan, a rustle of unavailing resistance, a vain wringing of leafy hands and wild tossing of rugged arms, a crackling, a crashing, a great rush and sweep, and a final heavy boom as of far artillery, waking the echoes of the pitying hills—a tree falls! Beautiful, but ah! how sad were the belief, that imprisoned within it was a conscious Dryad—conscious, but not immortal: to feel her life carried downward in that mighty fall, into the hopeless abyss of annihilation; or, sadder yet, to lie thereafter prone in the forest, and wait the deliverance even of utter destruction at the merciful hands of Time and Decay!

But now we stand upon the crest of a high, steep ridge, adown which, with slow and careful steps, we must lead our horses. At the bottom rushes the swift White Salmon, which we cross upon a frail, swaying bridge to climb the rocky height upon the other side, and mount again to gallop through the woods. West of the river, the surface rises in irregular terraces, the results of successive basaltic overflows. The rocky ridges,

peeping through the soil, cross our path at intervals; and the fine dust rising from the trail beneath our horses' feet is the same in character as that which daily chases the wagons on the roads over the vast volcanic highlands between the Columbia and the Snake. These rugged outcrops are the haunts of the graceful rattlesnake and the vivacious yellow-jacket. My acquaintance with one individual of the latter, though brief, was long enough to be fatal to him and memorable to me. Our party was quietly jogging through the forest, and my eyes were fixed, with mild lack of interest, upon the crupper of the steady beast that bore the Tourist, when suddenly that respectable charger stopped, tried to kick with all his feet at once, reared, plunged, bucked, and revolved his tail with furious rapidity in a plane at right angles with the axis of his body. A moment after, my own steed began a similar series of antics, under the attacks of a host of little bandits in golden mail, whose retreat we had invaded. I laughed aloud at the novel situation, but the insult was terribly avenged. Straight out of the empty air came a raging cavalier to answer the challenge, and we fought it out in half a second. He insisted on his right to choose ground, weapons, and distance, to wit: my hand, his sting, and considerably less than nothing. His arrangements were so well made that he was well "into" me before I got "onto" him. Result: one small, dead yellow-jacket, of no account whatever, and a hand and arm nearly as useless. I "gained flesh" for an hour with astonishing speed; I lost sight of my knuckles and sinews; and, had I that day presented my hand to an aged, purblind father, he would have had cause to say, "The voice is the voice of Jacob; but the hand is the hand of the Boy in Pickwick." Some good whisky was wasted (as the Veteran opined) in external lotions; but for a day or two I could only

hang up the useless member, and make believe I had lost an arm at Gettysburg, and deserved well of a grateful Republic. Since that time, I have had opportunity to study the yellow-jacket; and I know that, like other desperate characters who hold life cheap, he is to be respected and feared. He who would merely kill you may be a coward after all, and you need not leave the country on his account; but he who hates you, and in comparison with that passion cares not whether you kill him or no, is dangerous. Avoid him if you can, treat him kindly when you may, smash him when you must; but be sure that, nine times out of ten, he will first put dagger into you.

We strike into the well trodden trail of the Indians, and frequently meet cavalcades of them returning, heavy-laden, from the great huckleberry patches, where they collect their winter store. Others of them are spearing or netting salmon at the cascades of the Columbia and Des Chutes; and with dried fish and fruit galore, they will pass a merry winter in their squalid manner. These fragmentary tribes of the upper Columbia—Klikatats, and what not—are not so handsome as the Nez Percés, farther to the north-east; but there are now and then fine faces among them—laughing-eyed young squaws, old men with judicial brows, straight, strong athletes—and the children all promise a future beauty which privation, hardship, and disease too surely erases as they grow up. Was there a time when the Red Man roamed, etc., etc., contented and happy, valiant and handsome—the perfect and worthy child of Nature? Show us the relics of former decent habitations, and good victuals, and we may, perchance, answer in the affirmative; but perpetually living out of doors, without clothes to speak of, and subsisting upon food in precarious supply, and frequently of inferior quality, is not calculated to develop a high type of physical,

any more than of mental manhood. If this doctrine be held to cast a slur upon Adam, who represents to us the state of savage innocence to which some people think we ought to return, I can only say that Adam's career was a disgraceful one. He had a better chance than the rest of us, and he ruined himself and his descendants by a piece of real Indian laziness and folly. Lolling about and eating the spontaneous fruits of the earth, instead of tilling the garden with industry, is just his sin, and theirs. This copper-colored Adam, who was placed in the Eden of the New World, has mismanaged it in the same way. He and his dusky Eve have loitered and idled away the centuries, living carelessly upon the bounty of the passing time. Verily, by reason of family resemblance to Adam, (and, for that matter, to Cain, also) the Indians should be set down as a very early offshoot from the Eden stock, transplanted before the parent tree had begun its better growth.

Too much preaching and philosophizing, says the Tourist, who is interested in the squaws and babies, and not at all in Adam. In deference to his wishes, I subside into silence and a trot. These Indians all talk Chinook, which is the most fascinating of tongues. Being the product of a deliberate agreement of men—a compromise, it is said, between the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, the Jesuit missionaries, and the once powerful Chinook tribe—it is, of course, superior to those misshapen dialects that spring up of themselves, no one knows how. From the French, Spanish, English, Indian, and Hawaiian these wise etymologists took what was best in each, and the result comprises melody, force, and wondrous laconic expressiveness. It is none of your tame tongues, that can be spoken without gesture. Little boys, declaiming in jargon, could not possibly retain in nervous grasp the seams of their trowser-legs. One of the

most frequent words is *kahkwa*, meaning "thus," or "like this," and invariably accompanied with pictorial illustration of movement or feature. Let us address this ancient chieftain, solemnly riding at the head of a long train of "cayuse" horses, laden with his household, his "traps," and his huckleberries: *Klahowya sikhs?* (Howdost thou, venerable sir?) *kah mika klatawa?* (and whither journeyest?) *Nika klatawa kopa Simcoe; mika King George tilikum, Boston tilikum?* (I travel to the Simcoe Reservation; are ye of King George's men—that is to say, Englishmen, or of the Boston tribe—that is to say, Yankees?) *Nesika Boston tilikum, King George cultus.* (We are Americans all, and regard King George with loathing and contempt.) *Okook mika klootchman?* (Is yon beauteous being thy bride?) *Siah kopa lamonti?* (Far to the mountains?—*lamonti*, from the French, *la montagne*.) To the first, *Nawitka* (Yes); to the latter, *Wake siah, wayhut hyas kloshe okook sun, kah chilchil kahkwa tomolla keekwillie kahkwa, tomolla moosum kopa lamonti.* (Not far; good road, to-day; steep, to-morrow, low and level, thus and thus; to-morrow night a camp at the mountain.) A very commonplace conversation, but full of music, as you will discover, if you read it aloud, Mademoiselle, with your sweet voice. But the Veteran is loping far ahead. Jargon has no charms for him; he has prattled too many years with these Babes of the Wood.

It is thirty-five miles from the mouth of the White Salmon to the ice-cave; and over this trail by which we travel, the ice is "packed" upon the backs of mules and horses. We meet upon the road the loaded train. On each beast two sacks, each of which contained, at starting, a block of ice weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds, but destined to melt away to half its original dimensions before it reaches the steamboat-

landing. By this simple device, as the toilsome day wears on, the burden diminishes; and while it grows lighter, distills refreshing coolness on the bearer. The dividends of the business would be larger, however, as the Portlander acutely remarks, if the ice were better packed at the cave. But this is a fair sample of the mining industry of the coast. Happy that enterprise, whereof the drippings *only* equal the savings!

The sun drops into the hazy west, as we ride into a forest glade, and the Veteran exclaims, "Here she is!" We resolve upon an immediate preliminary examination of the cave, and subsequent supper and sleep. All that presented itself was an opening in the ground a dozen feet square, formed by the fall of a portion of the roof. We had passed, within a few hours, numerous openings of this kind, the mention of which I have omitted for artistic reasons. I would not fritter away the reader's interest in minor caverns on the way. The examination of several, however, qualifies me to give wise explanation of their nature.

These caves are channels in the basalt, through which the latest flows of melted matter passed. The phenomenon of a stream of lava, walled and roofed with congealed material of the same character, may be observed at almost any active volcano. I have seen it on the sides of Vesuvius during a quiet eruption. If the source of such a stream is suddenly choked, the lava will continue to flow for some distance, protected from rapid cooling by the crust above, and thus a portion of the channel will be left empty. It is not difficult to recognize this process in the basalt caves of Washington Territory. Their walls are covered with the traces of the departing fluid matter, and on their floors may be found masses of the congealed lava, still fibrous from its last vain effort to follow the current. It looks, Mademoiselle, like that piece of abortive mo-

lasses candy which you threw away in despair, because it got so stiff and would not "pull." But whence the ice—that strange dweller in these homes of fire? That, also, you shall know.

Only a few of these caverns contain ice, and they are connected at both ends with the open air, by means of passages formed by the falling in of the crust, or the fissuring of the rocks by frost, or, finally, by the gradual denudation of the surface, exposing the ancient channels themselves. The intense, refrigerating airs of winter are thus allowed free passage. Alternately with these the percolating waters of the surface find their way into the caves in such small quantities that they freeze, layer upon layer, solid from the bottom; and the store of ice thus accumulated thaws slowly during the summer. This summer thaw is retarded, not only by the covering which protects the ice from the direct rays of the sun, but also by the fact that the melting ice at one end of the cave, through which the summer draught enters, itself refrigerates the air, and maintains a freezing temperature at the other end. We noted in the main ice-cave, which we explored, a decided difference in the degrees of thaw at different points. This difference was due to the cause above mentioned; and I had the honor to determine it by sliding unintentionally down a glacial stalagmite and observing practically the degree of moisture upon its surface. The popular report, that as fast as ice is removed from the cave it continually and at all seasons forms again, is without foundation. The amount of it in the cave is not very great, though as yet undetermined; and what there is, perpetually, though slowly, wastes away. The main body of ice has a level surface, indicating subterranean drainage at a certain point, above which water does not remain in the cave. There are a few stalactites, and still more numerous stalagmites, here

and there. One of these is a superb, transparent hillock, rising nearly to the roof, and christened the Iceberg. Here I took my slide.

The entrance used by the ice-miners is the opening in the roof already alluded to. At this point the channel turns at right angles, and this sharp turn left the roof with less support, so that it fell in. We followed the cave more than two hundred feet in one direction from this entrance, and perhaps five hundred in the other. The short arm of it contains most of the ice, and the long arm simply reaches out through fallen rocks and rubbish to daylight. The terminus of the cave in the other direction was reached by the Tourist, who, being a small man and an ambitious, hatcheted his way over the Iceberg and crawled out of sight into a fissure beyond, from the depths of which his voice was presently heard, announcing that it was "too tight a fit" for him to go farther. *Tableau*: Tourist in the hole, triumphant; writer perched on the Iceberg, curious, but cautious; portly Portlander, half-way to the entrance, resolving to have that hole made bigger when the hotel is built; and Veteran at the entrance, not caring a straw. This is the way in which such explorations are usually conducted.

The dimensions of the cavern are not large. It does not exceed thirty feet in width, nor (at present, with the bottom full of ice and fallen fragments of basalt) twenty in height. Others in the neighborhood are larger, but do not contain so much ice. From the nature of their origin, it is not likely that any of them possess extraordinary dimensions, except in length. In this direction they extend for miles, though they can seldom be followed underground without labor in removing rocks, etc., for more than a few hundred feet. It was in the present instance the indefatigable Tourist, who, with the docile writer in his wake, made a second visit to Hades after supper;

and, entering by the familiar chasm, found the new exit far to the south, and emerged thereby, to the great amazement of the party by the camp-fire, under whose unconscious feet he had passed, to re-appear in an unexpected quarter.

If you ever visit the cave, don't let the Veteran persuade you that it is necessary to ride two miles farther to camp, on account of water. There are pools of clear ice-water within it; and behind a tall pine, not far away, you will find two wooden troughs, half sunk in the earth. One of them is very leaky; the other not so much. Let one of you stand at the bottom of the cave, and another lower from above the coffee-pot, made fast to a lariat. A third can run to and fro with the precious liquid; and in a few minutes you will have water for your horses in the trough. The Veteran will sit on a log, scornfully at first, but finally snort his approbation.

The joys of camping out I do not undertake to describe. In this effeminate day, when people sit in their parlors and read about things instead of doing them, thank goodness there is something left which can not be put into words. There is a period of perfect peace, when, rising at midnight and putting a fresh log on the fire, one gazes placidly about upon his sleeping comrades, lights a pipe, and communes with himself, the dancing flame, and the solemn, silent forest. Interjected between the jollity of the evening meal, and the business-like activity of breakfast, packing and mounting, this midnight pipe of peace is like a whiff from another world. How ridiculously different from sitting up in bed and lighting the gas!

Another thing which I omit is a description of fair St. Helen's and grand Mt. Adams. How they accompany us with their eternal beauty, all the way! How delightful is the change from the gloomy caves to the paradise that lies just beneath the edge of the melting

snows on Mt. Adams. There innumerable varieties of flowers bloom, even at this late season—the whole Flora of the coast—but dwarfed by their Alpine locality into forms of infinite delicacy, and, hovering among them, multitudes of humming-birds, who have gathered here to find again the blossoms of June, vanished long since from the South. Streams alive with trout—*hyiu tenas salmon*—and white goats on the snowy fields above, to tax the skill and daring

of the more ambitious sportsman. I could give you a fine description of all these things, but I must stop here; and morally it is quite as well, for the smoke in the air prevented us from seeing Adams, or visiting the Paradise of Humming-birds—but which is, nevertheless, there; and so you will find out, when, next July, you add to your summer trip along the grand Columbia, a charming three-days' excursion to the region I have faintly depicted.

ARE OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS A FAILURE?

III.

WHETHER public schools were first instituted by society as a means of self-defense—as a means for the prevention of crime, as an economical means of securing instruction—or as a duty owed to the rising generation, is a mooted point; and it matters not. In this day, when co-operative societies are becoming the rage, it is well to remember that they constitute one of the grandest co-operative unions yet organized.

The most successful co-operative union in our country—because the best systematized—is that which conducts our postal affairs. It is regulated throughout the Union by a single Department; every one of its streams flows from a single source. It compels, and that without murmuring, the rich to aid the poor, the strong to give succor to the weak. May not Government do as much for us in our school service as in our postal?

The first step toward ascertaining what needs to be done, and that which more than any thing else will awaken public interest and thought, is to secure complete, reliable, and uniform statistics. At present there is no uniform system of collecting statistics; and those of different States and cities are nearly

worthless for the purposes of comparison. Let these annual statistics be accompanied by carefully prepared reports—not autobiographies of the School Commissioners, nor grandiloquent eulogies on the moral sublimity of the teacher's work and the progress of education, but reports dealing solely with the condition and wants of the system—reports which shall carefully search out and mercilessly expose every failure and its cause. Then let the Government carefully disseminate these, and thus bring the actual state of affairs home to every parent and tax-payer in our land. The General Government alone can do this.

Having done this, and having thereby discovered wherein the present systems of public instruction have failed, it should devise and enforce a general system, applicable alike to the North, the South, the East, and the West. This system ought not to confer its benefits upon one class of people more than upon another—upon cities for a longer period than upon rural districts; but it should guarantee a year's schooling in each year to every child. Of course, taxation should be uniform, and every dollar of school revenue be paid into a single treasury.

In this way the burden will fall upon all alike—all will be alike benefited. A tax sufficiently large to accomplish this would not be onerous. A three-mill tax would furnish a teacher for every school, and pay him five hundred dollars per annum. Two mills additional would meet all other expenses. But a tax of one cent could not possibly be deemed too great an offering to so worthy an object. This, under the care of a single head, would furnish facilities which, we regret to say, we may never expect to see supplied. The plan is not chimerical; it is not impracticable: it is simply impossible. Why? Because of the weakness of representative governments. In a monarchical country such things can be and have been accomplished; but in this, as in other things, where a Monarchy is strong a Republic is weak; where a Republic is strong a Monarchy is weak.

There is, however, one thing which our Government may do, and that is: *compel attendance*. A certain class of persons will hold up their hands in holy horror at such an assertion, and say: "Certainly, Government has a right to do it; but it is not expedient." An equally large and respectable class will deny its right. We take the ground that it is both right and expedient. Every child belongs to the State. The State compels the natural parent to maintain the child a certain period, in a manner consistent with the social position of that parent. If the parent dies, or for any other cause fails to feed and clothe his offspring, then the State comes forward and shows its ownership by undertaking its maintenance. If the State may pass a law which shall prevent a father from neglecting his child and starving its body, may it not, also, pass one which shall forbid him to starve its mind? The right to tax a man's property to educate his children, is conceded by all. If the State has a right

to levy a tax on his money to support a school, may it not tax the time of his child to attend it as well? If a State has the right to provide educational facilities, has it a right to allow those facilities to be neglected? Education, it is said, prevents crime; if the State has a right to enact laws for the punishment of crime, may it not enact laws which shall prevent crime? Where has the State the greater right to deprive the future citizen of his liberty—within the school-house, or within prison walls? The fact is, the State has a right to compel any thing that shall result in the greatest good to the greatest number. Enough has been said about personal liberty; so much, that the poet aptly says:

"License they mean, when liberty they cry;"

and Carlyle, with wonted sarcasm, declares that "'Liberty' requires new definitions." Personal liberty confers no license to commit, or become, a public nuisance.

If our form of government is too weak to enforce that which it clearly has a right to do, there are yet powerful means of indirect compulsion. The readiest of these would be, in those States which have a large State fund, to apportion the school money on the basis of attendance, instead of, as now, on the basis of numbers. Such a course would be offering a direct premium for punctuality, and every individual would be interested in securing a higher percentage of attendance.

A plan which has succeeded well in Sweden, is, to consider every person a minor who is not possessed of certain acquirements: among which is the ability to read and write. If a similar provision were adopted here—such, for instance, as depriving illiterate persons of the elective franchise—would it not operate as a powerful stimulus in favor of a more general education? Why is

it that in these days of dispute over the qualifications necessary to constitute a citizen, there is not one champion for a qualification based upon intelligence? * Is it considered a matter of no moment that the balance of power is held by persons wholly illiterate? Is it a small matter that the number of such persons is greater than the majorities by which our Presidents are elected? The generation is already born which will wonder that we could have wrangled so much about the color of a voter, and so little about his intelligence.

But, it is said, such a law would make many parents do violence to their conscientious scruples, awakened by caste, party prejudice, and religious tenets. We yet have left compulsory education. That a law can be framed which shall remove it from those battle-fields, who can doubt? To require that every child shall be educated, is not to require that every child shall have the education which the State has provided. The State may leave to parents the privilege of obtaining an education for their children how and where they please; providing, always, that the parent has the means for obtaining how and where he pleases. The plan proposed for England by John Stuart Mill is worthy of our consideration. Some such provision here would greatly increase the efficiency of our public schools. Says Mill:

"The instrument for enforcing the law could be no other than public examinations, extending to all children, and beginning at an early age. An age might be fixed at which every child must be examined, to ascertain if he is able to

read. When a child proves unable, the father, unless he has some sufficient ground of excuse, might be subjected to a moderate fine, to be worked out, if necessary, by his labor. * * * Once in every year the examination should be renewed, with a gradually extending range of subjects, so as to make the universal acquisition, and what is more, retention, of a certain minimum of general knowledge, virtually compulsory. Beyond that minimum, there should be voluntary examinations on all subjects, at which all who come up to a certain standard of proficiency might claim a certificate."

The system must be extended, and a plan devised which shall give us free academies, free colleges, and free universities. No system of schools can succeed or be called a success which stops short, having furnished the rudiments of a liberal education. Nor can we derive the full benefits of our primary instruction until we put within reach of every child the means of continuing his mental culture until a high degree of excellence is obtained. The same means * which has given us such excellent civil engineers, naval and military officers, would give us equally good political economists, statesmen, and officials.

There should be put in operation a thorough system of inspection, and this should be enforced. Experience has demonstrated that there is no class of persons, in whatever profession or trade, who will at all times conscientiously perform all their duties when they are only amenable to their own sense of right. Lack of supervision also implies lack of interest; and what teacher will for a long time exert himself if he finds his labors are not appreciated?

To secure a more thorough supervision—to awaken a greater sense of re-

* It is a matter of surprise, and should be of regret, that the Senate of the United States, the most grave and able legislative body in the Western Hemisphere, recently, and without opposition on that point, passed an amendment to the Constitution declaring that no male citizen, of due age, should be disfranchised, or disabled from holding office, by any test based upon education. It was promptly defeated in the House.

* Free military, naval, and other Government schools.

sponsibility—to secure a greater and more speedy efficiency, we must reduce the number of the school officials. All the executive duties of a single district should be made to devolve upon a single person. “What is every body’s business is nobody’s business,” it is said; and in school matters, what is two men’s business is generally neither one’s business. Where two persons are appointed to perform the same duty, each will endeavor to shirk the responsibility upon the other. “Large bodies move slowly;” and experience proves that it takes two trustees four times longer than it takes one to transact school business.

School officials must be paid for their labor. It is neither American nor democratic to ask for gratuitous services; neither is it honorable or economical to receive them. At present but two classes can be found who will accept the responsibilities and execute the duties of School Directors: 1. Those destitute of qualifications, but proud of the empty honor of being a public officer; and 2. Those who accept it as a religious duty: the latter class being rather more numerous than angels’ visits, yet far too few in number. If a moderate compensation were allowed, business men could be engaged who would conduct school matters in a business manner, and who could afford to devote a moderate amount of time to school affairs. Would it not be money wisely invested? Is not what is worth having, worth paying for?

A specific portion of these duties—that of general supervision, for instance—might with great advantage be confided to the ladies. Women possess a lively interest in all that pertains to the welfare of children. If society would but impose responsibility upon them, we may be sure that they would meet it creditably and well. They have more time than men to devote to the schools, and we may be certain they would manifest more zeal.

This thought leads us on to another; and that is, the employment of married women as teachers. There is a prevalent, though not well founded, prejudice against them as such. There is scarcely a school district in our land in which can not be found a married woman of culture and refinement, thoroughly competent in every way to take charge of the little school. Their employment in their own districts would have a tendency to give greater permanency to the profession of teaching, and the same teacher would remain the longer in one school. And would they not make better teachers than young, single women? Is it not likely that the mother of children will have quicker sympathies for other children, and possess greater aptness in their management and control? Does or does not an increased knowledge of human nature, and a greater experience in life, help to qualify a person to become a successful teacher?

We must have better qualified teachers. The time has gone by when the teacher can learn to-day that which he must teach to-morrow; when “almost any one will do to teach our school, because it is not far advanced.” It is the Primary School that requires the best teacher. It is most essential that the most experienced and competent teachers be employed for those whose minds are just beginning to go alone. The question should no longer be, Can you teach this or that?—but, Can you teach it quickly and well?

It is humiliating for a public journalist to record that with the low standard of qualifications required, to every one hundred teachers who hold certificates of the first or highest grade, and to every three hundred of the second, there are more than five thousand who hold certificates of the third grade. Superintendents can not raise the standard much, if any, higher than it at present is; but a demand for better teachers, if

accompanied with a sufficient pecuniary inducement, will produce them. The whole matter is in your hands, O generous and suffering public! If you will help to elevate the profession, it, in turn, will elevate you and yours. -

The school-house itself is an educator. Children that are reared with the lovely will be lovely: those reared with the wild, the angular, or the uncouth, will be uncouth, angular, or wild. There is implanted within the soul of every child every germ of art, of passion, or of taste: these need but the genial rays of sympathetic surroundings to make them burst into life: these surroundings bend the twig, and the tree is inclined.

Says Mrs. Sigourney, in her essay "On the Perception of the Beautiful:"

"Why should not the interior of our school-houses aim at somewhat of the taste and elegance of a parlor? Might not the vase of flowers enrich the mantel-piece, and the walls display not only well executed maps, but historical engravings or pictures, and the bookshelves be crowned with the bust of moralist or sage, orator or 'Father of his Country?' * * * Let communities, now so anxious to raise the standard of education, venture the experiment of a more liberal adornment of the dwellings devoted to it. Let them put more faith in that respect for the beautiful which really exists in the young heart, and requires only to be called forth and nurtured, to become an ally of virtue, and a handmaid of religion. Knowledge has a more imposing effect on the young mind when it stands like the Apostle, with the gifts of healing, at the beautiful gate of the temple. * * * I hope the time is coming when every village school-house shall be as an Attic temple, on whose exterior the occupant may study the principles of symmetry and of grace. Why need the structures where the young are initiated into those virtues which make life beautiful, be

divorced from taste or devoid of comfort?"

It is because of this neglect of the Beautiful that we are so rough in our manners, and have so little regard for law, for order, and for the highest kinds of culture.*

When good teachers, in attractive houses, have been provided, the schools should be made perfectly *free*. To many, such a suggestion will sound strangely; yet in but few States are the schools *free*. It is said they are practically so; but it is a mistake. The millionaire can pay a monthly rate-bill of twenty-five cents, and feel it no burden; but when it shortens the loaf and diminishes the quality of coarse bread which the poor man provides for his children, it is quite another thing: to him, the school is far from free.

To accomplish all this, public sentiment must be educated to a greater realization of the necessity of a liberal education. It matters not how fine the theory, or how excellent the teacher: if the people fail to grasp the idea, theory, teacher, and all will come to naught. Not many years since, a teacher, who had been eminently successful for many years in a large city, ignominiously failed in a rural and mountain district, whither he had gone to spend the summer for his health. Among other (to them) foolish things, he proposed to a little boy of six summers to learn the alphabet in as many days; and he set himself to work to teach it in the given time. Imagine his amusement, surprise, and disgust when, the next day, the father came to him with the request that he would not crowd the child so—assuring him that if he learned his letters in two years he should be perfectly satisfied, as then he

* At present, we do not pay even a decent regard to decency, to say nothing about elegance or taste. Not one country school-house in one hundred has a suitable water-closet, and the Superintendent of a large city reports but one in his city properly kept.

would prove himself to be smarter than his father before him. Every effort to improve the schools will prove abortive, unless the people can first be made to see the need of such effort.

To do this, we need something that the people will read: not moral and didactic essays, not dull and prosy sermons, not pages of precepts and volumes of duties, but something winning and attractive—something which shall do for this generation and the next that

which "How Gertrude teaches her Children" did for its generation and its successor. Let us have something for children, and something for fathers and mothers. Every other subject is discussed and eliminated in newspaper and magazine. Why has this one been neglected? Will not Mrs. Stowe, or Lowell, or Parton, or some others of equal merit, lend the influence of their reputation, and the ability of their pens, in aid of this great work?

UNDER FIRE.

FORTUNATELY for the safety of the armies on each side in the late war, there was seldom confidence or ability enough to press a victory to its logical result of rout. Fortunately for the Republic, Lee slackened his fire and held back his victorious army after his great success, or rather our great failure, at Fredericksburg. For two days and nights, the Federal Army lay in his grasp—beaten, disordered, huddled in the town, with the river between it and its base and fortifications—and he did not let slip his dogs of war.

On the morning of the day after the disastrous Fredericksburg fight, (Sunday, December 14th) the reserves were up early. The heavy fog was penetrating and chilly, and the turf was no warm mattress to tempt us to the sweet morning nap, which we always remembered, on getting up, as one of the sweetest luxuries of home. Virginia, in sanctifying her soil, had not warmed it with any of her own fervor. So we willingly shook off sloth from our moistened bodies; and, rolling up the gray "U. S." blankets, set about breakfast.

The *bivouac* breakfast, be it observed, is a nearer approach to its civilized name-sake, than the *bivouac* bed. Coffee,

good, strong, and hot; pork, fried to a turn on a stick over an open fire; hard-tack, sweeter and more wholesome than the saleratus-biscuit of the average American housewife: this was the usual breakfast—this, and the soldier's comfort, a pipe.

Covered by the fog, then, we folded our ponchos and gray blankets, heavy with moisture, breakfasted, and smoked the inevitable pipe. We had even begun to take further note, through the misty veil, of the wreck of humanity and "equinity" cumbering the ground about us, when a slight lifting of the gray fog showed us the whole story of yesterday's repeated assaults and repeated failures. We had been hurried to the battle late on the day before, only to see a field of flying men, and the sun low in the west shining red through volumes of smoke; six deserted field-pieces on a slight rise of ground in front of us, and a column of cheering troops, in regular march, disappearing on our left. But the day was over then, and the battle lost, and our line had felt hardly bullets enough to draw blood, before darkness put an end to all hostile sounds, except some desultory shell-firing. For an hour or two afterward, shells from Marye's Heights traced

bright lines across the black sky with their burning fuses. Then, by command, we sank down in our lines, to get what sleep the soggy ground and the danger might allow us. Experience had taught us that when the silent line of fire had flashed across the sky and disappeared behind us, the subsequent scream and explosion were harmless. Still, it required no little *sang froid* to overcome the damp ground and the flash and report of bursting shells, and fall asleep, at an order.

Lulled at last by the subsiding of the shells, and the rumbling of the passing ambulances—that army of mercy that does its deeds of light under cover of night—we finally slept. But we were aroused before midnight, and formed into line with whispered commands, then faced to the right, and, reaching the highway, marched away from the town, and toward that terrible line of hills, in approaching which by daylight so much blood had been spilled, and so many hopes had gone down. Under the darkness we moved safely, and, though the road was now free from ambulances, so slowly, that men sat down, from time to time, and even dozed heavily, without seeming to impede the sluggish march. Muffling canteens, and whispering orders, we made some progress, however, and finally moved more freely, as the column filed again into a broad, open field. There were many dead horses at the point of our turning, and many more dead men. Here, also, stood a low, brick house, with an open door in its gable-end, from which shone a light, and into which we peered in passing. Within, sat a woman, gaunt and hard-featured, with crazy hair and a Meg Merrilies face; still sitting by a smoky candle, though nearly two hours past midnight. But what woman could sleep, though never so masculine and tough of fibre, alone in a house between two hostile armies, two corpses lying across her door-step, and

within there, by the candle-light, almost at her feet, four more? Poor sufferers, who had dragged themselves, with deep hurts, in at the open door, to die there at the feet of this lonely woman, and add to the ghastliness of her isolation, while the hail of bullets and the carnage outside kept her a prisoner in her own house. So, with wild eyes, her face lighted by her smoky candle, she stared across the dead barrier into the darkness outside, with the look of one to whom all sounds were a terror—of one who heard, but saw not. The smoky candle burned, and the wild eyes watched, all night. We formed in two lines, the right of each resting near and in front of this small brick house, and the left extending into the field, at right angles with the highway. Here we again slept in *bivouac*, and here we rose up in the morning fog.

On our night-march, there had been a rumor that we were to get close to the picket-line during the night, to form the first line of a renewed assault in the morning. And this seemed probable enough, as we turned off the road into the field at a point where the fight had been thickest and the slaughter most severe. And we found room for our beds with no little difficulty, because of the shattered forms of those who were here taking their last, long sleep. The morning broke in fog, and the fog continued to envelop us till the pipe was exhausted, when we got up to inspect and criticise the situation. The soldiers of the Republic were free critics of the wisdom of their superiors: so we forthwith saw unwisdom in the situation.

If the night's rumor were true, where was the body of the assaulting force? We were only a portion of two divisions, and evidently in a part of the field that had yesterday proved untenable by a force greatly larger than ours. Just here was the wreck of a fence that seemed to have been the high-tide mark of our advance wave of battle. The fence was a

barrier, which, slight as it was, had turned back the already wavering and mutilated lines of assault. Almost an army lay about us, and scattered over the plain back toward the town. Not only corpses, but many of the badly wounded, almost indistinguishable from the dead, were here, too. Death, fallen to the ground and groveling in the mire, is most dreadful. Broken and crushed humanity, in the clothing meant for life and activity—how awful our common lot seemed, when presented in this shape—robbed of the stately funeral and the solemnity of the chamber of mourning!

But if we are to charge, let us look away from this, and try to penetrate the dissolving fog. Gradually the fog commenced to lift; we could see the last year's corn-stalks in the field before us; then it all melted away in sunlight and breeze.

About eighty yards in front, the plowed field was bounded by a stone wall, and behind the wall were men in gray uniforms, moving carelessly about. This picture is one of my most distinct memories of the war—the men in gray behind this wall. Talking, laughing, cooking, cleaning muskets, clicking locks: there they were—Lee's soldiers—the Army of Northern Virginia! We were so absurdly near the host of yesterday's victors, that we seemed wholly in their hands, and a part of their great mass; cut off and remote from the Federal Army, and almost in the hands of the enemy—prisoners, of course. That was the immediate impression, as we stupidly gazed, in the first moment of the awkward discovery.

But the sharp whistle of a bullet sounds in our ears, and a Rebel's face peers through the puff of smoke, as he removes the rifle from his shoulder; then rapidly half a dozen more bullets whistle by us, and the warning sends us all to earth. The order to lie down is theoretically

infrequent, but, practically, it is often given in modern warfare. Napoleon's maxim, that an army travels on its belly, was metaphorical; but long range and repeating rifles have made it approximately true in a literal sense. Our double lines of battle sought the shelter of the ground as soon as blood was drawn. This had the effect of hiding us from the enemy, or partially so, for the fusillade slackened, though his vigilance seemed to be eternal whenever incautious curiosity or official anxiety raised a head to look.

Lying perfectly flat upon our bellies, there was enough inequality of ground to shelter us; but any head raised above the recumbent level drew destruction upon itself, or escaped it too narrowly for the experiment to become general. So we lay still and shrinkingly expectant—though expectant of what, I can hardly say. For my own part, the first thought was, that a volley of bullets would be thrown among us as a prelude to a demand for surrender. But, as neither volley nor demand came, it began to seem as if deeper plans were in preparation: possibly an advance, to swallow our handful first, and then to press forward against the discomfited Federal force lying in the town. This impression began to grow general with us as conversation gradually sprang up, and the we'll-catch-it-in-a-few-minutes theory was held till the minutes grew into hours, and still neither volley, demand, nor advance took place.

It was becoming irksome to maintain one position, even at full length; but the watch over us was very vigilant. Hardly a movement was made at any part of our line that did not draw fire from the wall. Necessity compelled us, however, to keep up something of a lookout on the enemy, at any risk. A cautious inspection showed great carelessness in their lines: they were still strolling and lounging—a group at cards, even—ev-

idently ignorant or careless of our proximity.

It seems now altogether probable that they were ignorant of our numbers, as most of our men were down when the fog lifted; a few scattered groups only were standing, and these they may have taken for a squad of picket-reserves, that gave them a pleasant opportunity for target-practice. The blue lines upon the ground may only have told them of the effectiveness of their fire of yesterday; a man moving among the mass was a picket imprisoned by their fire, or a wounded soldier tossing in his pain: in either case food for powder—a Yank.

What to do about it, was a topic only second in interest to the probable action of the enemy. Could we lie thus without waking up the big guns, whose black muzzles looked down upon us from the hill-top on our right? And if not, what then? From these guns there was no possible shelter, should they decide on action.

The only course plainly impossible was, to retreat. Retreat alone was more dangerous than to remain as we were, or even to advance. The field behind us stretched away toward the town, level and exposed—the focus of a semicircle of battery-crowned hills, with no inequality of ground to protect us from a convergence of fire that would be singularly effective.

The situation had already forced upon us a policy of masterly inactivity which alone seemed to meet our immediate difficulties; so we drifted into a mutual understanding that no doubt an abler council of war would have approved. Shots might rouse the enemy from his carelessness or ignorance; certainly a volley from our line could not go unanswered, and the odds were great. Our only hope of escape seemed to lie in the conservative policy of “not irritating the South;” and we adopted it. Let them stick to their cards and forget us, if they would! But

we arrived at this policy only as the least of a host of evils. Already the fire of their sharp-shooters was telling upon our numbers. The constraint of a fixed position became unbearable at last—worth risk of life and limb to escape from; and this risk was constantly encountered at one and another part of the line. So, to the sportsmen behind the wall the game was reasonably brisk. Each exposure also drew fire upon those who were quiet. A tolerably large list of casualties was thus running up, as we lay inactive.

The enemy riddled every moving thing in sight: horses tied to the wheels of a broken gun-carriage behind us; pigs, that incautiously came grunting from across the road; even chickens they brought down with an accuracy of aim that told of a fatally short range, and of a better practice than it would have been wise for our numbers to face.

They applauded their own success with a hilarity we could hardly share in, as their chicken-shooting was across our backs, leaving us no extra room for turning. But this was mere wantonness of slaughter, not indulged in when the higher game in blue uniform was in the field. The men who left our ranks for water, or from any cause, before we were pinned to the earth, came back at great peril. Indeed, I believe not one of them reached our line unhurt. Many were killed outright. Many were mortally wounded, and died within a few steps of us. And several, who tried to drag themselves away on their faces, were put out of their misery—though from no feeling higher than sport, if laughter was proof. Men with stretchers and green hospital badges were shot without any mercy. This soon cleared the field behind us.

This showed us plainly what we might expect, and fixed our bounds to such segments of the field as were hidden from their sight. This was not alike through-

out the line. At one point the exposure was absolute, and stillness as absolute was the only safety. A slight barrier was afterward formed at this point by the disposal of dead bodies in front, so that they actually did shelter the living. The dull thud of the bullet in these bodies was frequent afterward.

This was our situation on the day after the great battle; and it was not very surprising that we fell back on our reserved rights of criticism. Were we placed in this *cul-de-sac* to assault the enemy, and renew the lost fight of yesterday? If so, where was the support—the great body of the human battering-ram? Certainly, a fragment of two divisions could hardly dislodge the army of Northern Virginia from so fine a position as Marye's Heights! How many corps had failed here yesterday!—What was now to be attempted with this single, forlorn fragment of the Fifth?

It was a bad scrape, with no alternative but forward to Andersonville, or back across a plain of death. The middle course of masterly inactivity answered for the present; but how long could it last in the presence of a watchful foe? That became a question which time was slowly answering. And so we went on from criticism to speculation, till irksomeness changed to numbness, and numbness drove us to risk death for the luxury of stretching our limbs.

After two or three hours of this business, we became somewhat accustomed to the situation—for man becomes accustomed to almost any thing that savors of routine—and learned with considerable exactness the limit inside which we might move with safety; and the limit, also, of endurable constraint. It was somewhat curious to see how strong tobacco-hunger was with many men. Men jumped to their feet and ran the length of a regiment to borrow tobacco; and in so doing ran the gauntlet of a hundred shots. This was so rarely accomplished

in entire safety that it won the applause of our line, and hearty congratulations to any one fortunate enough to save his life and sweeten it with the savory morsel.

All this would have been ludicrous, but for the actual suffering inflicted on so many. In our midst men were mortally hit, and there was no chance to bind up their wounds: they were almost as far beyond our help as if they had been miles away. A little was accomplished for their relief by passing canteens from hand to hand, keeping them close to the ground and out of sight; and some of the wounded were where a little manipulation could be done in safety. It was sad to hear the cries fade away to low moans, and so to silence, without a chance to help. The laugh over a successful chase for tobacco would die away only to change into a murmur of indignation at the next cruel slaughter. A young officer, boyish and ruddy, fresh from a visit home, with brighter sword and shoulder-straps than most of us, raised his head to look at the enemy, and a bullet at once pierced his brain. Without a word or groan, his head sank again, his rosy cheek grew livid, and his blood crimsoned his folded hands.

Frequently, a leg or an arm was shattered, as either became exposed in shifting from the wearisomeness of one position. Presently a system of reporting the casualties became established; the names of the injured were passed from mouth to mouth: "Capt. M., 17th, just killed;" "Private —, Company C, 11th, knocked over," etc. Those who were fortunate enough to have paper and pencil, and elbow-room enough to get them from pocket-depths, kept a list of the names of the killed and wounded. Even this sad occupation proved a blessing, for the hours were very long and weary.

I suppose *ennui* is hardly the word where nerves are on the rack and where danger pinions to the earth, yet some-

thing like *ennui* came over us. I found by chance a fragment of newspaper, which proved a charm that for a time banished the irksome present, with its ghastly field of dead men and its ceaseless danger. Through this ragged patch of advertisements I sailed away from Fredericksburg with the good barque *Neptune*, that had had quick dispatch a month before—for the paper was of ancient date—and was well on her way to summer seas when I obeyed the printed injunction and applied on board for passage. And oh, pleasant summers of the peaceful North! who would have suspected you to lurk in extracts of sarsaparilla and in newly discovered ointments for eruptive skins? But I found you there, and forgot the chill earth, the grim war, the rifle's crack and bullet's whistle; forgot even the dead hand that had stretched itself toward me all the morning, with its clutch of grass. Hot-tentots, in the interest of Mr. Helmbold, searching for *buchu*, were less savage than the Rebels; but from their society I was called back to the dull, wet earth and the crouching line at Fredericksburg by a request from Sergeant Read, who "guessed he could hit that cuss with the spy-glass," pointing, as he spoke, to the batteries that threatened our right flank. Then I saw that there was commotion at that part of the Rebel works, and an officer on the parapet was taking note of us with a glass. Had they discovered us at last, after letting us lie here till high noon?—and were we now to receive the plunging fire we had looked for all the morning? Desirable in itself as it might be to have the "cuss with the spy-glass" removed, it seemed wiser to repress Read's ambition. The shooting of an officer would dispel any doubts they might have of our presence, and we needed the benefit of all their doubts. Happily, seeming to think us not worth their powder and iron, they left the embrasures to the quiet guns again.

Were we really destined to see the friendly shades of night come on and bring us release from our imprisonment? For the first time we began to feel it possible, when the groups left the guns without a shot. I grew easy enough in my mind to find that sleep was possible, and I was glad to welcome it as a surer refuge from the surroundings than the scrap of newspaper. It was a little discouraging to see a sleeping officer near me awakened by a bullet; but as his whole misfortune, besides a disturbed nap, seemed to be a torn cap and a scratched face, I soon wooed back the startled goddess. I have never but then enjoyed sleep for mere oblivion. When I returned to consciousness I found the situation unchanged, except that the list of casualties had been augmented by the constant rifle practice, which still continued as pitiless and as ceaseless as before.

But it was almost startling to see, on looking at the brick house, the Meg Merrilies of the night before standing at her threshold. With the same lost look of hopeless horror that her face had worn by candle-light, she gazed up and down our prostrate lines, and the disenchantment of day and sunshine failed to make her situation seem in any way prosaic and commonplace. The desolate part she had to play suited well her gaunt and witch-like features. Shading her eyes with her hand at last, as if to banish a vision and call her senses back to earth, she searched our lines once more; then, with a hopeless shake of the head, moved slowly back into the dismal little tomb she was forced to occupy. In which army was her husband? Did she search our lines and the dead ranks for any friend of hers? Was maternal anxiety added to the physical terrors of her forced isolation? Somebody in our line motioned her back eagerly, when she stood at her door—less, perhaps, from the danger to which

she might be exposed than to save her from the sight of the carnage in the field. Enough that was repulsive and horrible inside the house without seeing this, too.

The afternoon began to wane without any slackening of the enemy's fire, or rather with an increase of it, as we had been driven more and more to move with the giving out of our individual powers of endurance. Our shiftings were becoming more frequent and rapid. A sudden change drew plenty of fire, but it was much less accurate than hearty. Deliberation was often fatal, in allowing time for a careful aim.

Nature, thirst, weariness, a want of tobacco—all of these impelled to movements that were made at one's peril. Finally, a little desultory firing was attempted from the division on our left, which was in a more sheltered spot, and at an angle that hid them from the right flank guns that threatened us. And this grew more and more general, until at last it became an established practice, to cover individual movements that were more than mere turnings and shiftings on the ground. But this only grew up from small beginnings, and was established in such a gradual way that it excited no general action in the Rebel line. Ultimately, this fire proved a considerable help in disconcerting the Rebel aim—nearly a company opening fire whenever a man passed along the line. And as the day grew late, this was done with more and more confidence, as we had grown less fearful of the big guns on the right and the chance of a Rebel advance.

Slowly the sun declined. He had been our friend all day—shining through the December air with an autumn kindness that almost warmed the chill earth. But at his last half-hour he seemed to hang motionless in the western sky. His going down would set us free; free from the fire that was galling and decimating

us; free from the fear of guns on the right and an advance in front; free from numbness, and constraint, and irksomeness, and free from the cold, wet earth. It would also bring us messengers from the town to call us back from our exposed position and the field of dead bodies. But he lingered and stood upon the order of his going, until it seemed as if a Joshua of the Confederates had caused him to stand still in the heavens, to give them a last chance to make Fredericksburg a triumph that should establish the success of the rebellion.

When, at last, the great disk stood large and red upon the horizon, every face was turned toward it, forgetting constraint, thirst, tobacco, and the Rebel fire, in the eagerness to see the end of a day that had brought us a new experience in a soldier's life, and had combined the dangers of a battle-field and the discomforts of a winter *bivouac* with many new horrors of its own.

At last the lingering sun went down—December twilights are short—and the Federal line sprang to its feet with almost a shout of relief. The Rebel fire grew brisker, as they saw such a swarm of blue-coats spring from the ground; but it was too late for them to see the fore-sights of their rifles, and shots unaimed were not so terrible as the hated ground. So we contemptuously emptied our rifles at them, and before the smoke rolled away the darkness had blotted out the wall and the Rebel line. With our line rose also a few men from the ghastly pile of yesterday's dead, who hobbled off on muskets used as crutches. These poor fellows had bound up their own wounds, and the coffee we could spare them cheered them into life and hope. Their cheerfulness grew into hilarity and merriment as they found themselves clear at last from the dead, and facing toward home with a hope not by any means so impossible of realization as it had seemed not long before. Poor

fellows! their joy was more touching than their suffering, which, indeed, they seemed to have forgotten.

Of the line of our own brigade we found a loss of nearly one hundred and fifty, out of a present-for-duty strength of about one thousand men. This would have been a fair average loss in any ordinary battle; but we had suffered it as we lay on the ground, inactive, without the excitement and dash of battle, and without the chance to reply—a strain upon nerves and endurance which we afterward remembered as severer than many more fatal fields.

In the midst of our buzz of relief and mutual congratulation the expected summons came for us to fall back to the town. Once more we formed an upright line of battle, then faced by the rear rank and marched in retreat, with muffled canteens and with many halts and facings about toward a possible Rebel pursuit. Reaching a slight bank, we descended to the meadow through which the Fredericksburg race-way was dug, and here we changed to a flank march and filed into the highway. The highway soon became a street, and we were once more in Fredericksburg.

This was the end of the first day after the battle. The best of Lee's opportunity was lost.

We marched past the court-house, churches, schools, banks, and private houses—all lighted and in use for hospital purposes, although many of the wounded had been transferred across the river. Even the door-yards had their litter-beds, and were well filled with wounded men, and the dead were laid in rows for burial. The hospital lights, the camp-fires in the streets, and the smoldering ruins of burned buildings, with the mixture of the lawless rioting of the demoralized stragglers and the suffering and death of the hospitals, gave the sacked and gutted town the look of Pandemonium.

In our new freedom we wandered about for the first half of the night, loth to lie upon the earth again after one day's experience. At last we spread our blankets on a sidewalk, and slept in the lurid firelight with a sense of safety hardly warranted by the facts of our position.

Early in the morning we were awakened by some mistaken dogs, who did not understand the present use we were making of the sidewalk. We made our toilets in wanton plenty. We enjoyed the luxury of water from a pump, and bathed in its falling splash. Our contraband brought a box of soap and an uncut, unhemmed bolt of toweling from the despised plunder of a store. The same source gave us a table-cloth at our breakfast. This we spread upon the sidewalk, and furnished with variously assorted crockery from an ownerless pantry. Cabbage, fresh from a kitchen garden, with vinegar from the deserted kitchen, added a welcome and unusual luxury to the meal. And, at the end, we rolled dishes and *débris* together into the paved gutter, with a comprehensive pull at the table-cloth. This was the holiday of war—vastly different from the morning which, twenty-four hours before, had rolled away a fog and pinned us to the earth with bullets.

But, though far more comfortable, we were hardly safer here than on the field of yesterday. Lee might open his guns at any moment upon a town groaning with hospitals and huddled with a repulsed army.

The drum-beat called us into line. We went through a roll-call and something like a dress-parade, without music; then stacked arms along the curbstone, and mounted sentinels over the line of unslung knapsacks. A bright, beautiful day, and the freedom of an empty, plundered city, were before us.

In the midst of this destruction came advertising enterprise. A bill-poster,

with paste-pot and brush, walked about the dangerous streets and posted his "Notice to Soldiers," wherein we were duly notified of the excellence of somebody's process of "embalming the dead." This was not cheerful, surely; but Fredericksburg was lugubrious, and these handbills were in harmony.

The town was a curiosity of pillage. Who could have found time to turn all the houses and streets so completely wrong-side out? The Rebels had held it for a day or two, while our guns north of the river had poured in iron enough, it seemed, to pave all its streets. A shell, by the way, does not destroy a building, whether of brick or wood. A city can not be knocked down by shells; they may set fires in wooden buildings, but they can only punch a round hole in entering and another in making their exit, flake off plastering, destroy furniture, and scatter the laths and timbers that oppose their course. Not a building in the city was free from shell-holes; some of them had a great many.

Fredericksburg was dilapidated, perforated, abandoned by its citizens, and plundered by its friends. And the Federal troops completed the pillage begun by the enemy. Stragglers and troops, demoralized by defeat, roamed over it, and turned its merchandise into the streets. Lawless soldiers and contrabands slept in its upper chambers, and robbed its dwellings. Jewelers' show-cases were thrown out of doors; books, papers, stationery, bedding, dry-goods, were piled on sidewalks or kicked about the streets; bundles of old letters, files of business correspondence, bills, invoices, and law papers littered the door-yards and the dirty floors. All of the houses were alike in broken glass, broken furniture, floors littered with paper, rubbish and broken plastering over all. We looked into a few parlors, and saw that the hand of the barbarian had been ruthlessly laid upon the family gallery of

daguerreotypes and the family library from the Patent Office.

At one time during the day, a shout arose from a cellar full of smoking rafters and ashes, and Confederate bonds and Virginia bank-notes were unearthed and scattered over the streets. An iron safe had yielded to blows and heat, and this despised paper came forth to mock the spoiler. Yet the bonds had a value at that day; and the Fredericksburg battle itself gave them an upward impetus among confiding Englishmen. One or two financiers in the ranks put a package or two into their knapsacks, and afterward sold them in foreign markets. The Virginia bank-notes were afterward found negotiable for greenbacks, without much discount, in any part of the State.

The sack and pillage continued all day; and all day the slow procession of the wounded was moving across the river. Defeat and pillage had reduced the army to the minimum of effectiveness; but caution still ruled the Confederate camp.

At last, a rumor came that Lee had sent a formal notice to withdraw the wounded, as he meant to fire on the town. The cannonade was to open at four o'clock. Troops were gathered into ranks, and under arms. General Burnside and staff rode through the streets, and something like an army was once more collected from the mass of demoralization. The time fixed came and passed; the pillage ceased; we stood to our arms; the stream of ambulances grew smaller and smaller. But no fire opened; and the sun went down on the second day after the battle, and upon the last hour of Lee's great opportunity.

At evening, we were again an army of some power. The city front was picketed in heavy lines, and detailed parties threw up earth-works. All the available troops were moved to the outer streets, and the last of the wounded and the ar-

tillery were sent back over the river. The unemployed part of our command was quartered in a church, and most of the officers in a law-office near it. Toward morning the recrossing of the infantry began. In a drizzle of rain and a dismal mist we stood in silent, wakeful ranks along the streets, from four o'clock till seven; then we fell back, street by street, forming our lines of battle on each. As the picket-line withdrew, the Rebel skirmishers advanced. The withdrawal was accomplished—as the battle

had begun—with skirmish-firing in the streets.

Through the infinite mud of the landing we floundered to the one remaining pontoon-bridge, and by ten o'clock were on the north bank of the Rappahannock. Then the skirmish-line recrossed, the engineers removed the bridge—and the Rebels again held the town.

At great sacrifice of life and prestige, the North accomplished only another failure; but the Rebellion lost, perhaps, its greatest opportunity.

EARLY LITERATURE OF TOBACCO.

MR. PARTON, in his *brochure* entitled "Does it Pay to Smoke?" declares that the cigar and pipe have become more alluring of late years, because they have "got into literature." He refers to a passage from *Jane Eyre*, that "is enough to make any old smoker feel for his cigar-case." He confesses, too, that "Byron, Thackeray, and many other popular authors have written passages in which the smoke of tobacco insinuates itself most agreeably into the reader's gentle senses." This is, of course, all true in regard to what it asserts, but far from true in what it implies. We confess that a cigar or pipe does not receive much additional charm from the allusions to it in earlier literature; but such passages are so frequent, and begin so far back, that it is evident tobacco "got into literature" as soon as it was received into any nation having a written language. That they belong rather to the curiosities than to the beauties of literature, is undoubtedly owing to the fact that the best writings of the times were scholarly or ideal. Philosophy and the higher drama gave dignified employment to genius. Ro-

mances were filled with fabulous adventures, in which dragons, griffins, and unicorns, rather than the living men of the times, played conspicuous parts. It was left to later years, for the most part, to develop a taste that should be less artificial, by discovering the pathos and poetry of common life.

But in such writers as did deal with the events of the days in which they lived, there are early and constantly recurring allusions to the use of the fragrant weed. In broadsides, pamphlets, and chap-books of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, we have all the *pros* and *cons* of the subject; as well intentioned praise and bitter denunciation, as in the more graceful praises and more elaborate attacks of the present years.

One of the earliest references to the new fashion is found in Taylor, the Waterman, whose lack of trade drove him into selling ale and writing poetry. His opinion of *all* innovations is that of one whose "occupation's gone;" and his opinion of tobacco is, that "the Devil brought it to England in a coach." The Anti-Tobacco Society of Massachusetts

will rejoice in this partial confirmation of their theory, that

"'Twas the Devil sowed the seed."

As the introduction of coaches brought poverty to the bargemen of the Thames, it is hardly to be wondered at that they became enemies to whatever new luxuries appeared at the same time.

Perhaps the first literary effusion wholly devoted to the "Nicotian weed" is Nash's *Lenten Stufte*, an octavo tract, of date anterior to A.D. 1600. It is dedicated to Humphrey King, a London tobaccoist and poor pamphleteer. Nash was an inveterate Bohemian, and, as might be expected, is extravagant in his praises of what Spenser also calls "divine tobacco." This was quickly followed by a larger and better work, in mock-heroic verse, entitled *The Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, and dedicated to Drayton. Although published anonymously, the authorship is generally ascribed to Sir John Beaumont. It has recently been reprinted in England, but there are probably no copies of it in this country.

Look to it, for Ile (I'll) Stabbe Ye, is the title of a sixty-four-page quarto, published in London about A.D. 1604, written by Samuel Rowlands. The merit and tenor of the whole may be fairly judged by the "Introductory Sonnett," which begins as follows:

"There is a humour us'd of late
By ev'ry rascall swagg'ring mate
To give the Stabbe: Ile stabbe (says hee)
Him that dares take the wall of me.
If you to pledge his health denie,
Out comes his poniard — there you lie.
If his Tobacco you dispraise,
He swears a stabbe shall end your daies."

The author then makes at all classes, dagger in hand. In a smaller quarto, published a few years later, by the same author, entitled *A Whole Crew of Kind Gossips, all Met to be Merry*, the manners of the times are coarsely satirized by the imaginary criminations and re-

criminations between six husbands and their wives. "Good tobacco, sweet and strong," is spoken of as one of the allurements to houses of questionable repute. Perhaps this adds an emphasis to the complaint of one of the Merry Gossips, that her husband always smelt of tobacco.

Laugh and Lie Downe, or the Worlde's Folly, is a black-letter quarto, of A.D. 1605, London. This little book describes the characters in an imagined Purgatory of Wit, or Fort of Folly. There is a neat bit of writing in it, descriptive of a fop of the day, showing how indispensable the pipe had become to complete the outfit of a "man of fashion:"

"The next was a nimble-witted and glib-tongued fellow, who, having in his youth spent his wits in the Arte of Love, was now become the jest of wit; for his looks were so demure, his words so in print, his graces so in order, and his conceits so in tune, that he was — yea, iwis (I wis) so was he, such a gentleman for a jester, that the Lady Folly could never be better fitted for her entertainment of all strangers. The pick-tooth in the mouth, the flower in the eare, the kisse of the hand, the stoupe of the head, the leer of the eye, and what not that was unneedful, but he had so perfecte at his fingers endes, that every she was my Faire Ladye, and scarce a Knight but was Noble Sir: the tobacco pipe was at hand, when Trinidado was not forgotten — why all things so well agreed together that at this square table of people, or table of square people, this man, *made by rule*, could not be spared for a great somme."

Trinidado was the name given to a favorite brand of tobacco, and "square people" means here, not what it would in modern slang, but simply *block-heads*.

In *The Gul's Horne Book*, (the Greenhorn's Hand-Book) a well known pamphlet of Decker, London, A.D. 1609 — made up of satirical advice as to proper

city behavior—it is declared, that at the table of the inn,

"Before the meate comes smoaking to the boarde, our Gallant must draw out his tobacco box, the ladle for the cold snuff into his nostrill, the tongs and the priming iron. All this artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach to the price of it; it will be a reasonable useful pawn at all times when the current of his money falles out to runne low. And here you must observe to know in what state tobacco is in town, better than the merchants, and to discourse of the potecaries where it is to be sold as readily as the potecary himselfe."

We see it hinted in this that the new luxury was then, as again now, an expensive one. In the comedy called *The Sun's Darling*—published about the same time as the above—a dandified gallant is spoken of as "some alderman's son—one that blows away his patrimony in feathers and tobacco." No later than A.D. 1620 England, according to Sir Edwin Sandys, was importing from Spain £120,000 worth of tobacco, yearly. Remembering the change in money values, we can see that even its moderate use will necessitate no inconsiderable outlay. There were three favorite brands: called Trinidado, Leaf, and Pudding tobacco. The first came in rolls, or coils; the last was probably cut, or chopped. The pipe does not appear to have been of expensive materials. Bishop Bonner, who may be supposed to have used as good pipes as any of his day, died in 1596 at the Golden Lion, Fulham, while sitting in his chair, smoking. This inn was built in the time of Henry VII. When it was pulled down in 1836 an ancient pipe of quaint pattern, in brass, was found behind the wainscot of the room in which the Bishop died. The inn was a resort, in the sixteenth century, of the most prominent men of the day. The discov-

ery of the pipe called forth much grave discussion as to its probable owner; and then I believe it was carefully laid away in some museum as the "Bishop's own." But the "artillery" for snuff-making and taking, was more costly. There was a box to carry the root in, a rasp to reduce it to powder, and sometimes a spoon to carry it to the nostril. An improvement was, to put the rasp on the back of the snuff-box. There are several of these earliest snuff-rasps, preserved in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. They are made of ivory and inlaid wood.

From Ben Jonson's comedy of *The Alchemyst*, we find that sellers soon learned to adulterate and to impart false flavors to their wares. "Captain Face," one of the characters in the play, commends "Drugger," the apothecary, in these words:

"This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow.
He lets me have good tobacco; he does not
Sophisticate it with slack lees, or oil,
Nor washes it with muscadell or grannis,
Nor buries it in gravel underground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather or old clouts,
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that, opened,
Smell like conserves of roses."

From Heath's *Two Centuries of Epigrammes*—a book of lean poetry and leaner wit, edited by a Fellow of New College and published at Oxford A.D. 1610—we see that collegians soon became familiar with the use of the leaf. The 92d Epigram reads:

"We buy the driest wood that we can finde,
And willingly would leave the smoke behinde;
But in tobacco a thwart course we take,
Buying the heart only for the smoke's sake."

The Curtain Drawer of the World, (London, 4to, 35 leaves, A.D. 1612) is a tedious tirade against the morals and manners of the times, unenlivened by any flashes of wit. Tobacco, of course, could not escape him, though what he says is confused, and his words are smoky. Nevertheless, it is shown how fashionable the custom must have been, since he attacks it in the persons of noblemen:

"Then (*i. e.*, in times past) noblemen's chimneys used to smoake, and not their noses; Englishmen without were not Blackamoors within, for then Tobacco was an Indian, unpickt and unpiped—now made the common ivy-bush of luxury, the curtaine of dishonesty, the proclaimer of vanity, the drunken colourer of Drabby salacy."

I have no doubt that this is severe enough for one of Mr. Trask's tracts, if one only knew what it meant.

Techno-gamia, or the Marriage of the Arts—a comedy by Holiday, A.D. 1618—takes up the praises of the weed in this boisterous manner:

"Tobacco's a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

Chorus:

This makes me sing, soho, soho boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly,
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases;
When our braines it enters
Our feet do make indentures,
While we seal with stamping paces.
Chorus.

Tobacco is a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly.
Chorus.

Tobacco is a Traveller
Come from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.
Chorus.

Tobacco is a Crittike
That still old paper turneth;
Whose labor and care
Is smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
Chorus.

Tobacco is an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fyrie vapoure,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
Chorus.

Tobacco is a Whyffler

That cries 'Huff, Snuff,' with furie;
His pipes, his club and linke;
He's the wiser that does drinke:
Thus armed I fear not a furie.

Chorus."

This song was an accompaniment to a dance, which gives opportunity for the puns in the second verse. "Whyffler" ("whiffler" in Shakspeare) was a herald who went in advance of stately processions, with trumpets, (pipes) clubs and links, (lanterns, fire) clearing the way with loud "furie."

To "drinke" tobacco, was synonymous with smoking of tobacco. This phrase is used in a much better poem of the year 1631. In the *Soules Solace, or Thirty and one Spiritual Emblems*, by Thos. Jenner, (8vo, 27 leaves) we have our old friend transferred from the stage to the pulpit. There is an illustration accompanying the original, of a gentleman sitting by a table, smoking. The words are:

"The Indian weed, withered quite,
Greene at noone, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so lily-white,
Shows thee to be a mortal wight,
And even such, gone with a touch.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the smoake ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdest the vanity
Of worldly stufte, gone with a puffe.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the Pipe grows foul within,
Thinke on thy soule, defil'd with sin,
And then the fire it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must.
Thus thinke, and drinke Tobacco."

These quotations might be continued indefinitely, in prose or in verse. Its enemies called tobacco, in the words of George Wythers, "a thing of barbarism and shame." Its friends represented Vulcan resting by his forge, pipe in mouth, and envied by all the dwellers

on Olympus. It is now three hundred years since tobacco "got into literature;" and the discussion of it to-day is carried on pretty much as it was at first. Meanwhile—whether rightly or not—there was probably more tobacco raised and more used in this past year than in any other of the past three hundred.

The King issued a famous Broadside against it, about A.D. 1603; but the smoke of his attack was answered by a smoke more fragrant, as also more abundant. We know that in A.D. 1600–1602 Bucklesbury, London, was famous for its shops of "simples," (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii, sc. 3) but by 1617 most of the herb shops were converted into tobacconists' shops. "If I walk in the streets," says a lady in the *Owl's Almanack*, (A.D. 1618) "and chance to come down Bucklesbury, oh! how the whole orbe of air is infected with this fume." But even this protest was unheeded, as we believe the protests of several ladies have been since; and the "fume" in London extends now from Marylebone to Lambeth.

John Hotten, 74 and 75 Piccadilly, London, has recently published a *Smoker's Text-Book*, giving all the best things that have been said about the plant by its admirers. We have not seen the book, nor should we greatly value it. But there is a chance for some aspiring genius to give us a literary history of the whole subject. Let him begin with the

time "when noses were first made chimneys with smoking men's faces as if they were bacon," and bring it down to the present. He will carry us through the social life of the last three centuries. He will show us Sir Walter Raleigh and his *coterie* of friends. We will see many social gatherings of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Condell, and their companions. And then the smaller fry—Nash, Decker, Wythers, Rowlands, and their fellow-pamphleteers of A.D. 1590 to 1630. We shall see "young Rogers" at the play, sitting upon the stage the better to display the pipe

"For which he pawned hath his riding cloke."

Nor shall we lack right royal company, for he will not fail to take us up Great Tower Street, to the inn where Peter the Great used to smoke his pipe after the day's labor, in London, was done. We will follow him most gladly into the smoky little room of the "Salutation and Cat," where, night after night, Lamb and Coleridge lovingly discussed poetry, art, metaphysics, and theology; and we will sit down quietly to an after-dinner cigar with Thackeray in the Café de Foy, and with him silently watch the rising of the moon over the tiles of the Rue Louis le Grand. Who will write us the book? Here is an open door to Fame; and as to Fortune, we put ourselves down for one (complimentary) copy, doubting not that thousands will be ready to follow our example.

THE FORTUNE IN THE DAISY.

Of what are you dreaming, my pretty maid,
With your feet in the summer clover?
Ah! you need not hang your modest head:
I know 'tis about your lover.

I know by the blushes on your cheek,
Though you strive to hide the token;
And I know because you will not speak,
The thought that is unspoken.

You are counting the petals, one by one,
Of your dainty, dewy posies,
To find from their number, when 'tis done,
The secret it discloses.

You would see if he comes with gold and land—
The lover that is to woo you;
Or only brings his heart and his hand,
For your heart and your hand to sue you.

Beware, beware, what you say and do,
Fair maid, with your feet in the clover;
For the poorest man that comes to woo,
May be the richest lover!

Since not by outward show and sign
Can you reckon worth's true measure,
Who only is rich in soul and mind,
May offer the greatest treasure.

Ah! there never was power in gems alone
To bind a brow from aching;
Nor strength enough in a jeweled zone
To hold a heart from breaking.

Then be not caught by the sheen and glare
Of worldly wealth and splendor;
But speak him soft, and speak him fair,
Whose heart is true and tender.

You may wear your virtues as a crown,
As you walk through life serenely;
And grace your simple rustic gown
With a beauty more than queenly—

Though only one for you shall care,
One only speak your praises;
And you never wear, in your shining hair,
A richer flower than daisies!

CEYLON.

IN their wanderings over the globe American tourists have overlooked, or entirely neglected, the claims of a country to their attention, in which a taste for the romantic and beautiful can be more readily gratified than in any other. The advent of a German Prince or French Count, who comes to shoot elephants and see the country, is by no means a rare incident in Ceylon; but the presence of a live Yankee—a citizen of the Great Republic—within her borders for similar purposes, would assuredly be a noteworthy circumstance. A passing visit to Point de Galle might have afforded him a chance of purchasing counterfeit gems and of forming false ideas of the country, its inhabitants and Government, which he may have, in common with other would-be travelers, recklessly committed to print; but his stay of a week or a fortnight, if so far prolonged, would give him only a faint impression of what might be learned of Ceylon. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, after her exhaustive travels throughout the world, declares that Ceylon, of all others, is the country she should prefer to live in; and it is acknowledged by all who know it, to surpass in attraction every land in the golden Orient.

Its history, ancient and modern, is replete with interest and incident. The chronicles contained in the Mahawanso date as far back as 543 B.C., and contemporary references to these are made in the mythical poems of the Hindoos—the oldest legends in existence.

Ceylon was the Taprobane of the Latins, the Serendib of the Arabian Nights, the Lunka of the Brahmins, and the Elysium of the Mohammedans. It was known to the Greeks, Phenicians, and

Chinese in ancient times, who traded to its coast, and extolled its riches and fertility.

From the period of the Bengal invasion—five centuries before the Christian era—to its annexation to the British Empire in A.D. 1796, its history comprises a series of internal and foreign wars. The first invaders were expelled by the Malabars from the southern coasts of India, from whose hands the supremacy was wrested by the original conquerors; and thus, for a number of years, one dynasty succeeded another. Internecine wars were rife when in A.D. 1522 the Portuguese first arrived on the shores of Ceylon, shortly after the extinction of the Singhalese Monarchy (the reigning potentate having been carried away, a prisoner, to China) and the ascendancy of the Malabar power. The Portuguese maintained their authority, and enforced their religion, at the point of the sword. They were guilty of the most fearful atrocities, and were justly feared and detested by the Singhalese, with whom they were at constant war. Their possessions were all on the sea-coast, but they failed to extend them to the interior, where a race of hardy and well trained mountaineers withstood all the efforts adopted to subdue them. The Dutch, who had now become a powerful and commercial nation, became jealous of the Portuguese possessions in the East, and of the monopoly of the trade to the Indies, which was at that time exclusively in the hands of the Portuguese. After a series of conflicts, the latter were finally expelled; but still the Dutch, with a more enlightened policy, failed to conciliate the native powers and to enlarge their dominion by acquisition

of territory in the interior. It was not until the English, in 1796, took possession of the country, that successful steps were taken to conquer the forces of the Kandyan King, who, by his cruelty to his subjects, had made himself odious to them. British troops were therefore welcomed, and the last King of Ceylon was sent prisoner to Bengal, where he died. Since this period, with one exception, there has been no serious opposition to British supremacy; and at the present time, the Singhalese are good and contented subjects of the Queen of India.

On all sides, the traveler traverses ground of either a classic or historic character: now the scene of some warlike contest, or again, the site of some ruined city or temple. The remains of *dagobas* (or shrines for the preservation of relics of Buddha) prove them to have been some of the most extensive piles of masonry and brick-work in the world. The ruins of the Brazen Palace at Anarajapoorā—which was elevated on 1,600 columns of granite, twelve feet high, and which covered an area of 220 feet square—are a magnificent memento of the past. The remains of the stupendous *dagoba* at Ruanwella are calculated to impress the imagination of the beholder with awe and wonder; and the great temple at Dondra, which, when seen from the sea, was said to have resembled a city, so extensive were its dimensions, exists but to attest the evanescence of all mundane power.

Strange to say, throughout the many wars that have devastated Ceylon, although the temples and *dagobas* were systematically destroyed by the enemy, the sacred *bo*-tree, venerated by all Buddhists, and which exists in the vicinity of all temples, was respected, and preserved from all molestation. An extraordinary tree of this species exists in the ancient city of Anarajapoorā. It was planted 288 years before the Chris-

tian era, and is therefore now 2,157 years old; and its history has been handed down, in a series of chronicles, to the present time. Vestiges of vast public works, the origin of which has been entirely lost sight of, meet the eye of the traveler everywhere; and conspicuous among these, may be mentioned the tank formed for purposes of irrigation on the west coast, which must have covered a space equal to that of the Lake of Geneva. Sufficient has been said to establish an interest in the mind of the traveler who delights in historical research and antiquarian lore, and who, if he heed not an occasional attack of jungle fever, may obtain ample and congenial occupation in his interior explorations. Should he visit the country intent on hunting and shooting, he will be equally gratified. Game of all kinds abounds in the jungle, and exciting sport may be had, from the pursuit of the colossal elephant to a run after the meanest jackal—a chase after which on the open, by the way, with a good pair of dogs, affords very fair amusement in the absence of game of a higher order.

Ambalams, or rest-houses, as they are termed, are erected at various points by the Government, to afford shelter and accommodation to travelers; and these, when in remote districts, are placed under the care of the headman of the nearest village, whose duty it is to attend personally or by proxy to the wants of its visitors.

The mixed character of the inhabitants, is a remarkable feature in the population of Ceylon. The Moormen, or Mohammedans, the Tamils, Malays, Kandians, and the lowland Singhalese form the mass of the people; but many other nationalities are found with these, and they differ more or less from one another in language, manners, and dress. The observation of the rights of caste is rigidly maintained, notwithstanding the opposition of the British Govern-

ment to this arbitrary system. The Vel-lalah, or person of the highest caste, would deem it gross contamination to come in contact, or hold any communication with one of a lower class. The Rodiyas, or lowest caste, are proscribed by all. They are not allowed the privileges of a human being, and are compelled to give notice of their approach to any one they meet, by loud cries, that the abomination of their presence may be avoided. Neither the males nor females are allowed to wear any covering above the waist, or below the knee; and an infringement of this law is followed by any of the higher castes forcibly divesting the offenders of their garments. Many of the Rodiya women are handsome and graceful; and appear to feel, as they walk along, the deprivation of that covering that modesty prescribes as necessary to the sex.

A singular race of wild men, called Veddahs, inhabit the forest fastnesses of Bintenne. Their language—if they have a language—is understood by none but themselves, and the delivery of which is accompanied by the most extraordinary gestures and grimaces. They live on the game they kill with the bow and arrow, build no habitations, worship the devil, give no burial to their dead, and never willingly come into contact with any other race of men. Yet, *mirabile dictu*, they honor the nuptial tie, and religiously maintain their offspring.

The ubiquitous Malabar coolies come in hordes from India in quest of employment on sugar, coffee, and other plantations. They work for five cents a day, and save money enough, in the course of time, to return in comparative affluence to their own country. But they are liable to great privations; and it is no unusual thing for the traveler to discover one of them carefully wrapped up in his white cloth, apparently asleep by the road-side, but on further inspection found to be dead—dead as a door-nail

—from starvation or fever, or possibly both: nobody knows, and no one cares how the event occurred.

The Malays—another section of the community—were, originally, brought over and incorporated into the Ceylon Rifle Regiment; and veterans and pensioners from that corps, with their offspring, have established various settlements in the island. As soldiers, they are an effective body of men, save when under the influence of *bhanga*, on which occasions they are no longer under control, but “run a muck” at all who come in their way.

The Moormen, or Mohammedans, are the principal traders among the natives. They are ever ready to deal with, and, if possible, to cheat their customers, whether they sell a precious stone, or a yard of long cloth. The low-country Singhalese differ considerably from the Kandyans, who inhabit the mountain zone. They are effeminate and good-looking—far better-looking than their women; and the odd custom they have of wearing long hair made up like a woman’s, with a large tortoise-shell comb stuck in it behind, induces one to mistake the sex. Their lack of physical powers and courage unfit them for soldiers; and the contemplated idea of forming a regiment of them, had, from this cause, to be abandoned by the Government. The Tamil and Mohammedan women—when a glance can be got at them—are often very handsome. The latter are subject to the laws of the Koran, and veil their faces from the vulgar gaze. Their lords are

“Four wives allowed by law,”

though they seldom avail themselves of the privilege, nor burthen themselves with more than one or two at a time. The system of Polyandry, which prevails in the Kandyan provinces, is a disgrace to the Government which recognizes and tolerates it. It permits one

woman to be the wife of several members of the same family (generally of brothers) at one time; and this, as the ancient law of Kandy, the British are bound to maintain. The recognition of this unnatural system is as bad as the connection existing between the Government and the High Priest of Buddha, the latter of whom draws a stated salary from the former: thus presenting the anomaly of a Christian Government paying a premium for idolatry. Like most Eastern women, the Singalese are ignorant, and grossly superstitious. They carefully consult their oracles before undertaking any work of importance, and the *Foostra-carra*, or soothsayer, is quite a household institution. He is generally a very clever rogue, and never fails in persuading his customers of his skill in prediction. It is very amusing to observe the assumption of gravity and wisdom that he puts on when consulted, and the absurd veneration paid to him by the deluded natives. But the softer sex have a worse enemy than the *Foostra-carra*, in the person of the Charmer. This individual, by a series of illegitimate proceedings, charms a young woman. The process he follows is this: A young lady is to be charmed; a lock of her hair is obtained and a portion of the nail-parings. An amulet is formed of these and bound on the person who wishes to effect the charm. The poor girl now begins to perceive that she is in the hands of her pursuer, and that she could not, if she would, say "Nay." She accordingly follows her gay Lothario wherever he wishes. This is only, however, for a certain time, after which the force of the charm subsides, love abates, and is eventually succeeded by intense hatred. The terror of the Evil Eye is a superstition prevalent in this country, and the white *chatties* hung on the gable-ends of the natives' houses to counteract its baneful influence attest the strong hold this

idea has upon their every-day life. The Charmers extend their operations to animal life in all its forms, from the elephant and alligator to the snake. In Sanghalee an instance occurred where a young elephant was seduced from the jungle to the town, followed all the way by its mother, who uttered loud cries, but who was not successful in wresting her young from the hands of the Charmer. No river is crossed before certain incantations have been performed, and then, although it may be swarming with alligators, the natives will plunge fearlessly in. The famous pearl-divers of Aripo never venture to pursue their calling without at first observing the mystic ceremonies of charming the sharks, with which the Gulf of Manaar abounds; and, strange to say, scarcely an instance has been known of any of the men thus employed having been carried off by these voracious fish, though the period of submersion averages about eighty seconds at a time.

One of the greatest sources of annoyance that the traveler is subject to arises from the constant vicinity of the Devil-dancers, who profess to exorcise and drive out the evil spirit in a sick man. Whether near a town or village, or in the jungle, the everlasting dance is kept up with vigor, killing or curing the patient, (as the case may be) and driving the unhappy wayfarer to the verge of insanity. When a person is sick, a professional Devil-dancer is sent for; the house and premises are ornamented and hung with fruits; the patient is compelled to lie still, and the incantations commence. A song or recitation is now begun, ending with a chorus, accompanied by the monotonous sounds of the tom-tom, (or native drum) which is beaten at regular intervals the whole night through. The Devil-dancer performs divers evolutions, as though struggling with an unseen object, and is not only frantic himself, but communicates his

emotions to the by-standers ; and as for the invalid, he becomes fearfully excited, and the morning generally decides the result of this kill-or-cure business. Europeans have been known to have recourse to this heathenish practice, but with what success is not related.

Point de Galle—the reputed Tarshish of the ancients—lies at the extreme south-west part of the island, and occupies the most favorable position for vessels to call at on their voyage to Eastern India, China, etc. It is by no means a safe harbor—indeed, it is an open roadstead—and as we steamed toward the anchorage ground, we observed one unhappy vessel on the rocks close at hand. As the pilot-boat, manned by natives, boarded us, the lady passengers, with feminine curiosity, hastened to have a look at them ; but they were infinitely shocked on beholding a set of brawny, dark skins, almost *in puris naturalibus*. One sensitive young lady, in particular, had her feelings so outraged that she fled, screaming, to her cabin, and declared that she would never land in a country where, apparently, all sense of propriety was lost sight of. Creditable as such feelings undoubtedly are, they do not last forever ; and it is astonishing to observe the *nonchalance* with which the delicate lady eventually learns to look upon specimens of humanity clad in little more than a fig-leaf. The Mansion House is the best hotel in Galle, and here the traveler can refresh himself with every luxury the East can afford. On the arrival of a steamer, the street opposite the hotel, and the spacious veranda, are crowded with natives varying in language and costume, who waylay the passengers at every turn, and urge them to purchase their wares.

Rubies, amethysts, and emeralds dazzle the eyes ; and it is a somewhat difficult matter to escape being taken in, if one attempts to bargain with the Moorish gem dealers. Rich as Ceylon is in

precious stones, a ready market is immediately found for the best, among the higher class of natives and the Rajahs of India. Inferior stones only are retained for disposal to the general public ; so that you seldom succeed in purchasing a really valuable gem, except at a price exceeding what it would have brought in Europe. The chance is that the casual purchaser gets nothing but a bit of glass for his money, and never discovers his mistake until enlightened by some lapidary in another part of the globe.

Every thing about the old fort of Galle recalls the period when the Sword and Cross went hand in hand for the conversion and subjugation of the heathen. Its battlements command the approach by land, but are useless as a defense from an attack by sea—the latter contingency never having been contemplated as possible by the Portuguese, who, at the period of the erection of this stronghold, were undisputed masters of the seas east of the Cape of Good Hope. The peculiar style of houses in the fortress—the overhanging trees, that diffuse a grateful shade—the balmy and delicious atmosphere, and the strange conglomeration of natives and languages—irresistibly tend to throw an air of novelty and romance around, such as has never been before experienced ; and this feeling is enhanced by a visit to the cinnamon gardens and plantations about Galle.

The drive to Colombo is the most delightful it has been my good fortune to take. For seventy-two miles the road runs along the sea-coast, bounded on either side by the finest cocoa-nut trees, which form an avenue that partially protects the vehicle from the sun, the whole distance. The roar of the Indian Ocean is heard, as it breaks monotonously on the shore ; and occasional glimpses are caught, and vistas of the surrounding country, while towering aloft in the dis-

tance stands Adam's Peak—a mountain that has for ages been the object of veneration to thousands of pilgrims from every part of India and Ceylon. On the summit of this mountain, and crowning its highest pinnacle, stands a temple dedicated to Buddha, the ascent to which is by means of a chain-ladder fastened into the rock. Here is shown a mark said to be a footprint, which is claimed by Hindoos as the imprint of Siva, by Mohammedans as that of Adam, by Buddhists as that of Buddha, and finally, by the Portuguese as that of Saint Thomas. Its similarity to a footprint, however, could only be recognized by those devotees whose heated imagination, under other conditions, would lead them to mistake chalk for cheese. Our vehicle was one that would scarcely pass muster in America, as it was clumsy and heavy, and evidently took it out of the poor horses considerably, although a change occurred at every eight miles of the road. A little by-play was necessary before the fresh relay could be started; for they plunged and kicked furiously, and could only be induced to move ahead after the application of the twitch to the nose, or an unmerciful amount of counter-irritation to their hides.

On every side, Nature seemed teeming with life and motion, as we journeyed onward past clusters of the *gloriosa superba*, orchids, and climbing plants, which hung in festoons from the undergrowth. Insects of the most brilliant lustre hung on the leaves, or hovered about the trees; while birds of a varied and beautiful plumage flitted across our path. We stopped at different villages, where refreshments were obtained in the shape of coffee and rice-cakes, and the delicious king cocoa-nut, the water of which, medicated with a dash of cognac, I thought quite equal to champagne. As we proceeded, a lazy rat-snake might be observed dragging his weary length across the road, or climb-

ing the side of some native hut, under no apprehension of violence, as the natives are forbidden by their religion to take life in any shape. This code is not, however, always adhered to, since they are readily roused to anger, and revenge themselves in a cruel manner on any thing that has injured them. Thus, on one occasion, while I was riding in the jungle near Ranee, on the south coast, I observed a wounded alligator bound by ropes to a tree. It appears he had committed sundry depredations on cattle; and although pierced by half a dozen bullets while in the water, he exhibited sufficient vitality to make extraordinary efforts to escape, after being dragged ashore. A batch of natives were amusing themselves by inflicting prodigious whacks on his carcass with huge billets of wood, with apparently but little effect. One aggrieved party was in the act of making a furious onslaught, when the monster, by a sudden flank movement, caught him right amidships, and sent him howling a distance of several yards. It was manifest that the destroyer of cattle was not to be done to death by any amount of hammering: so he was left attached to the tree, and for a month afterward his mortal remains diffused an odor over the neighboring district that did not savor of "gales from Araby the Blest."

At Bentotte, the half-way house, the midday meal is taken, and a certain degree of rest afforded, which by this time has become necessary. In the cool and comfortable rest-house we found no difficulty in satisfying the cravings of hunger, and the more importunate demands of thirst. The river is here crossed by a bridge of boats, which is occasionally swept away or injured by heavy freshets, which bring down heavy pieces of timber, and sometimes small islands, against the bridge. Ten miles farther on we arrived at Caltura, where are the remains of an old Dutch fort, and in the vicinity

of which are the caves where a species of swallow constructs the famous edible bird's-nests, so much valued as a table luxury by the Chinese. The village is distinguished for its extensive arrack distilleries. In the vast topes of cocoa-nut palms from whence these distilleries are supplied may be seen the operations of the toddy-drawer, as he rapidly ascends, descends, or runs along the numerous lines that connect one tree with another. Within eight miles of Colombo, the road runs through the cinnamon gardens. The aroma so much lauded by voyagers as emanating from this famous laurel is, when close to it, any thing but agreeable to the olfactory nerves; and the vaunted plant itself is by no means an imposing shrub. Its cultivation has deteriorated considerably of late years, owing to the monopoly at one time exercised by the Government, and subsequently, to the heavy impost levied on the trade. Driving across the Galle-face, and entering the fort by the south gate, we arrived about four o'clock in Colombo, the seat of Government. The English society here is not such that a stranger will appreciate, unless he possesses introductions of a certain character; but he can find ample and interesting employment for his time in rides and drives about Colombo and its neighborhood.

Shortly after my arrival I accompanied a friend on a visit to his estate, a few miles beyond Negombo. The heat was intense, and the lowering of the dark, leaden clouds portended the setting in of the monsoon. After a pleasant ride of several miles, we reached his *bungalow*, which stood on an eminence, just as a few heavy drops of rain gave notice of the impending storm. An *ayah*, or native nurse, was carrying his child in the veranda as we entered; but we had scarcely been seated before a flash of lightning, followed by a terrific crash of thunder, struck the house. We heard a

scream, and the father rushed into the veranda. There was the *ayah*, lying stone-dead, and the infant on the ground a short distance from her. We picked the little one up, and found it uninjured. These tropical storms, although very violent while they last, are of short continuance, and the effect they have in clearing the atmosphere is delightful. Vegetation revives, and animal life, which for a time had been dormant, breaks into renewed activity. The land-leeches become especially troublesome after a shower of rain, when these pests of the jungle attack the traveler in myriads. Though he is mounted on horseback, they will quickly ascend the legs of the horse while in motion and fasten on to the rider before he becomes aware of their existence; and it is not desirable to remove them until they have drunk their fill of blood, for fear of causing an after-sore. Silk leggings are the best protection, and are generally adopted in those districts where these voracious creatures abound. Though venomous reptiles are so numerous in every part of the island, the casualties caused by them are by no means so common as might be supposed. The most detestable of these, to my mind, were the flying frogs, so called from their capability of springing from one tree to another. They are green, and very poisonous, principally infesting remote clumps of cocoa-nut trees. They give vent to a most disagreeable squeak as they leap from branch to branch, and this inharmonious sound jars on the nervous system of those acquainted with the habits of the reptiles.

The highway to the coffee districts is the Kandy road, which at all times, but chiefly in the coffee season, is a scene of bustle and activity. Day and night, the *bandys*, drawn by the small, hump-backed oxen of the country, traverse this road, and the bells on each cause an everlasting jingle, broken only by the song of the driver, who, walking be-

tween the conveyance and his bullocks, stirs them up with a pointed stick, or twitches their tails to increase their speed. Drove of larger oxen, laden with coffee from the mountains, passed us, and occasionally a colossal elephant-wagon, drawn by one or two elephants belonging to the Engineer's Department. This road, cut, as it must have been, at an enormous expense, opens up the Kandyan country through the Kaduganava Pass, and presents a magnificent specimen of engineering skill. Its completion made a hitherto inaccessible country practicable for British troops; and since that time no serious difficulty with the warlike mountaineers has occurred. The scenery, as we ascended the mountain pass, and thence to Kandy, is one of surpassing magnificence. The ancient capital of the Kings of Kandy has little to recommend it, except its prestige and ruins. Its greatest curiosity is the *Dalada*, said to be the sacred tooth of Buddha, for the possession of which have been waged innumerable wars, and to which unnumbered pilgrims have flocked in all ages to express their veneration. It is said by unbelievers to be only the tooth of a pig, after all; but this *en passant*. The Botanical Gardens at Peredinaia are well worth seeing, as they are stocked with the finest exotic and indigenous plants and trees to be found in any collection in the East. From Kandy to Neuera Ellia, the sanitarium of Ceylon, the road is carried to

a height of 6,000 feet above the sea. The town is built on the mountain plateau, and the loftiest ranges in the vicinity give growth to the superb *rhododendron*, which rises to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and is covered with a profusion of bright crimson flowers.

On these invigorating heights the invalid coming from the plains below, can, if not too far gone, recruit his health and strength, and enjoy himself with as much zest as if he were in a temperate, instead of a tropical region. I shall never forget the pleasurable sensation I experienced in finding myself again in a climate where blankets were a necessity; to wake up in the morning and discover the hoar-frost on the ground, and thin ice on the water; but, especially, once more to see European fruits and flowers around me. This sort of thing could only be fully appreciated by one who, like myself, had been broiling for years on the arid plains of the Deccan. It was a change from the howling wilderness to an elysium, and I was more than ever inclined to think, with the Mussulman, that Ceylon must verily have been the original Garden of Eden. Such a pleasant dream could not last long. Duty demanded my presence in the dank and unhealthy jungles of the low country; and Neuera Ellia henceforth to me would be inaccessible except as a resort for sickness, on medical certificate, and with the august permission of leave of absence from head-quarters.

HOW I CONVERTED MY CANNIBAL.

THE SEQUEL TO "A SOUTH-SEA IDYL."

WHEN people began asking me queer questions about my chum Kana-ana, some of them even hinting that "he might possibly have been a girl all the time," I resolved to send down for him, and settle the matter at once. I knew he was not a girl, and I thought I should like to show him some American hospitality, and perhaps convert him before I sent him back again.

I could teach him to dress, you know; to say a very good thing to your face, and a very bad one at your back; to sleep well in church, and rejoice duly when the preacher got at last to the "Amen." I might do all this for his soul's sake; but I wanted more to see how the little fellow was getting on. I missed him so terribly—his honest way of showing likes and dislikes; his confidence in his intuitions and fidelity to his friends; and those quaint manners of his, so different from any thing in vogue this side of the waters.

That is what I remarked when I got home again, and found myself growing as practical and prosy as ever. I awoke no kindred chord in the family bosom: on the contrary, they all said "it was of no use to think of it: no good could come out of Nazareth." The idea of a heathen and his abominable idolatry being countenanced in the sanctity of a Christian home was too dreadful for any thing. But I believed some good might come out of Nazareth, and I believed that when it did come, it was the genuine article—worth hunting for, surely. I thought it all over, soberly, finally resolving to do a little missionary work on my own account. So I wrote to the Colonel

of the Royal Guards, who knows everybody and has immense influence everywhere, begging him to catch Kana-ana, when his folks weren't looking, and send him to my address, marked C. O. D., for I was just dying to see him. That was how I trapped my little heathen and began to be a missionary, all by myself.

I informed the Colonel it was a case of life and death, and he seemed to realize it, for he managed to get Kana-ana away from his distressed relatives, (and their name is legion, and they live all over the island) fit him out in *real* clothing—the poor little wretch had to be dressed, you know; we all do it in this country—then he packed him up and shipped him, care of the Captain of the barque *S*——. When he arrived, I took him right to my room and began my missionary work. I tried to make all the people love him, but I'm afraid they found it hard work. He wasn't half so interesting up here, anyhow! I seemed to have been regarding him through chromatic glasses, which glasses being suddenly removed, I found a little dark-skinned savage, whose clothes fitted him horribly, and appeared to have no business there. Boots about twice too long—the toes being heavily charged with wadding; in fact, he looked perfectly miserable, and I've no doubt he felt so. How he had been studying English on the voyage up! He wanted to be a great linguist, and had begun in good earnest. He said "good mornin'" as boldly as possible about seven P.M., and invariably spoke of the women of America as "him." He had an insane desire to spell; and started spelling-

matches with every body, at the most inappropriate hours and inconvenient places. He invariably spelled God d-o-g; when duly corrected—thus, G-o-d—he would triumphantly shout, *dog*. He jumped at these irreverent conclusions about twenty times a day.

What an experience I had, educating my little savage! Walking him in the street by the hour; answering questions on all possible topics; spelling up and down the blocks; spelling from the centre of the city to the suburbs and back again, and around it; spelling one another at spellings—two latter-day peripatetics on dress parade, passing to and fro in high and serene strata of philosophy, alike unconscious of the rudely gazing and insolent citizens, or the tedious calls of labor. A spell was over us: we ran into all sorts of people, and trod on many a corn, loafing about in this way. Some of the victims objected in harsh and sinful language. I found Kana-ana had so far advanced in the acquirement of our mellifluous tongue as to be very successful in returning their salutes. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him of the enormity of his error. The little convert thought it was our mode of greeting strangers—equivalent to their more graceful and poetic pass-word, “Love to you.”

My little cannibal wasn't easily accustoming to his new restraints, such as clothes, manners, and forbidden water privileges. He several times started on his daily pilgrimage without his hat; once or twice, to save time, put his coat on next his skin; and though I finally so far conquered him as to be sure that his shirt would be worn on the inside instead of the outside of his trowsers, (this he considered a great waste of material) I was in constant terror of his suddenly disrobing in the street and plunging into the first water we came to—which barbarous act would have insured his immediate arrest, perhaps confine-

ment; and that would have been the next thing to death in his case.

So we perambulated the streets and the suburbs, daily growing into each other's grace; and I was thinking of the propriety of instituting a series of more extended excursions, when I began to realize that my guest was losing interest in our wonderful city and the possible magnitude of her future.

He grew silent and melancholy; he quit spelling entirely, or only indulged in rare and fitful (I am pained to add, fruitless) attempts at spelling God in the orthodox fashion. It seemed almost as though I had missed my calling: certainly, I was hardly successful as a missionary.

The circus failed to revive him; the beauty of our young women he regarded without interest. He was less devout than at first, when he used to insist upon entering every church we came to and sitting a few moments, though frequently we were the sole occupants of the building. He would steal away into remote corners of the house, and be gone for hours. Twice or three times, I discovered him in a dark closet, *in puris naturalibus*, toying with a singular shell strung upon a feather chain. The feathers of the chain I recognized as those of a strange bird held as sacred among his people. I began to mistrust the occasion of his malady: he believed himself bewitched or accursed of some one—a common superstition with the dark races. This revelation filled me with alarm; for he would think nothing of lying down to die, under the impression that it was his fate, and no medicine under the heaven could touch him further.

I began telling him of my discovery, begging his secret from him. In vain I besought him. “It was his trouble; he must go back!” I told him he should go back as soon as possible; that we would look for ourselves, and see when

a vessel was to sail again. I took him among the wharves, visiting, in turn, nearly all the shipping moored there. How he lingered about them, letting his eyes wander over the still Bay into the mellow hazes that sometimes visit our brown and dusty hills!

His nature seemed to find an affinity in the tranquil tides, the far-sweeping distances, the alluring outlines of the coast, where it was blended with the sea-line in the ever-mysterious horizon. After these visitations, he seemed loth to return again among houses and people: they oppressed and suffocated him.

One day, as we were wending our way to the city front, we passed a specimen of grotesque carving, in front of a tobacconist's establishment. Kana-ana stood eyeing the painted model for a moment, and then, to the amazement and amusement of the tobacconist and one or two by-standers, fell upon his knees before it, and was for a few moments lost in prayer. It seemed to do him a deal of good, as he was more cheerful after his invocation—for that day, at least; and we could never start upon any subsequent excursion without first visiting this wooden Indian, which he evidently mistook for a god.

He began presently to bring tributes, in the shape of small cobble-stones, which he surreptitiously deposited at the feet of his new-found deity, and passed on, rejoicing. His small altar grew from day to day, and his spirits were lighter as he beheld it unmolested, thanks to the indifference of the tobacconist and the street contractors.

His greatest trials were within the confines of the bath-tub. He who had been born to the Pacific, and reared among its foam and breakers, now doomed to a seven-by-three rinse-box and ten inches of water! He would splash about like a trout in a saucer, bemoaning his fate. Pilgrimages to the beach were his greatest delight: divings into

the sea, so far from town that no one could possibly be shocked, even with the assistance of an opera-glass. He used to implore a daily repetition of these cautious and inoffensive recreations, though, once in the chilly current, he soon came out of it, shivering and miserable. Where were his warm sea-waves, and the shining beach, with the cocoa-palms quivering in the intense fires of the tropical day? How he missed them and mourned for them, crooning a little chant in their praises, much to the disparagement of our dry hills, cold water, and careful people!

In one of our singular walks, when he had been unusually silent, and I had sought in vain to lift away the gloom that darkened his soul, I was startled by a quick cry of joy from the lips of the young exile—a cry that was soon turned into a sharp, prolonged, and pitiful wail of sorrow and despair. We had unconsciously approached an art-gallery, the deep windows of which were beautified with a few choice landscapes in oil. Kana-ana's restless and searching eye, doubtless attracted by the brilliant coloring of one of the pictures, seemed in a moment to comprehend and assume the rich and fervent spirit with which the artist had so successfully imbued his canvas.

It was the subject which had at first delighted Kana-ana—the splendid charm of its manipulation which so affected him, holding him there wailing in the bitterness of a natural and uncontrollable sorrow. The painting was illuminated with the mellowness of a tropical sunset. A transparent light seemed to transfigure the sea and sky. The artist had wrought a miracle in his inspiration. It was a warm, hazy, silent sunset forever. The outline of a high, projecting cliff was barely visible in the flood of misty glory that spread over the face of it—a cliff whose delicate tints of green and crimson pictured in the mind a pyramid

of leaves and flowers. A valley opened its shadowy depths through the sparkling atmosphere, and in the centre of this veiled chasm the pale threads of two water-falls seemed to appear and disappear, so exquisitely was the distance imitated. Gilded breakers reeled upon a palm-fringed shore; and the whole was hallowed by the perpetual peace of an unbroken solitude.

I at once detected the occasion of Kana-ana's agitation. Here was the valley of his birth—the cliff, the water-fall, the sea, copied faithfully, at that crowning hour when they are indeed supernaturally lovely. At that moment, the promise to him of a return would have been mockery. He was there in spirit, pacing the beach, and greeting his companions with that liberal exchange of love peculiar to them. Again he sought our old haunt by the river, watching the sun go down. Again he waited listlessly the coming of night.

It was a wonder that the police did not march us two off to the station-house; for the little refugee was howling at the top of his lungs, while I endeavored to quiet him by bursting a sort of vocal tornado about his ears. I then saw my error. I said to myself: "I have transplanted a flower from the hot sand of the Orient to the hard clay of our more material world. A flower too fragile to be handled, if never so kindly. Day after day it has been fed, watered, and nourished by Nature. Every element of life has ministered to its development in the most natural way. Its attributes are God's and Nature's own. I bring it hither, set it in our tough soil, and endeavor to train its sensitive tendrils in one direction. There is no room for spreading them here, where we are overcrowded already. It finds no succulence in its cramped bed, no warmth in our practical and selfish atmosphere. It withers from the root upward—its blossoms are falling—it will die!" I

resolved it should not die. Unfortunately, there was no barque announced to sail for his island home within several weeks. I could only devote my energies to keeping life in that famishing soul until it had found rest in the luxurious climes of its nativity.

At last the barque arrived. We went at once to see her; and I could hardly persuade the little homesick soul to come back with me at night. He who was the fire of hospitality and obliging to the uttermost, at home, came very near to mutiny just then.

It was this civilization that had wounded him, till the thought of his easy and pleasurable life among the barbarians stung him to madness. Should he ever see them again, his lovers?—ever climb with the goat-hunters among the clouds yonder?—or bathe, ride, or sport, as he used to, till the day was spent and the night come?

Those little booths near the wharves, where shells, corals, and gold-fish are on sale, were favorite haunts of Kana-ana's during the last few days he spent here. I would leave him seated on a box or barrel by one of those epitomes of Oceanica, and return two hours later, to find him seated as I had left him, and singing some weird *malé*—some legend of his home. These musical diversions were a part of his nature, and a very grave and sweet part of it, too. A few words, chanted on a low note, began the song, when the voice would suddenly soar upward with a single syllable of exceeding sweetness, and there hang trembling in bird-like melody till it died away with the breath of the singer.

Poor, longing soul! I would you had never left the life best suited to you—that liberty which alone could give expression to your wonderful capacities. Not many are so rich in instincts to read Nature; to translate her revelations; to speak of her as an orator endowed with her surpassing eloquence.

It will always be a sad effort, thinking of that last night together. There are hours when the experiences of a lifetime seem compressed and crowded together. One grows a head taller in his soul at such times, and perhaps gets suddenly gray as with a fright, also.

Kana-ana talked and talked in his pretty, broken English, telling me of a thousand charming secrets; expressing all the natural graces that at first attracted me to him, and imploring me over and over to return with him and dwell in the antipodes. How near I came to resolving, then and there, that I *would go*, and take the consequences—how very near I came to it! He passed the night in coaxing, promising, entreating; and was never more interesting or lovable. It took just about all the moral courage allotted me to keep on this side of barbarism on that eventful occasion; and in the morning Kana-ana sailed, with a face all over tears, and agony, and dust.

I begged him to select something for a remembrancer; and of all that ingenuity can invent and art achieve he chose a metallic chain for his neck—chose it, probably, because it glittered superbly, and was good to string charms upon. He gave me the greater part of his wardrobe, though it can never be of any earthly use to me, save as a memorial of a passing joy in a life where joys seem to have little else to do than be brief and palatable.

He said he "should never want them again;" and he said it as one might say something of the same sort in putting by some instrument of degradation: conscious of renewed manhood, but remembering his late humiliation, and bowing to that remembrance.

So Kana-ana and the barque, and all that I ever knew of genuine, spontaneous, and unfettered love, sailed into the west, and went down with the sun in a glory of air, sea, and sky, trebly glorious

that evening. I shall never meet the sea when it is bluest without thinking of one who is its child and master. I shall never see mangoes and bananas without thinking of him who is their brother, born and brought up with them. I shall never smell cassia, or clove, or jessamine, but a thought of Kana-ana will be borne upon their breath. A flying skiff, land in the far distance rising slowly, drifting sea-grasses, a clear voice burdened with melody—all belong to him, and are a part of him.

I resign my office. I think that, perhaps, instead of my having converted the little cannibal, he may have converted me. I am sure, at least, that if we two should begin a missionary work upon one another, I should be the first to experience the great change. I sent my convert home, feeling he wasn't quite so good as when I first got him; and I truly wish him as he was.

* * * * *

I can see you, my beloved—sleeping, naked, in the twilight of the west. The winds kiss you with pure and fragrant lips. The sensuous waves invite you to their embrace. Earth again offers you her varied store: partake of her offering, and be satisfied. Return, O troubled soul! to your first and natural joys: they were given you by the Divine hand that can do no ill. In the smoke of the sacrifice ascends the prayer of your race. As the incense fadeth and is scattered upon the winds of heaven, so shall your people separate, never more to assemble among the nations. So perish your superstitions, your necromancies, your ancient arts of war, and the unwritten epics of your kings.

Alas, Kana-ana! As the foam of the sea you love; as the fragrance of the flower you worship, shall your precious body be wasted, and your untrammelled soul pass to the realms of your fathers.

Our day of communion is over. Be-

hold how Night extends her wings to cover you from my sight! She may, indeed, hide your presence—she may withhold from me the mystery of your future—but she can not take from me that which I have: she can not rob me of the rich influences of your past.

Dear comrade, pardon and absolve your spiritual adviser for seeking to remold so delicate and original a soul as yours; and though neither prophet nor priest, I yet give you the kiss of peace at parting, and the benediction of unceasing love.

"DEAD BROKE."

IT has been generally accepted that one of the most unpleasant positions in which it is possible for a reasonably modest young man to be placed, is to find himself in an inland town of a few thousand inhabitants, an entire stranger, without money or letters of credit. Of course this remark does not apply to the latitude of California, as California was three or four years ago, and even now is in her remote mountain localities. In that happy State, in the ordinary course of things, every man was almost certain to be destitute of ready cash more than once in a twelvemonth, and any one having ready cash considered it not only a duty, but a real pleasure, to relieve the wants of the unlucky by the *quasi* loan of a "stake" of the size of a double eagle or "slug;" for he who was in luck to-day might be among the unfortunates of to-morrow, and would expect a like favor from any one, stranger or acquaintance, whom he found in funds. Repayment of loans of this kind was not expected, but collection was made from any one who was flush when the loaner was needy; and payment was made by the recipient of the favor, when he was flush, to whomsoever he found in need. Thus, much kindness was done, and in many instances suffering relieved, by the transfer of this floating accommodation. But these pleasant times are fast passing away, never to return; and California, from the influx of its new pop-

ulation—who bring with them the ideas of *meum et tuum* early inculcated by thrifty parents and habits—is rapidly becoming as unpleasant a locality for the moneyless as any portion of the "States."

Neither does the remark apply to the rural populations of the North-west. Without the expenditure of a dollar, a man who has eyes to see, and a tongue to speak of that which he has seen, may travel from the Alleghanies to the Black Hills, and, by accepting hospitality, confer a favor upon the host and his family, who freely minister to his wants. Hospitality to strangers and loyalty to country and to God, is the rule with these strong men and women. But it is not this rule alone which gives welcome to the wayfarer. They listen with gratified curiosity to stories of city life, the habits of other people, or the gossip of the world; and he who can instruct or amuse with these subjects, or any other, is heartily welcome to the food with which that fat land teems in superfluous abundance; to soft, refreshing repose in beds which are the housewife's pride; and, it may be, to a sly nip of old Bourbon or Rye, as a refresher after the fatigues of travel, or as an appetizer for breakfast.

Nor is it applicable to the landlord of the village tavern in that portion of the nation. Excepting court-weeks, election days, and days of political meetings, he has little else to employ his time than

dream over old newspapers, doze after dinner, gossip with his neighbors, supply the wants of any who may be sick and in need, and generally, to supervise the village concerns. To him the unfortunate wayfarer, upon whose face Nature has stamped her impress of integrity, may tell his tale of misdirected or delayed remittances, with entire confidence that his statements will be received unquestioned, and that in that quiet and comfortable tavern he will find a home until his affairs become satisfactorily arranged, be the time required therefor weeks or months. There he will meet neither sneer nor innuendo to add to his unrest; and when at length he is ready to leave, and cheerfully pays his very moderate bill, his good host shakes his hand heartily and bids him "Good-by, God bless you," without the air of one conscious of having done a wonderfully meritorious action, or manifested a sad disregard of his own interests.

O land of the brave North-west!—wide-spreading, glorious valley of the Mississippi!—land of broad streams, of hill and plain and grand prairies!—land of strong arms and true hearts, and human blessings!—it matters not where thy children may wander, how fair the scenes or bright the sun of other climes, in moments of reflection, in the quiet of night, their hearts turn to thee with the strong yearnings of filial devotion: with thee are their aspirations—for thee their prayers.

But there are, or—to speak with greater accuracy—some twelve years since there were, many towns (called cities) of the South which were almost isolated—and insulated too, for that matter—with which postal communications were neither frequent nor regular, and whose whole world of interest was bounded by the speeches and votes of their Member of Congress, the price of cotton, the value of "niggers," and the supply of whisky.

In each of these towns was one, or may

be two great men, who gave moral and social tone to the inhabitants; who were the satellites of the Member, or of some one who aspired to the honor of becoming a Member; a few shopkeepers and mechanics; the proprietors of one or two restaurants and ill kept hotels; the remainder of the population being compounded of "niggers," dogs, and poor whites—more ignorant and as much enslaved as the negro himself.

The occupations of this population were as various as its composition. The great man called early in the morning at his hotel for his usual "cocktail" to settle his stomach, somewhat disordered by the numerous "cocktails" and other compounds of the preceding evening. At his breakfast, and for an hour thereafter, he read a newspaper, if he had been so fortunate as to lay his hands on a late one; or, better still, he conned over the letter or recent speech of "his Member." Having from these intellectual resources obtained a day's supply of knowledge, he sallied out to make his daily rounds; to ventilate his acquisitions, to the enlightenment of his neighbors, and to laud the position and the achievements of "his Member," which were usually closed with the remark, "A gentleman, sir, a thorough gentleman—of high chivalry, and a true friend of the South."

As much talking, especially in a social way, is provocative of thirst, the veranda of the hotel—commonplace people would have called it the "tavern porch"—was usually resorted to as convenient for seat and shade, and also, and not least, because it was near the base of supplies. To allay the thirst, sundry decoctions of drink were demanded and consumed, in all of which, however, the main ingredient was whisky: whether it was "cocktail," "julep," "toddy smash," "grog," or raw, whisky was the staple, the balance being merely embellishment. And thus passed his day—and his day was

carried far into the night—and thus was passing, and would pass, his life. Nothing accomplished, nothing done, that had earned for him a night's repose, or would earn for him repose in that coming night. The shop-keeper—I beg his pardon, the merchant—dickered calicoes and other stuffs for ginseng and like "truck," which was convertible in another market; and by talking generously, and acting penuriously, was gaining for himself a shady nook, from which, in ease, he could look down upon his little world. The carpenter repaired the broken roof, or nailed a new plank on the decaying house. His skill was seldom required to build a new one. The blacksmith shod the mules, or sharpened the plows. The "nigger" was busy doing errands, and playing with the dogs, while the "poor white" did the dirty labor of the "nigger." The landlord made frequent calls upon his barkeeper for legitimate service, and presided over his dinners, of which the principal dish was "bacon and greens," or "pork and cabbage"—"By—, sir, the finest dinner in the world, sir; the finest dinner in the world, sir, for a gentleman"—with all the haughty insolence of a blackguard conferring a favor.

The advent of a stranger into one of these towns was an affair of importance; and it was one of the first responsibilities of the great man to fully inform himself of the opinions and purposes of the new-comer, the proposed length of his stay, and to determine whether he was a proper person to be received into the "bosom of society"—which, literally construed, means whether he should eat his "bacon and greens," occasionally, with some one of the families of the inhabitants, or be left to relish that delightful dish as best he could at the table of the public-house.

At the time of which I write, the first and most important inquiry was as to the opinions of the stranger on the agi-

tating question of slavery; and it mattered not what his other qualities or recommendations might be, if there was any doubt of his entire orthodoxy on this most delicate point, not only was companionship declined alike by the cultivated and the ignorant, but food and shelter were peremptorily denied him. If, however, the stranger was found right on the negro question, he was then examined as to his family. Was he of the F.F.'s, or of a lower order? If not of the first rank, inquiry was then directed toward his property qualifications, as something which would qualify his defective social *status*. If in this he was wanting, his case was bad: if his purse was empty, God help him! for in none other would he find help there.

My friend, were you ever "dead broke" in such a place? You were not?—Then be grateful to a kind fortune which has spared you from a misery so profound! What! you were?—I sympathize with you; I weep over you; I rejoice with you as one rescued from the very verge of the grave! Your escape was wonderful, miraculous! Let me touch your hand, and recall your sorrows!

Your name is Smith—of course, it is also John. There are Smythes bearing other designations; there are Smithers christened differently, they, like their names, being of the illegitimate line of the Smiths; but there never was, and there never will be, any true son of the legitimate Smiths, whose name is not John. You were traveling for information and instruction as to the general condition of your country; you are in easy circumstances at home—all the Smiths are in easy circumstances at home; you had directed remittances to meet you at a *city*, which, from the importance attached to it in the State and its sounding title, you were led to suppose a place of real importance—a great error of yours, into which young men are prone to fall.

When you arrived your cash was running low, but you expected to find funds awaiting you, or to receive them soon after your arrival. Well! your funds had not arrived, and of course you were delayed; which was not unpleasant, as you could readily engage your time in the examination of what was to be seen around you: there is always, in every small place, a few days' employment of that kind.

You were waited upon by the "great man," and passed the usual examination apologetically. You were not received into the "bosom of society;" your name was against you, and the condition of your purse was dependent upon your unsupported assertion and forbade that; but you were to be endured until further developments should fully show what you really were.

You drank occasionally with the *habitués* of the hotel, once or twice hobnobbed with the landlord, smoked your cigar at your leisure, and was entirely willing to show yourself a good fellow, as you knew you were, desiring to enjoy yourself, and do injury to none. You were not particular as to economy; for, of course, your friends had not neglected your draft, and you knew they would not dishonor it. There was another mistake of a young man. When funds are growing low, one should be prudent until the expected supplies are received. However implicit and well founded may be one's reliance upon friends, yet when foreign facilities, as express companies or mails, intervene between one and one's friends, there may be vexatious disappointments. One should always be careful of what one has in hand: that, at least, is certain—all else is uncertain.

Well! as time passed on, your more intimate acquaintance with the city showed you that the postal facilities were very defective, and extremely unreliable. Your funds did not arrive as expect-

ed, and your last dollar was expended. Then, for the first time, you felt the unpleasantness of your position; but no matter!—of course, it would only last for a day or two; it would be merely temporary, and for the future you would be more careful. But the unpleasantness was not so fleeting. Day after day passed, and the days grew into weeks, and you still waited and waited in vain, and without any means of relief.

In the meantime, your position had materially changed. You were no longer asked to drink or smoke by the hotel loungers; in fact, they no longer spoke to you with their first kindly courtesy. To be sure, you had not any of the easy cheerfulness necessary to the enjoyment of a glass or cigar, nor was there any thing in their manner which would justify a quarrel; but you felt its unpleasantness, nevertheless. The landlord, also, more than once had spoken—and recently, very plainly—of your bill; had hinted of vagrants generally, and loafers specifically; upon pretext of expected guests, had your baggage removed from No. 5—a comfortable room adjoining the parlor—to No. 99, a very uncomfortable den connected with the roof; and had cautioned you that payment must be forthcoming by Saturday, or you would be arrested, and, of course, incarcerated in jail with other felons. How could it be otherwise? Every one knew you were "broke," and nearly every one suspected something worse of you than that. Who would become security for you?—or, even if you were free, who would permit you to become an inmate of his house? Your position had become worse than unenviable: it was most decidedly unpleasant.

Had you anticipated any thing of the kind, you would have provided for it; but at first you had treated your disappointment as singularly unexpected, and one from which a day or two would relieve you; and as the days of disap-

pointment increased, so, also, naturally would approach nearer the hour of your relief—in fact, for a day or two more, it was not worth while to harass yourself—until, at last, you found that the time had passed at which you could make any possible provision for your wants; for you were marked and known as a doubtful person, whom no one would employ or trust.

At first, you had gone to the post-office, and inquired with confidence for the mail of Mr. John Smith; but as, from time to time, you received the same answer—"Nothing for Mr. Smith"—your confidence began to fail you; your manner became more subdued; and as, at length, in bitter disappointment, you had turned away from the office with a sickening sensation, you have said to yourself: "Surely, it will be here to-morrow; surely, they have not forgotten and abandoned me!"

But you had not yet reached the lowest depth of your misfortune; for, as this deferring of hope sickens the heart, so its continued deferment increases the sickness, and with you it had increased to such an intensity that your confidence in friends, in all benign influences, human and divine, and even your own self-respect, were fast failing you. You began to doubt your own integrity, and to question yourself if you were not really the rascal you were supposed to be; whether the whole idea of your expecting funds was not a delusion, and you a worthless impostor.

When, impelled by hunger, you crept shrinkingly into the dining-room, and sunk upon a chair, you desired to remain invisible to every eye; you dreaded observation; and as you put the unsavory food into your mouth, you felt you were committing a kind of larceny, and wondered if the landlord would permit you to complete your unpalatable meal. If you wanted any thing, you waited until you caught the eye of the

servant, and beckoned him—not trusting yourself to call him—and when at length he did respond, it was with an air that plainly told you that you had no right to his services, as you could not pay for them; or, if you passed into the streets, you carried that same shrinking feeling with you, and wished you could escape observation. Even the very dogs, as they barked at you, did it in a contemptuous manner, their voices seeming to articulate "Broke, broke," as if they, too, were cognizant of the unpleasant fact; and when you reached the post-office and submissively caught the eye of the clerk—speaking had ceased long since—he, without looking at his packages, merely said, "Nothing," in a snappish manner, as if to say you were persistently annoying him with your presence when you knew you were not expecting—in fact, had no right to expect—to find a letter there. With a sinking heart, you turned away to hide yourself in the desolation of your garret, until to-morrow should renew similar scenes, and with like results; and thus, in sorrow—how great, none but he who has experienced can tell—had worn away the weary days, and in so wearing, had sapped your young vitality, and, as with a hot iron, had seared your young and trusting humanity, until at length endurance itself was exhausted, and could endure no more. There is many an instance in which "causeless" suicides have been the wonder of the multitude for a day, and in many of the instances the causes were not apparent, and have never transpired; but could we closely trace a few of the last weeks, or even days, of the dead, and look into his inner life, the wonder would cease. A thousand causes may exist, in which the human heart in loneliness has struggled, and hoped, and suffered, and endured, until, maddened and despairing beneath the heavy burden, it has turned to death as a refuge; and in many, per-

haps all these instances, a kindly word or smile of sympathy and encouragement, if happily displayed by an ordinary acquaintance, or even the passer-by, would have saved that human soul. You turned away from the discourteous clerk, and sought your garret to feed upon your despair, with the determination that you would endure one day longer, and if on to-morrow it was again to be as thus far it had been, you would not live. And on that last morning, with quiet, but determined steps, you took your way to the office.

The sun shone brightly, but you cared not; men and women pursued their avocations, but you heeded them not: your whole interest was involved in the single fact, "Has it come?" Having reached the "delivery," in a decided manner you asked the attendant for a letter. He did not give you his usual answer, but turned toward the proper receptacle, and selecting from his bundle one package, he handed it toward you. You snatched it hastily, tore open the envelope, unfolded the contents, and your long expected and despaired-of remittance was in your hand, before your eyes, with all its great wealth of rescued life. At the sight, as if a mighty weight was removed from your shoulders, your form straightened, your cheek flushed, your breast

expanded, your eye fairly gleamed with renewed fire; and, with compressed lip, you strode out manfully for the hotel. All who saw you noticed the change, and attributed it to the right cause: they knew you had money and were all right in your claims, and some, perhaps, congratulated you, and expressed regret that they had entertained doubts of you. Unheeding all, hating all, you still marched on. The landlord saw you, and instinctively became aware of the fact that you were in funds. He spoke to you in his jolly, vulgar way, and informed you that he had just removed your baggage into No. 5, which had become vacant within the hour, and that he was really glad he could again make you more comfortable. With a bitter curse upon No. 5 and its proprietor, you demanded your bill, seized the first conveyance that money could procure, and, with exclamations upon all, you hastened to escape from that house of torture, within which your life had been almost wrung from you.

Your hair is prematurely gray, and I see, too, that lines of care have traced themselves deeply in the corners of your eye and upon your cheek, as recorded evidence of what you suffered in that sad time during which you were "dead broke."

THE SEARCH FOR FRETUM ANIAN.

THE geographers of the fifteenth century had very artless ideas of the shape and size of the planet about which the child of to-day is so mathematically certain in his knowledge; but still it had been observed that oceans bounded the dry land, and they had, moreover, a prophetic sense that some communication existed between those great seas of whose real extent they were so ignorant. Hence, the Portuguese, the chief navigators of the times, prevented by the narrow Isthmus of Suez from sailing direct to the Indian Ocean, were unremitting in their endeavors to discover a sea-route to India, hoping thereby to open a more extended commerce than had hitherto been carried on across the continent of Asia by a class of merchants, who, in our degenerate days, would be denominated peddlers. In this pursuit they were actively examining the western shores of Africa for a strait or sea leading into the Indian Ocean, at the same time that Columbus, having persuaded the doctors of Salamanca of the rotundity of the earth, was, under the patronage of Spain, pursuing a course which he believed would bring him to the eastern shores of Asia.

Out of this search for the Indies arose a monopoly which appears, even to the American eye, of astounding magnitude, and throws into the shade such trifling corporations as Pacific railroads and steamship companies. This stupendous monopoly was not founded upon land grants, but was created by Pope Alexander VI, consenting to divide the sea between the two before-mentioned powers, Portugal and Spain. Thirty-eight years before the discovery of America

by Columbus, Pope Nicholas V, in the hope of enriching the Church and acquiring territories for missionary labor, had issued a bull, granting the Portuguese the exclusive right to the navigation and commerce of all waters, and the conquest of all lands, discovered by them in the search for an entrance to the Indian seas.

When, however, Columbus returned from his first voyage, firm in the belief that he had reached the eastern shores of Asia, the triumphant sovereigns of Spain demanded of the successor of Nicholas the same grant that had been previously accorded to Portugal by their former spiritual monarch: which demand was acceded to without hesitation. But the two rival powers at once perceived that a serious conflict of rights might arise out of these similar Papal grants; and in order to secure themselves against future imbroglios, held a convention at Tordesillas, in the year 1494, where they entered into an agreement called a "Treaty of Partition of the Ocean." By this treaty the Portuguese were entitled to possession and dominion over all the seas and territories not already belonging to a Christian prince or people, which they should discover east of a meridian line passing 370 leagues west of the Cape Verd Islands. In a like manner, Spain had equal authority over all seas and lands discovered, not Christianized, west of the established line.

Think of that, ye modern railroad and steamship kings, and ye oppressed peoples who groan under monopolies of all kinds! These unsophisticated sovereigns never doubted the Pope's right to give away the largest portion of the earth's surface; nor did their Catholic

neighbors, although they were so hopelessly left out of the bargain. The contracting parties themselves, overlooking the fact—then unfamiliar—of the earth's rotundity, made no provision for the chance of meeting, which their ships, sailing in opposite directions from the fixed meridian, would have. With this understanding of their separate claims, both Spain and Portugal continued to prosecute their search for the passage to India. Five years after the treaty of Tordesillas, the Portuguese rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and reaching India, achieved a distinction for which they had long striven with commendable courage and enterprise.

Meanwhile, Columbus had made several voyages to the supposed east coast of Asia, without discovering his mistake, or ever knowing that he had set foot upon a continent; dying, at last, in the belief that the islands he had discovered fringed an Old instead of a New World. His last voyage had, indeed, been made in the hope of finding a passage through the *West Indies* to the East Indies, in order that he might lay at the feet of the Spanish sovereigns some of the wealth of that opulent region of the earth, and thus silence the slanders against himself which were poisoning his peace in Spain. Dying before this was accomplished, it was left for more fortunate men, whose connection with his great enterprise had brought into notice, to lay before the world the magnitude of his discovery, as well as to find a way to the Orient by sailing toward the west, according to his belief and instructions.

In 1513, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Governor of the Colony of Darien, discovered what he supposed to be the Indian Ocean. Led by native guides, who assured him that two oceans might be seen at one and the same time from the summit of a certain high mountain, he undertook an excursion, which, in that

day, must have more than equaled the modern and better known engineering exploit of Lieutenant Strain and party. Certainly, the noble Spaniard did not cross the Isthmus, in the day of no railroads, without a very considerable share of rugged experiences. But he belonged to a class of adventurers, the hardest and most gallant the world ever saw; and his reward was the sight which had been promised him: a view of two oceans at one time. Not satisfied with beholding, he descended to the shore of the new ocean, which he hoped and believed was the true object of years of solicitude and search; and wading into it waist deep, took possession of it, and of all the lands washed by it, for the Government of Spain.

But the dominion of an ocean which could not be entered from the Atlantic was not only unprofitable: it was tantalizing to the last degree. After satisfying themselves that no communication by water existed between the two oceans in the neighborhood of the Isthmus, the Spaniards renewed the search along the coast of the continent, until, in 1520, Fernando Magellan, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, discovered, entered, and passed through the strait at the southern extremity of the American continent, which has ever since borne his name. This remarkable exploit—remarkable, whether for its daring or its success—opened, indeed, a western route to India—a route, however, which, from the account given of its intricacy, its extraordinary tides, strong winds, and severe cold, did not recommend itself particularly to the navigators of the sixteenth century. They could not at once accustom themselves to the greatly augmented idea of the earth's extent of surface, which the discoveries of the preceding quarter of a century had forced upon them. Neither were their ships of a kind well fitted for the perils of so long a voyage as that to the Philippine Isl-

ands, whither Magellan had piloted the way.

The failure to find any shorter or less difficult route than that through Magellan's Strait, somewhat dampened the ardor of Spain in pursuit of the East Indian commerce. A difficulty had arisen, too, with Portugal, growing out of the definiteness of the treaty of Tordesillas on the one hand, and its indefiniteness on the other: in the first instance, from the fact that the meridian agreed upon crossed the continent of South America so as to give the Portuguese a right to a large extent of territory whose coast projected eastward of the line of partition of the ocean; on the other hand, the Portuguese disputed the right of Spain to the Molucca Islands, and the port of Macao, in China; yet, as no boundary was set in this direction, they could only found their claim upon priority of possession. After many collisions and disputes, extending over a period of a dozen years, Spain finally purchased the Molucca Islands for a sum of over \$3,000,000.

In the meantime, Spain had run a high career of conquest and glory. Hernando Cortez, in less than three years, had discovered, conquered, and robbed the wealthy Mexican Empire. Spanish colonies were extending along the coast of South America, Spanish ships were trading to the Philippine Islands; and, by 1535, or in less than half a century after the discovery of the New World, the rich and proud empire of Peru had also succumbed to the invader. The shocking cruelty and injustice practiced by the courtiers of a "most Catholic" sovereign toward the inhabitants of subjugated America, blur the pages of history with a bloody stain; yet the guilt of their atrocities sat lightly enough on the consciences of Spain's gay cavaliers. They might, for a consideration, have procured the saying of masses for Pagan souls; but for Pagan bodies they had

not the slightest consideration, nor for Pagan anguish the slightest compassion.

The great desire of Spain which still remained to be realized, was the finding of some more direct route to India than that around the southern extremity of South America. The difficulty of prosecuting such a search from the ports of Old Spain, in vessels of from fifteen to a hundred tons' burden, was very great. Yet it was in such mere yachts that the extraordinary voyages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were accomplished. The possession of Mexico, or New Spain, by Cortez, however, tended greatly to lessen the difficulty. From Mexican ports, vessels were fitted out and dispatched both to trade in the Indian Seas, and to make discoveries in the North Pacific—especially, to look for the much-desired passage into the Atlantic, which was now believed to exist farther to the north than it had hitherto been sought. In order to inspire his servants with zeal in discovery, Charles V created Cortez a grandee of Castile and Captain-General of New Spain. He was also made Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca, and lord of immense tracts of land, as well as the port of Tehuantepec, and empowered to discover and conquer any countries which he could—but at his own expense!—being allowed one-twelfth of all the gold, silver, pearls, and other riches derivable from his conquests.

The bargain proved to be a better one for Charles V than for Hernando Cortez, since to that avaricious monarch were to belong all the countries subjugated, with eleven-twelfths of their riches; and the people were to be Christianized, and turned into good and peaceable subjects of his Majesty, at no cost to himself; while Cortez had all the trouble of conducting and supporting the necessary expeditions—a responsibility which finally crushed him by its natural weight. Annoyed by a powerful rival,

impoverished by the cost of building vessels and employing men, wounded by the indifference and ingratitude of his sovereign, the famous conqueror of Mexico was himself at last conquered by circumstances, and returned to Spain to die in poverty and comparative obscurity—an eminent instance of the heartless policy of Spanish monarchs.

It is not the object of this article to recount the various expeditions by which the western coast of Mexico was surveyed, and the peninsula of Lower California discovered; such portions of history being more or less familiar to the general reader. But there is a romance about the discoveries, real and pretended, extending over a period of more than two hundred years, during which navigators continued their search for a northwest passage to India, which reads like the most extravagant fiction. That much which the public were then called upon to believe concerning the New World was fiction of an extravagant kind, was proven, even during the period mentioned. But the fictions themselves remain, as interesting to us now in the character of romance, as they were at first to a credulous army of adventurers, who had faith enough in their reality to undertake to test it.

Of the numerous *canards* which the wonderful success of Cortez, in seizing and pillaging Mexico, gave rise to, one of the earliest was the report of the four survivors of Panfilo Navarez' expedition to Florida, in 1527. After the destruction of the expedition, and the death of their comrades by shipwreck, hunger, and Indian vengeance, the four survivors wandered for nine years through the dense forests of that country bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River, and across the sandy deserts west of the Rio Grande, until finally they reached the cities of Mexico, and joined their own countrymen, who were filled with wonder at the sight of the

wanderers, as well as with curiosity to hear their story.

It does not appear that these men—three of whom were Spaniards, and the fourth a Moor—ever asserted that they had seen with their own eyes any thing other than savage life and poverty in all their travels. They did relate, however, that the natives with whom they had conversed, had given them accounts of a country farther to the north, which contained large and beautiful cities, and a numerous population of wealthy people. Fired with the ambition to emulate the former Viceroy of Mexico, Mendoza, who had succeeded Cortez, endeavored to persuade one of the four narrators to lead a company of fifty horsemen into the country indicated by the Indians, and so learn the truth or falsehood of the story. Not succeeding in this, he engaged two friars—Marcos de Niza, Provincial of the Order of Franciscans in Mexico, and Honorata, an Associate—to undertake the expedition, accompanied only by the Moor before mentioned. This was deemed a wise arrangement, inasmuch as two friars and one Moor could not despoil the country like a company of soldiers; and the little band of explorers set out in the spring of 1539.

In the following year letters arrived from friar Marcos de Niza, asserting that he had discovered, north of the thirty-fifth parallel, a country, richly cultivated, and abounding in gold, silver, pearls, precious stones, and all manner of wealth; which country was inhabited by a people much more civilized than the Mexicans or Peruvians. The city from which the friar wrote contained twenty thousand large stone houses, of four stories in height, adorned with jewels, and of a beautiful appearance. The name of this city was Cibola; and magnificent as it was, it was far inferior to one called Totontecac, farther to the north, which he had not yet seen. The Cibolans had at first been hostile, the

friar said, and had killed the Moor, but had finally been reduced to reason by his pious teachings, and were ready to embrace Christianity and to become loving subjects of the King of Spain. Further: he had taken possession of the country by *secretly* erecting crosses in numerous places.

This story—gravely told by a respectable Franciscan friar—was not only generally credited, but it occasioned a number of quarrels among ambitious commanders as to who should take possession of the country of the “Seven Cities,” as it was called. The Viceroy, having informed the King of the discovery, made preparations to subjugate it. Cortez, no longer able to fit out ships to explore the coast, proposed to conduct his army inland to subdue Cibola and its sister cities. Hernando de Soto, discoverer of Florida, declared the new discovery to come within the limits of his authority; and two or three less notable pretenders were striving to obtain the right to march on Cibola.

In the meantime, the Viceroy lost no time in dispatching an armed force, consisting of two bodies—one to proceed by water, and another by land—in order to ascertain the locality of friar Marcos’ discovery. Two ships, under the command of Fernando de Alarcon, sailed from Santiago in May, 1540, and proceeding to the Gulf of California, arrived, in August, at the mouth of the Colorado. The expedition ascended this river a distance of two hundred and forty miles in boats, inquiring of the natives about the seven cities. All the information they were enabled to elicit from those whom they saw consisted of a jumble of tales about rich countries, wonderful animals, droves of buffalo, crocodiles in the rivers, powerful “medicine men,” and other like important stories. Nothing could be learned of Cibola, and in the following winter Alarcon returned to Mexico.

The land expedition was commanded by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, and consisted of infantry and cavalry, with a company of priests, whose business it was to convert those whom the soldiery spared. A march of three months in the direction indicated in the letter of friar Marcos, over an almost impassable country, brought Coronado to the land of Cibola. The seven cities proved to be seven small towns, some of them containing large houses of rough stone, without any ornament. The inhabitants were few and scarcely half civilized; the country uncultivated and destitute of any kind of wealth, except a few trinkets of gold and silver, and a few turquoises, which were found among the possessions of the Cibolans.

When Coronado had satisfied himself that he was the victim of friar Marcos’ invention, he wrote to that effect to the Viceroy, and proceeded to explorations on his own account. Allowing a part of his forces to return to Mexico, he “prospected,” with the remainder, for a period of nearly two years. Giving heed to the tales of the natives, he was a second time victimized in a search for a country called Quivera, which he was told was very beautiful, and governed by “a king named Tartarax, with a long beard, hoary-headed, very rich, who worshiped a cross of gold and the image of the Queen of Heaven.” As might have been expected, when Coronado had at length reached the land of Quivera, by traveling five degrees of latitude, he found the country to be a plain covered with buffalo, and the King, Tartarax, to be adorned with one jewel of copper suspended about his neck. We of the present day are better acquainted with the character of Lo, and could make a truer guess at what sort of Tartar we should catch, should we go in search of Tartaraxes.

It is probable that the large stone houses of Cibola were the *casas grandes*

still to be seen at the Pimos' villages in Arizona, and that Coronado, in his two years' wandering, passed over much of the country in the Utah Basin and about the head-waters of the Platte and Colorado rivers. There is, at all events, a good deal of evidence to confirm the supposition that the resolute commander saw Lake Utah; and when the nature of the country over which he passed with his men is taken into consideration, it must be admitted that he sustained the Spanish character for hardihood and adventure.

Although this expedition was not undertaken specially to aid in the search for a North-west Passage, from the views entertained by the early discoverers of the shape of the continent, it is probable that failing in the first object of his expedition, Coronado pursued his explorations in the hope of coming to some strait toward the north connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic. Failing, also, in this, he returned to Mexico in 1543, having accomplished one of the most remarkable marches on record.

From the results of the two expeditions in search of interior cities, coupled with that of an exploring expedition by sea which reached a latitude as high as forty degrees, the Spanish Viceroy came to the conviction that neither were there any civilized peoples, nor any strait leading to the Atlantic anywhere between Mexico and the above-mentioned parallel. This conviction was greatly strengthened in the Spanish mind by the fear that should such a strait be discovered, it would serve as an entrance for other nations into the Pacific, and facilitate their encroachments upon Spanish territory; for Portugal, the rival of Spain, contrary to Spanish expectations, had obtained Brazil, and established the power of the Portuguese Government upon the continent discovered by Spanish navigators, and belonging, according to the grant of the Pope, and by treaty,

also, solely to the Government of Spain. It was, moreover, a Portuguese, who, in exploring the northern coasts of North America, had first discovered what was for a long time believed to be a north-west passage to India, but was probably that strait connecting Hudson's Bay with the Atlantic. The passage discovered by Cortereal was named by him the Strait of Anian, and for two centuries thereafter continued to be an object of search, being spoken of by the learned writers of the seventeenth century as the "Fretum Anian, in the *South Sea*, through the North-west Passage of *Meta Incognita*." The error in Mr. Locke's essay on the subject arose from his believing that the Strait of Fuca, discovered about a century later than the Strait of Anian, was the western or South Sea end of the much-talked-of North-west Passage.

About the same time that the Portuguese had infringed the treaty of Tordesillas by discovering the famous strait, an Englishman, John Cabot, had also discovered the northern coast of America. The French soon followed; and it became pretty certain that, in spite of Papal bulls, Spain would not be able to hold all the territories she claimed on the western coast of America, unless she could manage to exclude the ships of other nations from the Pacific. It was this prudent after-thought which caused the Viceroy of Mexico, about the middle of the sixteenth century, to suspend the search for the "Fretum Anian in the South Sea," and turn his attention to the subjugation of the Philippine Islands and the establishment of a commerce with the East Indies, in which undertaking he was entirely successful.

To the traveler of to-day, who sees only the small and shabby Mexican town of Acapulco, from the deck of one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers—who beholds no cultivated country in its environs, and sees nothing

more civilized, perhaps, than the naked Indian divers, and venders of fruits and shells—no vision of any past greatness is likely to be presented. Only one object remains to remind the observer from a distance of a possible heroic history—the old stone fort—a structure large, massive, handsomely built, and displaying a knowledge of engineering which would not disgrace the military skill of the nineteenth century. Should one wander about in the outskirts of the town, however, he would discover one more witness to former prosperity, viz.: a stone bridge bearing the date of 17—.

Sleepy, poor, and deserted as Acapulco seems to-day, it had a commerce, three hundred years ago, which was the envy of Europe. From its picturesque harbor sailed large ships called *galleons* for Manila, in the Philippine Islands, and Macao, in China, whither they carried gold, silver, and European manufactures, and whence they brought the coveted silks, spices, gems, and merchandise of the Indies.

For a single decade, the Spanish navigators performed these voyages uninterrupted, usually proceeding directly across the ocean from the Mexican coast in going to, but keeping many degrees farther north in returning from the Indies—this deflection from a direct course being made in order to come into the region of variable winds, by which their ships were wafted home, whereas the trades would have been “dead ahead.” In these return voyages, they became familiar with the coast of California; and there is considerable reason to suppose that some of their merchant ships reached the American coast as far north as the mouth of the Columbia, and also that one or more were wrecked on the Oregon coast, but at what date it is impossible to conjecture. The only connected account of any such wreck that the writer remembers to have seen, is given in *Franchere's Narrative*, where, being at

the Cascades of the Columbia, in 1812, he met with an old man and blind, who called himself Soto, and who said that his father was a white man, one of four survivors of a shipwreck at the mouth of the river; that these four white men had at first taken Indian wives and tried to adapt themselves to Indian customs, but that becoming discontented, they had forsaken their wives and children, and endeavored to reach their own country overland, toward the south. The old man, Soto, was, he said, one of the half-breed children of these shipwrecked mariners, who, judging by the name, were of the Spanish nation. Indeed, it is in no wise improbable that the “red-headed” Indians of the north-west coast are descendants of castaways from Spanish merchant ships.

The knowledge of the western coast of America gained by Spain's commercial navigators was considerable. All that was learned, however, was carefully concealed from other nations. The search for the North-west Passage, which was publicly abandoned, was, nevertheless, secretly carried on by the merchant service—not with the purpose of making it useful, but with the contrary intention of holding and defending it against the use of other nations: a policy that could not long sustain its objects, even with the sanction of the Pope, and the Catholic world in general.

Such was the fear of invasion which troubled the Spanish mind that even emigration from home was restricted, no one daring to settle in the Spanish colonies without permission from the Government. Death was the penalty affixed to the crime of a foreigner who should touch upon territories claimed by Spain, or even sail in seas contiguous to them. The more the value of her new territories became understood—the fertility of soil, abundance of resources, or facilities for commerce belonging to them—the greater was the care taken to prevent

their development. Evidently, this was because colonies of soldiers had proved themselves unfit to possess a country, and Spain knew of no other plan of colonization; or, being suspicious that the heads of powerful colonies would use their power to secure the government to themselves, was guarded in conferring patents; or, fearing that if the value of her possessions became known, they were too large to hold against those who might invade them. Whether one or all of these motives was at the bottom of her policy, it was meant to be absolutely prohibitory.

The extraordinary caution of the Spanish Government, as might have been expected, served to provoke the cupidity of other maritime powers. Henry VIII had repudiated the Papal authority, and with it his respect for the treaties of Catholic sovereigns, wherein the oceans were divided among themselves. His daughter Elizabeth maintained the Protestant against the Catholic faith, at the same time that she strengthened her navy until it became a formidable power on the high seas. Caring nothing for the partition of the ocean, English privateers frequented the Gulf of Mexico and the coasts of the West Indian Islands, plundering, both by land and sea, the commerce of haughty Spain. The Dutch, also, followed their example; both nations together giving the Spanish Navy sufficient employment to protect itself against these daring freebooters.

Hitherto, the terrors of Magellan's Strait—which the Spanish authorities had taken good care to impress upon the memories and imaginations of all navigators of other nations—had deterred the privateers who haunted the West Indies, from attempting to enter the Pacific. The rapid improvement made in the art of navigation about the close of the sixteenth century removed much of the awe with which Magellan's Strait

had been regarded; and there were not lacking venturesome spirits who were willing to undertake to sail through it. Foremost among these was Captain Francis Drake, who had already acquired the title of "Sea-King," as well as a handsome fortune, in the pursuit and capture of Spanish prizes. On the occasion of his last piratical cruise in Spanish seas, he had imitated the example of Balboa, by ascending a high mountain on the Isthmus of Panama, in order to be able to behold two oceans at one time. The view so transported the valiant Captain, that he thereupon uttered a vow to sail upon the Pacific, and "make a perfect discovery of the same." Having made his vow, he returned to England to prepare for its performance.

While Drake was getting ready his vessels at home, his enterprise was anticipated by one John Oxenham, an Englishman, who crossed the Isthmus near Panama, and built a vessel there, with which he succeeded in getting to sea and taking several prizes. His career was but a brief one, his vessel being captured in return, and himself, with all his crew, put to death.

Drake finally appeared in the Pacific in 1578, with only one vessel of a hundred tons. Of the four smaller ones, which constituted his fleet on first leaving England, two had been lost while privateering in the Atlantic, and two more had disappeared in a great storm which arose directly after coming out of the Strait of Magellan, on the Pacific side. With one hundred-ton vessel he was then bound to perform his vow of perfect discovery, and to maintain himself in an offensive and defensive position against the Spanish in their own seas. That he was able to do the latter entitles him fairly to the distinction of King of the Sea, which he coveted and claimed.

It does not appear that Drake was permitted to fulfill his vow of "perfect

discovery." Perhaps he found the Pacific a larger sea than he had anticipated, and thought the previous loss of his ships absolved him from looking into every corner of it. But his very coming into it was the occasion of a discovery of considerable importance, viz.: that it was not necessary to pass through the Strait of Magellan in order to return to the Atlantic, but that the two oceans met at the southern extremity of the continent. The long tossing hither and yon which his little fleet had been subjected to, and in which it was dispersed, had shown him this; and on this discovery he founded a theory of his own concerning the North-west Passage.

From the fact that the land at the south came to a point, around whose base the waters of two oceans mingled, he was impressed with a belief that the Atlantic and Pacific would be found to meet in the same way at the north, and that, if he chose, he could return to Europe around the American continent, thus eluding the Spanish vessels in their efforts to arrest or capture him.

With this plan in his mind, he cruised along the South American coast, finding the Spanish towns quite unprepared for such a visitation—plundering and burning both them and all the vessels he overtook. This course he pursued as far as the coast of Mexico, where, having pillaged the town of Guatulco and filled his vessel to overflowing with spoils, he put out to sea, and proceeded north-west and north until he came to the latitude of forty-eight degrees. Here he found himself in a region of wind and fog, where his men complained so much of the cold that he turned back without endeavoring to reach the northern extremity of America, as he had believed he should.

On returning southward, Drake approached the California coast in latitude thirty-eight degrees, where he discovered a "good and fair bay"—the same,

probably, ^{Mexicali} on whose shore now stands the metropolis of the Pacific. Here, having spent five weeks in refitting his vessel, and in making himself popular with the natives—who wished, as was reported, to make him king—he finally erected a pillar inscribed with an account of his visit, and set sail once more to return to England, choosing a route directly across the Pacific, through the Indian seas, and around the Cape of Good Hope, in defiance of Portuguese monopoly, as he had hitherto defied Spanish monopoly.

The account of Drake's voyage, soon after published, full of romantic exaggerations, produced a decided sensation, and inspired the English with an ambition for discovery. The story of Cortereal, concerning the Strait of Anian, still continued to be credited. The English and Dutch made voyages to the Atlantic coast in search of it, while the Spanish Viceroy in Mexico, alarmed by these movements, renewed the discovery voyages upon the Pacific coast.

Another English freebooter appeared on the Mexican coast about eight years subsequent to Drake's famous voyage, stationing himself off Cape San Lucas, where he waited for the *galleon* from Manila; and succeeded in capturing her cargo and destroying the vessel. The crew of the *galleon* were landed on the barren coast of Lower California, and left to perish. Fortunately their vessel came ashore, and was so repaired by them that, on re-embarking, they were able to reach the main-land at a point whence they proceeded to Acapulco.

Among the crew of the *galleon* plundered by Cavendish were two navigators who soon after distinguished themselves in the history of Spanish discovery. The principal of these was a Greek navigator, known in the Spanish service as Juan de Fuca. Almost immediately on his arrival in Mexico, he was furnished with a little fleet of three vessels, and

ordered to "discover the Strait of Anian, along the coast of the South Sea, and to fortify that strait to resist the passage of the English nation, which were feared to pass through that strait into the South Sea." Nothing having been accomplished in his first voyage, De Fuca was a second time dispatched, in a small caravel, to prosecute his discoveries along the northern coasts, in 1592.

In his second voyage, De Fuca discovered, as he believed, the South Sea opening of the long desired Strait of Anian. Familiar to us as is the Strait of Fuca, we see every thing to justify such a belief in the mind of the Greek navigator. Never doubting the existence of Fretum Anian, and having entered into a broad inlet, wherein he sailed for more than twenty days, coming into a broader sea, (the Gulf of Georgia) and passing by divers islands, he returned triumphant to Acapulco, where he was received with promises of reward by the Viceroy. As usually was the case with the Spanish authorities, the Viceroy neglected to perform his promises; and De Fuca, after two years of waiting, stole away to Europe, in the hope of enlisting the interest of Queen Elizabeth of England in his discovery. At Venice, he met with Locke, the author, who endeavored to procure for him the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh; but failing to do so, he soon after heard of the death of De Fuca, at a town in his native Greece.

By order of Philip II, who had been informed of the rumored discoveries of several navigators, the Count de Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico, fitted out another expedition in 1602, to discover the coast northward as far as Cape Mendocino, and beyond, if practicable, as far as the Strait of Anian. It was in this expedition that another survivor of the Spanish *galleon*—Sebastian Viscanio—distinguished himself. He made surveys of the Bay of Magdalena, of the harbor

called Isla de Cerros, of the ports of San Quintin, and San Diego; and last and most important, of the Bay of Monterey. Here a portion of the fleet returned to Acapulco, on account of sickness among the crews; while Viscanio continued to sail northward, escorted only by a *fragata*, which was parted from him in a storm soon after leaving harbor. With only his own vessel, he proceeded as far as San Francisco Bay, where he waited in vain for his consort. The vessel then proceeded north to the latitude of forty-two degrees, naming several capes in his survey, after which Viscanio returned to Mexico.

In the meantime, the *fragata*, when she parted from the *capitana*, had been driven by a strong south-west gale a long way in advance of the commander's ship, and had taken shelter at last behind a great rock in the neighborhood of Cape Mendocino, until the gale was past. Then, emerging from his shelter, Ensign Martin de Aguilar, the *fragata's* master, coasted in his little vessel as far up as Cape Blanco, which he named. Proceeding yet a little northward and westerly, he came to "a rapid and abundant river, with ash-trees, willows, brambles, and other trees of Castile, on its banks, which they endeavored to enter, but could not, on account of the force of the current." "It is supposed," says the historian of this expedition, "that this river is the one leading to a great city, which was discovered by the Dutch when they were driven thither by storms, and that it is the Strait of Anian, through which the ship passed in sailing from the North Sea to the South Sea; and that the city called Quivera is in those parts, and this is the region referred to in the account which his Majesty read, and which induced him to order this expedition." Such was the report carried to Acapulco by Aguilar.

The river described in the above paragraph answers to a description of any

of the Oregon rivers along the coast, except as to the idea of size conveyed. The Coquille is the only river in the latitude spoken of. In the month of January, when Aguilar saw it, it was probably swollen with floods to the appearance of a considerable river, and was also very rapid, from the same cause. But much allowance must be made for the flexible nature of Spanish veracity, which to this day has not achieved a reputation for infallibility. Not but that other nations proved to be equally imaginative in some instances. The story to which Aguilar refers, in his mention of the Dutch and the city of Quivera, was one of those strange mixtures of truth with fiction with which the air was rife in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and combined the reported discovery of the Strait of Anian, at the entrance to Hudson's Bay, before referred to, and the expedition of Coronado, in search of Quivera, as related in this article.

Another of those extraordinary fictions, which was published in London as late as 1708, and believed in by some half a century later, was that of the pretended voyage of the Spanish Admiral, Pedro Bartolomé de Fonté, who professed to have passed from the Pacific to the Atlantic through a chain of lakes and rivers extending from ocean to ocean. According to this story, Fonté left Calao, in Peru, in 1640, with a fleet of four vessels, to cruise in the North Pacific for the purpose of discovery, and to intercept certain vessels said to have been fitted out in New England, which had sailed from Boston, with instructions to search for the North-west Passage.

Fonté's account of the north-west coast is sufficiently reasonable to give color to the supposition that he might have seen it. He describes the channels and islands along the coast north of the Gulf of Georgia, and also asserts that he discovered a river in the fifty-third degree of latitude, which might

have been the Stickeen, and which he named *Rio de los Reyes*, or River of Kings. Here he pretends that he ascended the river with one of his vessels, in a north-easterly direction, to a large lake, which, on account of its beauty, he named Lake Belle. This lake was dotted with islands of great loveliness, while the shores were inhabited by a kind and hospitable people. A town called Conasset was situated on the south shore of this lake, at which place the Admiral left his vessel, and taking with him a portion of his crew, ascended a river which flowed into it, called Parmentier, and which connected it with another lake to the eastward. This latter lake he named Fonté, and called the strait which led from that to the ocean on the east the Strait of Ronquillo, after one of his captains.

On arriving at the eastern end of the strait, where the open sea was, he was told by some Indians that not far off lay a great ship, which he boarded. The only persons whom he met on the strange vessel were "an old man and a youth, who told him they came from the town called Boston, in New England." But on the following day, the ship's captain, named Nicholas Shapley, came on board, together with her owner, Seymour Gibbons, "a fine gentleman, and Major-General of the largest Colony in New England, called Mattechusetts."

With this latter personage Fonté affected to have had a very agreeable visit; so much so, that he thought he might ignore the orders he had received to seize any foreign vessels found sailing in the waters adjacent to the Strait of Anian, and look upon this one simply as a merchant trading for skins, whose intentions might not be impugned. So greatly was he impressed with the courtesy and dignity of the Bostonians, that he made them all magnificent presents on taking leave; after which, he returned the way he came into the Pacific!

But Fonté was not the last nor the least of those who imposed upon the too ready credulity of a romantic and credulous age. The limits of this article will not permit us to refer to all the published fictions concerning the North-west Passage.

The power of Spain declining through a century and a half, while that of other European nations ascended in the political scale, nothing of consequence was accomplished in the way of discovery. Spain continued to hold her Californian territory by means of Jesuit missions and the half-civilization of the Indians, while the position of public affairs was such that her enemies had enough to do with foes of their own to keep them occupied. Thus it chanced that no serious interference with her authority in the Pacific occurred during a long interval of time—for the greater part of which she was ill prepared to resist invasion.

From 1774, for a period of five or six years, the Government of Mexico was again employed in ordering and fitting out exploring expeditions, resulting in a partial discovery of the mouth of the Columbia, which was laid down on the Spanish charts as the Rio San Roque; in the discovery of a portion of the coast of Washington Territory, the coast of Vancouver's Island, and of other points as far north as $54^{\circ} 40'$. These expeditions were planned in the knowledge, and from a fear, of the intentions of other nations, particularly England and Russia. As early as 1745, a reward of twenty thousand pounds had been offered by the British Parliament for the discovery of a north-west passage, through Hudson's Bay, by ships belonging to the English service; and in 1776 this same reward was offered to the owners or officers of any English ship which should discover and sail through any passage by sea between the two oceans, north of the fifty-second degree of latitude.

About the time that the second reward was offered, Captain James Cook, the famous navigator of the day, returned from his voyage to the South Pole, and immediately offered his services to the British Government, by which they were readily accepted. The instructions delivered to Cook were plain in showing the purpose of England to set up her claim to all that portion of the California coast seen by Drake, in his privateering expedition, and also to as much more as Cook might discover, which was not already possessed by the Spaniards or the Russians. But the chief object of the great navigator's vigilant search was to be a north-west passage into Hudson's or Baffin's Bay, commencing at the sixty-fifth parallel and proceeding northward, or, as it was believed he must, north-eastward.

The history of Captain Cook's famous voyage, the discovery of the Sandwich Islands, his tragical death at Karakooa Bay, in Hawaii, are all too familiar to need recapitulation. It is only as the leader of the first government expedition in the Pacific, set on foot by the English, in the search for Fretum Anian, that we have occasion to refer to it. Cook made an extended survey of the north-west coast, and the publication of his survey gave the first impulse to commerce in the North Pacific.

The secrecy with which the Spanish Government had conducted the voyages of discovery prevented other nations from knowing when they intruded upon the Spanish discoveries, and furnishes some apology for the wholesale manner in which the English "took possession" of countries long before claimed under the acknowledged discovery law of all nations. So far as Cook's investigations related to the finding of a North-west Passage, nothing was accomplished, except the almost total banishment from the public mind of a belief in the existence of any such strait across the north-

ern portion of the American continent. Of the very last search of this kind made on the Pacific coast, we shall have something to say in a future article. With that expedition ended the search of three hundred years for Fretum Anian. Terra Incognita had become sufficiently well known to have dispelled the romantic visions concerning its wonderful cities, and wealth of gold and silver; while more practical views began to prevail of a commerce with its savage inhabitants.

It is about eighty years since Europe abandoned the long pursuit of a shorter

route to India than that around Cape Horn. In this year of our Lord 1869, we of the degenerate Yankee nation have discovered one, passing right through the heart of the continent. It is divided, as the ocean once was, between two powerful companies, and seeks, as they did, to monopolize the trade of the China and Japan Seas. The Fretum Anian of the nineteenth century is a few feet wide, of solid earth, mounted by parallel lines of iron rails. Its ships are of wood, mounted upon iron wheels, and they outsail all the white-winged navies of the world.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell

The delicate thought, that can not find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession
And scatters on the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And, leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor
To see thy charms displayed;

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises
And passes in a tear—

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of uneventful toil,
Where golden harvests followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil:

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfill,
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still!

ETC.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

ROME, September, 1869.

Kissingen, whence my last quota of news for the "ETC." was dated, has a penal colony of its own, where all patients not sufficiently alive to the blessings they enjoy in being allowed to vegetate beside the river Saale are sent, by virtue of sentence passed upon them by their doctors. Your correspondent was unfortunate enough to incur this punishment; and to make it more severe, he was sent to Schwalbach *via* Wiesbaden. The King of Prussia, on his way from his Kur at Ems, was at Wiesbaden; and the gay watering-place was floating with banners, and burning with Bengal lights, and wreathing itself with garlands of oak leaves, in a manner refreshing to behold. The tables are still allowed at Wiesbaden, although, when their present license expires in 1872, it is not to be renewed. And the good King forbids the gambling rooms to be opened on the Sabbath—a most excellent arrangement, which keeps many a hardly-earned napoleon safe in its owner's pocket. But, if guillotined for high treason, one can not but proclaim that the King is a cormorant. He had apparently eaten all that was eatable, and drank all that was drinkable; and, as far as our experience went at the Hotel of the Four Seasons, had demolished all inhabitable rooms, devoured the furniture, swallowed the blankets, and especially made a complete and final ending of the honesty and common decency of the proprietors. Even rich and generous Californians are warned to avoid the Hotel of the Four Seasons at Wiesbaden. Outside, however, there was every thing to amuse. The grounds of the Promenade are lovely, and very extensive. We had plenty of music, a good band, and, on the occasion of the King's visit, open-air concerts, with vocal music, also. The grounds are in admirable order. There are lovely drives, as well as

walks. The Kur Haus is magnificent: painting, gilding, sculpture, beautiful chandeliers throwing a blaze of light over every thing, adorn it; and a crowd, of every nation, flit through ball-room and shady walk, giving any thing but still-life to the picture. We drove over in the early morning to Schwalbach, with the gay sights and sounds of the evening before still present with us, and found ourselves in another world at once. There never is any thing like gayety here, and all the pretense at such a state of affairs is over for the season. 'Quite a little group of our country people are busied, like the rest of the world, in absorbing inwardly and outwardly the greatest amount possible of iron in the smallest amount possible of time. Fortunately, we are not kept out of news, and heard as soon as any body else of Oxford having gained three lengths over Harvard in the closely contested race. The result surely need not chagrin our boys, obliged to pull in new waters not only, but on an entirely new plan. They have done splendidly, as admitted even by the not too generous English themselves; and we are proud of them.

The illness of the French Emperor, which has been much more serious than was at first admitted, has been a subject of great anxiety both at home and abroad. It is certain that the illness has been serious, if not dangerous, and that a surgical operation was required before the patient was relieved. The Empress and Prince Imperial return to-day from a visit to Lyons, Toulon, and the Island of Corsica. On their return from this visit, they were to make a tour in Switzerland; after which, without again visiting Paris, the Empress was to proceed immediately on her Eastern trip. Prince Napoleon had arranged to precede her, and, after the inauguration of the Suez Canal, to make an extensive tour in India. But the illness of the Emperor has produced great changes. The trip to Switz-

erland is given up. Prince Napoleon will certainly not go to India; and it is possible that he and the Empress may both be obliged to absent themselves even from the inauguration. It is not, however, thought that there is immediate danger to the life of the Emperor; and unless such should be the case, the Empress must be present on that occasion, and make a visit to the Sultan. The most magnificent preparations have been made in Constantinople for this event. Streets have been made and repaired; a palace has been furnished magnificently; and a series of *fêtes* of almost more than Oriental splendor have been arranged. The illuminations are to exceed any thing ever seen. Fires on mountain heights of two continents are to be reflected in the Bosphorus.

The amnesty for political and other offenses, given on occasion of the centenary of the first Napoleon, had a very happy effect in France; and if, as far as the Press goes, it can only be made permanent, a great step will be taken, not only in the granting of more liberty to the people, but also a new element of strength to the Government will be infused, especially as the new *Senatus Consultum*, giving more power to the ministry, has just been issued by the Emperor. The career of Marshal Niel has ended during the last month, and France has lost one of her really great men. He distinguished himself in the Crimean war; took Bormasund, and directed the attack on Malakoff. At the battle of Solferino he led the fourth corps of artillery, and, for his gallantry at that time, was made Marshal of the Empire. But in time of peace, Marshal Niel was perhaps more distinguished than in time of war. He really made the present French army. He has greatly increased its numbers, improved its condition, filled its arsenals, educated its men, and increased their *esprit de corps*. The funeral of the Marshal was conducted with all possible honor, at the expense of the State. It took place at the *Invalides*, but the last resting-place, by his own request, is Muret, near Toulouse, where he was born. Marshal Niel brought the present Pope back to Rome. It was he who presented the keys of that city to his Holiness, at Gaeta. In token of gratitude and respect to his memory, the Pope has ordered

a low mass to be said for the repose of his soul!

While the Carlist movements in Spain give little cause for alarm, the friends of that nation are grieved that most barbarous acts are committed with consent of Government, if not by its orders. One can understand the rendering of swift and severe justice to the leaders, but the shooting of prisoners, youths, as many of them were, two or three hours after they were taken, makes one feel that civilization has not yet begun among even the highest of the people. A very proper order has been issued, requiring the Bishops to direct their clergy to return to their allegiance to the State, and to instruct their people to obey the laws. This attempt of Don Carlos could never have been made but for the clergy, and the disturbances are kept up by them. Many of the Bishops refuse to obey; and here again is war between Church and State.

From Rome no political news is to be gleaned. The Romans—those who can be so—are absent. General Kanzler has obtained leave of absence, and will first visit the Eaux Bonnes, and then the humble, very humble, home of his youth. The General's career has certainly been a very remarkable one. He was for some time a servant in one of the well known hotels of Rome. He enlisted as a common soldier in the Papal Army, and rose with great rapidity to his present rank.

Two hundred apartments in public and private palaces and convents are now all ready for the expected guests of the Council. The foundation of the commemorative pillar is being prepared. A splendid block of African marble will be raised upon a pedestal, on whose sides will be carved the names of the members of the Council. On the summit will be placed the statue of the present Pontiff. The column will be further decorated with statues emblematic of the five divisions of the globe.

A large number of brigands have lately been brought into Rome, who have been committing depredations in the neighborhood of Subiaco.

The death of the Archbishop of Hayti, which occurred very soon after he reached Rome, had scarcely been announced when

letters were received, containing the announcement of his banishment and the confiscation of his property. The edict of banishment was dated the very day he took to his bed, but the confiscation of his revenue dated from the day he left to attend the Council.

There have been some fine *festas* within a short time. At that of the Assumption the Pope was present, and borne in his chair with the same pomp as at Easter. He also gave his blessing to the people from the balcony of Santa Maria Maggiore. In the same church, a few days before, service was held, commemorative of a legend connected with the history of the church. The Pope of the days when Santa Maria was *to be*, only was uncertain as to the site for his new building. A fall of snow which occurred in June, upon the Esquiline, and lay upon the ground in the form of a cross, was of course miraculous, and sent by the Virgin to indicate where she wished the edifice to be placed. On the anniversary of this event, white flowers, typical of the snow-storm, are showered from the ceiling above the high altar, and also from that of the Borghese Chapel in the same church. A novel sort of International Exhibition is to be inaugurated at Rome in connection with the Council, and will probably be held in the beautiful cloisters of Santa Maria degli Angeli. This church and monastery occupy a part of the inclosure of Diocletian's Baths. The Exhibition is to consist only of objects of Christian art, such as pictures, sculpture, rosaries, artificial flowers, altar-cloths, sacred vessels, crucifixes, etc.

A most extraordinary robbery took place in Rome last year, a certain Princess losing the whole of her large stock of jewelry. There was gossip of all sorts upon the subject. Some thought that the robbery had never taken place at all; some that it had been perpetrated by a person of high rank. At last, every body but the Princess forgot all about it. The jewelry has just now turned up—at least, thirty thousand dollars' worth of it—in the cellar of a well known jeweler of the city. The jeweler declares he knows nothing of the jewels, nor of the place where they were found, and lays the whole transaction to the account of his own son. The young man is dead whom the father accuses;

and, guilty or innocent, it seems a mercy that he is so.

The Marquise de Bannes, an old French lady of decided talent, who has published several books of poems, as well as novels, etc., died about two weeks ago. She was greatly interested in our country. Her grand-uncle accompanied Lafayette in his expedition to our aid—a fact which she was never weary of rehearsing. Although she had been for years almost constantly bedridden, her society was eagerly sought, and she will be greatly missed from the Roman world.

The King of Italy is hunting among his beloved mountains. The heat has been dreadful in his capital this year, and has as yet moderated but little. This country is slowly, but surely progressing. The local jealousies which were such a barrier to her progress are fast disappearing with the multiplication of means of travel; and schools are being multiplied in every direction, while a more and more liberal course of education is constantly developed. An institution of sylvaculture now exists, which merits a passing notice. The Convent of Vallambrosa, not far distant from Florence, in spite of its historical and poetical associations, was not placed upon the list of religious institutions allowed to remain in their former site and in the enjoyment of former privileges. The lovely mountain is not, however, to be left to silence and solitude. The first institution ever opened in Italy for the study and improvement of forests, the growth of trees, and their cultivation, was inaugurated there, a few days ago. The Minister of Agriculture was ill, and the Home Minister, therefore, took his place. A fine class of students is already formed, and with their professors occupy the convent. Nearer the foot of the mountain, an Agricultural Institute has, also, been opened. The mountain rises to such a height that plants and trees from almost all the zones may be cultivated upon its broad bosom. It reaches an elevation of 5,000 feet, and has abundant water-courses. Its geological constitutions are, also, very various; and as ample funds have been provided, there is no doubt that these institutions will flourish.

A rather amusing law-suit has just been decided against one formerly in high places: Francis V, Duke of Modena. When he was

obliged to leave his dominions, he carried off certain Italians, and confined them in the fortress of Legnano. He considered them rebels; but they differ from him in opinion, and so do the courts, who have condemned his ex-Excellency to pay them a large sum as damages.

The Prince of Hohenlohe has gone to see the Emperor of Russia at Odessa; and, of course, rumor says that he has gone to endeavor to reopen negotiations for the hand of the young Grand Duchess. A marriage between the King of Bavaria and the daughter of the Emperor of Russia was at one time determined upon. Negotiations were, however, suddenly and mysteriously broken off—whether ever to be renewed or not, is a doubtful question.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Wildbad has filled that little hidden watering-place to overflowing. Every Englishman and woman who could possibly make the journey was suddenly attacked with gout, rheumatism, or other disease, requiring an immediate course of the Wildbad waters. The *Standard* sent down a professional to dog the footsteps of the noble pair, study their *menu*, catalogue the Prince's boots and the Princess' hats, know every time the babies rode a donkey or dug in the sand, follow her Royal Highness to her carriage and his Royal Highness to his bath: that all they ate, drank, did, and looked, might be known to the British public, who could not in person run after them. Some of the papers had begged for the young people; had entreated that they might be left alone; had stigmatized as vulgarity such things as scrambling for the cherry-pits left on the Princess' plate; and had even called them obtrusively snobbish. The *Standard* reporter is greatly displeased—assures the world that the English crowder and deputy policeman is only "exuberantly loyal." He adds that he "suspects that there is now gathering," however, "the broad American element." He tells us that "New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago" are to send forth this "element." It is to be duly equipped, "note-book, album, and card-case in hand, glass in eye, and that kind of systematic inquisitiveness which stamps the good manners of the New World as the best manners upon earth."

The syntax and silliness of all this are so deplorable that it would not be worth mentioning, but for the outrageous impertinence to some of our country people just now at Wildbad. Among them are three of our foreign ministers, two of them among our most distinguished literary men. It is not wonderful that ordinary English people should be somewhat rude in their staring at their future rulers; but the industry with which the representative of the *Standard* has done his work is amazing. He is quite right to earn his money honestly; but he has no right to extend his vulgarity beyond its proper channel.

The Prince has left Wildbad. The Princess remains until about the middle of this month, and is said to be deriving benefit from the waters. The Prince stopped over night at Homburg. Patti sang in *Trovatore*, and to a rather distinguished audience.

As every thing relating to the North-west Passage is of interest to the people of the Pacific coast, the following comments upon Captain Hall's letter, by an old contributor to the *OVERLAND*, has a practical as well as scientific significance:

The arrival of Captain C. F. Hall, with the very interesting information and relics which he brings of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition, closes the last chapter in the book of the discovery of the North-west Passage. A five-years' search for the remains of Franklin's companions has resulted in the collection of a mass of details—chiefly obtained from the Esquimaux—which shut out the last ray of hope as to the existence of any of the brave crews of the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. The return of Sir F. L. McClintock's expedition in 1859 settled forever the question of the first discovery of the North-west Passage, and left but little ground for believing that any of the Franklin expedition remained alive; still, from time to time, reports were circulated as coming from the Esquimaux of Repulse Bay, that white men had been seen, and with a heroic desire to succor these survivors, Captain Hall devoted himself to a search for the last remnant of that devoted band. We have his letter to Mr. Grinnell before us, giving the results of

his explorations and adventures, replete with sad interest, but conclusive as to the uselessness of further search. His account indorses the story published by M'Clintock, but fails to throw any further light on the history of the poor fellows, who, to the number of 106, abandoned their ships, in lat. $69^{\circ} 51'$, lon. $98^{\circ} 57'$, and landed at Cape Victory, April 25th, 1848. The main facts remain the same, and but little of any real importance has been the result of Capt. Hall's research; no papers or journals have been found, and the real history of the expedition is as enshrouded in mystery as ever. We knew of the death of Sir John Franklin, on 11th June, 1847; of the besetment of the ship in the ice; of their remaining fast for over twenty months; of their ultimate abandonment; of the march of the survivors along the shores of King William Land; and of how "they fell down and died as they walked along." Capt. Hall corroborates all this, and fills in a little more of the details.

That Hall should have been received with unqualified enthusiasm by his compatriots, and *fêted* by the Geographical Society in New York, is not surprising; but while acknowledging the heroic aims, the passion for discovery and adventure, evinced by him in his prolonged and wearisome exile in that bleak and terrible region, the interests of science and history will not admit the soundness of all his deductions, or the complete accuracy of the statements contained in his *résumé*. We can not agree with him when he states that "none of Sir John Franklin's company ever reached or died on Montreal Island." We have the positive statement of Mr. Anderson, who descended the Great Fish River, in 1855, that he saw proof that some portions of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* had landed on the bank of that river, and had ascended it even as far as Franklin's Rapids, sixty miles to the southward; relics were obtained on Montreal Island by both Anderson and M'Clintock; and the Esquimaux whom the latter met told him that they themselves had visited the island, and obtained quantities of valuables on the spot.

Again: Hall remarks that it was late in July, 1848, that Crozier and his party passed down the west coast of King William Land, in the vicinity of Cape Herschel. This cape

is scarcely 140 miles from Cape Victory, by the shore line, and the journey commenced on April 26th; and, although we believe that this band of men, fleeing for their lives, were utterly unfit for the herculean task set before them, and that scurvy had already told fearfully upon them all, we can not conceive of their spending ninety days in traveling less than 140 miles. Again, the very reason which obtained to drive them away from their ship so early in the season militated against their purposed delay on that barren coast line—*i. e.*, the scarcity of provisions. On no other ground but this can we reconcile the abandonment of the ship so long before the season for traveling with boats. The native who informed Hall of much of the detail of this sad journey was the same who gave Dr. Rae the information that the tragic end of the party at Point Richardson occurred there *before* the ice broke up. Had the ice been in its last stage of dissolution when Crozier was at Cape Herschel, the opportunities and facilities for catching fish in the Great Fish River would have been greater, the advance of the party to a more southern point more probable, and the wholesale catastrophe at Point Richardson less likely to have taken place. We contend, therefore, that the survivors must have reached the mouth of the river early in July; that at such time the ice had not broken away, and that navigation in boats was impossible when they encamped in the inlet to the west of Point Richardson.

Notwithstanding all that has been said of the secret abandonment of Crozier's party by the Esquimaux with whom they encamped, we can not suppose, with Hall, that their stay would have "saved every man alive;" for, besides M'Clintock's personal experience of the almost total absence of game on those inhospitable shores, the fact of the Esquimaux not visiting the western coast of King William Land to the north of Cape Herschel, points to the dearth of food in that region. When Esquimaux can with difficulty exist themselves, and that by a constant nomadic state, it is scarcely probable that a band of white men could be supported by hunting. Four families of Esquimaux could do but little toward supplying themselves and forty or fifty strangers, even under such inducement

as the treasures exhibited by these whites possessed in the eyes of the natives. The ice there was heavy, and the accumulation of the season; so that fishing must have been difficult, and the supply at best precarious. None should know this better than Hall himself, who subsequently refers to this matter in his letter. We can not blame those uncivilized people for running from a companionship which might have been fatal to themselves.

The only other part of Hall's narrative with which we differ is the likelihood of the present existence of any vault near Cape Victory, containing journals and records. We still believe that the main portion of the log-books, etc., may have been deposited at Cape Herschel, in or near the cairn built there by Messrs. Dease and Simpson in 1839. The arrival of Franklin's party at that point completed the discovery of the North-west Passage; and warned, as they must have been, of their fast failing strength and the almost hopelessness of their flight, what more fitting place wherein to deposit the record of their labors, the consummation of their work, than this huge cairn? When M'Clintock visited it in 1859, he found it partly demolished—the stones pulled down and its contents gone; *the Esquimaux had been there!* and those invaluable documents, containing the story of the discovery of the North-west Passage, are now forever lost. The record found by Lieut. Hobson at Cape Victory contains no notice of the deposit of any papers or journals near that point; the cairn itself disclosed none, and we are compelled to believe that all their papers were carried with them more to the southward. When the boat in Erebus Bay was discovered, no books other than printed matter were obtained; and although personal relics of officers were there, yet not one diary or scrap of journal rewarded the "sweeping out of the boat." Hall tells us that M'Clintock's steps were followed by the Esquimaux, and that another boat was seen near this one, in and around which were many skeletons. If it is true that this boat, lying so near, had escaped discovery, both by M'Clintock and Hobson, a vault or cairn might also have escaped detection, and perchance such really did exist near these two boats; but did it escape the

penetration of the Esquimaux? If they found the boat and examined the coast line beyond Terror Bay, even as far as where the boats lay, why should they not find this vault, and, like that at Cape Herschel, destroy its contents? These Esquimaux, like the polar bear, notice any thing erect. In searching for wood and metal, doubtless, they pulled down the cairn, hunted round for any valuables, and either destroyed the papers or littered them about. They informed M'Clintock's interpreter, Petersen, that they had found papers and given them to their children to play with. We can but mourn over the fate of these valuable records; but the burthen of their tale has come to us in the story of the men who forged with their lives the last link in the chain of the discovery of the North-west Passage.

It is painful to read that one of Franklin's ships succeeded, during the summer of 1848, in getting out of its prison in the ice, and helplessly drifted to the southward. Had its crew been on board, it might have made the North-west Passage, and come out by Behring Strait. Three seasons afterward, Collinson found no great difficulty in passing east from this side to a harbor near where the Esquimaux found the wreck of Franklin's ship; and once out of the ice-bound channel which separates Victoria Land from King William Land, the passage to the westward would have been comparatively easy; but the necessity of supplying the starving crews with provisions, and the apparent hopelessness of remaining by their vessels, compelled their abandonment; and Crozier and his gallant men left them, only to die.

We conjecture that the channel to the eastward of King William Land, between it and Boothia, is generally open at some time during the season, and through it alone is the feasible North-west Passage. When once the southern part of Victoria Strait is reached, whether it be by the east or west of King William Land, the remaining passage to Behring Strait is one of but little trouble. Crozier, however, was right: scurvy had made fearful inroads; already nine officers and fifteen men had succumbed, and starvation stared the remainder in the face. Among all the varieties of relics found, we hear of no preserved meats; the only kind of food

at all likely to stave off scurvy was doubtless exhausted, and that poison to scorbutic men—salt meat—alone remained. No one who has not seen or been somewhat conversant with scurvy, can believe the amount of demoralization produced by that dire disease, that strikes at the root of all action, physical and mental. When the crews left their ship, it was to fight a battle with foes within and without. Taught by Franklin's own experience, in his land journeys, of the fearful struggle for life which he must pass through ere he could save any of his men, Crozier had to start—his trust only in God—leading his forlorn hope into the jaws of death.

While we admire the determination and "pluck" with which Captain Hall has continued and prosecuted his explorations, with him we regret the scantiness of reward with which he has been crowned. A summer residence on King William Land would have been the only way in which to wind up this search, which has cost so much labor and money. Now it is *too late*. Where the Esquimaux have been, it is too late for us to fol-

low: they must have swept things clean, and destroyed already what would have been of most value to us. But Captain Hall's experience has not been in vain: no white man living, we imagine, is more conversant with sledge traveling; and it is in that manner only, we contend, that the North Pole may be reached. Let Hall turn his restless energies in that direction, and our hopes and prayers will go with him that he may be crowned with a greater share of success than has hitherto fallen to his lot. The sad history of Franklin's expedition can not be remembered at a more opportune time than now, when the thoughts of many geographers are turned to the solution of the problem of the open Polar Sea, and the attempt to reach the North Pole. Already expeditions have started by way of Spitzbergen, but we believe the Smith Sound route is the only one which presents a probable chance of success. If Captain Hall and Dr. Hayes display a similar energy to that already exhibited in Arctic warfare, the fruition of their brightest hopes may be realized.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON'S DIARY. Selected and edited by Dr. T. Sadlier. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

It is doubtful if society yet appreciates the immense value to itself of that peculiar organization of which Mr. Robinson was such an admirable type. Most of us have met in an humbler sphere that one individual whom we have accepted as a correct social reporter—whom we never confounded with the gossip, who was professional; the snob, who was obtrusive, or the scandal-monger, who was malignant—but whose quick appreciation, habits of observation, and truthfulness, unbiased by any positive occupation, ambition, or proclivity of his own, invested his statements with something of the dignity of impartial history. Such a man might not be witty, might be even dull, yet he ministered to that “low vice, curiosity”—perhaps not so “low,” and much more common than we dare confess—in the way that was least offensive to our self-respect. From him we learned of the personal habits of our acquaintance Jones, of the dinner at Brown's, of the exact remarks of Smith—and we may consider here, how few report a conversation correctly, and how the best of us are apt to give what we think the speaker meant, instead of what he said—and other interesting details, without fear and without reproach. If this was interesting, albeit told of uninteresting and unimportant humanity, we can easily understand the fascination of social reporting where the characters are really notable.

It must be confessed, however, that the higher and better-known social and literary reporters—Pepys, Evelyn, Walpole, Wraxall, Disraeli, and Boswell—have had their peculiar weaknesses; and it is an evidence of the universal taste for this kind of literature, that these defects have not marred their popularity. We accept Boswell's snobbish-

ness, Pepys' selfish egotism, and Walpole's politics without a murmur; we endeavor in some way to lose sight of our introducer, and are conscious of our superiority to him in the company to which he introduces us; we think we know what Johnson thought of Boswell, and smile; we suspect that Pepys cut a pretty figure before the Admiralty with his reports, and sympathize with his wife, “poor wench,” as to his mean gallantries; we know what the “other side” thought of Walpole, but we meet, through them, the great and wise whom we could not otherwise meet, and, to quote Master Pepys, are “mighty pleased.” But it is with a higher gratification that we now hail Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, barrister, and look over his visiting-cards for the last fifty years, and then at his intelligent, old-gentlemanly face in the frontispiece, and resign ourselves willingly in his hands—with no suspicion of guiltiness in the manner—knowing that we shall hear no slander; that we shall not be called upon to “take sides,” and that to him some of the cleverest men of Europe during the last half-century turned their cleverest side, and extended their familiar friendship and appreciation.

He was not a writer; and his literary ability seems to have been expended in these memoirs—which are a fitting monument of his life, but which show no promise of special literary performance or reserved power. But he was a literary man in perhaps the best sense of the term: finding his pleasure in the company of educated and cultivated people, and in the atmosphere of refined and original thought—which some of your more purely literary folk do not—choosing his friendships and acquaintances among the world's best thinkers; not because they were famous, and that the world liked them, but because *he* liked them, and because he was never tired of hearing a pithy or a witty saying, and preferred getting it at first hand. He was not

a deep thinker himself, and could "draw out" his friends without the contingency of argument. He was not a producer, and consequently was removed from any rivalry; he was not a critic, and consequently did not feel impelled to decry or defend any particular school. He was broadly appreciative, politely curious, and a good listener. That he added to this, good taste and a retentive memory, we have proof in the volume before us.

His list of friends includes most of the remarkable names in literature, from 1775 to 1867. On the continent he knew Schiller, Goethe, Madame de Staël, and Wieland; in England, all the writers of note, from Godwin to Tennyson. If such a man could have belonged to a clique, it would have been the "Lake School"—his closest intimacies being with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, and De Quincey. But he was catholic in his tastes as his friendships; and loving Lamb, he loved his friends, and enjoyed the people he met at Elia's little dinners: George Dyer, the Burneys, the Hazlitts, Talfourd, and Basil Montague. He seems to have thoroughly appreciated Lamb, loyally praising him abroad, even to the point of reciting his poems to Goethe, and getting Landor interested in him. We can not say that Mr. Robinson contributes much to the biography of any of these people: he tells us little more than we already knew, barring some characteristic anecdotes and a few jokes from Lamb, which are better than much of the apocryphal Lamb humor. But he puts a truthful local atmosphere into his recollections, revivifying the dead past; and we sit at whist with Lamb, with mutton on the sideboard, and tobacco smoke in the air; and we hear the wonderful monologues of Coleridge, interrupted by the surreptitious cracking of a pun by Charles, under the table.

We have said that Mr. Robinson was remarkable for no particular quality. Looking back over his life as suggested in this volume, it would, perhaps, be more just to say that he was remarkable for that rare combination of qualities that makes a gentleman. In this half-century record he repeats no slander, he originates no unkindly thought. Familiar as he must have been with the weakness, irritability, and short-comings which show the common humanity of the literary

gods we worship, he shows them only at their best. His appreciation of Charles Lamb does not so preoccupy his attention but that he can, with infinite taste and tact, "draw out" the lesser light, Mary* Lamb, as no other writer has done. The simple picture of his visit to this half-crazed woman long after Charles' death, and when the shrine was deserted; of his gravely taking a cup of tea with her, and talking of old times, has a "touch of courtesy" in it, which, as Mr. Pepys would say again, "is mighty pretty to see." That throughout the book there is no hint of Lamb's failing, of Coleridge's weakness, of Landor's irritability—even to himself, in his own diary—and nothing but charity and approbation, leads us to think, in spite of later revelation, that there must be something in the literary life that can in all honor attract the truly honorable.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. By Victor Hugo.
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Without venturing an opinion on foreign politics, we nevertheless feel called upon, in the interests of literature, to execrate the despotism that exiled Victor Hugo to the Isle of Guernsey. It has brought that gifted man into near contact with a mysterious element called The Sea—an idea to be contemplated with the abstraction of a French philosopher, the weird imagination of a "three-year child," and the profound experience of a landsman. It has also brought him into close proximity to a wonderful place called England—a hitherto unknown island that lies somewhere off the Guernsey coast—peopled some few hundred years ago by a race of "Comprachicos;" by children who are invested at an early age with the *risus sardonius*; by peripatetic philosophers with Latin names, and by other savages, called, in the language of the country, Gwymplaine, Barkilphedro, Josaine, Homo, Dea, Helmsgail, Phelem-ghe-Madone, and the Baron of Hunkerville—the latter probably a descendant of some pre-historic American wrecked upon those savage shores. As long as this truly marvelous and exceedingly interesting writer occupied himself with reconstructing French society and Frenchmen generally, after his own theories, and in his own image, we had

little concern for the tyrannical Government that held him in disfavor; but when a selfish despotism, in the face of good taste, forced him, by exile, to reorganize on his own theories a common element like the ocean, and to rewrite its laws after a French code of moral and natural philosophy; to mystify and utterly confound the British Constitution, and reconstruct England after the fashion of Prospero's isle—it is, we take it, no longer a mere question of taste, but of international law. We shudder to contemplate what he may be, even now, conceiving in the mystic and philosophic seclusion of Hauteville House. The United States is not far distant; a like profound ignorance of its characteristics and sentiment, and a lofty, philosophic disregard for tradition, leaves him untrammelled. We are at his mercy. Whether, in some future prose idyl, called "The Man with the Level Head," this gifted writer shall pleasantly show the American custom of compressing the infant skull—an idea borrowed from the Flathead Indians—and its connection with the popular compliment of "Your head's level;" whether he shall show the inhuman and unnatural prolongation of Joice Heth's life by Barnum, or the sinful manufacture of the Fiji Mermaid for filthy lucre; whether he shall corroborate this, by describing the national pastime of swapping jackknives at one of General Washington's levees, give it the impress of fidelity by calling one of his characters "Josh-Gosh-Golly," or lend it a familiar local color, by making the Sachem of an Indian tribe collect taxes in New York—rests, we are sorry to say, solely with M. Hugo. Possibly, a liberal publisher may have something to do with it also.

But we think that the most enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo will admit that *The Man Who Laughs* is inferior to *The Toilers of the Sea*; that it has less incident, and less continuous interest. The story opens with a preliminary description of "Ursus the Philosopher"—a grimly sagacious mountebank, who seems to be a kind of French "Artemus Ward," with the humor left out and a serious purpose superadded; and some account of the "Comprachicos"—a race of gentle gypsies, whose business is to disfigure and alter the features of children. These face-makers,

or professors of mayhem, afterward appear at Portland, and embark on board of an *ork* for other climes—possibly because business is dull, and a reaction in favor of the natural features has occurred in perfidious Albion; but chiefly, we imagine, because they are wanted to illustrate a tempest which Victor Hugo gets up in the British Channel, wherein, borrowing an idea from the "Comprachicos," he proceeds to grotesquely disfigure the natural expression of the elements. They leave behind, however, a specimen of their handiwork in "Gwymplaine"—"The man who laughs"—then a boy, with a permanent grin mechanically fixed upon his ingenuous countenance. The *ork* encounters a tempest which, we fondly believe, is unknown anywhere except between the island of Guernsey and Portland. No one is left to tell the tale but M. Hugo, who wasn't there, and a gourd floating on the water.

Meanwhile, "Gwymplaine," homeless and abandoned, with no capital but his cheerful, open countenance, loses himself in the tempest on land; encounters a decaying, dead body swinging in chains; rescues a baby from the arms of its perishing mother; and is himself rescued, with his charge, by the sagacious "Ursus," who is running a side-show on Portland-hill. This ends the First Part—not inaptly called "Sea and Night"—and here, we fear, the dramatic interest culminates, also. The Second Part, as far as we can gather, is laid in England, but the intellectual paroxysms follow each other so rapidly, and the lucid intervals are so much shorter in the Second Part, that we lose the coherency of the story.

As a work of genius it is wild, extravagant, ridiculous. It has not throughout a single stroke of nature—perhaps it would be fairer to say, of the simplicity that is characteristic of nature. It has pages of thrilling, powerful, and even eloquent description—based upon misconception, theory, and mere imagination. It has much ingenious analysis of things that do not exist—exhaustive argument upon premises that no one will admit. Its sentiment is a mixture of Greek and French Fatalism: the elements have an Hellenic movement and a Gallic *motif*. It is simply unlimited Victor Hugo.



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Overland Monthly differs from all the Eastern magazines as the breezy, vigorous life of the young country which produces it differs from the staid civilization of the Atlantic States. Its merit is very decided. Many of its articles are distinguished by literary excellence, and nearly all are in one way or another interesting. The characteristics, scenes, incidents, and society of the Pacific region are the staple topics of its table of contents, and mingled with the rest are some good stories, and poetry better than the average.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Overland Monthly is a very formidable competitor of its Eastern contemporaries in all that makes a magazine attractive. It has also an individuality so distinct as to be refreshing.—*Daily Herald, N. Y.*

The Overland Monthly has a bright, fresh, and attractive appearance. Its individuality is peculiarly its own—earnest, original, and withal intensely interesting.—*Providence (R. I.) Evening Express*.

The Overland Monthly, published in San Francisco, is comparatively a new magazine, having been started in 1868, and just entered on its third, or half-yearly, volume. From the outset, this periodical made a favorable impression, and soon achieved a world-wide reputation for its freshness, piquancy, and the entertaining style of its articles. It exhibited a vein of literature, peculiar to the Pacific coast, which had never been struck before—a paying lode of rich metal. The readers of *The Journal* know how often we have quoted from the pages of the *Overland*, and with them we can bear testimony that these stories and poems have been among the most entertaining we have had the pleasure of printing. This magazine has young writers who are full of good things, and know just how to tell them.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, July*.

The Overland Monthly, fresh from the Golden Gate, again looks in upon us, and the opened covers reveal the usual amount and variety of literary entertainment that we have learned to expect in this enterprising and successful magazine. Into this monthly pamphlet all the enthusiasm, energy, and growing culture of the Pacific coast seems to pour its burden of literary wealth, and every exodus of useful information from all the varied talent of that thermal clime apparently finds a resting place upon its ever crowded pages.—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier*.

This is one of the best magazines on our table, and our favorite. The articles are fresh, genuine, and original, and the poetry excellent, while permeating every thing there runs an undercurrent of genial Western heartiness and humor that is very attractive and refreshing. Its criticisms are the best that appear in any American magazine.—*Monroe Advertiser, Forsyth, Ga.*

Perhaps there is no periodical published in this country that offers more interesting reading matter than the *Overland Monthly*. * * * The editor of the magazine shows great common sense in the selection of his articles, by confining them almost entirely to subjects that relate to the various phases of life, society, commerce, scenery, and customs of his own section of country; for there is nothing that we Easterners know less about, and nothing concerning which we are more eager to be informed.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald*.

The Overland is the equal of any magazine which comes to our table, and is superior, in some respects. If California can sustain such a work, what may we not expect of her?—*New Haven Register*.

The Overland comes to us laden with the most choice and interesting literature, the product of gifted and facile pens. This periodical is fast merging toward an enviable position of popularity.—*Portland (Oregon) Commercial*.

Admirable, as usual. It is full, from cover to cover, of most readable and varied matter. It is strange that literature should be so well represented at San Francisco, which most of us look upon as still a sort of unredeemed desert of diggings. * * * There are few magazines you can read from beginning to end without skipping, as you can this one. A good deal of this may be owing to the fact that it has an object, being as its wrapper states "devoted to the development of the country." * * * The solid is not overlooked. The practical reader is amply catered for; in short, as has always been the case with this magazine, every paper in it is thoroughly readable.—*London Fun*.

Well written, edited, and printed, and will be read with interest by amateurs in national literatures.—*London Evening Star*.

A monthly from a remote region of the new world, fully equal in literary ability and interest

to many of those published in this metropolitan centre of old world civilization.—*London Tablet*.

This magazine, which is named after the real overland route, that of the Pacific Railway, and "devoted to the development of the country," is published in San Francisco, California, the State which boasted of one adult native, who is said to have voted at the last Presidential election. It has, if any thing, improved since the first number was issued, and we have long wished to say a few words on some of its merits, of which we may remark *en passant*, the English press have spoken very highly. * * There is not an uninteresting article in the nine numbers already issued of the *Overland Monthly*, and our readers cannot do better than buy all that are published, and others as issued.—*Trubner's Literary Record, London*.

All along the line of the great railroad at its western end the *Overland* will be a formidable competitor and rival to the *Atlantic*, *Harper*, *Putnam*, etc. In real value it surpasses most of the Eastern magazines, and in its devotion to the Pacific interests it has a strong hold, not only on the dwellers beyond the mountains, but on all who are looking that way. * * The book notices are even exceptionally good, bestowing on popular books that happy mixture of blame and praise which it is so difficult to prepare, and sometimes so hard for an author to swallow.—*Springfield Republican*.

What we must consider one of the most remarkable literary enterprises of the day, since its unexpected excellence demonstrates the existence on our Pacific coast of the ability to write and the taste to appreciate magazine matter of the very first order. * * Contrives to be lively throughout without a single piece of fiction in all its contents.—*Advertiser, Boston*.

The recipient of various tributes of admiration from all quarters, it may seem vain for us to attempt to add to them. * * We are pleased to observe that in its book notices it treats Trojan and Tyrian alike, bestowing censure, when deserved, on the publications of its proprietors. Like every thing in California, it is "devoted to the development of the country."—*Williams' Quarterly, Williamstown, Mass.*

Nothing in it that is bad and little that is not good. * * So far the *Overland* has kept itself astonishingly free from padding, and thus negatively, as well as in many ways positively, sets the older Eastern magazines an example as unexpected as it is honorable to the conductors of the new periodical.—*New York Nation*.

The January *Overland* sustains the well-won reputation of the half-dozen preceding numbers.—*Yale Literary Magazine*.

One of the handsomest magazines we have seen. It justifies its claim to be devoted to the development of the country by several excellent papers descriptive of the western part of our continent. * * Will well repay perusal; for, besides treating with much interest of topics of special character, it enters, with no mean degree of credit, the domain of general literature.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Like the people of the region from whence it emanates, the *Overland* deals with every day, living, vigorous facts. * * The great and important topics of the day are ably and elegantly discussed, the status of the great improvements of the country are intelligibly and clearly portrayed, and when it deals with literature, attention is given to such branches of it as are useful and real.—*Norwich (Conn.) Bulletin*.

It is ably edited, and numbers among its contributors some of the most popular and brilliant pens on the Pacific coast.—*American Publisher and Bookseller*.

Interests us more than any of the monthlies. It is full of well written pictures of life on our

western shore, on the borders of that vast, and to us unknown ocean, that rolls westward so many thousand leagues; and whose waves, receding from our shores, kiss the feet of the almond-eyed Chinese, and haughty Japanese; whose murmur, as they pass the Golden Gate, is of far Cathay; and to gaze upon whose vast expanse, we have just built, with eager haste, a railroad through the Great Desert, and over the mighty Sierras!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Excellent, and San Francisco can already compete with the Atlantic cities in literature, as it has long done, successfully, in business.—*Daily State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.*

We cannot describe at length the various matters treated of in this well-ventilated, wholesome and spicy magazine. It is simply irresistible. The pictures of life in foreign places, such as Panama, the Fiji Islands, the Texan Prairies, Montana, are more life-like than photographs, and more absorbing than the voyages of Sinbad. We can pay the *Overland* the compliment of declaring that no one of the monthlies to which our desk is habituated has become so much like a bad habit—so near, dear, pleasant and hard to part with.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

One of the freshest and liveliest of all the magazines. * * The work of practiced pens and thinking minds, and we always hail its appearance with delight.—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

Every number is an improvement upon the preceding ones, and, although it is only fifteen months since its publication was commenced, it ranks among the best periodicals published in America.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

One of the very best specimens of periodical literature which the literary market affords. The papers are very diverse in topic, and are always able and dignified, and not only abound in pleasant discursive reading, but in much valuable information. The poetical contributions also maintain as high a standard as the prose, which is a very rare fact in magazine literature.—*Chicago Tribune*.

It reflects Western sentiments in a more faithful manner than any of the Eastern periodicals.—*Chicago Courier*.

The *Overland Monthly* justifies its title by coming to us overland, by the identical railroad, two of whose rails, bestridden by a Pacific (not pacific) bear constitute its neat and unique vignette. But if it justifies its title, it far more than justifies any anticipations which might be formed by the reader unacquainted with its merit. Editorially and typographically it ranks with the *Atlantic*, the *Galaxy* and other first-class magazines of the Atlantic coast. * * The literary criticisms are uncommonly good.—*Chicago Post*.

From the Pacific coast comes to us a magazine equal to the best in typographical appearance, and of such excellence in a literary point of view as already to have become a prominent rival of the established Eastern monthlies. * * The *Overland* has leaped at once full grown into the literary arena, sustaining a comparison with the most pretentious of its rivals. California is a remarkable country, said by some observers to be producing a new race of men, and judging by this magazine, possessing both the culture and the vigor to handsomely sustain its own where older communities have assumed to monopolize the honors. So long as the *Overland* keeps up its present standard, it will be a welcome visitor in thousands of Western households.—*Journal of Commerce, Kansas City*.

Enjoys a reputation second to no other magazine in the country. Its contents are spicy, varied, and sparkling.—*Leavenworth (Kansas) Evening Bulletin*.

This most excellent magazine was established something more than a year ago, and its appearance was met with the fear, that because of the comparative isolation of California from the rest of the

world, and its general dependence upon the Atlantic States for good literature, the enterprise would not prove a profitable one; but the experiment has been made, and a few months have sufficed to realize to the enterprising publishers the full fruition of success. Thus it is, we see the people of the Pacific side creating a literature of their own, through which medium they are beginning to assert a degree of intelligence equal in every respect to that of New England.—*Cheyenne (Wyoming Ter.) Leader*.

Among the few things *not* sensational, the still fewer which give us vastly more than they promise, is the *Overland Monthly*. Coming from San Francisco, it brings with it somewhat of the breadth, the freshness, the freedom of the far Pacific seas. It more than hints of the inexhaustible and as yet almost untouched wealth of the California vales and mountains; it reflects the brightness of their vivid colors, the exhilaration of their wonderful atmospheres. It is really refreshing to turn away from the stereotyped, much-harped-on themes of the distinguished, from the old things run so deep into the ruts of dullness, to names that we never heard before, and to themes new, unique, healthy, and suggestive. Then it is so delightful to find something a great deal better than you expected—so much more delightful than to expect a great deal, to be disappointed. Only we wonder that a thing can be so good that we hear so little about; though that is the very reason, probably, why we do hear so little about it.—*New York Independent*.

It is a striking evidence of the advance of the western half of the nation when a serial is issued on the Pacific coast that is equal to the best of old, long-established Eastern magazines.—*Lawrence (Kan.) Tribune*.

Its pages make one familiar with grizzly bears, Indians, miners, frontiersmen, the rough and tumble, adventure, danger and daring of frontier life, which have a freshness and interest not found in any other magazine. We had become somewhat cloyed with the sameness of magazine literature, and were ready for this work as an alternative, and shall look for its monthly visits with much interest, and hope it will not fail to be promptly at hand.—*Iowa City Republican*.

Every article is entertaining and instructive.—*Colorado Miner, Georgetown, Col.*

It is devoted to the development of the country, and certainly is fulfilling its mission.—*Nebraska Register, Kulo City*.

The *Overland* is chiefly valuable to Western men on account of the information it contains of every thing on the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Patagonia.—*Salt Lake Daily Reporter*.

We do not indorse its politics. It is a firm friend of the Chinese, our special aversion. It is, however, unsurpassed for chasteness and ability by any magazine in America.—*McMinnville (Oregon) Courier*.

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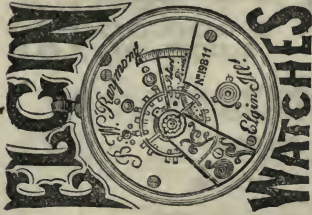
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1864	do.	583,141 12
1865	do.	796,566 63
1866	do.	1,158,319 55
1867	do.	1,259,012 84
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July 1, 1869.....4,243,234 53

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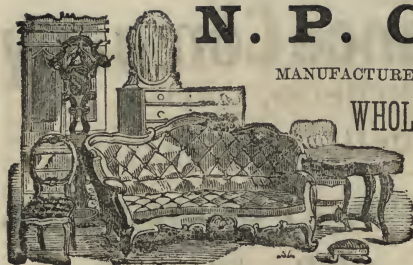
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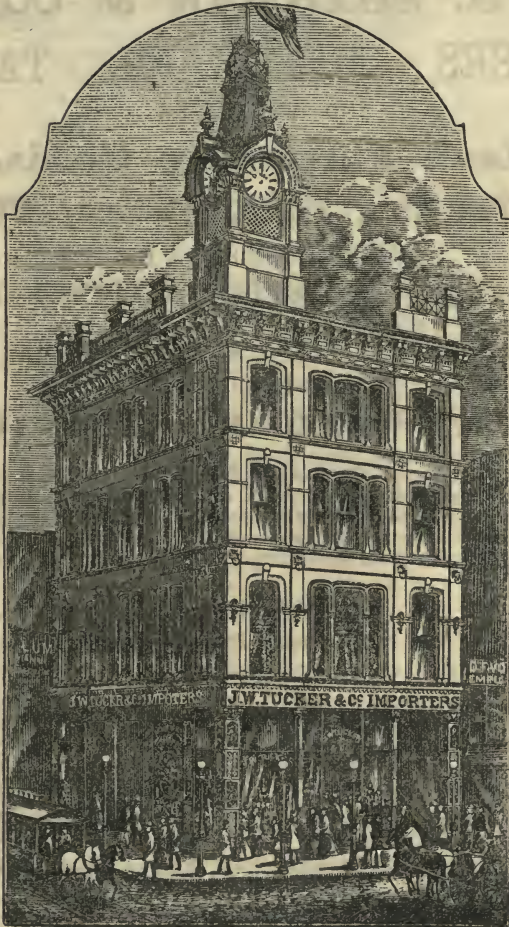
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motion among the lazy ferns, the dark
ti plants and the clustered *ohelo*s. The
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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 3.—DECEMBER, 1869.—No. 6.

IN LAVA LAND.

A BRIDLE-PATH that trails in and out through mountain ravine and tangled forest, around craggy headlands, sweeping far into the ocean, and along curved bays of shining sands, glittering like rims of crystal; down into shadowy dells, where Titania might have slept through the longest of Midsummer Night Dreams, and up over grassy knolls, where elves might haunt forever. A sky that is blue, with that wonderful tropic blue—ascribed by poets and lovers to *les beaux yeux bleus* only—just touched upon by pillowy masses of eider-down cloud, soft enough and white enough for the blonde heads of Raphael's angels.

The lightest of all trade-winds steals out of her perfumed south, stirring your hair and doing her best to make a commotion among the lazy ferns, the dark *ti* plants and the clustered *oheloës*. The indolent *pandanus* stretches its singular leaves longingly toward her; but your tropic breeze is an arrant coquette, smiling on many, resting with none. The great *kukui* listens to her whispers of purple waves, orange groves, and mag-

nolia blossoms; mammoth butterflies poise themselves on their painted wings and go dancing gayly down her current, while the slender spears of the tall grass lie in long waves, bowing together as she passes.

Not a shadow is on the mountains. They raise haughtily their bronzed sides, away up so far that your eyes almost weary before they rest on the pure heaven beyond.

Below lies the sea—the great Southern Sea—wrapped in its regal robes of eternal calm. No dark hull or white sail, not even a lonely sea-bird, breaks its even distances. From the delicate spray on the coral reefs to the far opal horizon, it holds a deep and measureless rest. The yellow sunlight showers gleams of gold upon its surface; strange flashes of color tremble and die on the unstirred waves, but the whole vast ocean sleeps as deep as Merlin bound in the hollow wood.

It is many a mile from a "white residence," and a long afternoon's ride before you can gain another, yet you let

the reins lie loosely on your horse's neck, and fall behind your party. You must reach Kealakekua Bay in time for the steamer, and duly explore the last resting-place of Cook; but, meanwhile, you linger as you list to watch the brown kelp, long, tangled, and wine-tinted dulce, float out idly with the tide, or the glints of green and silver far down among the pebbles of the beach. The world has such a knack of hurrying us ever on in this fierce age of action; of making us grasp out for unripe fruit, while we are whirled forward on her restless tide, that it is fairly glorious to be rid of her importunity! Here in this lonely island of the wide Pacific, with its silent woods, its valleys, mountains, and ever-silent sea, one catches a glance from a higher level of the feverish throng one has left. It is good for us, sometimes, to be thus lifted from the lower stratum of our accustomed routine, and given, as it were, a bird's-eye view of civilization, with its godlike possibilities and miserable shortcomings; its unit of high intellect, grand strength, noble rectitude, and keen talent, with its myriads of useless, selfish, narrow, unkind, distorted lives.

Your lazy Hawaiian steed is quite satisfied that you should loiter in this wild and isolated beauty. He has no objection whatever to your theory, that the deep pleasure of rare landscapes is to be drank slowly by lips that would retain some after-flavor of the rosy draught. Behind and before you, in each blue distance, lies a Hades for this Paradise: vast tracts of desolation—of dumb, appealing horror. There, Mother Earth, shaken in fierce agony, upturned, convulsed, lifts her haggard front, with fell desolation on every feature; but here, she is clad in her proudest attire, wearing her jewels with that easy grace that comes of her ancient wealth.

A brown bird flits across the "trail," and taking courage at your peaceful gait, swells its small throat in a sudden burst

of glee. Many a time you have listened to his "wee" brethren trilling their summer notes on the fields and windy hills that are far away. Many a time, if you love those hills and fields, you have watched their habits in your long tramps across the hay meadows, or through the shrub-lined roads, that both you and they know so well. In bird life, as in human, Fate flings brighter destinies to some than others. This brown epicure is by no means limited to dwarf shrubs or stunted hazel. Beautiful flowers line his paths—blossoms of blue, gold, and purple, nestling in heavy folds of parasite and fern leaf. Far as he can see, tall cocoa-palms guard the shore; and the *kukui's* cast wide acres of shade in the high tropic noon.

Every score of miles, on this panoramic coast, brings its distinct changes. In the late afternoon, the clouds rolled up in heavy reaches, and the wind rushed in from the ocean. I urged my horse forward; but he had not the least idea of being hurried. It was all one to him whether the warm sunbeams lay in gold flecks on the sea, or the shadows of broken clouds flew ominously across it. I tried the persuasive power of coaxing; but, alas! he was stone deaf to the subtle flattery. Having the hide of a rhinoceros, and the phlegm of an Amsterdam burgher, he was utterly beyond my power. Groups of natives loped gayly past, decked with wreaths of scarlet and yellow *ohelo's* on their hats and necks. They all shouted "*Aloha!*" which is their word of all words, meaning "Good by," "Good morning," "How do you do?" and is, literally, "My love to you." I answered this "*Aloha*" to every one I met; and had I known enough of Hawaiian, would have exchanged my Rosinante for one of their nags. The Kanakas, away from the towns, are proverbially honest; to their unfailing kindness all travelers bear testimony; and it is said a lady might ride alone with

perfect safety around the whole island of Hawaii.

At last, a spruce-looking youth, in all the pride of a red blouse, passed me at full gallop. Away went my courser, racing after him, to my unspeakable delight. This was doubtless owing to that mysterious trait that makes one Hawaiian horse try, for the first mile or so, to keep up with another; but his John Gilpin propensities were short-lived, and he paid up for them by deliberately coming to a dead halt in the middle of the road, where he was found, half an hour later, by one of the party, who rode back to look for me. In vain he belabored my charger with whip and umbrella; in vain he shifted my saddle to his own horse, and struck in deep his spurs. The hero preserved as imperturbable a calm as his prototype that carried the statue in *Don Giovanni*. We left him there, and the gentleman walked some miles into the village of Waohina. I may say here, that my last view of him revealed the fact that he was quite agile in gaining a grass-plot; but whether he took to a vagabond life in the mountains, or was duly caught and marched home by the returning guide, for some future tourist's misery, I know not.

It was nearly dark when we descended the steep hill at whose base lies the once beautiful, but now ruined Waohina. A fierce chapter of tidal waves, earthquakes, and lava eruptions had culminated in this district. A thousand earthquakes in two weeks had not left, indeed, one stone upon another. The white residents had flown in terror. Gloom and desolation were everywhere. The top of the hill had been cut off swiftly and keenly, as by some monster knife, and precipitated in the valley below; and at the same time the ocean surged back, leaving sandy beach and outer rocks bare, to return, sweeping its terrible tidal wave above the tops of the highest cocoa-palms, and dragging with it to

swift destruction eighty of the inhabitants.

We were instantly surrounded by swarms of natives—men, women, and children—in every variety of costume, all eagerly talking—or, rather, shouting—at the top of their voices. They jostled and pushed each other, and men lifted scantily clad children on their shoulders, for better “views,” for all the world as at a menagerie *matinée* exhibition. One has only to travel through semi-civilized lands, to sympathize, for the rest of one's life, with learned pigs, dancing bears, and tamed wild beasts in general.

One matron of immense proportions, with disheveled hair hanging down her back in shaggy masses, flashing black eyes, and genuine Meg Merrilies air, forced her way unceremoniously through the crowd, bringing with her an odd-looking specimen of humanity, that turned out to be a Greek. Hoping for some degree of comfort under a “white man's” roof, we went with him; but we were doomed to disappointment. He was married to a native woman, and, as a matter of course, had well nigh lost all trace of by-gone civilization. His floor was covered by dirty mats, swarmed over by equally dirty *wahines* and children. His wife was young, more than usually pretty, and all were disposed to be extremely friendly; but nothing could compensate for the dreary discomfort, black walls, filthy floors, naked little ones, sleeping pigs, dogs, a *débris* of old saddles, *taro-root*, onions, and half-decayed fish. A lamp, improvised from grease and a broken gourd, threw its flickering light on the dusky group that thronged around a large calabash of *poi*. This is the standard dish, eaten at all meals, the whole year round. It is the one bill of fare from which a Kanaka household never departs. It is made of the *taro-root*—*arum esculantum*—and is first baked in oblong holes dug in the

ground, precisely after the manner that cannibals cook their brethren. When baked, it is ground in a kind of mortar, left to ferment, mixed with water to the consistency of a thick batter, and eaten cold. It is said that a long residence makes many acquire a taste for it, as for many other things purely Hawaiian, and that the children of foreigners eat it as readily as the natives; but 'tis, at best, a nauseous compound, tasting worse than sour dough: hunger only could make it palatable to the traveler. Our swarthy neighbors dropped on their heels in the funniest fashion, and taking a piece of raw fish in one hand, bit off a mouthful, and with a dexterous curve of the right forefinger scooped up the *poi*, dropping it in the gaping mouth with disgusting smacks.

Meanwhile, our host had improvised a fire outside; caught, strangled, and skinned a pair of chickens, and with zeal and energy prepared our meal; running in at intervals to squat for a moment with the rest, snatch his share of *poi*, regulate his boisterous nursery, or relate to us, in broken English, some startling event of the earthquakes. To show that some glimpses of his sunny Mediterranean yet lingered in his memory, he had called one of his boys Alexander. The young hero had already displayed the belligerent traits of his illustrious namesake by soundly cuffing an elder lad, who seemed to dispute his right of mauling an unfortunate puppy.

I would advise all future misanthropes of the Locksley Hall ilk, for whom the world is dark because of faithless "Cousin Amys"—who swear that they will take some savage woman, etc., etc., etc.—to first make a circuit of the Islands of Hawaii, and see the home comforts of their white brethren who have put the idea into practice. There are no fires in genuine Hawaiian homes, and no chairs to sit upon; no bread to eat, no tea to drink, no coffee, no milk, no cups or

saucers, spoons, plates, or knives; no need of a table, for there is nothing to put on it; no need of a kitchen, for where fresh fish and flesh are eaten raw, there is no need of cooking; no locks on the doors, for there is nothing to be stolen; no dining-room, parlor, or bedrooms, for the family and their endless troops of "friends" occupy one apartment, *en masse*—or, rather, divide it with small armies of pigs, dogs, rats, roaches, and fleas. And then, believe me, the sun does not always shine over grass roofs, even in the paradisiacal spots of the Pacific.

This is a dreary night—wild, wet, storm-filled—and it has succeeded a day beautiful as that of some Eastern dream. Vainly I sought for rest on the densely settled mat. The multitudinous ants, ferocious fleas, and roaches, that daily increase in size on this island—promising to become as large as well developed kittens before long—are victorious, and have murdered sleep as surely as Macbeth. I take refuge in the open door-way, and see a moon scudding through a sky covered with jagged masses of lava-like cloud. The wind rushes in angry gusts down the steep hill-side, and beats the rain heavily against the *koa* leaves. A kind of weird wailing comes down the valley, and the solemn roar of the surf-swept beach answers back to it. Perhaps out of compliment to the pale-faced visitors, the light has been left all night to flicker and struggle for existence. It reveals numerous forms stretched in various attitudes of sleep. The round, dusky limbs of a child; the dark features of a frowning savage; the loose, black hair of a *wahine*, are mingled with the murky shadows and indefinite outlines in a wild, Hogarthian fashion.

Here is a dark bundle, wrapped in a long, loose *holoku*—the same she has worn all day. Through her brown cheeks flushes the glow of youth and health.

Her nose is better shaped, and her lips better curved, than is usual with her race. As she lies fast asleep, I take my sketch-book, and quietly employ myself drawing her face in the dim, uncertain light. It is a pleasant face enough; and if those long, black lashes were raised, a pair of kindly, dark eyes would look wonderingly up at me. The teeth are almost beautiful, gleaming-white, and even: many a haughty beauty, in the far haunts of civilization, would give half a fortune for them. The thick hair falling over her forehead, makes it too low; but nothing can be finer than the curve of chin, throat, and small, brown ear. Her arm rests upon something—a gray, irregular mass. What is it, I wonder! Well, I have heard that the Hawaiian women have strange fancies for strange pets; and I stop my sketch and speculations at once in disgust as the unmistakable physiognomy of a thriving young porker lifts itself to my gaze.

We left this establishment by daylight, and unceremoniously took possession of a house whose owner had fled from the eruptions. A swarm of natives helped us to put the furniture to rights, and soon improvised themselves into a retinue numerous enough for a Court. They were headed by Koopokai, a chief gigantic in size, suave, kindly, and intelligent. It is needless to say that when we had procured fresh horses, we were followed to the “latest crater” by the adult population of the village, mounted on every variety of the animal Horse, and fantastically arrayed in blankets, old shirts, yellow and scarlet *holokus*, with bright flowers still wet from last night’s rain twined about their shining black hair, that fairly dripped with rancid coconut oil.

The scene of the last eruption lay in a valley fair as that of the hero of *Raselas*. Indeed, if these islands had been known when Johnson wrote, I question if he would not have selected them for

his *ennuyéd* prince. We rode through miles of woods of *kukui*, *ohia*, *koa*, and palms. Here had been unknown the volcanic outbursts that had riven other parts of the island to ruin. The soft trade-wind murmured up and down through the deep forests, or lighter groves of limes, guavas, oranges, and bananas. There were blossom-filled vales, where, if some *genie* should suddenly evolve himself from the morning mist, you would not be in the least surprised; nooks, where the heavy odors of tropic perfumes lingered; streams, gurgling in and out, bearing up large, sleepy lilies, under whose broad, white leaves the gold-fish rested. You stop and watch these shining creatures in their own home and element. All that you have seen before were imprisoned exiles, slaves, in the make-believe liberty of the *aquarium*. They lie, in gleams of gold and silver, on the brown pebbles at the bottom, whose wondrous glows of brown and ochre you can see through the lucent water. Splendid parasites leap from branch to branch, twining the woods together in flowery bands, or running over the ground, making patches of violet, carmine, and gold. And ever, at intervals, from some breezy slope, you see the sea, spread out in its sublime magnificence, bent over by a sky of such dreamy loveliness, such pure beauty, that the divine may well dwell beyond it.

Seven miles up this valley, on a sunny afternoon, the earth suddenly opened in a fissure of two miles in length, and from it rose a vast column of liquid lava, jetting up in conical spheres of flame over a thousand feet in height, and pouring its resistless tide of destruction to the ocean. It swept every thing in its fatal course: houses, with their doomed inmates, horses, cattle, and whole herds of goats. The story of the white settler’s family is now well known: how, just ten minutes after they escaped from their home, the fiery sea swept over it.

We rode over the spot a few weeks later, and then could see the scarlet fire through the black fissures. So singularly swift does surface lava cool, retaining its fires beneath the crust, that trees at the edge of a lava stream will have only those branches burned that are nearest to it.

The upper valley looked exactly like the bed of a great crater. There was the same sea of black billows, storm-lashed and frightful, covered with the same curling blue smoke; there were the same chasms gaping everywhere, though here not so great in depth, but from which oozed the same sulphurous gases.

Often, when the crust cracked and yielded beneath our weight, we expected to go through. Some of the party declared it was a temptation of Providence, and wanted to go back; but the Kanakas rode on fearlessly, and we had come too far to be swerved by possible danger. So on we went, though it was pitiful to see the bleeding legs of the panting horses, scorched and cut by the hot, sharp lava. In many places, the heat was so intense that we could scarcely breathe; and having our mouths muffled, for fear of sulphur steam, we went through an hour's semi-stifling before the goal was reached.

It was a long, hideous chasm, emitting rapid columns of steam and smoke, and holding as yet its fires in active force. We approached as near as we dared, and threw blocks of cool lava into it; but the smoke was too thick to see far down, and the roar too great to judge its depth by the falling rocks. We were obliged to leave this opening very soon by a cloud of nauseous gas; and this, as the natives assured us, would be swiftly followed by others deadly poisonous.

We followed the course of the main torrent back until it divided into four streams, reaching to the ocean in long,

wide channels of broken, smoking lava. One may judge the force of this eruption by the fact of its forming a new beach, extending a mile into the water, at the extremity of which an island was thrown up—black, frowning, desolate—looking like one of the monster cones transplanted from Kilauea. Nothing is more awful than a landscape black with lava, or gray with ashes and pumice cinders. It rises in huge ridges, heavy boulders, and inky breakers, gleaming with metallic lustre in the sun; it spreads far and wide from the mountain-base to the sea, a dark repetition of sunken pits, fresh crater-beds, yawning chasms of hideous danger, walls of broken lava, and whole miles of volcanic sand, ashes, and “clinkers.” The very mind wearies of it at last, and one wonders how the sweet breeze can blow over it, or the calm heaven look down as serenely as if it only gazed on pastoral scenes, dotted with drowsy goats and sheep, and glittering with morning dews.

After you leave this district of Kau, there is no more lava. You have left behind the smoking fires, the rent earth, the wild story of horror written blackly over the fair face of Nature. Then, again, come breezy rides over grassy plains, or through park-like vistas; slow saunters in vast forests, where the interlaced branches make overhead a perpetual shade; soft days of dreamy enjoyment, in a solitude that is only broken by the “voices of the wood,” or the chance figure of some indolent native, basking his careless life away under a lofty palm; silken hours, that run into each other all too swiftly; sunsets, that tinge the artist's dreams, but find no answering colors on his palette; bars of crimson and gold lying athwart the western sky, and through them sinking, in a flood of glorious light, the fiery god into the rosy sea; then, the warm flushes of glows unknown beyond these latitudes—strange quiverings of amethyst and pale

orange, changing, as the short twilight deepens, into dyes rarer than Tyrian purple.

O, tropic woods and skies! O, beautiful tropic sea! What purity thy solemn language holds!—what blessed *rest* for

the dusty feet of the human wayfarer!—what an unspeakable tenderness is in the sweet minor that stirs thy forest choirs!—and what a holiness, as of the place of prayer, in the shadowy aisles of these primeval cathedrals!

IN AND AROUND ASTORIA.

IT was a clear June morning when we “made” Cape Disappointment, to the northward, and a brisk breeze soon brought us to the mouth of the Columbia. This grand river, the main commercial artery of Oregon, fed by the mountain torrents of the interior, runs far into the ocean before losing itself in the salter water. As you look up its valley, the scenery fully equals the anticipations of the traveler. On the right, among the broken ranges, peers Saddle Mountain, with its peculiar, jagged summit—a landmark which often gladdens the eye of the tempest-tossed seaman. Farther inland are seen the heavy-timbered highlands, and, towering in the distance, the snow-clad peak of St. Helen’s, rising to the height of 11,225 feet. To the left is Cape Disappointment, its brown cliffs capped with a growth of tall firs and a white tower light-house. Near by are Chinook Point and Scarborough’s Hill, which bound the eastern extremity of Baker’s Bay. Farther up, Point Ellis is seen, wooded to the water’s edge, like many others along the river banks. To the northward extends a diversified country, clothed in the ever-green foliage of the fir and hemlock.

Crossing the bar, we were soon anchored off Astoria. The principal part of the town is built a little to the west of the old trading-post, but some of the best dwellings are situated near. All that remain of the old establishment are the rock foundations of the chimneys,

and the cellars and embankments. The rising ground immediately back, for the distance of long musket-range, was cleared of trees by the fur-traders, to prevent the Indians attacking them in ambush. In going over the ground now, it is difficult to realize the fact, for, at the present time, is found a growth of trees, some of which measure three feet in diameter at the base. On a hill-side, intervening between the old trading grounds and the farther limits of the former clearings, is the cemetery of the town.* The first head-stone erected here was wrought out of the brown sandstone found along the shores of the river; and the workmanship, evidently, was that of some ingenious *employé* of the Hudson’s Bay Company, who, with the rude tools at hand, managed to erect a comely monument to the officer whose remains lie beneath it. The cemetery is not inclosed by wall or pickets, but nearly every grave has a neat fence of wood or iron around it, fashioned according to the taste of the one who has paid the last tribute of affection to the departed. Several were adorned with moss-roses and wild flowers in full bloom.

When we first visited this place, the luxuriant verdure of a moist climate covered the land; but after the frosts of winter came, turning the velvet hedge to leafless twigs, it exposed the rough

*New grounds are now inclosed in a valley beyond.

stones marking the graves of two men who met a fate similar to that of their officer, and who, for some reason, were buried on lower ground, near the bank of the river. The memorial cut upon their humble monuments was nearly effaced; but what remained read as follows: "*Ni M — of — John I — Aged — Seam — Todd — In Cross — River M — 1814.*"

The view from the cemetery is full of interest. The distant Cape Disappointment is plainly seen, which is fortified with the heaviest ordnance of late invention. One discharge of the battery might do more execution than a hundred rounds from a line-of-battle ship in the days when the Columbia was first visited by vessels of war.

On the swift tide, drifting to the ocean, are seen green trees, with their waving tops, appearing as if uprooted from the river banks by rapid currents and the blasts that sweep through the valley. On the opposite shore, near Chinook Point, once curled the smoke from the lodges of a numerous tribe of the aborigines; but they, with their inhabitants, have passed away. The camp-fires have ceased to burn, and already have sprung up the new dwellings of the immigrants and their children, showing that an ancient race has passed away, and a superior one has taken its place.

Near the native village, a *numclose* ground was set apart and regarded as sacred, where the Great Spirit made its nightly visits. Perched upon stakes in the canoe, the Indian found a sepulchre — the warrior, with his bow and quiver of arrows, his fishing-tackle, and other necessary articles about him, ready, as tradition says, to begin life in the other world. But facts entirely destroy the romance of the Indian burial, when we find, on visiting the grounds, that all the personal effects of the deceased have in some manner been made useless, to prevent them from being appropriated to the benefit of the living; so the hunter

and fisher who has gone to the spirit-land will find all his implements sadly out of order: the tin-ware perforated, the crockery broken, the bow cracked, and arrows destitute of point or feather; and all, like their former owner, have ceased to be useful in this world. "The foaming breakers, prowling at the margin of the ocean, run over the treacherous quicksands which cover many a gallant ship that has sailed around the world, triumphing over storm and wave, till buried deep beneath the Columbia's sands. All around is full of interest; and in this home of the dead lie people from almost every clime, who have passed a life of adventure, and whose true biographies would make a volume of thrilling incidents.

Astoria has a population of about five hundred. All the buildings are wooden structures, generally painted white, giving the town a neat, pleasant appearance. It is the shire-town of Clatsop County. The court-house is located near the centre of the place. The custom-house is at the foot of one of the principal streets, near the beach. The Episcopal church, whose spire is ornamented with a gilt cross, rises above the surrounding dwellings; and for this neat structure much credit is due the ladies of the "society," who have given entertainments, where refreshments were sold at such prices as were sure to pay a good profit. To provide a bell, they hit upon the plan to raise the purchase-money by giving notice to the Sunday-school children that by putting a "bit" into the "bell fund" every Sabbath, their contributions would soon amount to a dollar, and that sum would entitle each one to a share in the bell; and every shareholder is to have the bell rung five minutes on the day of his or her wedding. It is needless to say that the bell fund was completed, the bell purchased; and, doubtless, the question has puzzled the brain of many a fair Astorian, who would receive the first com-

pliment from the silver-tongued orator that holds so elevated a position above them.

Another new church has been erected on a slightly spot in the suburbs, which adds much to the beauty of the place. The community like to see tasteful public buildings, and all have subscribed liberally toward their erection.

The place where the custom-house now stands is known as Shark Point. It derived its name from being the site chosen for the temporary dwelling-place of the officers and crew of the United States schooner *Shark*, wrecked on the bar at the mouth of the Columbia, in 1846. They built substantial quarters out of drift-logs, which were in abundance along the beach, forming the walls of round timber, and covering the roof with planks split from the straight-grained fir and cedar. The building took the name of "The Shark House," and was, up to the day of its destruction, turned to any purpose that occasion required. It sheltered many an immigrant who had passed through all the hardships of "crossing the plains;" at one time it was converted into a cooper's shop; an early settler, with his wife, at another period, made it their dwelling-place. A pile of staves served them for a bedstead for the first week, and here they lived in comparative comfort, after the toils of their long overland journey from the East, and recorded that "one of the bright spots in their lives was the time they lived in the Shark House." At another time, it was turned into a store, where a variety of goods suited to the trade were to be had at three hundred per cent. above the original cost. Characteristic of frontier life—ready for adventure or frolic—the Shark House, on the Fourth of July, 1849, was turned into a ball-room, where a general gathering of choice spirits assembled, who, forgetting past troubles, made the day and night a time of jubilee. One of the guests, in dilating upon the

festivities, remarked: "Old nigger Saul, one of the *Peacock's* crew, was the fiddler. When we began to dance, the floor was a little wavy; but it was all on a level afore morning, though!"

There are no good roads leading from Astoria. One was opened at the expense of the Government, several years since, as far as Salem, the capital of the State; but there is little need of roads at present, as water communication to all places adjacent is much more convenient: hence have sprung up a large fleet of river-craft, from common row-boats up to plungers, sloops, and schooners. The Astorians, in lieu of "driving out," go boat-sailing, or boat-rowing, as may best suit their fancy: some of the ladies being skilled in the use of light-pulling oars, or "sculls," as well as the management of a boat under sail. Frequently may be seen parties embarked on the large, convenient "plungers," for a pleasure excursion on the broad Columbia or its tributaries, and sloops and schooners plying to and fro with loads of produce. One of the latter passed us, drifting lazily with the tide: the Dutch skipper was hoisting sail, while his Indian *frau* was at the helm. From appearances, he and his companion made up the crew—a unity of aquatic characters as much in imitation of good old Holland life on board the galiot, as a scow-schooner and a squaw on the Columbia could make it.

On the right bank of the Columbia, ten miles from its mouth, projects a rounding elevation of land, thickly wooded, called Tongue Point; midway between this and the old Fort Astoria is a cluster of dwellings, and the first custom-house building, erected at the time Columbia River was made a port of entry. The founder of this settlement was General Adair, the first Collector of Customs, and who filled the office for many years. He still holds to his first choice of residence in the country, living in a commodious cot-

tage, with his fruit trees on one side and the forest firs on the other.

In the bay formed by Tongue Point, the hulk of the old ship *Silva de Grace* rests on a reef of rocks. She was wrecked in 1849, with a cargo of lumber on board, bound to San Francisco, where rough boards were selling at sixty cents a foot. The vessel now appears as if clinging like a mammoth *aulone* to its slimy bed, listed a little to starboard, with her bow slightly elevated. The full figure of a headless woman surmounts the cutwater, indicating that this noble ship was once one of the finest afloat. Her bulwarks are now gone, and the forecastle, where the active crew trod the deck, is now overgrown with moss and waving grass. The starboard side of the quarter-deck—that post of honor, where the care-worn captain took his promenade—is marked by a luxuriant bunch of alders just peering above the taffrail. It has been frequently said by the inhabitants along the river, that “if the old *Silvie* could only talk, wouldn’t she spin a yarn?”

The two headlands forming the mouth of the Columbia are Point Adams, and Cape Disappointment, or Hancock. The former is a sandy flat, covered with trees, and the last-mentioned a picturesque landmark rising to the height of about three hundred feet. In view of accounts given by the early explorers, Disappointment seems a fitting name for it. Mention has been made of its being a promontory, on which the light-house stands; and on the brink of the cliffs, facing Point Adams and Baker’s Bay, are batteries of heavy guns that fortify the northern bank of the river. The quarters for the officers, as well as the barracks for the troops, and other necessary buildings, are situated behind the cape, along the western border of Baker’s Bay. The light-keeper’s house is also there. A military air of neatness and good order pervades the whole establishment.

The scene from the cape, seaward, is an expanse of rolling ocean; in the mouth of the Columbia, boiling breakers, sand-spits, and winding channels. On visiting the cape, we were reminded that “the cave,” a little to the northward, was worth seeing, and we visited it. In form, it is not peculiar. Its length is about two hundred feet; width and height, at its mouth, one-fourth of its length. It is a mere air-hole, left by some fiery eruption of past ages; but once within its labyrinths, facing toward the sea, the sights and sounds are interesting. On the left are the breakers, rolling up their foaming tops along the channel of the Columbia, where the mariners of olden times had threaded the treacherous passage. Before you the heavy surge of the Pacific is tumbling in with deafening sounds, and the distant edge of the blue sea undulates toward the clouds. After watching the restless waters for a few moments, one feels as though the basaltic foundation beneath his feet was still in motion.

Near the head of Baker’s Bay, in 1850, stood a wooden hotel and a few houses, that boasted the name of “Pacific City.” Although it has been represented on paper as a coming metropolis, the hotel was all that gave significance to the place, and the last known of it was that a rank alder had forced its way through and above the roof.

On our arrival, we passed the mouths of the rivers Skipperton, Young’s, and Lewis and Clark’s. Of these rivers, Young’s is the most eastern, and is about twelve miles in its windings; Lewis and Clark’s—of about the same extent—is only remarkable for its name; and the Skipperton, about three miles long, is navigable two-thirds of its length. On the coast, thirty miles south of the Columbia, is a small river, called the Nehalem, whose source is in the hilly country about ten miles to the eastward. Along its northern banks rises Mount

Ne-a-kah'-ne, which is shorn of trees on the side facing the sea, and may be seen when passing near the coast.

Numerous conflicting reports have for a long time been in circulation among the whites, concerning treasure that is said to have been buried by either Japanese, Chinese, or Spanish sailors, or freebooters, at a date anterior to the discovery of the Columbia by Heceta. The most authentic account, drawn from the principal chiefs of the Nehalem tribe, is, that many years ago a vessel, with a great number of men on board, armed with guns and swords, was wrecked near the mouth of the Nehalem; the personal effects of those on board, some chests of money or treasure, and the boats, being all that was saved. A large excavation having been made, the treasure was deposited, with great care and ceremony, and two swords were laid in the form of a cross upon it, before the earth was replaced. The Indians were made to understand that they must never attempt to approach or molest what was there deposited, on penalty of offending the Great Spirit. At the time of depositing the treasure, two men from among the shipwrecked crew were interred. Soon after, all of the remaining survivors embarked in their boats and steered southward.

It is generally believed that the vessel in question must have been one of

the old Spanish *galleons*, or some one of the buccaneers who formerly visited the Spanish coast on the Pacific. Whatever may have been the character of the vessel and her numerous crew, the ceremony performed at the time made such an impression on the minds of the savages that to this day the tradition is held in the greatest sincerity; no Indian, it is said, can be induced to approach nearer the supposed locality than is necessary to point out the approximate place.

Another tradition among them is, that many years ago a Japanese or Chinese vessel came ashore between the Nehalem and the Columbia, laden with beeswax; that in this vessel there were only two or three men, all of whom took Indian wives, and adopted Indian life.

Up to the present time, large square cakes of wax are occasionally found along the adjacent shores; one piece we have seen had the imprints of beach stones upon it, and the surface had turned nearly white, except where covered with black sand, but in no other respect had it deteriorated by age, or by being submerged in sea-water. No relics, however, remain of those ancient vessels to indicate the spot where they became wrecks, although several visionary money-diggers have made fruitless search for the treasure supposed to have been hidden at the foot of Ne-a-kah'-ne, on the banks of the Nehalem.

EXPECTATION.

What news, I wonder, from the south!
I saw a sail blow past the Head.
I wonder if my lovers still
Are watching for me from the hill,
Whereon the palms are dry with drouth,
And ferns are crisp and dead!

I wonder if my lovers yet
Are all beginning to forget
How dear the day was when we sat
Upon our island Ararat,
While floods were beating at its base,
And winds in anger seemed to fret
Our new-found dwelling-place!

The bark was driving on the beach:
How far life seemed beyond our reach!
The shore was thronged with savage men;
They plunged into the surf, and then,
Above the breakers' deafning roar,
They gave us each some cheering speech,
And helped us to the shore.

What sweet, unprofitable hours
We passed within the silent land:
Calm, or impatient; sadly mute,
Or merry in a mild dispute;
Long days of summer, 'ripe and hale,'
Our horizon hemmed in with flowers,
Till, rescued by a passing sail,
We gave each dusky friend a hand,
And parted on the sand.

I wonder how my lovers are!
I wonder if the lime has shed
The name I cut upon its bark!
I wonder if they speared the shark
We chased one night by torch and star—
He had our pet kid in his mouth!
The sea rolls in with easy swell;
I saw a sail blow past the Head;
"She's from the line," I heard it said—
And there is where my lovers dwell,
Along the burning south.

QUICKSILVER, AND ITS HOME.

PLINY tells us that, seven hundred years before the Christian era, the Greeks and Romans were supplied with quicksilver from the mines of Almaden, in Spain, which they applied to barometric and thermometric science, and the art of gilding and silvering copper, brass, etc.

Through the many centuries which have elapsed since that period, the Almaden Mine has been worked pretty constantly; yet it has not reached a depth of more than one thousand feet, and its veins are still as prolific as in the medieval days of its discovery. Since 1827 to a recent period, it has produced 1,100 tons of mercury, annually, with a corps of less than a thousand men. For a time the Government, in order to uphold the price of quicksilver, restricted the production of the mine to 150 tons—although it has been estimated that the product might easily amount to 600 tons—annually; but the discovery of immense deposits of mercurial ores in California induced that power to relax the stringency of those regulations, in order to save to itself, if possible, the trade of the Central American and Mexican markets, which were turning to California for their supply of mercury for metallurgic purposes. The lode under exploration at Almaden, extending a distance of many miles, is sixteen yards thick, and enlarges as the work of excavation progresses. The ore is the sulphide commonly called cinnabar—a mineral of various shades, principally of a dull red color and bright scarlet streak. At the close of the Moorish dominion in Spain, the mines became the property of the religious knights of Calatrava, who acquired their possession as a reward

for their services in expelling the Moors. They were farmed out to the celebrated Fugger merchants, of Augsburg, who explored them thoroughly, and introduced new systems of metallurgic treatment, which, though much improved, has not prevented the enormous waste of mercury which has ever characterized the workings of the mine.

The smelting of quicksilver ores is comparatively simple. The apparatus in use at Almaden is the aludel furnace, represented as being “barbarous in the highest degree.” The ore is broken into small pieces, and placed in a stone pit, somewhat similar to a lime-kiln, upon open, dome-shaped arches, which form the perforated sole of this chamber, according to its quality, the poorest being at the bottom. The whole is then covered with soft bricks, well cemented, so as to prevent, as far as possible, the escape of the vapors. The ore is subjected to a white heat from the fires immediately under the arches, when the mercury volatilizes and passes into the range of 150 aludels, through which a strong draught carries it. These aludels are pear-shaped, stone-ware vessels, open at both ends, and are merely thrust into one another and luted with loam. In its passage through these vessels a considerable portion of the vapor condenses, and the balance is conducted, through wooden pipes, into cisterns filled with water, where most of it is condensed in the cooler atmosphere. Much of the vapor escapes through the chimneys. The mercury falls upon the bottom of the aludels and cisterns in shining globules, where it collects until the distillation ceases. The evaporation continues for twelve hours, and the whole is al-

lowed to remain closed for five or six days to cool, when the aludels are unluted, and the shining metal carefully removed. This gives but a general idea of the apparatus: a more particular description might be considered uninteresting. The particulars in which those furnaces are so defective, is, that in the multitude of joints connecting the aludels, there must be a continual shrinkage of the luting, through which the vapors escape in large quantities, not only to the great loss of product, but having a poisonous effect on the health of the operatives. The ore yields but ten per cent.: the balance—more than half, as shown by analysis—is lost and dispersed in the air.

A new method, known as the “great apparatus of Idria,” was introduced at the latter mines, to overcome the inconveniences and loss resulting from the aludels; but, as the vapors are inclosed for condensing within walls of brick or stone, which can not be rendered sufficiently tight to prevent the escape of the obnoxious fumes, the improvements are of little importance. If the loss of quicksilver were the only consequence resulting from the wholesale escape of the vapors, it might not be of great consequence to the proprietors of a mine whose deposits of cinnabar seem to be inexhaustible; but the sacrifice of human happiness and life caused by the deleterious effects of breathing mercurial fumes—which are dispersed broadcast through the atmosphere, owing to a criminal neglect to introduce the improved methods of subliming quicksilver ores suggested by science—is a subject of vital importance to a certain class of unfortunate beings, whom Nature has destined to toil and hardship. Few, who labor in the smelting works any length of time, escape the deplorable effects of salivating. Only a short time elapses before the countenance of the laborer becomes sallow; his teeth become loose

in his swollen gums; his appetite is gone; a copious ptyalism sets in; his bones honey-comb, and his lungs ultimately decay, bringing the unfortunate victim to a premature grave. For this reason, which is all-sufficient, it is difficult to supply men enough to keep the works in motion. Criminals, who are condemned to be shot, are offered by the Government the alternative of working in the mines, which many of them decline, preferring the more speedy means of ending an existence forfeited by their crimes, to the lingering death consequent upon the continuous inhalation of an atmosphere impregnated with the fumes of arsenic, antimony, and sulphur.

The population of Almaden are represented to be a laborious, improvident, and simple-minded race, and as victims of a mismanagement as criminal as it is injurious to commerce. Under the management of the Rothschilds, who now work those mines, the condition of the smelters has been greatly ameliorated. One-half of the whole number employed are kept at work for three months at a time. They are then allowed to enjoy the pure air of the mountains, away from the mines, as best they may, while the other half work the ores. In this way, each gang enjoy a rest of three months every alternate quarter, much to their happiness, and the improvement of their physical energies. In cases of salivating, the white of eggs, milk, or other substance containing albumen, swallowed in profusion, is the most effectual antidote.

Although quicksilver usually occurs as a sulphide, it is found in small drops attached to the ores, and often appears in a liquid form upon breaking the ground where it exists. It was first discovered at Idria, in Austria, in a small well, from which the fluid trickled down the side of the mountain in which the mine is situated. The existence of mercury in Mexico was discovered by a Mexican travel-

er, who, in climbing the mountains of his native land, caught hold of a small bush to aid his ascent, which he pulled up, when a mass of liquid mercury ran from the broken ground. The delighted and astonished adventurer, supposing that he had discovered a rich mine of liquid silver, sought every means to solidify it for coining purposes. The futility of his efforts was soon demonstrated, however, and he gave up the task. Although alchemists have for centuries advanced the theory of the transmutation of metals, and have used every argument to substantiate the doctrine, they have not succeeded in maintaining their opinions. Science, however, in its attempts to prove the possibility of transmutation, by experiment, has clothed the theory with a semblance of reason, sufficient to induce such chemists as M. Dumas and Professor Faraday to labor arduously to produce this result. It has been ascertained by Dr. Draper, of New York, that silver is capable of transmutation into another metal, possessing some of the properties and characteristics of gold.

Of the many uses to which quicksilver is applied, none is more important than its agency in the abstraction of the precious metals from their ores.

Quicksilver enters into the composition of many important medicaments, the use of which might be largely restricted, to the benefit of society. Although mercury, in its ordinary state, is inactive as a medicine, and passes through the system unaltered, it absorbs, and in consequence becomes active, when in the extremely comminuted form to which it is reduced in medicinal preparations. The minuteness of the particles in mercurial ointment, and in the common blue pill, may be estimated by examining the compound through a microscope. When pure mercury is shaken with water or oil of turpentine, or rubbed with chalk, lard, or sulphur, it is reduced to a gray powder, which consists of minute glob-

ules, not discernible by the naked eye, blended with the foreign body, and when this is abstracted, they again unite into liquid mercury. It is impossible to dissolve quicksilver into any foreign matter so as to become an inseparable part of it. No matter how fine the mixture might be, or however thoroughly it may be compounded, the mercury will always return to running liquid upon a removal of the substance with which it is mixed.

California already ranks as foremost among the quicksilver-producing countries of the world. The New Almaden quicksilver mines are situated in the Sierra Azul, in the Santa Cruz Range, which divides the broad valley of San José from the Pacific Ocean, and are accessible from San Francisco, by rail to San José, thence by stage, in a few hours' ride. Long before the hunting-grounds of the aborigines were despoiled by the pale-faced descendants of the Caucasian race, when the Indians revelled in their primitive freedom among their native hills in California, and made hostile raids upon one another when more congenial pastime was wanting, their supply of war-paint was obtained from a vermilion cave, which has since been brought to notice as one of the most extensive quicksilver mines in the world. The vermilion was manufactured into a rude pigment, to adorn the persons of the savage braves who held practical control of the country in those days. Its use was not continued long, however, as it is said to have produced an irritation of the skin; and was, on that account, supposed by the Red Men to have a direct agency with the Evil One. The cave was deserted in consequence, and other sources of adornment resorted to.

The Mexican *vaqueros*, whose adventurous spirits led them from the land of the Montezumas to settle in the sunny valley of San José—the fertile soil and luxuriant pasturage of which furnished

an abiding-place for their cattle, as well as a rich field for the production of their vegetable necessities—were sorely perplexed in their conjectures as to the object of the Indians in having penetrated the mountain-side where no indication of the precious metals existed, if, indeed, they had any idea of gold or silver quartz; but the amount of their curiosity on the subject was not attended with the proper spirit of discovery, and the wealth with which the mountain was teeming remained bound up within the confines of its rocky limits, unknown, until 1824, when a gentleman whose attention had been drawn to the cave, discovered some value in it not known to his predecessors. He failed in his attempt to open the mine, through lack of means, and so it remained until 1845. In that year the Mexican Government sent an officer to California to inspect and strengthen the defenses of the territory against the then threatening attitude of the United States; and in traveling through the country on his military mission, was shown the cave, as one of the curiosities of that neighborhood. He prospected it and experimented on the ore, which he found to be rich in cinabar. He communicated the result of his experiments to his Government, with the opinion that the mine would justify any expenditure in its development; and received instructions to open it accordingly. After California had been ceded to the United States, in 1848, many adverse claimants brought the title to the mine into litigation. At the trial of the case at San Francisco, in which Reverdy Johnson—the late Minister to Great Britain—was engaged, many witnesses, who were leading officials in the administration of the Mexican Government at the time the several claims to the mine arose, were examined, a steamer having been especially chartered to convey them hither from Mexico. Considerable excitement prevailed, until the Unit-

ed States Supreme Court finally confirmed the title in the present owners. After years of vexatious litigation, during most part of which the working of the mines was suspended by injunction, the Company commenced an earnest and vigorous prosecution of the work.

Feeling a natural curiosity to visit this noted spot, we left San José on a hot, sultry day in July. We drove along a rough road, shaded on either side by large oak and elm-trees; and, aside from the deep ruts and choking clouds of dust raised by the wheels, the ride was quite enjoyable. Turning a bend in the road, at the foot of the valley of San José, twelve miles from that town, we found ourselves under the shade of a thick row of locust-trees, which run along the road-side for a half-mile, spreading their branches over a parallel row of neat, uniformly built cottages, inhabited by the miners of New Almaden, and constituting the picturesque village of that name. High mountains rise abruptly on all sides, effectually shutting out the light breeze that usually tempers the rays of the sun outside the little valley in which we find ourselves, and rendering the atmosphere insufferably close. The thick branches of the locust row almost conceal the houses in their shady folds; and not until the traveler has been some distance into the village, does he discern the long line of yellow-painted houses, which receive a new coat of yellow dust raised by every wagon that passes by. A tomb-like stillness prevailed in the little town as we entered. The miners were at work on the mountain, and their wives were lounging on rocking-chairs, in the cool shade of the trees, humming little songs to while away the time. Many of them were washing clothes in the clear, ever-flowing brook which courses along the road-side, watering the roots of the locusts; while a few were endeavoring, by soothing words, to console their cry-

ing babies, whose shrill little voices drowned even the gruff barking of several shaggy curs, who sulkily raised themselves out of the dust to avoid the wheels of our buggy, and with their tails curled between their legs, skulked away, casting back grinning glances at the intruders who disturbed their day-dreams, as we passed through to the hotel, at the extreme end of the village. This establishment is a long, low, dingy structure of *adobe*. The bar-room is the rendezvous of a crowd of half-drunk Indians and Spanish Californians, who fraternize with each other in deep potations of the worst description of spirituous liquors—so much of which is found in country grog-shops, especially in mining towns—and turn the floor and rude tables into lounging-places, where they sleep off the effects of inebriation, and swear at a pack of hungry dogs, who occasionally chance to disturb their slumbers by smelling round their swarthy faces and greasy clothes, for food.

Farther on, the smelting works stand, and near is the bottling establishment of the "New Almaden Vichy Water Company." This mineral water runs from a spring in the mountain-side, through a pipe, which conveys it to a cistern, from which it is bottled and sent to market. Behind the works, a road winds its serpentine curves over a mountain, covered, from its base to the crest, with scrub-oak, sycamore, laurel, and wild gooseberry-trees. As we ascended the mountain, an attractive panorama of ever-changing scenery opened to our view. Away to where the sky drops a hazy curtain over the horizon, stretched the valley of San José—rolled perfectly level by Nature—with its rising towns; its waving fields of ripe grain; its groaning orchards; its busy farmers; its fruiterers everywhere relieving the trees of burdens which dragged their branches to the ground, and its bands of fat cattle roaming at large under the shade of

the numerous groves by which the valley is studded. The dome of the courthouse of San José and the church-steeple of that town stretched their spires far above the trees by which they are surrounded. The town of Santa Clara, three miles beyond, is also discernible by its less pretentious church-steeple; and the *alameda* connecting these towns—planted by the Franciscan Fathers, long before California fell under American jurisdiction—is plainly traceable. Redwood City and the barren sand-hills of San Francisco are brought within the scope of our vision, with the aid of a glass. The waters of the Bay of San Francisco back up into the valley under the Alameda Mountains. The smoke of a steamer and its bright track in the silvery water are also visible. On the left, the Coast Range, covered with woods, forms the arc of a circle, its radius curving outward. The Alameda Mountains extend away to the right, inclosing within their bounds the valley and the bay beyond it.

Near to the summit we reached the mines, at an elevation of 1,700 feet above the sea-level. Activity prevailed in every quarter. The miners were moving about from place to place: some discharging the cars as they emerged from the mouths of the many tunnels which pierce the mountain; others assorting the ore, under a long row of sheds, and shipping it in the cars for transmission to the reduction-works, over a railroad laid down the mountain-side, while many were emerging from or disappearing into the tunnels, giving the mountain the appearance of a gigantic bee-hive. Entering the main tunnel in company with a guide, we commenced our journey through the mine. This tunnel is eight hundred feet long by ten feet wide, and ten feet high to the crown of the arch, and is supported by massive timbers to its full length. Through this a railroad is laid, on which cars are run in and out

by hand. The light of day reaches but a short distance within the subterranean passage, and our candles shed but a faint ray of light around our path; hardly sufficient to discern the spot upon which we were to make the next step, as we cautiously pursued our inward course. Large steam-pipes, suspended from the timbers, conveyed to the machinery within the element which creates its power. The heated atmosphere draws the perspiration from the body in profusion; and however objectionable a steam-bath may be under such circumstances, the visitor has to take it, nevertheless. A faint light warns us of the approach of a loaded car, and we flatten ourselves against the wall until it has passed. We grope our way until we reach the mouth of a shaft, the bottom of which is 468 feet beneath us. In a large chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, stands an engine, which hoists the ore from the various levels below. The roof of this chamber drips with moisture, and a feeling of icy coldness seized us, shaking our confidence in the propriety of further investigation; but the innate feeling of curiosity which impelled us to the undertaking transcended every consideration, and with our guide and lights we entered the large iron bucket used for bringing up the ore, and felt ourselves sinking into impenetrable darkness. We were filled with a strange feeling of awe, which was hardly suppressed with the recollection that scores of men pass up and down the narrow shaft daily, unharmed, and fearing that the display of any dread on our part would bring upon us the ridicule of the miners, we braved the dangers of travel underground with an air of security which we did not feel; for many old shafts hold their yawning throats agape for the unwary visitor whose vigilance is not eternally alive. The darkness of the shaft is intense. We closed our eyes to relieve them from a sense of oppression,

caused by the painful blackness. Down we went rapidly, thoughts of defective links in the chain that suspended us filling our minds the while. The faint glimmer of a light shot past us. We were passing the first level. Still sinking, we held our breath; down, down, until the bucket stopped at the lower level. Here a blacksmith's shop was in full operation, and every one in sight was so busy at his particular occupation that the scene imparted to the visitor a certain animation at once interesting and novel. Passing through a drift, we reached a large chamber, from the floor of which we descended by a flight of steps cut in the rock to a cavern still farther beneath. Heavy timbers support the excavations as they are made. The sound of the pick and shovel; the sharp clink of the borer's hammer as it strikes the bar with which he is drilling blasting-holes on the surrounding galleries, and ever and anon the gayety of the miners as some joke provokes a hearty laugh among them, reach one's ears from above, below, and around him. Candles hung on the walls force a dull gleam through the Egyptian darkness, and furnish the only light by which the miners ply their vocation.

Cinnabar is found in this mine in stratified deposits, though specimens have been observed disseminated in the rock. The lodes are connected throughout the body of the mountain by small streaks running through the surrounding granite, requiring a practiced eye to follow the vein to the next lode. The miners work on shares, the Company allowing them mining utensils and a small amount per day until a deposit is found, when the laborers receive an agreed price per *carga* for the ore, having the amounts paid as wages, and the value of the powder and steel used in prospecting operations, first deducted by the Company. In this way the miners can not shirk their duties, or "loiter by the way," without injuring their own inter-

ests, as their remuneration depends upon their own exertions and perseverance; and thus a mutual benefit accrues to the Company and its *employés*. There are two classes of miners in these subterranean caverns: laborers and ore-carriers. The former use the pick and shovel; while the latter, being men of superior muscular power, pack the heavy bags of ore on their shoulders, up the perpendicular steps—over deep pits on a single plank, where a misstep would precipitate them to fearful depths below—and through the various winding passages of the mine to the level, from which it is hoisted to the outer world. Accidents rarely occur. The only one of note happened a few years ago, by which two men lost their lives. Upon entering a pit, one of the unfortunate men was noticed by his comrade to reel and fall, and going to his assistance, he was also overcome, and both met a common fate. An inquiry established the fact that the men perished from the effects of inflammable hydrogen.

The mines are considered healthy and secure, and the ruddy and healthy appearance of the men is the best evidence that they are so; while, at the reduction works, the operatives are cadaverous and salivated. Being satisfied with our experience of mining life, we ascended; and finding ourselves again in the open air, we breathed freely, and felt an inward satisfaction that our meanderings so far underground were terminated.

The population of New Almaden (exclusively miners) are an incongruous mixture, representing many nationalities—twenty-seven, it is said—Mexicans and Cornishmen predominating. It would be in vain to expect a universal spirit of harmony to exist in such a number of opposite elements: so the many petty quarrels and disputes of daily occurrence pass unnoticed by the officers of the mines, as long as their differences are not carried to any great extent.

Most of them live in "The Town on the Hill," which is a collection of rude wooden shanties—strangers both to paint and whitewash—standing near the top of the mountain. On "pay-day," this little hamlet puts on its liveliest appearance. As soon as the improvident miners grasp their hard-earned wages, the grog-shops become crowded, and an extensive traffic in whisky, cards, fandangos, and music is carried on until the last dollar is expended. That portion of the fair members of the New Almaden community who may with safety be called frail, lend their charms to these scenes of dissipation, and by their blandishments succeed in winning the smiles, and, with them, the hard-earned money of the "honest miner," to the prejudice of his family, if he has any—although most of them are untrammelled by these incumbrances—and to his own financial ruin. In former years, the San José stage brought over crowds of bad characters, of both sexes—gamblers and dissolute females—to follow their illegitimate callings, until the miners had not only spent their earnings, but in many cases pledged the prospective result of the "next strike." To stop this growing evil, the Superintendent found it necessary to adopt stringent measures for the suppression of this outside trade; and, happily for the miners, he succeeded in a great measure, but not altogether to the satisfaction of lovers of industry and morals. During their prospecting periods the miners suffer many deprivations, the result of this folly; but never learn a profitable lesson from former experience. The next pay-day brings about the usual programme. There are a few little churches in the village, which are well attended on Sunday, and the inhabitants are devout so far as external appearances go; but their sincerity is doubtful. If a circus happened round that way, we should not like to pledge a full attendance at church.

The smelting process employed at New Almaden bears some similarity to the apparatus at Idria; but to remedy the difficulties experienced there and at Spanish mines, cast-iron retorts, which possess all the peculiarities suited to the volatilizing and condensation of mercury, are in use. The mercurial vapors are condensed in a chamber which is divided into sixteen compartments, partitioned by thin, brick walls, pierced with holes in the bottom and top of the walls alternately. Through these chambers the draught carries the vapor over the first partition, under the next, and so on through the whole series. Most of the mercury condenses in these chambers, and attaches itself to the walls like dew, or drops into the gutters at the bottom. The uncombined vapors now find their way into a larger chamber filled with water, in which the most of it condenses before escaping through the long, slanting flumes, or chimneys, to the atmosphere. The soot and vermilion are carefully removed when the apparatus becomes cool enough to be opened, and the walls are well brushed down; when it is packed into iron flasks, that being one of the few metals that are not dissolved by the application of quicksilver. Each flask contains $67\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, worth 65 cents per pound. About 153 pounds of mercury is obtained from a ton of average ore.

Some years ago, the New Almaden mines produced 48,000 flasks annually, giving employment to 1,025 men. At the present time they produce something like 20,000 flasks yearly, by the hands of about 450 men. Probably the reason for this decrease in product is, that the New Almaden Company follows the example of the Spanish Government in reducing the aggregate yield, with the view of maintaining the market value of mercury.

In 1861, the product of quicksilver throughout the world amounted to—

In California.....	1,775 tons.
In Almaden, Spain	1,000 "
In Peru	150 "
In Germany, Austria, France	125 "

Total..... 3,050 tons.

It will be seen that California produced more by five hundred tons, in one year, than the other mines together.

The mercurial ore of Almaden is composed of mercury, 36 to 41 parts; sulphur, 16 parts; foreign matters, 43 to 48 parts: it yields ten per cent. The ore of Idria is composed of mercury, 51 parts; sulphur, 8 parts; foreign matters, 41 parts: it yields ten per cent. That of California is composed of mercury, 70 parts; sulphur, 11 parts; foreign matters, 19 parts: it yields 12 per cent. That of Japan is nearly pure cinnabar, being composed of mercury, 84 parts; sulphur, 14 parts; and foreign matters, 2 parts. The stock of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mining Company is worth, at present, but 11 per cent. in Legal Tenders, which is a great decrease in its value of a few years ago, when 65 and 70 per cent. in gold was freely paid for it. Still, the Company reaps a rich harvest, and manages to maintain its own prosperity, whatever may be the fortune of the stockholders.

The possessions attached to the mines embrace the Berryesa and Justa Larios Ranchos, containing fully eight thousand acres of farming land, besides the mountain on which the mine is situated, which is rented out to small cultivators; but the mineral wealth supposed to be contained in this estate induces the proprietors to hold the land with a firm grasp, and deny all applications from would-be purchasers who show a disposition to unseal the riches lying dormant within this area; and as long as such a prospect is in view, there is little hope of speculation in that direction.

LEGEND OF SAN JUAN DE LOS LAGOS.

WE had taken our *desayuno* at La Penta, and at four o'clock in the morning, with eyes still worn down with sleep, took our places in the diligence, and sped away from the beautiful green valley, to the barren plains and brown hills beyond.

We were to breakfast at San Juan de los Lagos; so, when at about twelve o'clock it was pointed out to us, lying in a valley almost at our feet, we looked at it with admiring interest. Irrespective of the thought of breakfast which was connected with it, it was indeed a beautiful spot. It lies in a perfect basin, the bed—says history—of a large lake, which was suddenly drained by a great eruption of the volcano of Colima, several hundred miles distant. This may account for the name, as there are certainly no lakes there now to give rise to it. The whole formation of the surrounding country supports this legend; but we had not much time to observe this, so much was our attention allured by objects that appealed more directly to our feelings.

These were innumerable small crosses of wood or stone, which stood on either side of the road, with the regularity and grimness of sentinels, and, to one who knew they were the sentinels of death, they presented a most solemn and terrible aspect. Involuntarily, the hands of the gentlemen closed upon their weapons, and the ladies whisperingly asked if there were many robbers here.

"At present, no," said Don Luis, the chief authority in such matters, "though, of course, it's always well to be upon one's guard. It is in Carnival time, however, that these crosses multiply the fastest. Look at the town; is it not beautiful?"

We looked, but as the diligence spun like lightning down the steep decline, we caught only uncertain glimpses of an enchanting mixture of white houses, green trees, running water, and brilliant sunshine, and above all, the two tall spires of a church, whose lovely forms at once caught and riveted the attention.

"Splendid! aren't they?" said Don Luis. "Isn't it a pity that they are made the occasion of so much plunder and murder? It really does seem as if there is a curse upon them; and yet, in spite of all, thousands yearly flock to kneel at the consecrated shrine of that church, and scores—yes, hundreds—lose their lives by their devotion, and few indeed reach their homes without being stripped of their goods. The first appearance of a pilgrim upon this mountain road, is the signal for the gathering of banditti from the neighboring hills. But look at the towers again. Are they not beautiful?—and as the church is one of the prettiest in Mexico, I advise you to make a hurried breakfast, and go to see it. And when we are again upon the road, if you would like to hear it, I will tell you the legend which, in a great degree, leads to the yearly pilgrimage and its attendant horrors."

"We will certainly go to the church," we said, as the coach suddenly plunged upon the level ground of the valley, and all but a confused mass of houses and trees, and the ever-present crosses, was lost to view. These last were even more plentiful than ever upon a magnificent stone bridge, which spanned the wide, but now almost dry river, and which served to connect two busy parts of the town.

We were glad to lose sight of them

for a few moments in the breakfast-room of the diligence-house; and then, throwing shawls over our heads, that we might enter it with propriety, we hurried through the narrow and sunny streets to visit the famous church. Suddenly, we came upon a large open square, and at the head of it, occupying the whole of one side by its noble front, and raised some thirty feet, was the building we sought.

We stood for a moment at the base of the magnificent flight of granite steps, and contemplated, with admiration and astonishment, the beautiful, yet severely simple architecture. The form of every column, door, and window, the shaping of every bended cherub-head, seemed perfect—perhaps all the more so in contrast with those of the many Mexican churches we had lately visited. All had been larger, and most of them far more profusely decorated than this, but none so graceful, so light, so perfect. The towers, piercing the heavens in a succession of fluted pillars, with the most exquisitely carved cornices, were indeed enchanting; and without knowing whether they were perfect, according to any school of art, I knew that nothing had ever impressed me as being so airily beautiful.

We entered the church, and found it far more simple and elegant than most Catholic churches in Mexico, or any other country. But after one look at the lofty, quaintly painted roof, and the pictures over the altar, we found nothing in them remarkable, and returned to the diligence-house to find the mules already harnessed, and the driver impatiently waiting for us.

"Oh, Don Luis, the towers are lovely!" was our exclamation, as soon as we were seated, and the diligence had rushed at its usual break-neck pace out of the streets of the town and entered upon the more quiet country roads. "Now, begin then with the 'once upon a time'

of all story-tellers, and let us know all about them."

"I must, indeed, begin with "once upon a time," (said Don Luis) because nobody has the least idea when the occurrence actually took place. The most authentic historians can only say, that it was some years after the retreating waters of the lake exposed rich pasturage in this valley, and induced shepherds to gather here and begin the building of a town.

The town grew and flourished; and in process of time it was discovered that the little *adobe* church under the hill was not large enough to hold half the worshipers, and that it was absolutely necessary to build another. The townspeople contributed largely to this end, and the Virgin herself pointed out, in a dream, an inexhaustible quarry of sandstone, of which her chosen edifice might be built.

Now, after money sufficient for the purpose had been collected, the *padre* looked about him for a suitable person to carry into execution the designs he had already made; and the only fitting person he could hit upon was one Pablo Gonzales, a gigantic fellow, who had built half of the houses in San Juan de los Lagos, and was continually regretting that he could find nothing more worthy to employ his skill and ingenuity upon.

"Now," thought the *padre*, "if we can only agree as to how the work should be done, Pablo will be the very man to do it."

But this was the very thing they could not agree upon; and the more they talked it over, the more they disagreed. Pablo was bent upon a form and style of building entirely unheard of by the worthy *padre*; still, he was not so blind as not to see many of its advantages. But the towers—O, heaven! the towers—who ever beheld such a heathenish contrast to the square, white blocks—dear to his mem-

ory!—fluted columns, and capitals, and wreaths! Who ever heard of such a jargon, of such nonsense, of such a waste of money! What would be left, indeed, to provide pictures, and candles for the altar, if all should be expended in trumpery carvings, and heathenish columns and capitals.

"And don't you suppose," exclaimed Pablo, drawing himself up to his full eight feet of stature—for there were giants in Mexico in those days—"don't you suppose the blessed Virgin has sense enough to be better pleased with sculpture than with candles? Do you think, then, the insufferable smell of tallow can be so sweet to her?"

"Irreverent scoffer!" cried the *padre*, looking at the enraged giant. "Go thy ways: thou shalt build neither the church nor its towers. Get thee hence, lest the curse of the Church fall upon thee!"

So Pablo went out, with the great object of his life defeated: which was, to build a church which should be the glory of his native town, and the admiration of the entire country. He went out, and felt that his heart was broken. He had had troubles before: he had lost the wife of his youth, and four of his six children had followed her to the grave. Yet no other trouble had equaled the sorrow and despair with which he looked upon the broken dream of his life. Never, never should he work into enduring stone the lovely images which his brain had created. Never should he be famous. O, what a poor, miserable, fallen worm he felt himself—this giant, with the strength of a dozen men and the stature of a god.

He went to his home, hopelessly miserable. For the first time in his life he was a terror to his household. He bent his head in shame before his mother, and wept bitterly at the sight of his children. Then, at other times he waxed fierce, and called upon earth and heaven to witness his sorrow; and so it began

to be whispered about that Pablo Gonzales was mad, and people looked askance at him as they passed the door where he sat thinking, thinking, all day long; and his mother began to think like them, and to pray for a grave, instead of glory, for her son.

Pablo Gonzales was poor, and his old mother and young children were sometimes sorely pressed for food; but he never thought of seeking work after he knew that he was not to build the church, neither would he listen to those that came for him: and so, gradually, poverty and distress came upon the dreamer and his family.

One day, indeed, he seemed a little roused; for, walking toward the site of the new church, he saw that it was built after his own designs. "They have stolen my work and my fame from me," he thought, bitterly; but, in spite of his anger, he continued to visit the spot as if fascinated, until, at last, the towers were begun, and, seeing that they were to be of the horrid block shape, he exclaimed, "They are killing my beautiful creation!" He burst into tears, and hurried from the spot.

After that, a still greater change took place in him. He became at first horribly feverish and excited; then he began to complain of pains in his limbs, and of the most intense fatigue; then he lay in his bed during hours of the day, in a most intense and dreamless sleep. Still, he did not seem ill. At eventide he devoured voraciously the food his mother set before him, though he refused it at all other times.

Meanwhile, his temper became more and more capricious. The slightest thing angered and excited him, and any mention of the new church drove him into a perfect fury; and so he failed to hear a piece of news which was exciting all the town.

At the end of a year from the commencement of the church, the principal

superstructure was so far finished that the building of the towers was begun. An unsightly mass of *adobes* had been raised on each corner of the front of the church, when one morning the whole was found level with the ground!

It was a most extraordinary thing. The work of a month thrown down in a night, and by what?—by whom? Some suggested an earthquake; but many people had been awake during the night, and testified that there had been no earthquake. Some suggested one thing, and some another; but the *padre* said it was the fault of bad *adobes* and mortar, and, having a fresh lot of both made under his own direction, set his men to work to build up the towers again.

His men worked well by day, but some Power undid it all at night. Again and again were the rising towers thrown down, until, at last, the men declared it was useless to work against the devil; and the *padre* thought it best to follow their suggestions, and attempt to exorcise him.

Accordingly, after the throwing down of an unusually great amount of work, he came, attended by a large number of his clerical brethren, and with "book and bell," and the most fearful menaces of the Church, bade the Evil One begone, and then quietly set his men to work again.

They obeyed him, with renewed hope and zeal; but alas, for naught! The first thing the anxious *padre* saw, as he looked from his window the next morning, was a shapeless mass of *adobes* before the church, and where should have been by this time a goodly tower—nothing!

This was enough to make even a saint lose his temper, so it wasn't to be expected that the *padre* should do less. "By the Cross!" exclaimed he, "I've lost time and money enough already, in trying to fit the Holy Mother's taste in towers, and by the saints, I'll bother no

more about it! If she wants towers to this church, she can build them herself, or send somebody else that can do it better. Does she suppose that the whole life of a faithful priest can be bothered with towers!"

And with some dim thoughts of woman's inconsistency, he went out, in a very bad humor, to tell his men that he had been warned in a dream not to attempt to build towers to the church; and then, in high dudgeon, set them to work upon another part.

But this was not the only thing that interfered with the building of the church. The men came from the limestone quarry, and told him that, one by one, the immense blocks of stone which they had hewn for the pillars of the doors and windows had been carried away.

At first, the *padre* laughed at these reports. Then he alternately prayed in public and swore in private; and at last the service of exorcism was repeated at the quarry, but, just as at the church, without the least effect: the thefts were continued; and though several pillars had been hewn from the rock, not one remained with which to decorate the church.

Never had priest or layman so much trouble to build a church; never labored any mortal with such patience as this poor *padre*; yet he could succeed in nothing, and he was almost sinking into despair, when, awakening one morning, he looked from his window, and saw such a sight, that, forgetful of that decorum necessary not only to the priest, but the layman, he rushed across the street in his night attire, and gazed in wonder and ecstasy at his church.

Upon the right-hand corner, from whence his unsightly square of *adobes* had been thrown down, stood a foundation of stone, exquisitely cut and polished, and upon this a circle of exquisite pillars, the bases of which were sculptured with fruits and flowers, and the

capitals with angels' heads peeping forth from wreaths of leaves.

It seemed, indeed, as if the Virgin had taken the *padre* at his word, and had sent angel bands to complete his work. Within an hour, all the inhabitants of the town, and, indeed, of the whole valley, were gathered before the half-completed church, gazing with admiration and awe upon the miracle that had been worked there. But as soon as their awe had been slightly superseded by curiosity, it was with the greatest difficulty that he could prevent this tower from sharing the fate of the others. It seemed, indeed, to be doomed to destruction, so anxious were the people to possess themselves of some small particle of the heavenly handiwork. But the *padre* argued, with a great show of reason, that it wasn't at all likely that the Virgin and the Saints were going to sculpture pillars and capitals only to be destroyed; and promised all the terrors of the Church upon the daring mortal who should as much as lay a hand upon the precious stones.

They heard, and grumbled a little, but nevertheless obeyed; and although no sentinels were placed over the towers, not a stone of them was touched. One by one, at intervals of weeks, other pillars were added, and more and more beautiful grew the structures.

It certainly was the saving of a great expense. It cost nothing but the hewing of the great limestone blocks: for these, one by one, continued to disappear from the quarry. But still it was not comfortable to live where this mysterious work was going on: to hear, night after night, the click of hammers, and the sighs and groans, as of laboring men, and yet to see nothing!

The *padre* was not a brave man. Indeed, he had never even pretended to himself to be; yet he at last resolved to discover, if possible, this mystery. True, he was deterred for some time from do-

ing so by the tale of one of his parishioners, who, much bolder than himself, had stationed himself in the tower, one night, and after long watching and waiting, was suddenly seized upon by some unseen force, and hurled to the ground, where he was found, stunned and bleeding, in the morning.

The *padre* resolved to be more careful than this man; to say his prayers all the time; and, above all, not to ascend the tower, but to watch at the foot of it.

At midnight he stole silently forth from his house. He looked eagerly around. He saw, he heard nothing. Yes, listen!—what was that? A faint reverberation, as of mighty blows! The Angel Host were at work. But where? He saw nothing, and the blows resounded as if from beneath the earth. Could it be, after all, that the tower was the work of demons? Was the devil mocking them by this show of heavenly architecture? His limbs began to tremble; his knees smote together. The noise of the hammer and an awful groaning began. The *padre* turned to flee. He knew not where he went, until he suddenly found himself near the quarry, and confronted by a gigantic figure bending beneath an immense block of stone. Was the figure angel, or fiend? He could not tell. He fell down before it, bereft of life and sense; and so the work-people found him in the morning.

The next night, instead of watching, the *padre* dreamed; and his dream was that he who watched the building of the towers should surely die.

And so, unwatched, the building of the towers went on; and there was only one person in the whole country who had not seen them and marveled at their wondrous beauty. This was he who would once have gloried in them most. But Pablo Gonzales was dead to such thoughts now, and, indeed, to every other. He was gradually wasting away. His gigantic strength was gone.

Day after day, he lay on his bed in a comatose state. He scarcely touched food, and never spoke, except to say: "Oh, my dreams! My beautiful dreams! Oh God, could I but realize that of which I dream, I could die happy. Strange! I dreamed last night my work was nearly finished. Strange! Strange!"

And so two years went on. The towers were nearly finished, and Pablo Gonzales, the disappointed architect, was dying.

His poor old mother wept, day after day, in agony; but she worked hard, to feed her dying son and his starving children, and so at night she slept.

But there came at last a night when her heart's cares overcame her bodily fatigue, and she could not sleep. And so, lying awake, she heard, early in the night, a strange noise. She tremblingly arose, and looked from her window. Soon there was a slight noise at the house door. It opened, and her son came into the open air. He was dressed, and in his hand was a heavy hammer and chisel. His eyes were wide open, but they had in them a strange, ghastly look. "The sun is rising," he said, looking up to the moonlit sky; "I shall be late; they will be waiting for me"—and throwing the hammer and chisel over his shoulder, he strode rapidly down the street.

His mother rushed after him, yet at some little distance, fearing he might discover her. She followed him through the short street, across the crazy wooden bridge which then spanned the river, and on still farther; first along the river side, and then toward the hill, where lay the quarry.

But he did not go to the quarry. He stopped some rods before it, and suddenly, with one moment's exercise of the great strength which again seemed to animate him, tore aside a great stone, and revealed to his mother's astonished gaze a small cavern. It had evidently

been once much larger, but it was now almost full of blocks and chips of stone, and upon them lay two pillars, the facsimiles of those of which the famous towers were formed—two pillars which would complete the structure.

A sudden revelation filled his mother's soul. She stood there spell-bound. She saw him begin his work, saying gayly, there was nothing like sunlight for such delicate touchings. She heard him direct an imaginary throng of men to do this or that, and then complete the work himself, while he merely thought himself directing others. She saw him at last stand before his nearly completed work, with ecstasy in his wide, wide-open eyes, and then, complaining that he could see no longer, for the sun was setting, saw him come out into the early dawning, and, calling, "*Adios, José—adios, Pedro,*" to imaginary companions, close the stone against the opening of the cavern, and walk slowly and painfully home. She saw him enter his room, and undress, and go to bed, saying he would rest before eating; and then she saw again commence a day of heavy, dreamless sleep—his night.

And then, as mothers generally do, she bore her glory and her grief to God, and then rushed to the priest to tell him what she had seen.

He was astounded. He could not believe. He could believe in the miracle of angels turned builders, sooner than that Pablo Gonzales had done this gigantic work alone. True, now that he came to think of it, the towers were exactly after the plan Pablo had shown him; and besides, he was a man of immense strength, and, it was said, had, in his younger days, lifted, and even carried weights as great as were these pillars. Besides, the work had been in hand more than two years, and the *padre* had often, in his secret soul, thought that it would have been as well had the heavenly architects finished their work

a little more quickly, especially as the rough blocks were always prepared for the pillars, and they had nothing to do but carve and place them. So, the end of it was, that the *padre's* faith in the angels was a little shaken, and he resolved to obey the old woman's invitation and follow her to the cave that night.

It was late when she came for him, and nearly midnight when the two, accompanied by an old man-servant of the priest, stood before the open cave.

The bright moonlight was streaming into it, and lay full upon the two blocks of stone. Pablo was just putting the finishing touches to his work. "A little more light in this angel's eyes," he was saying. "There, there, that is perfect. Thank God, my work is finished!" And then he fell upon his knees in silent prayer, turning his wide-open, yet apparently sightless eyes to heaven.

"But, boys," he said, "these pillars must be set in their places to-day. I've promised that, you know. Heavy!—pooh! They're nothing compared to the others! Steady! There now, that's it!" And, evidently with the belief that he was assisted by a score of men, Pablo Gonzales bent beneath the burden of the great pillar, and walked away.

He carried it to the church as if it had been a child on his back. They saw him, in a manner that was indeed miraculous, ascend the ladder which leaned against the tower, and relieving himself of his burden, begin, with hammer and chisel, mortar and trowel, to put the pillar into a proper and firm position. They saw him complete his work, and then go quietly home, and to his rest.

That day the *padre* did not sleep, though he had watched all night. He sat beside the bed of Pablo Gonzales, and wondered and shuddered at his death-like sleep. Once he woke him up and asked him if he never dreamed. At first, Pablo, at sight of him, burst into curses. "Do I ever dream?" he ex-

claimed, at last. "Ah! I seem to do nothing but dream; and it is always of the towers! the towers! the towers! Why, I have dreamed this very night that I had built them as I told you I should, and that there was but one pillar wanting to complete them."

"Come, and see if thy dream be not reality," said the *padre*, gently; but Pablo sprung up furiously:

"Do you dare to mock me?" he cried. "Am I, indeed, so weak and fallen as that?" And then, sinking down upon his bed like a weakly child, he burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

The *padre* went away, deeply troubled. What was to be done? Nothing—nothing now, at least; and so he waited till night, and then watched through the night, and saw the great work completed.

Saw it completed; and then saw Pablo Gonzales descend into the great square and exultingly give thanks to God; and then, after appearing to dismiss a great number of work-people, he turned again with admiring, almost adoring eyes, to the towers he had created.

The sun was beginning to rise. It was, he said, getting very dark; yet still he lingered to look at and admire his work.

"It is finished!—finished!" he said, in ecstasy, again and again. "Oh, my God! Oh, blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, I praise thee! Now, now, indeed, I am contented to die. Fame—fame is mine! And what more has the world to give?"

He turned his wide, wide-open eyes upon the rising sun. "What is this I feel?" he said, faintly. "What is this awful nightmare that comes so often over me? Is it death? Must I indeed die, with this cup of glory scarcely tasted?"

The priest and his servant had held the mother back. Other people had gathered around, and restrained her by

their wondering looks; but, at these words, she burst from them and rushed to her son.

"No, no, thou shalt not die!" she cried. "Live!—live for glory, for fame, for wealth, and love. Oh, hast thou dreamed these towers into existence? Wake, wake, and behold thy work!"

For a moment he stood rigid. Then he sprung from her in sudden affright. "Ah, mother! why hast thou awakened me?" he cried. "I was dreaming!—ah, such dreams!"

And then he sunk helplessly down upon the ground, as if it had been a bed. "Ah, to dream, to dream once more of such glory! Oh, my God!"

And casting his eyes up to heaven, his glance rested upon the towers; and with sudden energy he sprung to his feet.

"Am I dreaming still!" he cried, in a voice terrible with concentrated energy and power. "Am I ever, ever to have this mocking, mocking dream before me? Waken me! waken me!—in pity, waken me!"

"You are awake, my son, my darling!" said his mother, sobbing, and clinging around his neck. "Look, Pablo! here are the neighbors and friends you used to know."

He looked around him; he felt of his own body; he touched his mother's face and hands. "Yes, yes," he sighed; "I am awake; this is no dream. But the towers, the towers!"

"Thou, in thy sleep, hast built them!" said the *padre*. "In thy sleep thou hast created this realization of thy dreams. In thy sleep thou hast made thyself Pablo the great, the wonderful!"

Pablo Gonzales looked around him at the wondering people, the towers, the fair sky, and the green earth.

"It is true! It is true!" he cried;

"they are my work—my life. Pablo Gonzales has won everlasting fame. He is immortal!"

He sunk to the earth. His massive frame quivered for a moment, and was still. Pablo Gonzales was, indeed, immortal.

"Poor fellow!" sighed one of us; and we all looked back to the towers just fading from the sight. "How sad that he should have died just as a career of wealth and fame was opening before him."

"But, of course, the Church richly endowed his mother and orphans," said another, more carefully minded.

"Well, indeed!" said Don Luis, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "History seems to think that the family were sufficiently rewarded by the canonization of Pablo." "Indeed," he added, "some unbelievers deny the story altogether, and say that, although the towers were built at night, it was not done by a single somnambulist, but by a corps of men, under the joint direction of the *padre* and Pablo Gonzales—and done for the purpose of attaching some mystic attraction to the singularly beautiful towers. Many also affirm that the favorable influences attached to them are mere delusions, and that it was for his impiety that Pablo died; and they say that, even now, misery or death falls upon those who hasten to worship at his shrine."

"Oh! I don't believe a word of that!" said several of us at once; and all looked toward the spot where the towers had been last seen. But the diligence had outrun our thoughts, and we were far out of sight of San Juan de los Lagos, and entering upon the high tablelands of Mexico.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD LETTERS.

STRANGERS visiting Washington, and admiring the style and architecture of the General Post Office building, would never know that there are numbers of ladies seated behind the plate-glass of the second-story windows. Indeed, few people residing in the Capital are really aware in what part of the building those female clerks are stowed away. I had passed on every side of the building—morning, noon, and night—but never had seen any body that looked like a “female clerk,” till I found myself of their number, one morning; and then I discovered the right entrance to the Dead Letter Office. It is on F street, so close to the Ladies’ Delivery that any person entering here would be supposed to be inquiring for a letter at that delivery. There is another entrance on E street, but it is not much patronized by the ladies until after fifteen minutes past nine o’clock; for punctually at that time, the door-keeper is instructed to lock the ladies’ door on F street, and those who are tardy are compelled to go up the gentlemen’s staircase, or pass in at the large public entrance on E street. Crowds of visitors walk through the building, day after day, but not one of all the ladies employed here do they see, unless they request to be shown the rooms of the female *employés*.

In this Department, working hours are from nine o’clock in the morning till three o’clock in the afternoon. Ladies are not allowed to leave the office for lunch, nor do they waste much time in discussing the lunch they may have brought, as it is only in consideration of their industry and close application that they are allowed to leave the office at three o’clock, instead of four.

This Dead Letter Office is one of the most complicated pieces of machinery in the “Ship of state.” I will try to explain and elucidate as much of it as came under my observation. Letters left “uncalled for” at the different post-offices throughout the country are sent to the Dead Letter Office, after a certain length of time. Letters not prepaid, or short-paid, through neglect or ignorance of the writer, also find their way here; and so do foreign letters, from all parts of Europe, which have been prepaid only in part, and therefore come here, instead of reaching their destination. Sometimes, mails are robbed, and the mailbags hidden or thrown away, but are afterward searched for, and their remaining contents brought to this office. Then again, a vessel at sea, homeward-bound, brings letters from ships meeting it, of sailors and passengers, who send their letters in firm faith that they will reach their anxious friends at home; but if our Government happens to have no treaty or contract with that particular Government to which the writer belongs, of course, the letters can not be forwarded, but are laid at rest here. These letters are carefully preserved for a number of years. They are sometimes called for, and found, a long, long time after they were written; in fact, only “dead” letters are destroyed.

Though I wish to speak more particularly of the duties and labor performed by the ladies employed in this Department, I must begin by saying that all letters pass through the hands of, and are opened by, a number of gentlemen—clerks in the Department—whose room is on the ground floor of the building. A great number of letters contain money,

valuable papers, and postage-stamps. These are sent to the Superintendent's room. Letters without contents are folded, with the envelope laid inside the letter, tied in bundles, and sent up-stairs for directing. Money, drafts, and postage-stamps, however, are not the only articles considered "mailable matter" by the public. One day I looked over a box filled with such matter, taken from dead letters and parcels in the opening room, and found in it one half-worn gaiter boot, two hair-nets, a rag doll-baby minus the head and one foot, a set of cheap jewelry, a small-sized frying-pan, two ambrotypes, one pair of white kid gloves, a nursing bottle, a tooth-brush, a boot-jack, three yards of lace, a box of Ayer's pills, a bunch of keys, six nutmegs, a toddy-stick, and no end of dress samples. This matter is allowed to accumulate for three months, and is then sold at auction; but a register is so carefully kept, that the person mailing the doll-baby without prepaying can follow its progress from the little country town where it was mailed to the end of its career under the hammer at the Dead Letter Office, and here can claim the amount it brought at auction.

Every clerk, male or female, has his or her letter, from A to Z, and beginning again with A A, when the alphabet "runs out." Before the ladies take their places at the desk in the morning, the messenger has already placed there the number of envelopes each lady is expected to direct in the course of the day; and large baskets filled with bundles of letters, sent up from the opening room, (the bundles marked with the letter of the clerk through whose hands they have passed) are brought into the rooms. The envelopes are stamped in one corner with the lady's letter, in red; so that the ladies are spoken of, by the Superintendent or the messengers, as Miss A, B, C, D—not as Miss Miller, or Mrs. Smith. Fifty of these envel-

opes are contained in one package, so that it is easy to calculate whether any of them are wasted by misdirecting or blotting. The work looks simple enough, when you see a number of ladies seated at their desks, writing addresses on envelopes, with the greatest apparent ease. "And then," as a gushing young lady said to me one day, "how romantic it must be to listen to the outpourings of love and affection that these letters must contain in many cases, and the dark secrets that others disclose." She thought it rather a cruel restraint, when I told her we were allowed to read only so much of a letter as was necessary to discover the name of the writer, and to read no part of it, if the name was signed clearly and distinctly at the end. Let the lady reader pause a moment and ask herself, "Do I sign my letters so that one of these clerks could return them from the Dead Letter Office, without going over the whole of their contents?" By the time you have finished reading this paper, I hope you will have formed the resolution to sign your name "in full," and just as it is, to every letter you send by the mail. Don't sign your name "Saida," when it is really Sarah Jones "in full;" and if you will call your father's brick house on Third Street "Pine Grove," because there are two dry pine-trees in the front yard, don't neglect to add "No. 24, Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio." The greater number of letters passing through this office are badly written and uninteresting; many of them so perfectly unintelligible that no human being can read or return them: not that the greater portion of our community are uneducated or unintelligent people, but that they are either reckless or careless. Letters directed with any kind of common sense are most always sure of reaching their destination without visiting the Dead Letter Office. Not only do people, in a number of cases, neglect to prepay their letters, but frequently,

letters without direction or address of any kind are dropped into the letter-boxes. In writing to individuals residing in the same city with them, people think it is necessary only to mention the name of the individual; the "post-office man" is expected to know that the letter is not to go out of the city. The post-office people are, if not omniscient, at least very obliging. I have found a letter directed to "Carrolton, in America," and the letter had been forwarded to, and bore the post-mark of, every Carrolton in the United States before it was sent here.

The work of the ladies falls under two heads: "Common," and "Special." We will get the best idea of what "Common" means, in contradistinction to "Special," by watching Miss A, on "Common" work this morning. Taking one of the bundles of letters from the basket, she opens it and takes up the top letter; spreading it on the desk, she finds the envelope inside; it is directed to "William Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.," and the words "uncalled for," stamped on the envelope, show why it was sent here. Now, the signature is to be looked for: it is here—"John Jones;" next, where was it dated?—"Somerville, Ohio;" but does the post-mark on the envelope correspond with that? Yes, it is post-marked from where it was dated; so, "John Jones" will receive his letter back again: his friend, "W. Smith," may have left Philadelphia, or may have died. "John Jones'" letter is returned to him in a coarse, brown, "P. O. D." envelope, stamped with the letter A in one corner, and he pays three cents for the privilege of knowing that his friend "Smith" never received his letter. The next is a delicate pink affair, dated, "White Rose Bower"—signed, "Ella;" "only this, and nothing more;" so the letter is hopelessly dead, and thrown into the paper-basket at Miss A's side. The epis-

tle following this is signed, "Henry Foster," and could be returned if it had not been dated at "White Hall" and post-marked "Harrisburg." On looking over the Post-office Directory, we may or may not find a White Hall in Pennsylvania, but there is nothing in the letter to show whether "Henry Foster's" home is in Harrisburg or White Hall; consequently, that letter is dead, too. Here is one, signed plainly and legibly, but the writer has omitted to date it from any particular place. From the tone of the letter, it is plainly to be seen that he lives where the letter was mailed—but where was it mailed? The post-mark on the envelope is so indistinct that any lady not employed in the Dead Letter Office would throw it aside as "unreadable;" but ladies here learn to decipher what to ordinary mortals would be hieroglyphic, or simply a blank. After consulting the pages of the Post-office Directory beside her, Miss A passes the envelope to Miss B. "Can you suggest any post-office in Indiana beginning with M, ending with L, with about four letters between?" Miss B. scrutinizes the envelope closely. "The post-mark is not from Ind., (Indiana) it is from Ioa.," (Iowa) is her decision. Misses C, D, and E, at work in the same room, differ in opinion, and at last Miss A steps across the hall to the room of the Lady Superintendent, where a "blue-book" is kept, and with the assistance of this lady and the book, Miss A discovers the place in Indiana, directs the letter, and continues her work. When she has directed fifty letters, she ties them (with both envelopes—the "P. O. D." and original one—inside each letter) carefully together, and the messenger carries them into the folding-room, where other ladies, employed in this branch, fold and seal them. Of these "Common" letters, every lady is required to direct from two hundred to three hundred a day—a task by no means easy to accomplish.

"Special" work is generally disliked by the ladies, and is of a somewhat "mixed" character. Letters held for postage—consequently not "dead"—come under this head. They, too, are sent back to the writer, if the signature can be found, and the place from which they are dated corresponds with the post-mark; if not, they are assorted according to letter and put away into "pigeon-holes," marked with the letter corresponding. Foreign letters, such as I spoke of before, come under this head, too. Then there are official letters—in relation to military and judicial matters—short-paid, and, therefore, brought before this tribunal. These require minute attention, as three and four documents are inclosed in one envelope, sometimes, making it difficult to discover who is the proper person to return them to. Again, there are letters with postage-stamps to be returned, and money letters containing not over one dollar: these, with larger amounts, are directed in the Superintendent's room. Ladies directing stamp and money letters keep account of them in a book, submitted, together with the letters, to the Superintendent, at the close of office hours, every day. Money letters are marked with red stars, stamp letters with blue. Stamps taken from dead letters are destroyed by the proper authorities. Then, there is copying to do—orders and circulars, rules and regulations, to be transmitted to the different local post-offices; and translations to be made of communications received from foreign Post Departments. All this is "Special" work. A large proportion of the letters passing through the office are German letters—some French, Italian, Norwegian, and Spanish; but two German clerks are constantly employed, while one clerk can easily attend to the letters of all the other different nationalities together.

Sometimes it comes to pass that the Superintendent visits one room or the

other, with a number of letters in his hand; these have been misdirected or badly written. The red letter stamped on each letter guides him to the desk of the lady who has directed it; and very sensitive is each and every lady to the slightest reproach or reprimand received, because of the universal kindness and respect with which they are treated by all the officials with whom they come in contact.

If the task of poring over these epistles of all kinds, day after day, is, on the whole, tiresome and wearing, there are certainly many incidents to relieve the tedium of the occupation. Incidents, I say; letters, I should say. The deep respect we entertain for a well known army officer was justified to me by the insight his own letters gave me into his character. It is against the rules of the Post Office Department to read any part of a letter, unless it is necessary to do so in order to discover the correct address of the writer; but, as the General's handwriting is a little hasty and peculiar, and his military honors and titles were not appended to these letters I speak of, it was natural that they should be read by the clerks, in order to ascertain whether they could be returned to the place they were written from. One of these letters had been written to an old lady, (I judged so from the fact of his inquiring about her son and grandchildren) somewhere in the South, who, it appeared, had entertained the General at her house, one day during the war, when the General was very much in want of a dinner to eat. He had not forgotten her kindness and hospitality, though it was now after the close of the war; but the old lady had probably removed from the little village to which the letter was directed, or, perhaps, she had died: so the letter came into our hands, and was returned to the General. Another was to an old friend of the General's. They had played together as

boys, perhaps, but his friend had not risen to fame and fortune, like himself; he was giving words to his deep sympathy with a misfortune or bereavement that had befallen his friend—sympathy expressed with such tender, true feeling, that we felt as though it were another bereavement that he should have lost this letter of the General's.

The remark was often made among us that the Dead Letter Office afforded the very best opportunities for making collections of autographs of celebrated people—only the authorities could not be made to see it in that light. It was always with a sigh of regret, I must confess, that letters signed by such names as Bancroft, Whittier, Beecher, Grant, Greeley, were returned to their rightful owners. The most interesting accounts of foreign travel were sometimes contained in the dead letters—accounts more interesting than any book ever published. These were, as a general thing, written by ladies—and that sealed their doom. Gentlemen writing letters almost always sign their full name; but a lady will write a dozen pages, telling her friends all about the Louvre and the Tuileries, the Escorial, and London Tower, in one long letter, and then sign Kate, or Lillie, at the end, thus precluding all possibility of having her letter returned, though we know from it that she has returned to her home in Boston. It is almost incredible what a large number of letters passing through our hands are "finished off" by that classically beautiful verse—"My pen is bad, my ink is pale; my love for you will never fail"—and it is impossible to believe in how many different ways and styles these touching lines can be written and spelled, till you find them dished up to you a dozen times a day, in this office. Eastern people don't appreciate this "pome" as Western farmers do. Missouri rustics are particularly addicted to it. What the predilection of the Southern people might

have been, I can not say; it was just after the close of the war, and their letters were pitiful enough. Of course there was not a Federal postage-stamp to be had in any of the Southern States; and no matter how deeply the contents of some of these letters affected us, we could not forward them to the people they were addressed to. These letters from the South portrayed so terribly true the bitter, abject poverty of all classes, at that time, that the Northerners to whom they were written would not have hesitated to assist these friends of "better days," could they have received the letters; but, even had we been allowed to forward them, the chances were extremely slender that people were still in the same position and location after the war as before the war.

Not these letters alone were sad; for sometimes a whole drama could be read from one or two short letters. One day, we found among the dead letters a note written in a feeble, scrawling hand. It was by a boy, a prisoner and sick, in one of the penal institutions of New York—sick, poor fellow! and imploring his mother—oh, so piteously!—to come and see him. He was in the sick ward, he said, and if he *had* been wicked, and had struck at his step-father when he saw him abuse his mother, would she not come to see him, only once, for all that? She must not let his step-father prevent her from coming; he was dreaming of his mother and sister every night, and he knew his mother would come to him; but she must come soon, for the Doctor had said so. Perhaps the letter had not reached the mother because the step-father had taken her out of the son's reach; for, in the course of a day or two, we found another letter addressed to the same woman, by one of the prison officials: the boy, Charley, had died on such a date—about a week after his letter had been written—and he had looked and asked for his mother to the last.

About letters written by German people I have noticed one peculiarity: they never omit to write the number of the year in some part of the letter, or on the envelope, outside. Sometimes it is written where the name of the county or the State should be found on the envelope, so that the direction would read, "Jacob Schmied, St. Louis, 1865;" or they write it at the bottom of the letter, instead of signing their name, and then write their name at the beginning of the letter, as though they were writing the letter to themselves. Every thing is heavy and clumsy about their letters; they never indulge in joke or sentiment; and through the negligence of one of the German clerks, the most serious trouble had almost been brewed in a German brewer's family, at one time. It happened in this way:

A substantial German brewer had written to Hans Biersöffel, dunning him for money, owing on several barrels of *lager*. Hans must have left the city—at any rate, the letter came to our office, and was returned to the brewer; but, unfortunately, a very sentimental letter, containing a copy of some love-sick verses, written by a German lady, and held in the office as a curiosity for a little while, had (by mistake, of course) found its way into this letter. The honest Dutchman had meant to return this piece of property to our office at the first opportunity, and therefore carried it in his pocket-book, where his wife discovered it, seized it, and held it over his head, as the sword of Damocles, forever after—as he could not prove to her satisfaction that the letter and verses had *not* been sent to *him* by the writer.

At the time I belonged to the corps

of Dead Letter Clerks, there were three rooms fronting on Seventh Street, fitted up as offices for the lady clerks, and one very large room on the other side of the hall. A straw mat was spread on the stone floor in our room; one office-chair was furnished for each lady, and desks barely large enough for two ladies to work at, without elbowing each other; and in one corner, wash-stand and water. In the large room some twenty ladies were writing, while four or five folders had their desk in the same room. Of the other rooms, one was occupied by the Lady Superintendent, together with whom were from four to six ladies; the next room also accommodated six ladies, and the last one, which had the look of a prison, from a high grating running through it, afforded room for four others. There were old Post-office Directories, boxes containing printed matter, and such like valuables, kept behind this grating; and one day, when a party of sight-seers came unasked into our room, the youngest lady there—whose spirit had not yet been broken by the weight of the responsibilities resting on her shoulders—explained to the gaping crowd that behind this grating were kept the silver and household furniture of General —, —the Assistant Postmaster—boxed up, while he was recruiting in the country. This was a twofold revenge, the young lady said to us: it was punishing the visitors for their inquisitiveness, and "old —" for having the grating put up there. Several years have passed since I last saw the Post Office building; the ladies of Room No. — were then petitioning to have this grating removed. Whether their petition was granted, I have not learned.

NEVADA.

Sphinx, down whose rugged face
The sliding centuries their furrows cleave
By sun, and frost, and cloud-burst; scarce to leave
Perceptible a trace
Of age or sorrow;
Faint hints of yesterdays with no to-morrow;—
My mind regards thee with a questioning eye,
To know thy secret, high.

If Theban mystery,
With head of woman, soaring, bird-like wings,
And serpent's tail on lion's trunk, were things
Puzzling in history;
And men invented
For it an origin which represented
Chimera and a monster double-headed,
By myths Phenician wedded—

Their issue being this—
This most chimerical and wondrous thing
From whose dumb mouth not even the gods could wring
Truth, nor antithesis:
Then, what I think is,
This creature—being chief among men's sphinxes—
Is eloquent, and overflows with story,
Beside thy silence hoary!

Nevada—desert, waste,
Mighty, and inhospitable, and stern;
Hiding a meaning over which we yearn
In eager, panting haste—
Grasping and losing,
Still being deluded ever by our choosing—
Answer us, Sphinx: What is thy meaning double
But endless toil and trouble?

Inscrutable, men strive
To rend thy secret from thy rocky breast;
Breaking their hearts, and periling heaven's rest
For hopes that can not thrive;
Whilst unrelenting,
Upon thy mountain throne, and unrepenting,
Thou sittest, basking in a fervid sun,
Seeing or hearing none.

I sit beneath thy stars—
 The shallop moon beached on a bank of clouds—
 And see thy mountains wrapped in shadowy shrouds,
 Glad that the darkness bars
 The day's suggestion—
 The endless repetition of one question;
 Glad that thy stony face I can not see,
 Nevada—Mystery!

 CARIBOO.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has been a land of "hopes unfulfilled." Its first settlement by miners was occasioned by the Frazer River rush of 1858. All old Californians remember that memorable excitement. Occurring just at that period in mining history when the placer mines began to show signs of exhaustion, and before Washoe experience had taught the extent and richness of quartz veins, it swept through the entire State with the force of a tornado, and with a more devastating effect upon the interior trade. Our small mining towns were almost depopulated. The roads from the mountains were lined with foot-passengers, on their way to San Francisco. Stage-coaches came rolling into Sacramento, groaning under their living cargo of sturdy miners. The worm-eaten wharves of San Francisco trembled almost daily under the tread of the vast multitudes that gathered to see a northern steamer leave. With that reckless disregard of human life so characteristic of the American ship-owner, old hulks, which had long been known to be unseaworthy and rotten, were refitted for the new El Dorado. Engines, rusty from years of idleness, were polished up; leaky boilers were repatched—paint and putty filling gaping seams; and with names often changed, to hide their former reputations, steamer after steamer sailed from our port, loaded to the guards with freight, and black with the crowds who were rushing to the newly discovered land of gold.

In the short space of three months, nearly twenty thousand people were landed on Vancouver's Island, and the shores of Washington Territory. Two rival towns sprung up: Whatcom, founded by a mistaken policy, which thought to make an American town the *dépôt* for British trade; and Victoria, fostered by the wealthy influence and arbitrary policy of the Hudson's Bay Company. At these two ports ship-loads were daily landed—ignorant of the climate, of the geography of the country, and of the extent or nature of its mines. Helpless and confused, this mass of humanity was swayed hither and thither by each conflicting report from the country above. Now, the arrival of some fortunate miner, with his bag of amalgam dust and his tales of the marvelous richness of "Hill's Bar," would raise them to a pitch of frenzied hope. To-morrow, the wasted frame of some disappointed one, which bore sad testimony to his record of toil and suffering, would dampen their ardor, and send scores of easily disheartened ones on the return trip of their own craft.

Meanwhile the spirit of speculation was rampant. Towns of canvas sprung up in each of the places above mentioned. Real estate became inflated to a hundred times its former value. Fortunes were made by the few shrewd ones,

who bought and resold immediately. In Whatcom, where the only available building ground was of small compass, the sea was intruded upon, and water-lots were encompassed by rows of piles extending a mile into the bay. At Victoria, a city was laid off to rival San Francisco in size, and lots which will be unoccupied for the next half-century, were sold for fabulous prices.

Although but little gold was received from the Frazer River, it was yet believed that it existed in immense quantities; and the feverish excitement which pervaded every body could only find relief in action. Ignorant of the dangers of the Gulf of Georgia, hundreds of men attempted its passage, in canoes and boats unfit for the voyage. Many of them were cast away upon the rocky islands in the straits of Rosario and Haro. Others were swamped in the sudden storms and treacherous "tide-rips," so common in that region, and left no record of their fate, save the upturned craft in which they had embarked. Still others wandered for weeks among the tortuous "passes" of that beautiful archipelago, and at last returned to their starting-point, tired and disgusted with their ineffectual search for the mainland.

Those who succeeded in penetrating the mouth of the Frazer, found a large and muddy stream, with an immense volume of water pouring irresistibly toward the sea. For the first few miles, the river banks consisted of *tule*, covered with a rich, coarse growth of grass. Soon, however, they came to the timberlands, where the thick underbrush—as impassable as an East Indian jungle—extended into the very water of the stream. Then began the real difficulties of the ascent. After days of unceasing toil, towing the empty boat against the rapid current, climbing over fallen trees, creeping under the hanging bushes; becoming, from sheer necessity, almost

amphibious in their habits, our hardy *voyageurs* would find that the slight headway which they had made would be almost lost by an unavoidable crossing of the river. Above all, swarms of mosquitoes, that seemed imbued with a true hyperborean desire for animal food, gave them no rest, night or day.

As they ascended the river into the Cascade Range, the "riffles" became more frequent and dangerous. From want of experience in this peculiar navigation, boats were frequently swamped in the whirls of the stream, and hundreds paid the forfeit of their lives for their rash attempt to penetrate this hitherto unknown stream. Occasionally a party of hostile Indians would be met, who regarded the advent of the "Bostons" as an intrusion on their own domains, and would have to be propitiated by gifts of food or clothing. Sometimes a refusal to give would be followed by a collision; and many a spot on the Frazer owes its name to the blood which was shed there in early days.

At last the lucky and strong and persevering ones succeeded in reaching the mines, and to their disappointment found that the gold-bearing bars were hidden far beneath the waters of the overflowing river. Owing to its extreme northern source, months must elapse before the snows would be melted, and the river subside sufficiently for them to work the bars. The lightness of the gold, and the fact that it was only found on the surface of bars, seemed to indicate that it must have been brought a long distance by the rapid current. According to the California theory, it was only necessary to trace it to its source, to find it in larger quantities and coarser nuggets.

To these excitable hundreds, and at last thousands of men, the sleep of inaction seemed like death. Therefore, Fort Yale, which was at first the head of canoe navigation, became but a temporary resting-place. American enterprise

had soon found that steam could dispute successfully with the Indian paddle for the supremacy of these seething waters ; and the *Surprise* one morning proved herself worthy the name by letting her whistle re-echo from the mountains of Fort Hope, to the astonishment of the antediluvian Hudson Bay traders of that port. As the tide of river immigration poured in, each wave overtopped its fellow, soon leaving Yale far in the distance. Boston Bar, thirty miles above, first attracted attention. Rumors, which appeared then (and have ever since in the history of the Colony) to spring into existence parentless and untraceable to any source, painted it as far richer than any thing yet found, although it could not be ascertained that any white man had yet been there. The Indians were known to be untrustworthy and extremely hostile to the new-comers ; the road to it was over one of the loftiest mountains of the Cascade Range, whose top, in July, was white with snow ; but what mattered it to our adventurers ? With the treacherous natives as their guides, they rushed on, pell-mell, for the interior—badly provisioned, worse equipped for work—reckless in their haste to be first in the field.

No one can chronicle the history of the next few months. No list can be made of the numbers who perished in that insane scramble for wealth. Often, as the sportsman is traversing the fastnesses of the mountains, some bleached skeleton will recall to his shocked mind the traditions of former Indian treacheries. Since the lapse of years has destroyed the fear of punishment, many a boast is heard from the natives of the victims whom they then sacrificed to their hatred. The river, too, was insatiable in its thirst for human blood, and many a bruised corpse was seen floating down its surface—often headless, as if the savages wished to give this silent boast of their crimes. I doubt not that

many a mother has waited weary years for the son whose body has drifted down the rapid Frazer ; and many a maid has bedewed with tears the last letter from her "sweetheart," written on his way to Cariboo.

The energy of the California immigrants was, however, resistless. Conquering slowly the obstacles in their way, they gradually penetrated the country. Thompson River, Bridge River, Cañon Creek, and Chilcoatín River successively tempted them, until at last, in 1859, the Quesnelle River—which forms the southern boundary of the Cariboo District—was explored, and found to be rich in gold. Although only 450 miles from the mouth of the Frazer, yet the distance overland, necessary to be traversed, greatly exceeded this. Pack trains were brought into requisition to supply the miners, as they advanced ; and, frequently, *one dollar* per pound for freight was paid for transportation to a new camp.

In the autumn of 1860 the discovery of Antler Creek was made, gold being found on the bare rock in considerable quantities. The fortunate prospectors, however, had their ardor somewhat cooled the next morning, by awakening to find a foot of snow on the ground. Further operations were impracticable until the spring. The next season was commemorated by the discovery of Williams' Creek, the astonishing wealth of which attracted a second rush to British Columbia ; and which has, since that period, yielded probably more gold than any placer diggings of equal extent in the known world.

It was a long time before the marvellous richness of this stream was fully known, even in Victoria. The means of communication with the Cariboo country were, in those days, limited ; and months elapsed after the discovery of the lead on Williams' Creek, before any authentic news was received. At first,

reports were circulated that men were taking out great quantities of gold in a small stream near the summit of the mountains. The very name of the creek was long unknown. The vagueness of the reports enveloped them in an atmosphere of mystery. Various sums were stated as the daily yield: at first, twenty—then fifty—a hundred—and, at last, three and four hundred ounces per day, to a company of four or five men. It was said that many companies had so much gold on hand that they were compelled to detail men to watch it, day and night. A trader, who was the fortunate owner of a strong *wooden* safe, had hundreds of pounds of the pure metal brought to him for safe-keeping, and was overwhelmed with requests that he should make use of this wealth as if it were his own. Unprospected claims were said to be selling for thousands of dollars; and lucky miners, never before heard of, became suddenly famous as the possessors of ground whose value could not be estimated.

These rumors were at first entirely disbelieved. The people of Victoria had too many times been gladdened by the news of rich discoveries, only the next week to learn that they existed only in the vivid imaginations of the editors of their two daily papers. Incredulity was expressed in every face; and when, on the arrival of each up-country steamer, more glowing accounts were received, no one dared confess that he credited them.

But at last the gold began to come. Ragged, toil-worn miners were met on the rough trails, staggering under the weight of their summer's accumulation. Mules were loaded with the precious metal. Men were paid \$20, and even \$50, a day to pack the gold, which its owners were not strong enough to carry. On the steamers, the purser sat in his office, collecting fares from a crowd of men whose appearance was that of beggars, but whose thousands of dollars

half filled his room. One instance is recorded of a poor Methodist parson, who said that he rode from above in a wagon, "with a hundred thousand dollars as his footstool." Victoria revived under this influx of wealth. Twenty-dollar pieces were thrown about in reckless extravagance by the sudden possessors of wealth. Many, whose judgments were warped by their boundless desires, really imagined that they were millionaires. One individual, who visited San Francisco, with a few thousand dollars in dust, but with numberless claims in Cariboo, is said to have entered into negotiations for the purchase of the Russ House, "as soon as he could work out his ground, during the following summer!" The correspondent of the *London Times* gave glowing accounts of the richness of the mines, which created a ferment through all England. One unfortunate parson, recently from Canada, wrote letters which excited his former neighbors, and many came overland by the Red River and Saskatchewan, suffering great hardships on the trip. Afterward, when they found the reality different from their anticipations, they gravely proposed to lynch the poor clergyman, as the cause of their unprofitable journey.

The spring of 1862 saw the seed thus sown producing its legitimate harvest. Steamers again came, crowded, to Victoria. Experienced Californians, green Canadians, cautious Scotchmen, self-satisfied Englishmen, clannish Welshmen, jostled each other in her streets. Even the Celestial Empire contributed one or two thousand of its subjects, to follow in the wake of more energetic explorers, and glean over the field whose richest harvest had been gathered by others. Two rival roads were constructed into the interior, by the Government. The impassable cañons of the Frazer were skirted by a wagon-track almost literally blasted out of the solid rock. A

magnificent suspension-bridge was projected, and eventually constructed across it, a few miles above Yale. The "Douglas Route," which was easier of construction, but longer in distance, was, also, improved; and a road made over the Pavilion Mountain, five thousand feet high, over which a man could drive his buggy team at a racing speed.

The chrysalis Colony appeared just ready to burst its shell of inaction, and expand its wings for a glorious flight. But, alas! the miners who went to Cariboo were again disappointed: not in the wealth of the vein of gold, but in its extent. No second Williams' Creek was found; and the depth of the ground and difficulty of drainage on that one, made it impossible to follow the lead a distance of more than two and a half miles. Within these narrow limits, an immense amount of gold was extracted. In one instance, over \$10,000 was realized in a day, by four or five men, in a channel a few feet wide. Unless a day's "wash-up" could be counted in hundreds of ounces, it was considered unworthy of mention.

It was soon found, however, that these two and a half miles of mining ground would not support a colony of fifteen thousand inhabitants. The few successful ones would not divide with the hundreds who had made nothing. The extraordinary yield of those rich claims had caused an unnatural inflation in the prices of food. The ordinary cost of living was \$3 per day, without indulging in the extravagance of a cook. Clothing was sold at enormous prices. Rubber boots (a *sine qua non* in underground work) were worth \$25, and even \$50, per pair. Unfortunate was the wight who possessed neither money nor a paying claim, in Cariboo. The ordinary expenses of his daily life would keep him in poverty; and even the \$10 paid for a day's wages would soon melt before a few days of idleness.

The exodus began, and was equally as impetuous as the rush. Men fled the land where they had been so cruelly disappointed, bestowing a curse as their parting word. With the usual inconsistency of unsuccessful ones, they found fault with every thing in British Columbia. The Government was blamed for levying the taxes, by means of which it was enabled to build those magnificent roads. It was said that miners had no voice in making their own laws; that the Gold Commissioner had too great power in deciding disputes; that the freedom necessary for the full development of the country did not exist, and that as long as Cariboo remained under British rule, it would never be a favorite land for miners. The years that have elapsed since then, seem to have proved the correctness of these views. Throughout California and Oregon, there is a deep-seated prejudice against British Columbia. The report of new strikes is always received with incredulity. And only years of long-continued prosperity can induce a permanently increased population in that far-off region.

There is no doubt that this will eventually occur. The annual yield of the Cariboo District amounts to about \$2,000,000. The number of miners, during the last twelve months, did not probably exceed 2,500. The introduction of Colonial flour, and the reduced rates of freight to the mines, have greatly diminished the cost of living. As yet the price of labor continues high—from \$6 to \$8 per day. But this is being gradually brought down—partly by the intrusion of Chinese into the mines. When this relic of the past is gone; and when the Government becomes so far alive to its own welfare as to remove some of the burdens of taxation, which now hang like millstones around the neck of the Colony, we may then look for a quiet immigration, and a more kindly feeling, toward the wintry regions of Cariboo.

THE KING OF CLEAR LAKE.

SALVADOR was and is a King. Say what we please about our inter-Republicanism and our Monroe Doctrine, for the outside, we, the ultra-democratic, despotism-hating citizens of the United States of America, have within our borders Kings with realms, and Despots with subjects. Salvador is such a King, and the regions round about Clear Lake are his kingdom. Salvador is such a Despot, and the Digger Indians within his territory are the subjects of his despotism. And no monarch of any clime or age ever more thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures, or exercised the powers, of absolute and unqualified authority.

Frankness compels me to admit that Salvador does not look the King. In fact and truth he resembles, in every external particular, a very ordinary Digger Indian. A casual observer who sees him as I first saw him, on a certain occasion when he was returning from the coast of Mendocino with a willow basket filled with sea-shells of various forms and hues, will, very probably, fail to be impressed with a sense of the presence of Royalty. I feel confident that I should have permitted him to pass, on the occasion referred to, without dreaming of his dignity, had not my companion—"the oldest settler"—informed me that this was Salvador, the chief of his tribe, and the executor, as well as the maker, of all the laws for the government of the five hundred Indians in the neighborhood.

I found no difficulty in obtaining an audience with his Highness, as no ceremonial introduction was required. Inside of five minutes I was in free-and-easy conversation with the King; and long before ten minutes had elapsed, the

King had asked from me and received a chew of tobacco.

But it is not my present purpose to detail the conversation which then ensued, or to give a further description of Salvador. I am going to relate a little story involving an incident of his reign, which, if not romantic or thrilling, is at least true.

Early in the history of California after the conquest, Salvador had a subject who bore the name of "Chutuck." He was a grave, silent, middle-aged Indian, with an ugly hump on his shoulders, and possessed of no personal charms or attractions; yet he had by some means, perchance by order of the King, become the husband of an Indian girl, who was as nearly beautiful as it is possible for an Indian girl to be. Her name was Juana, and she passed the time in the usual manner of her sex and tribe; devoting herself to the wants of her husband, and faithfully performing her slavish offices without a murmur or visible discontent. Whether or not she sometimes felt in her heart and soul a sense of something better and nobler than her own condition, it is not now necessary either to discuss or decide. As an "aside" opinion, I firmly believe that she did, for the simple reason, that, in utter contradiction to her precedents and surroundings, she kept her person and her garb scrupulously neat and clean.

In the month of September, 1852, Salvador, as his custom was, gathered together the able-bodied males of his tribe, and organized them into a grand hunting expedition. With commendable prudence gathered from experience and from tradition, he desired to provide

food for the approaching rainy season. Prophets—sooth and eld—had foretold a winter of unusual severity, and it was incumbent on the ruler to see that the wants of his people during that dreary season when no man can work—which, with the Indian, means “hunt”—should be amply supplied in advance. Therefore, nearly two hundred men, divided into three parties of about equal strength, walked off into the vast forests to the west and north of Clear Lake, in quest of game, leaving the villages—of which there were three—in the possession of the women, children, and superannuated men; several of the latter being more than one hundred years old.

Chutuck—who, with all of his physical defects and deformities, was an excellent and successful hunter—was made the leader of one of the three parties; and, in obedience to the command of his Chief, he traveled northward into territory now within the limits of Humboldt County.

Peace, quiet, and serenity reigned in the partially deserted camps of the Indians. The children played fantastic games by the margin of the lake, and lost themselves in the *tules* that fringed the deep and silent sloughs; the women, young and old—for an Indian *woman* never grows too old to labor—pounded acorns in stone mortars, strung fishes upon rawhide ropes to dry, and brought from the adjacent hills enormous loads of wood for winter use.—Peace, quiet, and serenity reigned.

One afternoon, about the middle of September, and nearly two weeks after the hunting party had left camp, a traveler, coming from the Sacramento Valley, approached the summit of the range of mountains which incloses Clear Lake to the eastward. He was on foot, and weary with walking. He had passed hill after hill, and mounted summit after summit, without finding in the distance view of his destination; and he had

well nigh concluded that Clear Lake was an *ignis fatuus*, which was forever receding as he advanced. In fact, his informants had largely understated the distance from his last resting-place; and to a foot traveler, carrying a rifle and several pounds of ammunition, miles on mountain roads prolong themselves indefinitely. However, as he walked up a long, long, graded pathway to the summit of an unusually tall mountain, he was buoyed and encouraged by the thought that this must surely be the last ascent. He gained the summit, and was again disappointed. Nothing appeared before him but another ridge running down to the path, and terminating in a point of timber. He dropped his head upon his breast and walked forward, sadly disappointed—so much so, in fact, that he did not lift his eyes from the path for some minutes, and until he had turned the point of timber referred to, when, there—apparently just below him, and yet miles away—Clear Lake,

“In all her length, far-winding, lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands, that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the liveliest light,
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.”

Tourists who have had the pleasure of viewing this scene from the same stand-point in later years, have pronounced it, without hesitation, second to none in California—unless it is Yosemite, from Inspiration Point. It has the peculiar power both to thrill and enchant. The picturesque is so intimately blended with the sublime, that the gazer is in doubt whether to stand awe-struck, or to leap and shout with rapture. The long, irregular sheet of water flashing in the sunlight; the broad valley, on one side, covered with oaks of the greenest and densest foliage, and the mountains, on the other, coming boldly down to the margin of the water, barely permitting a narrow fringe of pebbly beach, which is white and gleaming; the peak—now

known as "Uncle Sam"—mounting, in cubical form, 2,400 feet above the level of the lake, and so nearly perpendicular that it seems you could throw a stone from the summit into the water; creeks of brilliant clearness, fringed with willows; vast fields of *tule*, and, far beyond, the still higher range of mountains: all these combine to form a picture before which the lover of the Beautiful and the Grand can well kneel and worship.

Whether any thoughts of this character entered the mind of our traveler, or whether the magnificent beauty of the scene found imprint in his soul, I do not know. At any rate, he made no sign, but simply walked forward with more buoyant and elastic step toward his destination—now in sight. However, as I have already intimated, the lake, which was apparently so near, was in reality many miles away; and the shades of night were rapidly settling upon the earth and the water, when the foot-sore traveler reached the level ground, and found himself near the outlet of the lake, and in the Indian village. The cabin of the only white settler in the neighborhood was still miles farther on; and, without a moment's hesitation, he decided to unroll his blankets, and accept such hospitalities as he could obtain from the Indian camp.

A word of description: His name was John Henderson; he was a native of Missouri, and was thirty-one years old. Three of these years had been spent in California, in a wild, roving, idle, and perhaps useless life. Brave and indolent, gallant and lazy, generous with what he had, and careless as to what he might acquire, his nature permitted no systematic labor, even in that most exciting of all pursuits: surface mining. When he had no money, he either worked for a present supply, or borrowed it from some equally careless, but more lucky friend. For the most part, he wandered

from place to place in this wild, new country; and a freak had induced him to visit an old Missouri friend, who had built a cabin near the margin of Clear Lake. He was tall, straight, athletic, and almost strikingly handsome. His free-and-easy manners, and careless indifference to whatever was going forward, together with his undoubted courage, and his chivalrous generosity, made him a great favorite with the indescribable society of which he formed an integer.

Henderson had no trouble in obtaining from the Indians a supply for his moderate demands. A piece of dried meat, the use of a fire, and a place to spread his blankets, answered all of his requirements. And but for one circumstance he might have slept the night out, and proceeded next morning on his visit to his friend—and left me with no story to tell. That circumstance occurred and amounted to this, and nothing more: that the person who supplied his wants was Juana, the wife of Chutuck.

I will not say that Henderson fell in love with Juana, nor she with him. I will only tell what I know: and that is, that he did not move forward the next day, or the next thereafter; that he stayed with the Indians for weeks, and that Juana continued to minister unto him; that he hunted hare, and even deer, in the neighboring solitudes, and that she was often his companion; that he fished in the deep sloughs—which were really arms of the lake—and that she usually sat beside him, and brought away the victims of his skill; that when he went out alone, she sat outside of her hut, patient, idle, but watchful; and that things continued thus until the return of the various hunting parties—until the return of Salvador and Chutuck.

Henderson found no difficulty in obtaining the friendship and regard of the Chief. His frank face and fearless eye worked wonders with Salvador; and, in

addition, he had his excellent rifle: and when he went hunting with his host, and at first taught him how to shoot, and then permitted him to shoot with his gun, the conquest was complete. In short, he was visibly a favorite with every body except Chutuck, who never spoke to him, and looked surly. But Chutuck seldom spoke to any one, and always looked surly: so no notice was taken.

But Henderson became tired of this life, as he had of various others; and late in October he bade the Chief goodbye, and proceeded on his long-deferred visit to his friend. As he figures no longer in my story, I may as well say here, that, in the course of time, he drifted back to old Missouri, drifted into the Rebel army, fought with Price in various battles, received his death-wound at Pea Ridge, and died upon the field, with a bullet in his lung and a smile on his face.

Months passed away. The terrible winter yielded to the genial blandishments of spring, and spring ripened into the glorious summer of California. Then was the great wish of Chutuck's heart gratified. His stolid, coarse, repulsive face became almost smiling when he found that Juana had borne a child, and the child was a boy.

Not without cost, however. The price exacted for this child's birth was his mother's life—the same price so often paid by her White sisters. And as they do in many instances, so did she: she yielded without a murmur; and if her dying face bore a shade of regret, it was buried beneath the light of a look of unutterable tenderness.

All babies look alike, and it was some time before young Pedro furnished any plain proofs of his own illegitimacy. The time came, however; and before he was a year old, unerring Nature had imprinted on every feature of his face, in his blue eyes, on his light, wavy hair, the name of his true father: John Henderson.

Strange to say, Chutuck made no sign. To the plain fact which was recognized by every body, and commented on by all but him, he paid no visible attention. The child shared his hut; and, as he grew older and became able to walk, he became the companion of his short rambles.

But beneath this seeming indifference, Chutuck bore a heart of hell. He was, in his own cold, Indian way, waiting for his chance, and watching for his opportunity. The terrible sting of conjugal dishonor is as keenly felt by the unlettered savage as by the refined aristocrat, and with them it perhaps rankles longer, and requires more fiendish atonement.

And thus it came to pass, in the gloaming of an autumn day, when the boy was a little more than three years old, that Chutuck avenged himself. He went out in his canoe upon the lake, in the morning, and the child was with him. He returned after nightfall—alone.

Oh, Chutuck! Chutuck! how could you do it? How could you look into that bright, fearless eye, upon that winsome face, that happy, innocent smile?—and then, how could you seize that lithe and supple form, and dash it down into those deep, dark waters, kept cold by the eternal shadow of "Uncle Sam?" And yet Chutuck did it, and God and angels saw it; and they alone heard the death-shriek of the little child, who came into the world innocent, through others' guilt.

In the meantime, California had become more populous, and the crude and wonderful conditions of her early society were yielding to the influences of what men called Civilization. As an evidence of the encroachments of a true refinement, and a purer social condition, the gallows had been erected, and the transgressors of law were *hung*—not shot.

Salvador had become acquainted with this innovation by actual observation of its workings. If his visit to Sacramento, made some time before, had been for the

purpose of learning how White princes dealt with refractory subjects, he had chosen his time most luckily. He had the pleasure of seeing *three* men hung at one time; and for the first time learned the name and the punishment of the crime of murder, according to the White code.

And so, when Chutuck returned without the boy, and the night wore out and the boy came not, and the day advanced and he was still absent, Salvador began to fear that Chutuck had murdered him; and with that fear came the resolve to hang him, if he had. He, therefore, asked Chutuck to account for the child's absence, and Chutuck answered him never a word.

All true rules of law have reasons for them which find some sort of sanction in the most ignorant and degraded mind. Salvador had, as a matter of course, never heard of the doctrine of *corpus delicti*; knew nothing about that sacred rule of the Common Law which allows no charge for homicide to be entertained in the absence of the body of the victim; and yet it occurred to his untutored instinct that it was not exactly the right thing to hang Chutuck, unless it was positively known that little Pedro was dead. He, therefore, compromised with his conscience a little, and passed upon the criminal a conditional sentence:

"To-morrow, when the sun stands there"—pointing to the place on the sky which would be covered by the sun at about three o'clock in the afternoon—"if you no bring Pedro, I hang you."

Chutuck answered him never a word.

The day of the execution came, and the hour approached. Salvador had invited the few Whites who lived in the neighborhood to witness the ceremony, and to see that all things were done decently and in order. A half-dozen of them were in attendance, lounging in their saddles, or lying in the shade near their horses. The hanging of an Indian

or two was a matter of supreme indifference to them. From one of them Salvador borrowed his lariat.

Nearly all the Indians of the tribe were present. The men stood around, listlessly indifferent, while the women sat in groups on the ground, silent, but expectant. Chutuck sat in front of his cabin, unguarded, and apparently the least concerned person of all the crowd.

At the exact moment, Salvador stood before him, and, pointing to the sun, uttered in a half-inquiring tone the single word, "Pedro." Chutuck answered him not, except by rising and walking slowly—under the direction of the Chief's finger—toward a tree, over one limb of which the lariat had been thrown, each end hanging to the ground.

The rope was adjusted to Chutuck's neck by Salvador himself, and, at his signal, the other end was seized by four stout Indians, who commenced to draw up. When the pressure became decided, Chutuck gave the first and only sign that he felt himself interested and knew what was intended, by kindly drawing up his knees, looping his hands under them, and thus materially aiding in his own execution.

For twenty minutes he remained suspended; for ten, he had been dead. During all this time silence reigned. Not a word, a movement, or a sound disturbed the awful solemnity of the parting moment.

But when, at the King's command, the body was lowered upon a blanket placed to receive it, and when the four assistants each seized a corner, and, hoisting their burden, moved with it toward the lake, then broke forth a tempest of sound, so wild, so terrible, and so unearthly, that description is impossible. It was the sound caused by two hundred women wailing the Indian lament for the dead. Nothing more eldritch, more monotonous, or more horrible, ever stunned the ear of listener.

The body was carried to the island reserved for such ceremonies, and burned. Such is the custom until this day.

Thus far facts. But whether it is true, as Salvador affirms, that when Chutuck's funeral pile lit up the darkness of the night, and cast a brilliant light upon the

waters, the body of little Pedro was plainly seen to rise to the surface, and after remaining long enough to be seen by all, to sink again, and forever, I do not know. I have sometimes feared that Salvador invented this story in order to settle the troublesome question of the "*corpus delicti*."

THOSE AMERICANS.

WE have borrowed a phrase from our Transatlantic cousins, to stand at the head of these reminiscences of travel. Our tourists in the Old World must have frequently heard their fellow-*voyageurs* alluded to as "Those Americans;" and it is about Those Americans, as we knew them, that we wish to say a word.

Nay, my good friend, just returned from a summer trip across the sea: there is no need for you either to set your teeth, or wince. I know it is somewhat the rage for magazinists, just now, to excoriate you and me, because, never having been abroad before, we were rather un-English in England, and not perfect in our French when we first touched the shores of the Continent. It is easy enough to do that sort of thing if one has a taste for it. I could be very merry over your discomfiture when that egg-cup, with a hole in the bottom of it, was given to you; but, in truth, I saw some broad smiles at the breakfast-table when I first investigated its mysteries; and, I suspect, that they who write such fierce articles in the monthlies about Americans abroad, were as unc cosmopolitan in their manners as either of us, six months before the said columns were penned.

But it can not be denied that Those Americans do present strong contrasts to the people among whom they travel—contrasts sometimes ludicrous, some-

times amusing, and sometimes—to use an exhortation phrase—"highly edifying." And it is worth no little discomfort of travel to study ourselves and neighbors against an un-American background. You do not get much of an idea of a tree, in the centre of a forest; but once set the tree on the summit of a hill, or on the edge of a prairie, and then it challenges attention.

When I was stopping at the Hôtel du Mt. Blanc, on the south side of the Seine, in the Latin quarter of Paris, there was one of our countrymen living in the same house who seemed as little like his surroundings as would a country store and liberty-pole planted in the centre of the gardens of Versailles, or between the fountains of the Place de la Concorde. I never saw him, except in the window of his own room, in the highest story of the hotel, and never there, except after dinner-hour, in the dusk of the early evening. But no whip-poor-will was ever more punctual to his evening appointments. There were two of us traveling together, and we never finished our after-dinner cigar before he would make his appearance across the little court of the hotel, and up close under the eaves. A tall, gaunt man, we could not see his face distinctly; but he invariably was girt in a heavy gown, and as invariably bore a lighted cigar in his hand. Without prelude, he would strike up some old-

fashioned camp-meeting hymn, and, in a voice that might be heard almost to the Palais Royal, would sing it through to the end, not omitting a verse or slighting a chorus. Stopping just long enough to recall the failing fire to his cigar, he would commence another hymn, and roar away through its half-dozen verses. There was a party of young fellows on his side of the court who knew him by name, at least. Whether they were his traveling companions we did not know. They would halloo at him, beg him, and almost execrate him; but, without deigning any reply, he would resolutely tackle another hymn, and finish it with all the composure of a man in a soliloquy. He would sing for about an hour, then disappear from the window, and we would see him no more until the next evening. We were never tired guessing who he was, what he was, and why he should come to Paris. But conjecture was useless. It was easy enough to believe that he could not have told an old Roman road from a Pennsylvania turnpike. What of Europe's antiquity or Europe's present lured him across the water, was beyond the power of our imagination to conceive. We left him there; and, for all that we know, he may be repeating his melodious monologue in the same place to-night.

There was another man who puzzled us; he joined our party at Châmouny for a little tramp. He was a very Melchisedec as to kindred, being "without generation," as far as we could discover from his conversation. From some town away up in Vermont, traveling in a small way, not caring particularly whether he went to Rome or to Stockholm, he was nevertheless on his second trip abroad. He was never hard to interest, never interested beyond a certain point. Without a liberal education, he knew a little of every place we visited. Always neatly dressed, we never heard him allude to any other baggage than his Al-

pine knapsack. Past middle life, he was in no hurry to go home; yet talked of coming back to the Continent by and by. We left him in France, waiting for a remittance wherewith to pay his passage back to America; and the next thing we heard of him was, that a year later, one of our friends met him in Dresden. What he traveled for, or why he should go home, we did not know, and I am sure we never found out.

A tourist of a very different class I met at the Hôtel d'Amérique, in Naples. We exchanged cards at the breakfast-table, and made up a party for Vesuvius and Pompeii. He had reached Italy from New York without crossing the Atlantic. He was a New York Bohemian and knight of the quill; had explored the Yosemite, *chow-chowed* with the Chinese in the Celestial Kingdom, and hobnobbed with the dignitaries of Siberia; knew St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna. Full of humor, he beguiled that tedious donkey-ride over the lava fields of Vesuvius with reminiscences of our late war; equally full of pluck, he flourished cane and fist in the terrified faces of those Neapolitan harpies called guides and hackmen.

But, as a specimen of pure American audacity, commend me to Doctor —, of Boston, whom I met in the same city. Two of us, much desiring the view of city and bay from the Castle of St. Elmo, had climbed the long hill only to be turned back from the gates. A pass was demanded, but a pass was the last thing that we had thought of. Our guide argued and pleaded, but in vain. As we were ruefully descending the long, covered way which leads from the citadel, peeping through every crevice for a very "bird's-eye" view, we saw two Americans ascending the same path. I knew that a pass was always good for half a dozen; and so, begging pardon for the liberty, asked to be included in the party of the new-comers. After the brief for-

malities of self-introduction, we were welcomed to their party, but learned that they were as unprovided as ourselves. "However," said the Doctor, "come on, and let us make a try for it." Much wondering what tactics were to be adopted, we followed. Arrived at the gate, our good friend, with much deliberation, drew from an inner pocket a card, printed in plain Italian, stating that these gentlemen had permission to visit certain places of common resort in Naples and vicinity. The card was taken to head-quarters for inspection. Had a bomb exploded in that fort it could hardly have caused greater commotion. It is probable that not one of the garrison could read a word. Again and again was it returned by orderlies for explanation. In choicest English, with many accompanying gestures, the Doctor would deliver himself on the matter in hand, requesting attention to particular words upon the card—now polite, and now indignant—passing "from grave to gay; from lively to severe." Then the supposed pass would go on its rounds again, only to be again returned. At last—as the officers could not understand the Doctor, or he them, or either of them the card—the gates were, in official despair, thrown wide open, and we entered the castle in joyful triumph. We repeated the attempt at the harbor fortress, a day or two later, and were promptly admitted on a paper that had no more to do with admittance to the garrison than it had to an examination of the defenses of Kamtschatka.

Nor was I less amused by a scene at the door of the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican. The chapel, as is well known, opens off one of the magnificent halls of the palace. Ladies are only admitted to the ceremonies on the presentation of a properly indorsed card; but gentlemen need simply present themselves in evening dress. The ladies are passed through the guarded door an hour or two before

the same is thrown open to their escorts. On the great festivals, there will be a dense mass of gentlemen in black pressed against the door, and extending well back into the hall, waiting for the undoing of the bars. Only a few can get seats, and not more than two hundred, at furthest, can find even standing room. I was one of a party of Those Americans, who, taking time by the forelock, were at the front of the crowd. Our attention had been called to an American lady, in black walking costume, who was sitting with some friends at the rear of the hall. My right-hand neighbor discovered a card peeping under the door, close by his feet. At the risk of being doubled up, collapsed, and used as a door-mat by the mass behind him, he struggled down to the card and drew it out. It had been dropped by the door-keeper. It was passed along over the heads of all, from one to another, each one repeating, "For the lady at the other end of the hall." There were a good many wry necks watching its progress, and something very like a cheer when it was seen to reach its destination. Appreciating our efforts, the card was received with a smile; and then the lady retired for a few minutes through one of the smaller halls. Presently she came back metamorphosed. The stout walking-jacket, bonnet, and parasol had disappeared; the black veil was gracefully thrown about head and shoulders, after the approved Roman fashion; and nothing that violated the canons of ecclesiastical etiquette appeared. The crowd, dense as it was, good-humoredly opened a pathway; some one rapped authoritatively at the portal; the "open-sesame" was presented, and our *protégée* passed in, with an unmistakable hurrah echoing behind her in the Salla Regia.

Speaking of evening dress, reminds one of those inflexible rules as to costume, at which Americans are apt both to wonder and rebel. On Easter Sun-

day, at St. Peter's, I saw contempt for these requirements expressed in different ways. Unless in full black and in swallow-tailed coat, one can not pass beyond the nave of the basilica. He is counted but as common and unclean, and doomed to the outer court. On this particular Sunday, as I was pressing my way up to the line of soldiers that guarded the sacred precincts of the choir, I passed one of the best known of American *littérateurs*. He was in simple walking costume. "What! Doctor," said I; "where is the coat that you bought in London?" "In the bottom of my trunk, and it will stay there," he answered; "I am too old to turn snob, and shall leave the city to-morrow." But, up farther, just as I had reached the guards, I saw an enterprising young American, shaking at the custodians of Papal dignity the limp tails of one of the shabbiest, most threadbare of all garments that was ever called a dress-coat. There was no help for it: they were obliged to admit him, as only the cut, not the age, of the costume is prescribed by law. A third, who had dexterously pinned up the corners of his frock, was detected by the guards, and, like the man in the parable, was cast out.

On another occasion, however, I was a witness to the subjugation of a whole party of Americans. It was at a Papal reception, held in the Hall of Maps, in the Vatican Palace. The number present was unusually large. There could not have been less than one thousand in the hall of audience. Of course, every one here was in uniform, or else in evening dress. A few had donned white kid gloves, but were informed that the Holy Father received as a sovereign, and that it was, therefore, as improper to wear gloves as to wear one's hat. But soon the rumor ran that the rules of the Papal Court required every one who touched the hand of his Holiness, to kneel—and that not upon one knee, but fairly

and squarely upon both. This being considerably ahead of any Court etiquette of any other sovereign, and a great ways beyond any thing required of our American friends in their own country, I found a knot of them discussing the propriety of rebellion, then and there. In fact, there seemed to be no division of sentiment; but every one expressed the determination of asserting Republican simplicity and Protestant doctrine at once by a low obeisance, or, at most, by dropping upon one knee. Just as this had been well agreed to, the Pope entered the upper end of the hall, and prepared to pass down its length, giving his hand to each. As the chamberlains and assistants preceded the Holy Father, the long line of guests began to prostrate itself in a most humble and devout way. Not having any passion for touching the hands of sovereigns, I fell behind the line, and watched Those Americans as an outside observer. I could see them glancing anxiously up the hall to find some precedent for their anticipated revolt. But, alas! score after score went down in lowliest reverence. And then—shall I write it?—the American phalanx began to waver; retreat was cut off; slowly they dropped upon one knee, then at last upon the other; and when, at last, the fat, round hand of the August Sire was extended toward them, it was taken as gingerly, and carried to the lips as humbly, by each one of our sturdy Republicans, as by the veriest Roman of them all.

Probably there are few changes that affect a man so disagreeably as changes in his dinner. It is certainly amusing to observe our middle-aged, well-to-do Americans at their first experiences of a continental *table-d'hôte*. Accustomed to having a full dinner set before them, of their own ordering and all at the same time, the European dinner, wherein each meat and each vegetable, each pie and each pudding, forms a separate course,

finds little favor with them. I met at the restaurant, one day, a whole family, big and little, that I knew to be stopping at one of the best hotels in the city. I inquired of the father, whom I knew well, whether he had not found the hotel satisfactory. "Satisfactory, sir! Is it satisfactory to any man of sense to have his meat served without potatoes; lettuce and oil made a separate course; and boiled spinach, without seasoning, called a third? No, sir; it is *not* satisfactory; and I have eaten my last *table-d'hôte*."

At the Hôtel de Tête Noir, on the road between Martigny and Châmony, I overheard the orders and soliloquy of a fellow-countryman who was seated at a neighboring table. His French (?) and English were oddly mixed; but his indignation was unmistakable. "*Garçon*, bring me some *pommes de terre* (*pommes de terre*) with my poison (*poisson*). Give me a demi-bottle (*demi-bouteille*) of wine. Confound these French; they do not know how to eat! *Garçon!* why don't you bring me the rest of my dinner?" Meanwhile, the agonized waiter was replying, "*Oui*," "*Certainement*," "*Tout de suite*," to every exclamation; and continued serving the dishes as he

had from boyhood—his confusion and the wrath of his customer increasing with every moment. I seized my alpenstock and hurried from the house before the climax was reached: so that I am unable to say whether the *finale* was a broken head or broken crockery, or simply a prolonged scream of the American Eagle, and the flight of the terrified Frog-eater.

It will be seen that what makes Those Americans so noticeable among travelers, is, the fact that they have no special reverence for the customs or the dignities of the Old World. They have their own ways, and are in no hurry to change them. They have, for the most part, a hearty contempt for the omnipresent gold lace of petty sub-deputies. The ten thousand shams that are worshiped because of their antiquity, excite only disgust in the citizens of a new nation; and some day these idols will find no devotees in their present homes. So far, then, from taking a snobbish pride in any cosmopolitan assimilations to continental customs, routines, and formulas, I trust that you, reader, and I will be easily recognized wherever we may be, and throughout our lives, as Those Americans.

TEA LEAVES.

WE were tired of Hankow—the Judge and I. The trip from Shanghai—six hundred miles up the grand old Yang-tse-kiang, in a North River steamer, surrounded by all the appliances and comforts of modern traveling—had been most enjoyable. The *Poyang* was her name. Commanded by Captain George Briggs, of the old Collins Line, with a steward from the same fleet, and a cook from the Astor House, could one ask for more? We had seen Chin-kiang—where the British troops suffered so in '41, from the combined effects of Tartar pluck and a China sun—with its lovely Silver Island, where poor Captain Townsend, of our Navy, since met his death from the latter cause; Nankin, the old capital of the Empire, where lies buried the last of the Ming dynasty—now in possession of the Taeping Rebels, with the Imperialists encamped on the opposite side of the river, and who, by the way, amused themselves as we passed by firing a few shots *over us* at the rebel outposts; “The Orphans,” those remarkable rocks, standing in solitary grandeur near the mouth of the lake from which our steamer took her name—their apparently inaccessible summits crowned with temples; and lastly, Kiu-kiang, a most uninteresting and dilapidated specimen of a Chinese city, where a few poor “exiles from Erin,” and the sister isle, passed their time in smelling tea and shooting snipe.

We had “done” Hankow most thoroughly; been duly dined and tiffined; visited Wu-chang, the Viceroy’s residence, opposite, and searched the *curio* shops for old bronzes and crackled China; been duly mobbed by “braves,” as they call the native soldiers, and hailed

as *Yung-qui-tsi* (foreign devils); had ascended the Han-yang hill, and from its summit viewed a lovely panorama, embracing three cities, with, according to the veracious Abbé Huc, a population of three million souls.

And yet we pined for a new sensation.

It came one morning, while we were lounging in the tea-room of our host. The *cha-sze*, (tea-taster) a native of bonnie Scotland, “with an eye like a hawk, and a scent like a hound,” was leaning over his dark-green table, where the clear north-light came through the broad window, poking his nose into a series of little porcelain cups, and going through the orthodox sipping and spitting—when entered Ah Lum, tea-broker, a fine specimen of the genus Chinaman. The “pidgin English” which followed, was too much for our untutored intellects to comprehend; but the result made itself both apparent and acceptable, in an invitation to accompany Mr. Ah Lum on a trip to the Tea Districts, some two hundred miles distant. The season being just about to open, here was an opportunity of witnessing the whole *modus operandi* of picking, firing, and packing, not to be lost; so, in spite of sundry misgivings as to the security of our heads should we chance to meet with hostile “braves,” we decided to accept the invitation; and the following day found us again on the broad bosom of the Yang-tse.

Both craft and *cuisine* suffered somewhat from comparison with the *Poyang*. Our conveyance was what is called a mandarin boat—a craft used by those gentry in transporting themselves and families about the country—Noah’s Ark on a small scale, without the animals,

but *with* the insects; flat-bottomed, housed all over, and divided into compartments from stem to stern; provided with light sails, but propelled mainly on the canal-boat principle—coolies taking the place of horses—enabling passing travelers to work their passage by taking hold of the rope, as George Christy used to say he did once on the Erie Canal. The country through which we passed varied but little from that we had seen on the lower river: the same compact system of farming; the hills terraced to their very summits, and every available spot cultivated, apparently, to supply the wants of the immense population, which seemed to increase, rather than diminish, as we journeyed westward.

On the evening of the second day, we left the main river; and after going a short distance on a tributary stream, entered a broad canal, which, we were informed, led direct to the heart of the Tea Districts. The country, which was completely cut up by intersecting ditches and canals, looked "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and was entirely without the luxuriant tropical vegetation found in the southern districts. Immense *paddy* or rice-fields stretched in every direction, with here and there the thatched roof and mud walls of a farmer's dwelling showing themselves above the horizon. The tedious tracking of the boat was frequently intercepted by huge nets planted on the banks, which the fisherman raised and lowered by means of levers and a windlass worked by the feet. Sometimes we passed a lonely temple, shaded by a grove of waving bamboos; but the general appearance of the landscape was so monotonous, that it was an immense relief when Ah Lum, pointing to a line of blue hills rapidly rising above the horizon, told us that beyond them lay our destination.

Turning out of our rattan beds on the morning of the fourth day we found the boat moored to the banks of the canal in

the shadow of a large one-storied brick building, which proved to be the *hong* of the tea merchant to whom the neighboring plantations belonged, and casting our eyes around, we found that we were really in the tea country at last. On every side of us, as far as the eye could reach, the dark green tea-plants were growing in their beds of reddish, sandy soil. They looked thin, having lately been robbed of a portion of their covering of laurel-shaped leaves.

The cultivation of the plant which produces our common drink is by no means confined to any one district or spot, but is scattered about through the different provinces, each producing its peculiar description, known to the trade by its distinctive name. For instance, our visit was to the Hupeh, or Oopack country, as it is called respectively by the local inhabitants and Cantonese, through the latter of whom most business with foreigners is carried on; and the tea produced is the heavy-liquored, black-leafed Congou, which forms the staple of the mixture sold in England under the generic name of Black, and which sometimes finds its way to this country as English Breakfast Tea. Kiu-kiang shares with Hankow the exportation of this description of leaf, and is also the point of shipment for the fine Green teas manufactured in the Moyune District, the larger proportion of which find their way to this country. Next in importance—or possibly first, as a port of shipment—is Foo-chow-foo, on the coast, about half-way between Shanghai and Hongkong. From here are sent forth the red-leaf Congous, or old Boheas, to England, and the Oolong to the United States. Still farther down the coast is Amoy, from whence is shipped an inferior description of Congous and some scented teas; but the bulk of the latter are exported from Canton and Macao, being, together with a peculiar description of Green, manufact-

ured at these ports from leaf grown in the neighborhood.

Jumping ashore, regardless of the entreaties of the cook to wait until *chow-chow* was ready, we found ourselves in the midst of a noisy crowd of coolies, moving in every direction, each with his load slung at the ends of a bamboo, singing the monotonous "*Aho, Aho, Aho,*" in unison with the rapid dog-trot, at which they move. Some were carrying chests to the canal-bank, and loading them in long, narrow boats. Others were bringing in baskets of freshly-picked leaves, and depositing them in the *hong*. Entering this building, we found the various processes of firing and curing in full operation, and, aided by our friend Ah Lum, were not only let into the secrets of the trade, but passed a pleasant day, wandering about from furnace to furnace, and among the thickly-growing plantations which covered hill-side and plain alike for miles on every side.

The plants themselves were from two to six feet high, according to age, and, from repeated cutting down, had grown into dense masses of small twigs. Many of them were covered with little white flowers, somewhat similar to the jasmine, and seeds inclosed in a casing not unlike that of the hazel-nut, but thinner and full of oil. The first picking, in April—the month of our visit—is when the leaves are very young and tender, which of course command a higher price than those subsequently plucked. The second is a month later, when they have attained maturity; and as unpropitious weather would be likely to ruin them, great expedition is used in gathering the crop, the entire population turning out *en masse*. A third, and even a fourth, follow; but the quality rapidly deteriorates, and but a small proportion of these last pickings is prepared for export.

The process of making tea for home

consumption—that is, the great bulk of it used by the population generally—is very simple: a mere drying in the sun, subsequent to which it presents a dry, broken appearance, like autumn leaves. The plantations were filled with men, women, and children, all engaged in stripping the bushes as rapidly as possible, throwing the leaves into bags slung over their shoulders for the purpose: a merry, laughing crowd, screaming at each other in their harsh, guttural tones, and pausing in their work only to cast glances of astonishment at the barbarians. As their bags were filled, the pickers trudged off to the curing-house, and deposited their loads on the heap. Here was the most interesting operation of all: at least thirty young girls were engaged in assorting the leaves, picking out all the dead and yellow ones, and preparing them for the hands of the rollers and firers. Our entrance caused quite a commotion among the damsels, and they were evidently preparing for a rapid exit—only waiting for a lead, like a bevy of quails—until a word from Ah Lum quieted them. No wonder the poor things were frightened. Foreigners have the reputation, in the interior, of living entirely upon fat babies, with no objection to children of larger growth, if they are plump.

On one side of the room was extended a long furnace, built of rough brick, with large iron pans placed at equal distances, and heated from charcoal fires below. Into these pans were pouring huge basketfuls of leaves, which were stirred rapidly for a few minutes, and then removed to large bamboo frames, where they were rolled and kneaded until all the green juice was extracted. They were then scattered loosely in large, flat baskets, and placed in the sun to dry. Subsequently, the leaves were again carried to the furnaces and exposed to a gentle heat, until they curled and twisted themselves into the shapes so familiar to all

lovers of the beverage which cheers without inebriating. Some of the finer kinds of tea, prepared for exportation, are rolled once before being fired. The great object appears to be to prevent the leaf from breaking; hence, in the commoner kinds and that intended for home consumption, which do not receive the same amount of care, the leaves are found to be very much broken.

Green tea, although grown in particular districts, is prepared in a similar manner, its peculiar color being imparted during the firing by dropping into the pans a small quantity of gypsum and Prussian blue. Chinamen wonder at the taste of "outside barbarians," in preferring tea so colored; but would furnish them with a leaf of bright yellow, if there was a market for it. Little do they know of the comfort it affords the ague-shaken dwellers of our Western river-bottoms, when varied with the regular doses of quinine.

The entire operation pertaining to the business appeared to be carried on under one roof, and afforded occupation to an immense number of persons. In one room men were engaged in making boxes; in another, lining them with thin sheets of lead. Farther on, the outsides of the boxes were being pasted over with thin sheets of paper, on which were stamped the *chop* of the tea and the maker's name. Finally, they were being filled, soldered up, and carried off to the boats, perhaps not to be opened again until reaching the shop of some London grocer. It is a common thing to hear English travelers say that they find it impossible to get as good a cup of tea in China as they can at home. With regard to the quality, they are probably in error; but it is quite likely they can not get tea to suit their taste as well, for this reason: in England, the art of mixing tea has been reduced to a science. The assimilating of different kinds—a little Congou, a little Oolong, a little Orange

Pekoe—until a palatable mixture is produced, is so thoroughly understood, that but little pure tea of any one description is sold. This prejudice is even carried to China, where each *hong*, or mercantile house, has its own mixture prepared for its special use. It has been a recognized fact for many years, that the Russians have the best teas of any nation outside of China, and this can be accounted for in three ways. First: The Russians pay high prices, and buy the best. Second: A great deal of their tea is received overland, *via* Miamatchin and Kiachta, the Chinese and Siberian towns, standing one on each side of the boundary line between the empires; hence, not having made a sea-voyage, its properties are not impaired, nor is it compelled to undergo the strong curative process. Third: The Russians know how to *make* and *drink* tea better than any people in the world, the Chinese not excepted. Their implements are a small China tea-pot and a *semivar*—the latter a huge brass urn, with a cylinder running through the middle of it, in which is placed burning charcoal, heating the water to an extreme temperature, on the principle of a tubular boiler. The tea is made strong in the tea-pot, and the cup filled up from the urn. The use of the *semivar* is universal, and it is as much of a domestic institution in Russia as a waffle-iron in Yankee-land. The Chinese usually make their tea in the cup from which it is to be drank; and the leaves, after being subjected to several applications of water, are often redried and used again. To drink with comfort, it is necessary to invert the saucer over the cup, and sip from between the edges of the two. An immense quantity of what is known as Brick tea—tea pressed into cakes, not unlike bricks—is exported from the northern districts to Russia and the Siberias, for the use of the poorer classes of the population.

Our mandarin boat was to convoy a fleet of tea-junks back to Hankow; and their cargoes being on board, but little time was given us to remain among the plantations. The last evening of our stay was to be devoted to a *sing-song*, given in our honor—an entertainment comprising a great deal of eating and drinking, with a surplus of native music. The latter was furnished by a company of professionals from a neighboring town, consisting entirely of gorgeously dressed young women, some of them quite handsome. The dinner was like all Chinese dinners: an immense number of little dishes, containing all of the delicacies known to Chinese culinary art, and the usual *pièce de resistance* of boiled rice. Visions of fattened puppies and plump rats would obtrude themselves, sadly to the detriment of our appetites. We had agreed to dispense with knives and forks, and essay to use the national Chopstick; but it was like eating soup with a hairpin. While the Judge was laughing immoderately at my attempts to get a fair mouthful from my plate at once, an antiquated Celestial, who was sitting next me, with an evident compassion for the barbarian's ignorance, coolly lifted a piece of what appeared to be fat pork on his chopsticks, and, after biting off a portion, passed it over to me. This, I was informed, was an act of great courtesy; but it was the "last straw," and I left the table incontinently. After the repast, the music commenced—and such music! We asked Ah Lum to translate one of the songs for us; but the effort to put the words of one of his native poets into "pidgin English" was too much, and after a few moments of mental agony, he feelingly replied, "No can." How much more accommodating is our language! Witness the ease with which Longfellow's "Excelsior" is transformed into "Topside Galah," and "Norval's Address" becomes—"My name belong Norval; topside that Glampian hill-ee

my father—you sabe my father?—makee pay chow-chow he sheep," etc., etc.

The women appeared to be in charge of an ancient *duenna*, who watched them most jealously. For a "lark," we requested a Chinaman to ask the old lady the price of one of her *protégées*. Taking a scrutinizing glance, to see if we really "meant business," she informed us that \$1,000 was the lowest price for a choice. With the utmost gravity, our friend said: "More better you no buy. Suppose you want one piecee woman, Hankow can buy for five hundred dollar."

The custom-houses were probably the most interesting places we saw on our return trip—large whitewashed buildings, with the everlasting mandarin-poles and dilapidated banners. They are farmed out by the Government to local mandarins, who, for a certain annual sum, are allowed the privilege of "squeezing" all passing boats to the greatest extent they will bear. There appears to be no recognized tariff, but each gets what he can; or, if a man comes down liberally, he may be given a *chop*, which carries him past several stations. After getting into the Yang-tse again, the strong current carried us rapidly down the river—the fleet all beating down, tack for tack, together, making a very lively and animated picture. On the afternoon of the second day, the Han-yang hill loomed in the distance; and soon we could make out the four large Joss-poles which mark the Viceroy's residence in Wu-chang. An hour later, we landed on the jetty at Hankow, heads safe on our shoulders, and without even an adventure of consequence to relate.

We are at Vernon now—our travels, for the present, over; and, as we sit on the porch in front of our little house, the cool breeze comes from the sea through a gap in the hills, kissing the tops of the waving mulberries, and gently rustling the leaves of the orange-trees—the

Judge's terrier, Jack, and the setter, Rose, having a game of romps under and around our chairs, and the sleepy Muscovy ducks winking and blinking in the warm sunlight. The Judge says: "Colonel, do you remember our trip to the Hupeh country? Why could we not import some tea-plants, and try to produce the leaf here? Those hills, now looking so bleak and dry, might be made to bloom and blossom like the rose; and what a change it would effect in the landscape, if they were covered with a rich, dark verdure, instead of withered grass and weeds."

"Labor, my dear Judge, labor is the rock on which we'd split. Why, if we were to import Chinamen enough to carry on a tea plantation, these fierce Democrats around us would never forgive us for robbing the Irishman of his birth-right. I notice, however, these same violent anti-Coolieists are glad enough to employ the Celestials in their vineyards. But the time will come, when, this troublesome labor question once settled, these hills, now so valueless, will be made to give their share of the blessings designed by Providence for the use of man."

MINNA'S BETROTHAL.

IT was toward the middle of February, 183-. Whether it was really necessary or not, I do not now remember; but I wanted to take the night diligence from Gorkum to Nimeguen. My friends were unanimous in their opinion that it was a risky thing. I was obstinate, however, and went.

The queer names I have just mentioned, may give the reader some clew to the queer country where I was traveling. A strange country indeed, Holland!—a continued conquest over the grim North Sea, made up of polders and dikes and canals and marshes, with two or three stout rivers, now and then making sad inroads when the Alpine and Vosgen snows begin to melt, and carry more water than the honest Dutchman can swallow. Holland!—a queer country, but with a stanch and thrifty population, magnificent butter, cheese, and veal, gorgeous tulips and hyacinths, and the prettiest, freshest, loveliest girls you can imagine.

Well, I mounted the diligence—a clumsy, heavy-laden thing, with four stout horses—the *voerman* cracked his whip, and off we started.

Not at railroad speed: in Holland, things go slowly, but rather surely. And there was very good reason why we should not hurry.

You have never been in Holland? No? Well! Imagine a vast extent of alluvial soil, formed by the successive deposits of three rivers—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt; on this deposit the boisterous North Sea has made severe inroads at several times. While swelling old Lake Flevus into a gulf, dignified by the name of Zuyder Zee, it threw up its own bottom-sand on the western coast, and formed a barrier to its own encroachments in the so-called *duinen*. The rest of the coast was, by herculean labor, inclosed with huge sea-dikes. And thus—the salt water being taken care of—there remained only the winter flow of the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt to be guarded against. Dikes run along all these rivers. They are high, and broad at bottom, though on top scarcely wide enough to afford the crossing of two carriages; and the track in Holland is, on that account, perhaps, *very* narrow: not more than four feet wide.

In short, the whole country is, with few exceptions, lower than the ocean—lower than the beds of the rivers—and kept dry and above water by thousands of water-mills.

And now, knowing what a Dike is, you can further imagine it to be high enough to enable you to look into the chimneys of the many houses built along-side. On our right, we had the extensive plain called Maes-en-waal, lying between the two rivers; on our left, the river, carrying ice, and swelled so as to reach within a few inches of the summit of the dikes. Woe to the place where there is a weak spot—where the water begins to ooze through. It soon makes a gap, and then a break; and, with irresistible force, the waters rush into and overflow all—oftentimes sweeping away houses, barns, every thing, and converting the whole country into a vast lake.

This was the last trip the sturdy *voerman* of the diligence intended to make, as rumors had warned him of several threatened *doorbreeks*, but he thought he could manage to reach his home at Nimeguen; and, with three passengers only, he had started on his perilous way. Of the three passengers, one was a gentleman who, by his three-cornered hat, white cravat, and dark cloak, seemed a *Dominé*: he had ensconced himself in the corner of the back seat. On the middle seat was a young girl, apparently belonging to the class of servants. I usually occupied the middle seat; and this time, especially, was satisfied that it was the *best* seat in the diligence.

But if you have never been in Holland, how shall I describe to you the various costumes of the middle class? The sturdy maid of North Brabant, with her dark hair pressing through the broad flounce that trims her snow-white bonnet; the good-natured, healthy *Geldersche-meid*, with her flaxen hair and square head-covering with fluted rim; the rather prudish-looking maid of the Hague

and Leyden, with her neat *cornetje*, so very neat, and encasing a pretty face in a rim of fluted lace—somewhat reminding one of Mary Stuart; and last, not least, the proud and Juno-like forms of the maidens of Friesland, so beautifully molded, of a complexion which England's aristocracy might envy, but could scarcely equal, and dressed in gowns of soft, but pleasing colors, over which a tunic descends, of different, but always harmonious shade. Strangely enough, the gorgeous, golden hair is carefully hidden; a snow-white veil of finest lace covers the beautiful head, and, hanging down over the shoulders, is tightened round the temples by a diadem of golden plates. No need of artifice to enhance that beauty. It is in the blood—in the race; in the pure and stately countenance, with its blue eye, its rosy cheeks, its small and snow-white teeth, its veined neck and arms—often bare. It is in the gait, in the gesture, in the smile, whose very frankness and purity rebuke the faintest suggestion of evil.

The middle seat belonged to such a being, as I have described. I was then twenty-three; and the reader can now understand why I felt satisfied with my seat.

The two lanterns outside the stage threw sufficient light inside to distinguish a profile, and my youthful imagination easily filled up whatever the gloomily burning lanterns left in the dark. The first few minutes passed in silence. The night was dark and snowy; and when once on the dike, the *voerman* drove very slowly. The gentleman behind me looked rather assiduously out of the window, then resumed his recumbent position. I myself felt somewhat nervous, but at last I ceased to mind the fast or slow driving, and actually became accustomed to the sombre roar of a swollen river, carrying ice, and now and then coming within the neighborhood of our wheels.

I now took an accurate survey of my

interesting neighbor. Unmoved—looking neither to the right nor to the left—she had been leaning her lovely head on her right hand. I sat on the left side; so I could see her downcast face. The eyes were moist. From time to time I thought I saw a tear dropping in the handkerchief which she held, with the left hand, in her lap. Now and then I heard a suppressed sigh.

I began to speculate. But from speculation I came at last to a desire for investigation.

"*Lieve meiske*," said I, with the freedom allowed in those countries; "what is the matter?"

"*Niets, Mynheer, niets*," she said, resuming an erect position, and wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Are you afraid?" said I, drawing a little nearer.

"O no, *Mynheer*, O no," she said, looking full in my face, with such a brave innocence that impulse overcame good sense, and I took her little hand, and pressing it softly, said:

"What is it, then, *lieve kind*? Tell me."

At this moment, I felt a slight touch on my right shoulder; and, turning round, came face to face with the *Dominé* of the back seat, who, leaning over, smiled kindly, and said: "I can tell you that better than this *arme kind*"—motioning me, at the same time, to my corner; and, smiling blandly, he added, after I had resumed my proper position: "we can not sleep, anyhow, on this dreadful road. I'll tell it you, *Mynheer*."

I think I was at that moment a little embarrassed. Was the tap on my shoulder a reproof—an assertion of authority, which my youthful blood felt inclined to question? But the kind smile which accompanied the last words of my *Dominé*—a smile so expressive of genuine, unconscious benevolence—shamed my sensitive selfishness; and answering with a smile of quiet expectation, I waited for

the promised explanation of my companion's grief.

So we were all smiling—all except one, and I don't know but I perceived a little twitch in her pretty mouth when I resumed my corner—smiling, in spite of the dreadful night, and the rolling haze on that horrible dike.

"You remember," began the *Dominé*, "that terrible flood of 1823, when the sea-dikes gave way, and Friesland and Groningen were flooded by the ocean?"

I *did* remember it; for, though only twelve or thirteen years old, that calamity had made its impression.

"Well, in that flood, the whole family of Arn Sirtema perished, save one, a little child of three summers [the *Dominé* was poetic]. Carried in her wooden cradle, she was found by one of his neighbors, adopted as their own child, and she was a goodly young *meiske* of about fourteen when I made her acquaintance. I had been called to Harlingen, and my good wife wished a nice little nurse to take care of her first baby. I am married, *Mynheer*."

"*Natuurlyk!*" said I, somewhat impatiently.

"Well, I met Steenstra, the honest dairyman who had adopted Minna, and said: 'Give her to us; we will take care of her as of our own. I'll send her to school, and teach her myself; and you know my *wrouw*.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is not to every one I would give *that* girl, *Dominé*; she is a pearl, a jewel, a—a'—he did not know what more to say. He had tears in his eyes. 'Minna,' said he, calling her, 'Minna, *Dominé* zal je vader zyn, wil je?'

"The dear child looked a moment with tearful eyes; then looked up to me—such a look, *Mynheer*, as I shall never forget! I put out my two hands, for I *did* love the child; and coming to me, she put hers in mine, and, joining them, bent her little head over them, and wept."

The *Dominé* stopped. Looking up, I saw that he had tears in his eyes.

"Excuseer me, *Mynheer*," said he; and holding out his right hand over the back of the middle seat, he continued, "was it not so, Minna?—was it not so?"

Minna took his hand in hers, and laid her soft cheek on it, and kissed it, saying, simply, "*Lieve, lieve Dominé!*"

"Well," continued he, resuming his composure, "since that time Minna has been as one of my family. From Harlingen I was called to Bommel. While there, I made the acquaintance of Gys Veldman, a very well-to-do farmer—a widower without children. Visiting him often with my wife and family, he took such a liking to Minna, that one day he said to me: '*Dominé*, let that *lieve meiske* stay awhile with me; it will do me so much good, and you might spare her some time. She looks a little pale, *Dominé*; don't you think so yourself? And——'

The stage stopped; looking out, we saw before us, on the dike, some dozen torches, and a crowd of men working with spade and shovel, and carrying bundles of brushwood. In the meantime, the *voerman* was talking with two men, who had come to us. Though they spoke in an undertone, I could hear one of them say: "If you wait a moment, you may pass here, but I am sure you can not pass Bommel; for there, just above Veldman's house, it is sure to break through."

"Well, we don't know," said the other; "it may not be so bad as that."

"Why, man, they've been working all the afternoon, and can not keep the water back. The dike is rotten, man—rotten, I tell you—you can't pass it with your heavy stage."

"Well," said the *voerman*, "*in God's naam*, I'll leave the stage on the dike near Veldman's, and may God help us."

He cracked his whip, but faintly, and

on a very slow trot approached the working-men. Then he stopped, while the men cried, "Stop at Veldman's; there will be a break above."

The *Dominé* resumed his seat, and wrapping himself a little closer in his cloak, he continued: "As I said, *Mynheer*, Veldman wished Minna to stay some time with him. She did so willingly; and, as her health improved, and the old man became very much attached to her, she remained with him over a year, when I received a call to Gorkum, and she accompanied us. But the little thing had left a good portion of her heart at Veldman's. Shall I tell it, Minna?"

"*Och ja, Dominé*," answered she, resting her pretty head again on her right hand; "it is no shame to love *ein brave jongen*."

"No, Minna, no," said the *Dominé*; "and he is a *brave jongen*, indeed. A nephew of Veldman's, *Mynheer*, whom he loves as his own son. Well, from him we got, this morning, a letter—or, rather, Minna got one. He writes her very often, and such long letters! Is it not so, Minna?"

Minna smiled faintly. She was in deep distress, and the *Dominé's* well-meant joke could not rouse her. The wind blew hard, the ice crashed, and, looking out, I thought I could see the water oozing over the dike.

"'Uncle is taken very ill,' said he. 'He begs *Dominé* to come and see him—perhaps for the last time—and says he would give any thing to see Minna once more.' Well, *Mynheer*, if I have tempted Providence by going this night, I did it with a good intention——"

We heard a distant roar behind us—like far-off thunder. Looking out, we could see the torches moving swiftly along the dike.

"It has broken through!" said the *Dominé*; "we just passed in time. God is good! Poor, poor Veldman! At any rate, we shall see him."

At this moment the stage stopped. The *voerman* cried out to us:

"Get out; here is Veldman's house. I can not leave the horses. I'll stay on the dike. God help me and my poor team!"

We went out. The stage had stopped near a descent leading to Veldman's farm, about three hundred yards distant. I offered my arm to Minna, but she took the *Dominé's*, and seemed to cling to him with the security of a child resting on her father's strong arm. They led the way. I followed, and could not help admiring the energetic step of that faithful minister, who risked his life to answer the summons of a dying friend.

The moon—not quite full—cast a lurid glare over the sky. As our pathway turned to the right, the full length of the dike came in view, and in the distance I could see the water gushing down, and already forming an extensive lake. It was clear that in a few hours it would reach the house of Veldman; but the break *above* was the great danger—which, however, seemed less probable, on account of the break below.

We reached the farm-house. It was built of brick, and had a solid appearance. Through a small flower-garden, we came to the open door. A young man came out, and taking the *Dominé's* hand with both of his, said, in a suppressed tone, "*Dank je, Dominé; dank je!*"—when he took Minna in his arms, and pressed what seemed to me a very solid kiss on her cheek, and held her long, and said, "*Lieve, lieve Minna; dank je, dank je!*" Then he saw me, and said, half smiling: "*Rouw weêr, Mynheer; rouw weêr!*" Rough weather; it was, indeed!

We followed him in-doors. It was a large hall-room. A brisk fire of turf burned in a chimney, of which the mantel was more than two yards square. The floor was laid with flag-stones; the walls lined with close, pretty, square,

porcelain-looking, glazed tiles of Dordrecht, each having a picture in blue. On a large table in the middle of the room stood a lamp, not at all artistic, having the form of a miniature lighthouse, the flame burning briskly, but with a considerable amount of smoke. The huge chimney mantel was lined with a row of bright, shining tin plates.

Opposite the entrance, in the chimney corner, we saw old Veldman, reclining in a large arm-chair, his feet covered with white woolen stockings, resting on a foot-stool—a square wooden box, warmed by a glimmering turf-coal inside. He was dressed in a huge blue waistcoat, and his gray head was covered with the national *slaap-mats*—a sort of woolen night-cap.

As soon as we came in, he lifted his right hand, but let it drop. "*Kan niet, Dominé!*" said he, with a sad smile. The *Dominé* took his large, square hand in both of his own, and said:

"*Lieve Veldman, wat is 't?—wat is 't?*"

"Don't know," said he, slowly; "felt strange this morning early. Said to Hans, 'Write to *Dominé*.' He got in time for the stage to take the letter."

Then the old man heaved a deep sigh, closed his eyes, and seemed unconscious; while Minna, with woman's instinctive tact, busied herself about him, kissing him, and rubbing his temples with her handkerchief, saturated with cologne—an article inseparable to most Dutch maidens. Hans had retired to the corner of the room, and spoke in an undertone with the *Dominé*.

A thundering crash startled us. The roar of tumbling waters came from *above!*

"It has broken!" cried Hans; "now for the old man!" He had already seized the invalid by the shoulders, and cast a significant glance at me. I took hold of the lower limbs. Already the water gushed over the floor; but, with steady

grasp, Hans led the way through an inner door to a staircase. Up he went, and I followed. We landed on the second story—partly a garret, partly rooms. He deposited the old man near the gable window, rushed down stairs, fetched the arm-chair, lifted him in, rested his feet on a bundle of bagging, then looked round for Minna. She stood already near Veldman—she seemed to think only of him—while the *Dominé*, somewhat agitated, went to the window, opened it, and, after looking awhile, shut it again, saying:

"Terrible! the water is all over, and I can see it rise."

Hans crossed his arms, and seemed intently listening. In the meantime, the *Dominé* took Veldman's drooping hand, and whispered in his ear, "Veldman! Veldman! *vriend* Veldman!"

The invalid opened his eyes, and after some fruitless attempts, said, "*De kist, de kist.*"

Hans at once put his hand in the old man's ample pocket, took out a bunch of keys, selected one, went to a corner of the garret, dragged a middle-sized chest toward the window, opened it, and in the bright moonlight—which at last had pierced the cloudy sky—took out a package lying uppermost, and held it up before the old man.

He nodded slightly with his head, and looked at the *Dominé*, who seemed to understand him; took the package from Hans, and read aloud the superscription: "*Laatste wil Van Gysbert Veldman.*" The old man smiled faintly, and pointed to Minna.

"He wants you to take care of it," said Hans to Minna, who, somewhat terror-stricken, with tearful eyes, took the package, and mechanically put it in her pocket.

The old man looked to the *Dominé*, then to Hans, then to Minna, then to the *Dominé* again.

"Ah!" said the latter, after a mo-

ment's suspense, and taking Minna's hand and laying it in the right hand of Hans, "*is 't dat?*"

Veldman smiled faintly, and said, in a low voice, "*Ja, ja, zegen ze in.*"

He wanted him to perform the customary ceremony of betrothment, (*inze-geening*) and immediately the *Dominé* laid his hands on their heads, and said, emphatically, "*In's Heeren naam, wordt man en vrouw, en zyt getrouw.*"

They stood a moment still, then sealed the contract with a hearty kiss. After which, Hans went to the window, opened it, and looked out; Minna knelt down and laid her head close to Veldman's, softly crying.

The water and ice roared around the house, and already I saw the floor becoming wet in many places, when Hans sprang up from the window, and lifting his joined hands on high, cried, "*God dank, gered, gered!*"

I rushed to the window, and heard a far-distant bell tolling. I turned to Hans. "That's the Engen alarm-bell," said he; "they ought to have rung it long ago, but they delay it as long as possible, to spare the lower polders; when that bell is rung, the Engen sluice is opened, and the water gets an issue. And then, too, they send boats around to save what can be saved. Horses and cattle have been driven off before yesterday. We would all be off, but my poor uncle suddenly was struck. Poor, dear uncle!"

Then he went to the old man, and bending over, said, "*Ze kommen, Oom; ze kommen.*" But the old man answered nothing, and was seemingly unconscious.

The water now ceased to rise, and, indeed, seemed to be lowering, though but little. All around it had now the appearance of a lake, with here and there large sheets of floating ice. Through the two breaks it continued streaming; and thus it was to continue until the

river was lowered. No earthly power could stop the break against the flood. The bell had ceased; and, with anxious eye, Hans scanned the waters if he could perceive any boats approaching. The night was far spent; the old man remained unconscious; and often Hans went from the window to press the seemingly lifeless hand of his uncle. At last, toward the break of day, we heard, through the noise of streaming waters, the monotonous, but welcome clang of oars. Two small boats approached, carefully avoiding the blocks of ice. Ropes were thrown, and fastened inside.

"Now for the old man!" said Hans, again; "*klaar, jongens, klaar, de oude man komt eerst.*" And he began to lift him, while I assisted.

The old man opened his eyes, stared a moment, looked at the window, then at Hans, then at the chest.

"Yes, uncle, all right; it will go, too," said Hans, and forthwith lifted him. How we got the heavy old man through the window into the boat, is more than I can now conceive. But there were two strong men to receive him—two of Veldman's farm-hands—and they laid him safely on a bed of straw.

Then came Minna's turn, and, at last, the chest. The boat had its cargo, and pushed off. The *Dominé*, Hans, and myself went in the other; and so we were all afloat, paddling slowly through the drifting ice, and keeping near the dike.

"Whither are we going?" said I to Hans.

"Toon van Elp," said he, "lives on a farm not far from Bommel. His house lies very high; and though the water has come pretty near, it never has entered. The *jongens* say he expects us. *Brave lui, Mynheer.* The Doctor is already there, to look to my poor uncle. *Brave lui, Mynheer!*"

And on he rowed with double zest, to rejoin the other boat, which had gained

on us, and contained, besides his uncle, his *lieve* Minna!

It was fairly daylight when the boats struck ground, about a hundred yards from Van Elp's dwelling. I could see, through the open front door, the glimmer of a cheerful turf-fire,—warming our chilled limbs by anticipation—and half a dozen people standing outside, awaiting our coming. Already the *jongens* were carrying old Veldman through the shallow water, which ran up to near the door; and Hans waded with *his* precious charge after them; while the *Dominé* and myself took hold of the *chest*—rather heavy—and, leaving it at the door, were heartily welcomed.

All were busy in that hospitable dwelling: some offering a sip of the real Dutch gin; some preparing a hearty breakfast on the snow-white table-cloth. Fresh-looking, healthy girls were they, daughters of the farmer, and two housemaids. The *vrouw* was assisting the Doctor, who busied himself with Veldman in an adjoining room.

And when I had got into dry stockings and warm slippers, partaken of the welcome meal, and made myself generally comfortable, I asked permission to see the invalid. I found the *Dominé* sitting with him, and holding one of his hands. He seemed unconscious. The Doctor had bled him; seeing my anxiety, he said:

"He will recover; a strong man; the stroke might have killed another, but not Veldman! Right arm paralyzed, probably; but he will live."

Minna did not leave the bedside. Her sweet countenance, notwithstanding the emotions of that dreadful night, remained fresh and blooming, though her eyes were moist, and went with anxious care from the invalid to the Doctor, and only now and then cast a loving glance at her betrothed, when he looked in and said in a whisper, "*Hoe gaat 't?*"

Toward noon, the *Dominé* and myself began to think of leaving.

"*Dominé!*" said the *wrouw*, emphatically, "stay here, and speak a word to old Veldman, when the Doctor allows it."

"Come in," said the Doctor, coming out of the room, "and look at him."

We went in, and with conscious eye the old man looked at us. The *Dominé* sat down near him, and took his paralyzed hand.

"This one feels yet, *Dominé*," said Veldman, smiling, and putting his left on the *Dominé's*. Then he looked at me; and when, with some emotion, I stretched out both my hands, he put his left in mine, saying, "*De linke, maar naast 't hart*—the left, but nearest the heart—come to the marriage, sir, God bless you," I pressed his hand, very nearly kissed the one which Minna held out to me, gave a hearty shake to Hans, and got into the boat, for which they had found a more convenient landing-place.

In less than half an hour we reached Bommel. I soon found my way to the *Kroonprins* hotel, but started back when

at the entrance-gate I found our *voer-man*, quietly smoking his short clay pipe. "Ha! ha! *Mynheer!* we must wait a day or two before we start," he said, with a grin. It seemed like a vision. Since I left him on the dike I had not thought of him. "Ha! ha! *Mynheer!*" said he, enjoying my astonishment, "*Wim is taf!*—takes much water to drown him!"

"How in the world *did* you come here?" said I, at last, recovering from my first emotion.

"*Wel, Mynheer, met paard an wagen!* (with horse and wagon). After you left me, I stood awhile—then began to think, '*Luk met je, Wim!*' and drove on. The stage was empty, the horses willing, and when I came to the bad place I said, '*Now, Bel!*—now, *Jan!*—pull for our lives!' And they *did* pull, *Mynheer*. Up to the axle we went into the softening mud; but they got out of it, and I came here just in time to tell the *jongens*, who came for a boat, that they had better take two, as I had left some company at Veldman's!"

FOR THREE WEEKS.

YOUNG AMERICA, with a sublime contempt for Old Fogyism—which is always just east of us—has a practical way of stating that we can live twenty-five per cent. faster in America than in Europe. In three weeks I "did" the Overland and San Francisco; crossed the prairies, the plains, and the mountains; partook of the hospitalities of the San Franciscans, and studied, in an exhaustive manner, their peculiar social developments and characteristics.

The modern mind is so cosmopolitan that the name of Traveler has lost much of its ancient *prestige*; but there is yet a certain importance attached to it, and even something of a halo surrounding it.

I was revolving this fact in my mind, one evening, (having finished the paper, and satiated my feminine taste with crochet work) and came to a sudden resolution.

"Mrs. Buttons," said I, "I am going to San Francisco."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Buttons, as she continued sewing an unlimited overhand seam. Mrs. Buttons has a vocation for overhand seams, and has been sewing them ever since I can remember. I have at times had my suspicions that she contracted for cotton cloth by the piece from the manufacturer, and sewed it up, without meaning or purpose, into overhand seams.

"Mrs. Buttons," I resumed, "I am going next week, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

"Yes," responded that imperturbable woman.

And—so I did.

There was a pleasant little excitement attending our departure; but, at last, the arrangements were completed, and one bright, moonlight Monday evening, we bade good-by to New York City, and the next morning—from the Suspension Bridge—were watching the waters of Niagara flashing in the sunshine; watching its ever-changing drops, and listening to its never-finished story. A water-fall is a constant miracle—never the same, yet always presenting the same aspect—so we linger for a moment, and yet a moment, vaguely conceiving the possibility that it will assume some new and different shape. But our train, which carries us in twenty-nine hours from New York to Chicago, allows small time for tarryings by the way-side.

We reached Chicago—that precocious rival of New York—in the night; and at noon the next day were far out on the Iowa prairies. Were ever fields so green and so far-reaching! For miles and miles, we traveled through cultivated fields of standing corn. Cultivated!—I was ready to think it the spontaneous growth of the soil; for the few scattered farm-houses could not contain laborers enough to care for it all. In the midst of my bewilderment, we arrived at an unexpected explanation—an encampment of Indians. This was the first object of universal interest. People came out of their shell of indifference or reserve, and, ignoring the formality of an introduction, asked and answered questions. We found there were some among us "old stagers" who knew much about the Red Man, and effectually dispelled all illusions in regard to them with which J. Fennimore Cooper's novels had imbued us; yet, in spite of the disparage-

ments of our neighbors—in spite of their own tawdry appearance—the encampment presented a picturesque and not unpleasing picture.

The Yankee characteristic, of world-wide celebrity—an intense curiosity in regard to our neighbors' affairs—is not so prominently developed as is the seeming desire of each individual to relate his or her own history, from remote antecedents until the present time—often even to the lifting the veil of future hopes and expectations. The question of universal interest was now: "Had we been to San Francisco, or was this our first trip?" For, with the exception of the few who were to leave us at Omaha, we expected to go to the El Dorado together. *À propos* to this subject, a facetious individual remarked that "it was a strange perversity of human nature, that people would go across lots and come in at the back-way, when the Golden Gate was wide open." This facetious remark came from a Western Judge—the inhabitants of the Western States seeming to be composed of a large proportion of Judges, possibly indigenous to the soil; cropping out first in Ohio, becoming jubilant in Missouri, and to be met with everywhere. They have a well-fed air, and an unlimited confidence in their own opinions. In fact, this overland journey presents a fine opportunity for the study of human nature—a study of such vast importance to mankind, that philanthropists have, upon occasions, felt themselves called upon to visit forbidden places, such as the theatres or horse-races, to observe its varied and unrestrained aspects. If people who travel have adopted in their private life a code of politeness and etiquette, they usually consider it as too valuable a possession to bring with them in public; it is, probably, locked up in the safe with their diamonds and their silver; it is easier to travel without its restrictions; and then they are sure that its lustre will remain

undimmed until they have occasion to use it.

Mr. Smith, who was an old traveler, instructed us to intrench ourselves among our various belongings, and look as if we had chartered the whole car, and as if the rest of the people were only there by sufferance. But this custom has been so long in vogue that I do not think we particularly imposed on any body, with, perhaps, the exception of an old gentleman at the advanced age of eighty-three, who was pertinacious in his pursuit of knowledge. It was impossible to conceive where he could have accumulated such an amount of ignorance as he had evidently commenced the journey with; but he was being kindly instructed by a young lady from Boston. There was, near us, a widow, who was easily affected to tears by the recital of her own lamentable story, for the benefit of any chance sympathizers. A pretty, soft-eyed Washington belle had enlisted in the regular army by marrying a Major, and was accompanying her husband to a fort on the Plains. An English tourist, with the usual badge of traveling *literati*—untidy hair and soiled linen—was sadly distracted by the multiplicity of things which he felt it his duty to see and “take note” of. On one occasion, he remarked, in truly touching and pathetic tones, “When I am observing the scenes through which I pass, I can not write, and when I am writing I fail to see them.” I could have told him that, in the solitude of his own chamber, with a few books of useful information—but one must not betray literary secrets to the public!

Omaha is a city of great promise—a place which is rarely either spoken or thought of in the present, but, like much of the Great West, pen pictures of it are usually sketched through that delusively rose-colored medium, “The vista of coming years.” The present of Omaha exhibits the appearance of a *smart*, active Western town, which has been success-

ful in creating itself the focus of much drifting travel. The past is redolent of the name of George Francis Train. It is a good thing for a town to have some noted name to ground itself upon—some link of universality: it gives it a sort of moral *status*, besides gaining a reflected lustre from the name itself.

When we reached Cheyenne we saw the snowy peaks of the Rocky Mountains, lying like low, drifting clouds above the horizon. Cheyenne is proudly called “The Magic City.” What fancies of childhood—fancies fed by the Arabian Nights—are awakened by such a name!—visions of Aladdin’s palace, of enchanted gardens. But Magic has sadly deteriorated under the auspices of a crude Western civilization; and one is forced to admit that cities confessedly built by human handicraft and intervention present the more beautiful spectacle.

The summit of the Rocky Mountains is gained by a scarcely perceptible ascent; but we were all deeply impressed by the moral consciousness of being there. It is true, they are physically more difficult to comprehend than when you see them traced by a decided line on a map, or when you look at Bierstadt’s picture of them in the Academy; but the biting cold atmosphere of a sunny September day enabled me to understand the altitude to which we had attained, and the snow-balling in which I indulged with a pretty little Cuban, brought me back to the cars in the state of exhilaration which that exercise is wont to promote.

And now an atmosphere of sociability began to pervade the car: ladies hobnobbed together, to discuss the fashions and exchange bits of New York or San Francisco gossip; there were occasional mild flirtations, and, of course, the inevitable newly married couple. The popular belief that “Love is blind,” gains a new significance from railroad travel; it is certainly blind to the sense of propriety

or good taste of the observers. Euchre was prosecuted with indefatigable zeal. The party consisted of an ex-Governor, of vast and wonderful proportions, who seemed an exponent of the Great West, where Nature constructs every thing on a grand plan—(it occurred to me that the inhabitants of the country might become so enamored of size that men were chosen for public office in regard to that particular qualification); a gentleman, whose individuality was absorbed in his mustache and shoulder-straps; a small, dark man, who wore long hair, carried eye-glasses, spoke with a slight German accent, and was addressed by the appellation of "Doctor"—it is safe to call men of the foregoing description by that name: you are pretty certain to be right, and if you make a mistake, it is considered as a compliment. A fresh-looking young collegian completed the party; he was going West, with the definite purpose of superintending the rather indefinite interests of a New York mining company.

On Sunday, we passed through Echo Cañon. The day was of the calmest and quietest. The sky was intensely blue, and the sunlight sparkling and scintillating. Hundreds of feet above us the rocks arose: they were ruined castles; they were mammoth giants; they were druidical remains—what were they not? And then we reached the alkali plains—vast, illimitable, undefined—no Alpha, no Omega: past experience seemed a dream, and this was Eternity. All day we followed the track of the old emigrant road, but saw no trains of canvas-covered wagons, wearily creeping across the desert. The prairie schooners and the buffaloes have vanished from the path of Progress, whose advent is announced by the shrill shriek of the locomotive.

Strange as it may seem, I was not prepared for the absolutely new appearance of the country. I had fancied that,

however crude the civilization might be, the country itself would present palpable evidences of antiquity. The "everlasting hills," the primeval forests, speak of a time anterior to ruined castles, or even the Pyramids. But vegetation was only developed in the pale-gray sage-brush; and the Humboldt Mountains—absolutely barren—seemed placed upon the plains by some artificial means. A vivid conception of them could be formed by placing brown, conical blocks on a perfectly level, gray surface. But nothing will convey an idea of their vast extent—mountain after mountain, mountain after mountain, like a constantly recurring remainder, with the sign of +. In fact, Nature has here so vast a work to do, that she has paid but little attention to detail, and allowed herself no time for freaks of fancy; but cuts all her mountains and plains after the same pattern, seeming content with simplicity and regularity. Perhaps human economy is following out this lesson which Nature teaches, in adopting the monotonous uniforms of the great charities and public institutions.

We had been dreaming, thinking, and talking somewhat of the Sierra Nevadas during the whole trip—the grand mountains that people came to see and to talk about—and, as we neared them, the interest grew more intense. At last the snowy range lay between us and California—to all appearances an impassable barrier, jutting out into defiant rocks, or receding into misty gorges—the mountains clothed with a sparse growth of pine, which the railroad and the miners are rapidly consuming. Thirteen tunnels, and thirty-two miles of snow-sheds, somewhat interfere with the sublime impressions to be produced by this magnificent scenery. But we caught some beautiful glimpses of Donner Lake, serenely blue and peaceful, reflecting the rugged mountain tops from every side. If the sky did fall once upon a time, when

Chicken Little created such a commotion among the feathered tribes, a piece of it must have rested and remained just here, among the Sierra Nevadas.

We reached San Francisco in eight days after leaving New York. It was a long flight from ocean to ocean, and we were glad to leave even Pullman's Palace Car for luxurious rooms at the Occidental.

I was prepared to be surprised in this wonderful city—"The Queen of the West"—and I am glad to state that I was not disappointed in this expectation. A general feeling of elation pervades the traveling public at San Francisco. It is their first impulse to congratulate themselves and their neighbors upon being in this charming place—this city of delightful climate, mammoth fruits and vegetables, luxuriant and ever-blooming flowers, fine churches, elegant stores, fashionable promenades; of irrepressible young ladies, devoted gallants, and—earthquakes.

Here one meets with representatives of every nation: English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and even Chinamen, have "pitched their tents" among the sand-hills. It is to be accredited to this fact that the city is said to be cosmopolitan; but it may be a question whether mere diversity of nationalities in reality makes it so. It is isolated, self-contained, and self-saturated—and in this respect un-American—individual, and full of social peculiarities and prejudices. The manners, customs, and tone of thought of the people are San Franciscan—not cosmopolitan. New York, which shares with San Francisco the glory of being one of the great commercial capitals of the country, is far more cosmopolitan. It has something of the enterprise of New England, something of the repose of the South, and of the energy of the West. The New Yorker, it is true, looks at his handsome city—graced and disgraced after the manner

of other large cities—with an individual pride; yet there the Bostonian, Philadelphian, Chicagoan, and even the San Franciscan, assimilate in its atmosphere, and are at once at home. But in San Francisco, young as it is, the people stand by their traditions and customs, with such steadfastness that it assumes almost a provincial air. They believe in the often reiterated assertion that the climate is the most delightful in the world, with, perhaps, the exception of Florence—the society the most charming, with the exception of Paris—with as devout a faith as any well instructed Israelite does in the statements of the Talmud; and grow hot and cold in the same instant, with perfect equanimity and enjoyment, because it is San Francisco weather.

The city, before the rains, presents rather a dingy appearance, for the general effect of the houses is of an unvarying dust color; but there may be, however, astonishing revelations in that respect during the rainy season. The San Franciscan mind seems to have suffered much unpleasant indecision on the subject of paint. The gray, which one might suppose would harmonize with the sand, has, during the six months of unclouded skies and of sunshine, a fearfully monotonous effect. The warm, brown tinge which looks so well under the varying skies of the East, is here harsh and disagreeable. I heard of one individual, who had his domicile painted pink—more for utility than beauty, however. It gave it a distinct individuality, which is quite necessary, as in some parts of the city the houses have grown faster than they can be numbered. Some one accidentally painted a house green: the right chord was struck at last; it was the very color to harmonize with the surroundings. Such a thing would, elsewhere, be justly considered an outrage to the principles of good taste; but here the foliage is of rather a funereal tinge, without a vestige of that bright, tender

green which gives to the white New England villages their fresh, pleasant appearance. Many of the buildings—even the most architecturally ambitious—are but two stories high. They, perhaps, lose something in grandeur of effect, but gain much in comfort and convenience. It was an unusual sensation to be in a city visited by daylight, by moonlight, and starlight too, in primitive purity—not sifted down between four-story houses.

The wonderful stories of California fruits and vegetables—which I had never found it possible to more than half believe—I found verified at every street corner. There were boxes of red and yellow apples, mammoth pears, great clusters of white and purple grapes. It reminded me of a picture which I had seen long ago, in an old illustrated Bible, of the return of the two men from the land of Eshcol, bearing between them their burden: a bunch of grapes. Fruits and vegetables are always abundant in the San Francisco market, and every thing seems always to be in season. An enthusiastic market gardener told me that he was, in September, bringing strawberries into market from plants set out during the previous April. It is true that, as a matter of taste, I preferred the more concentrated flavor of the little scarlet berries which I had so often gathered in the green meadows in June; but I was constantly told—with a note of admiration always following the statement—that I “was eating strawberries in San Francisco in September!”

There are admirable traits of character in the real San Franciscan: an enthusiastic love for the city of his adoption, an unbounded admiration for all that appertains to it, and an unlimited faith in its superiority to every other place under the face of the sun. If Church’s “Heart of the Andes,” Rosa Bonheur’s “Horse Fair,” or any other picture of universal homage, were sen-

tient things, their feelings would be of the same nature as that which the San Franciscan daily experiences. One can hardly have an individual opinion about it: every body says it is the most delightful place in the world. *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

The Pioneers still remain, in incredible numbers, in the city, notwithstanding the fact that they have broken out like an epidemic all over the United States. They tell their stories of the Early Days with infinite gusto: of a time when the city was not, but where it now stands were barren sand-hills; of the toils, privations, and hardships which met the adventurer; and give sketchy outlines of a turbulent life, whose ordinary phases were shooting affrays, and practice with the bowie-knife—when Might was law, and human life without value; sometimes, of as little value to the murdered as to the murderer. There were times when there seemed to be nothing to live for. Day after day saw the sun go down without the realization of their golden hopes; oceans were between them and an old life, which, they thought, in the glamour of distance, a king might have envied. And it was often the thought of this old life which gave them courage to hope for the future, and to live over again the hardships through which they had already passed. A Pioneer, (probably an exceptional case) who had not made his fortune, or, rather, had made and lost several, in this land of promise, told me of those bright epochs when the steamer arrived. He drew a vivid picture of the anxious file of men, who waited patiently for their turn to receive letters, standing for hours, through sunshine and wind. Some of them were miners from the interior, who had come hundreds of miles to hear this voice from home. They were men with rough, unkempt beards, and voices grown harsh and discordant through the long disuse of loving words. Poor fellows! how blank and stark the

future looked to them, when "No letter" came in answer to their names. "But we get over caring about them after we've been here awhile," said the Pioneer. "I never think of the post-office now; but, fifteen years ago, I've waited four or five hours for my letters, and money couldn't buy my placé in the line." Five, ten, fifteen dollars would often be offered to men who were ragged, hungry, and dirty, but it rarely tempted them. Ah, yes! these letters were as eagerly and anxiously looked for, almost, as was the golden nugget which each of the miners was sure to find somewhere. Steamer days continued to be "red letter" days until recently; but the great railways have already consigned them to history. The San Franciscans, while acknowledging their present advantages, look back with a peculiar relish—with veneration, almost—upon their early habits and customs.

It is singular, that, in a city where a large proportion of the inhabitants are, in a manner, isolated from their surroundings, and dependent upon other and distant countries for much of their enjoyment, the arrangements for delivering letters should be so inferior and imperfect. But while I am making these reflections, the spirit of a Pioneer haunts me, and I remember—with a degree of promptness which testifies how deeply this lesson was impressed upon me—that San Francisco is a new city, where one must not idiotically expect to find all the little details and *minutiæ* which make Life smooth and easy in other places. For cities, as well as individuals, only gather the luxurious and graceful accessories of life about them by degrees.

The city possesses superior and peculiar advantages in regard to getting from one part of the city to another by public conveyance. The stranger is at first disconcerted to see the cars so frequently disappearing around corners; amazed to see them toiling up and plun-

ging down steep hills. After being in the city for two days, Mrs. Smith and I flattered ourselves that we had learned to comprehend the eccentricity of their movements, when we accidentally learned that some of them have one route for the morning, and another for the afternoon.

The first thing which we learned, was, to reply gracefully to the inevitable question, "How do you like San Francisco?" This, by the way, forms the basis of small talk. There is no opportunity for speculating about the weather: during the dry season, one is never obliged to prepare for the contingency of a rain-storm. "It must be a delightful place to live in," said Mrs. Smith. "Think of our making definite arrangements for a shopping expedition next week, without being obliged to add that modifying clause, 'Unless it rains!'" After all, it must be rather a hard dispensation to have this support to the amenities of social life taken away at one fell stroke. But the Californians are not without resources: they glory in their climate, and never lose an opportunity of telling you so. This rule of universal rejoicing over the weather—which is neither hot nor cold—is proved by the few exceptional cases of individuals disapproving of the hot sunshine and cold winds, which keep the mind in a vacillating state between furs and laces.

After several promenades on Montgomery Street, we became so accustomed to the ways and manners of the people as to face the universal stare with composure. But I doubt if any one, not "to the manner born," would ever become entirely reconciled to it. There is still a sort of an echo of the traditional homage which was attached to the idea of womanhood in the early days, pervading the atmosphere. There are those who remember the time when the appearance of a lady in the street was an object of universal curiosity—a curiosi-

ty from which, for some reason or other, they have not yet recovered. And the San Franciscan young lady has adopted a manner to suit the contingency—a manner defiant in its general tone, slightly coquettish, and, withal, with a distinctly audible sparkle. There is not the slightest tinge of any thing slow or old-fashioned about her. She dons the newest-shaped hats, and the newest manners of the day, intensified with an air of easy adaptability which shows she has a genius for it. In San Francisco, little girls—who, by the way, are out of date all over the country—are utterly unheard of. When they *are* children, they may speak as children, understand as children, and think as children; but that chrysalis state is of such infinitesimal duration, that they are full-fledged young ladies before any one has had time to discover it. Think of a young lady of twelve summers, with no ideas beyond the nursery and the school-room—horrid! Plain bread-and-butter and rice-pudding may do for children; but Life, at that advanced age, is unpalatable without the condiments and champagne. She usually lives—"the observed of all observers"—until she is sixteen, or occasionally until eighteen; and, although I have heard of nothing which would warrant me in making such a statement, I can imagine a few lingering cases of twenty years. She then leaves the field open to a new and equally fascinating bevy of competitors, by retiring into one of those gray habitations with projecting bay windows, covered with clustering jasmine and honeysuckle. The houses of San Francisco, by the way, have a cozy, home-like individuality of appearance, which is rarely met with in the Eastern cities.

Our week's stay in the Golden City was nearly over. I use the poetic name, because San Francisco becomes monotonous by constant repetition, and because it is suggestive of grandeur, splen-

dor, and magnificence—all of which are fine things with which to endow a city, especially when you can do so by using a single word. We had seen every thing, knew every thing—of course we did: if human intellect in the nineteenth century can not comprehend one city in one week, human intellect ought to be ashamed of itself, and become more progressive in its spirit. The Cliff House—that Mecca of San Franciscans—only remained for us to see. A seven miles' drive over a fine macadamized road, through rather uninteresting sand-hills, (the last statement is, of course, made in a whisper) brought us to it. There was the vast Pacific, and there were the seals: a simple programme, but very effective. A covered balcony protected us somewhat from the cold winds from the ocean, and gave us an opportunity to watch the grotesque, uncouth gambols of the *sea-lions*. What are the seals like? It is not at all a difficult matter to tell what they are unlike. Mention any thing that you have ever seen or heard of, (any thing but seals) and you may be sure that it is totally unlike them. The efforts which people are constantly making to compare them with something, are as unavailing as the efforts of the seals themselves to assume the perpendicular. The great, lubberly, lazy animals crawl slowly from the waves, and tumble over each other, and rest, and bark. The performance never ceases, and they play daily to crowded houses. It is a mystery how they ever attain the top of the high, pointed rocks. I have no idea of the time it takes them to reach it after leaving the water; for they inevitably became so mixed up, when about half-way to their destination, that I could never decide which was the one that ought to have been first. The highest point seems to be the place of honor; and from thence the fortunate possessor harangues the admiring multitude in a series of hoarse, discordant barks. After watching them for an hour, I was

deeply impressed with the fact—which I had learned long ago in a well thumbed, but now sadly forgotten geography—that seals are an exceedingly useful production, “furnishing the inhabitants of northern latitudes with food, light, and clothing;” to which I added, from observation, that they also furnish the San Franciscans with innocent and endless amusement.

We wandered for hours by the sea-shore, watching the white-capped waves breaking into tawny surf among the rocks. We detached the tenacious starfish from the rocks, and found the zoophytes, looking like great, green flowers, and suggesting the Darwinian theory. How conversation pauses and halts, and vaguely dies away on the sea-shore!—and the waves, taking up the story, go on, weaving their own mystical romances!

We left San Francisco, well pleased with the place and the people, and especially with ourselves for having visited it. But there was one unexpressed, almost unacknowledged disappointment attending it. There had been no *earthquake*. Not that we wished actually to experience a shock—or only in its

very mildest form, and nobody hurt, you know! But after we reached home, it would be the correct thing to have had the experience. Dangers are not only desirable, but delightful, after they have passed. The pious Æneas challenges our admiration for the many things he suffered before he founded the city, as much as for the great deed itself. Othello seems to experience a certain consolation from recounting his misfortunes, aside from gaining the love of the pitying Desdemona; and the Ancient Mariner holds the wedding guest unwillingly enchained to listen to his tale of thrilling horror. And we were travelers to *our* city of earthquakes, without being able to tell of that momentous moment when the earth trembled, when the strong walls shook and swayed, and to paint the terror of a panic-stricken people. It was like one of Marryatt’s novels with the storms left out. “Really, Mrs. Buttons,” said I, the evening after my return, as that worthy woman sat placidly sewing, while I narrated the incidents of my journey in my thrillingest manner—“really, Mrs. Buttons, if there had only been an earthquake!”

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW?

IT surely may be counted one of the noticeable signs of the times, that one of the most important international questions now attracting the attention of the civilized world, is the attitude which China is likely to assume toward the Western nations. Leaving out of all account the forcible entry of that kingdom in time past by the British, we may point to the events of the last two or three years of Chinese history as being of the chiefest moment to the Chinese Empire, so far as we know. The manifested resolution of the Western nations to obtain

permanent and unrestricted entry to China; the appointment of an Embassy to represent the Chinese Government in foreign Courts; and the earnest debate, in and out of China, of questions which more or less affect the time and manner of opening the Empire to the world—all concern the stability, and, possibly, the existence, of the Chinese Empire. It is not possible for any foreigner to reach the secrets of a Chinese Foreign Office, even if such a bureau has any secrets; and what the real policy of the Government toward the rest of the world may

be, if it has any policy, we can only guess. Much light has been shed upon this particular point; but, after all, in considering whether the Chinese Government be ready to accept any form of Western civilization, we must be guided to a conclusion by such deductions as may be drawn from general facts which are patent to every body.

That the world's mental and material progress has its influence upon the long-isolated and jealously exclusive Empire of China, is in itself a matter for admiration. The uneasy sea of human activities, which chafes and surges about the shifting institutions of more modern nations, has broken in fainter ripples along the peaceful beaches of an Empire whose civilization is the most ancient of any now in existence. The monotone of a national life which dates back thousands of years is disturbed by the strident cry of a newer civilization, demanding entry and possession. The sentimentalist may well feel a pang of pitiful regret at the spectacle of an ancient people, powerful in numbers and rich in material resources—holding weakly and supplicatingly to their old traditions and institutions—reluctant that the present order of things, under which they and their ancestors for thousands of years have peacefully lived and prospered, should be disturbed by the unwelcome intruder, who knocks imperiously at their gate, demanding that their old lamps be exchanged for new. The old satisfied them; why should they try hazardous experiments with the new? But Progress is there; he knocks persistently, and, whether she will or no, China must open her doors: her dream of a thousand years is over.

It is hardly necessary to trace here that portion of the history of China relative to the gradual and unwilling admission of foreigners to trade, and the few privileges accorded to them. Lord Napier, the British Minister, became first involved with the authorities of Chi-

na, in 1834, in consequence of the opposition of the Chinese Government to the trade in opium, then carried on quite extensively by British subjects. The dispute assumed great proportions, and was subsequently taken up by the official successors of Napier, until, a few years later, when treaties of commerce and amity being concluded by China with Great Britain and several other Western nations, comparative peace returned for a space. With the later struggles of "the foreign devils"—as the Chinese call foreigners from the West—in their attempts to procure more extended privileges in China, the reader is already sufficiently familiar to accept the conclusion that every existing concession made by the Chinese to the outside world has been forcibly wrung from them at the price of wounded pride and outraged vanity. It should not follow that because all present commercial progress (as we call progress) in China has been the unwelcome result of an armed contest, we must never expect any other concessions without similar demonstrations in force; but this fact must influence one's conclusions when it is justly considered. Nor should it be forgotten that Americans, Russians, and Frenchmen now alike receive the reluctant, permissive favors of the Chinese Government by virtue of clauses in a British treaty negotiated at the cannon's mouth.

It was quite natural that the civilized world should hail with enthusiasm the appointment of an Embassy to the Western Powers from China. That a citizen of the United States should be chosen to represent the Chinese Government at the head of that Embassy, was, in itself, an event calculated to sufficiently arouse and gratify our national vanity, and kindle admiration; but that an Embassy should be at all appointed by this vain and exclusive nation, was a greater marvel. And when the Envoy arrived in

the United States, with his Asiatic colleagues, redolent of the associations and mysteriousness of a vast, semi-barbaric nation, it was not surprising that people fancied, in the glow of their welcome, that the long-sealed Empire of the Central Flowery Land was at last wide open—its walls leveled with the earth around. But, reviewing the speeches of the head of the Embassy, and making due allowance for the generous warmth of after-dinner expressions, one fails to find any tangible evidence of the complete realization of the first rosy dream which the arrival of the gorgeous pageant inspired. No treaty which has resulted from the negotiations of the Chinese Embassy gives evidence of any spirit of progress on the part of the Chinese Government; none contains any important modifications of existing treaties. Indeed, Mr. Robert Hart, Inspector General of Imperial Maritime Customs in China, in a late important paper, recently published, says that the only criticism made upon the new treaty negotiated with the United States, was, the remark that the pledge on the part of our Government not to interfere in the domestic affairs of China was an implied admission of the weakness of China, and the forbearance of the United States. And it was because the appointment of this last Chinese Embassy was so unexpected, so contrary to all the traditions of Chinese history and usage, that the world was startled into pleased surprise at its appearance. That a nation which had haughtily held itself aloof from all contact with and recognition of other powers, should, of its own motion, send out a party of diplomatic representatives from its own Court, was matter enough for congratulation; and it was an event which might naturally be hailed as a sign that China was ready to take its place in that family of nations in which all intercourse is founded upon mutual respect, as well as self-interest. It was not noticed that, while these Chi-

nese Embassadors, with all their theatric display and undefined native rank, were admitted into the immediate and familiar presence of the rulers of all the great nations to which they presented themselves, the European and American representatives at Peking were not permitted to breathe the air made sacred by the Emperor of China, but were still obliged to transact their official business and transmit their messages through the subordinates of the Imperial Court. And in the ardor with which we conceived new hopes of China's progress in liberal ideas, we lost sight, perhaps, of the fact that her past promises were yet unfulfilled, and existing treaty stipulations were not carried out, but perversely denied by an obstructive and illiberal policy.

Foreign nations ask of China these three things: the right to reside and transact business in any town or city in the Empire; the privilege of constructing and using steamboats, electric telegraphs, and railroads; and the unrestricted right of navigating the rivers of China. These requests, of course, are made with the understanding that existing treaty obligations will be met and discharged; and they may be said to include all of those obligations. Unrestricted intercourse with China carries with it a thorough recognition of the equality of all friendly nations with China. So long as the representatives of foreign powers are considered by the Chinese as merely resident guardians of their fellow-countrymen, it is plain that there can be no reasonable pretense that China is on an equal footing with other nations. Free intercourse with China will involve the continuance of the diplomatic relations which now exist between the Western Powers and China; to which must be added an exchange of diplomatic courtesies and international usages. The residence of a United States Minister at Peking would seem to imply the presence of a similar functionary in Washington.

But the Chinese Government has never made a permanent appointment of that character, and it has never recognized the representative character of any foreign Minister: these have been merely the overseers of their countrymen, having no relations whatever with the reigning Emperor, and transacting their business with subordinate officials.

This apparently insignificant question of diplomatic etiquette seems to lie at the bottom of the whole difficulty. The enormous vanity of the Chinese, their greater than Oriental floridness of self-conceit, appear to present insurmountable objections to such commercial and diplomatic intercourse as the Christian nations hold with each other. It is apparent that trade and commerce must involve the establishment of diplomatic exchanges; and the question at once will arise in China, How shall these Ministers be received? There can be but one answer, if the Chinese admit that the Minister stands at the Court of Peking as a representative of his sovereign. While the details of business are confided to the adjustment of the Minister and the head of a Department of Foreign Affairs in all civilized Courts of the world, the ruling sovereign is bound to recognize the representative character of the Envoy, and to receive him as such. But this is impossible in China, so long as the structure of the Chinese Government, and its entire domestic polity, remain as they are. The supreme head of the Chinese Empire is not only the supreme head of the Chinese Government and Constitution, but, according to the Chinese theory and belief, "he is regarded as Vicegerent of Heaven, especially chosen to govern all nations, and is supreme in every thing, holding at once the highest legislative and executive powers, without limit or control." Nothing can exceed the arrogance of the claims assumed by the Emperor of China, and by the Chinese people for him. The same

vanity that gives to China such names as the Celestial Empire, the Middle Kingdom, and Beneath the Sky, (or the whole world) bestows upon the Emperor the titles of Celestial August One, Son of Heaven, Sire of Ten Thousand Years, The Solitary Prince, and The One Man. His person, and the place which he inhabits, are sacred and to be worshiped. To see him is to see God; to enter his presence is to enter the Celestial Courts. His throne is a "divine utensil;" his palace is called The Crimson and Forbidden Palace, The Gemmeous Steps, The Meridian Portal, and many other high-sounding and absurd names. Worship is exacted of all who enter into his awful presence. The vacant throne is worshiped equally with his actual presence; and the walk which is pressed by his sacred feet must never be trodden by another person. When he goes out to take an airing, every window and portal must be closed, lest profane eyes look upon his august countenance; and the foreign Ministers, sent to represent at Peking the dignity of their own sovereigns, are forewarned that they and their retinue must remain in-doors while the Son of Heaven is abroad.

It is not possible for the Chinese to understand how absurd are these extravagant pretensions in behalf of their sovereign. They appear obstructively in every step of every important negotiation with the Chinese Government. When United States Minister Ward, with much abasement of himself, attempted to reach the Imperial presence, an official note said of him: "What this foreigner, Ward, remarks, that he respects the Great Emperor as much as he does *that* President, is nothing less than to class the Middle Kingdom with barbarous tribes. Such wild exaltation of himself can only be relegated to subjects which make one laugh." The Austrian treaty with the Chinese—which has just been concluded—was long de-

layed in its progress, on account of the tenacity with which the Chinese Foreign Office adhered to the assumption that the Emperor of Austria should be referred to in terms which should indicate his inferiority to the Emperors of China. This point was, however, finally yielded. When Mr. Caleb Cushing negotiated the treaty of Wanghia, among other impediments to harmonious intercourse, was the persistence with which the Chinese Commissioner placed the name of the United States one line below that of China, in the official correspondence. And in the official credentials of the Chinese Embassy now in Europe, the name of China and the Emperor, wherever they occur, are exalted several spaces above all other names and titular appellations.

These things show how sacred is the person of the Emperor, and how transcendent the claims of the Chinese to superiority in every thing. Their sublime contempt for the rest of the world has been rudely shocked at times; but the painful impressions made by the war of 1860 seem to be slowly passing away, and the only concession which has been suggested in behalf of those foreign representatives who persist in demanding audience with the Emperor, is "a garden interview," which means that the foreign Minister may be admitted to the palace-garden, and allowed to look upon the awful person of The Solitary One as he passes majestically across a distant avenue. When one remembers that this August One is a sensual, stupid boy, it is difficult not to be at once indignant and amused. But the whole framework of Chinese domestic policy rests upon the assumption of sacred functions by the Emperor. To deny these would be to overturn the Government. The Imperial decrees are the mandates of Heaven; disobedience is not only unlawful—it is a sin against Heaven. Ministers of Christian Powers can never worship the

person of the Emperor as his subjects do, and should they be admitted to his immediate presence without paying him divine honors, his sacred character will at once disappear from the eyes of his people. To omit the religious ceremonial now required of those admitted to the Imperial presence, would be to part with a large portion of the power of the Emperor. When a few foreigners shall have been permitted to profane the presence of the Emperor by omitting the ceremony now exacted of all who enter there, the disintegration of the power of that monarch will have begun: his people will have lost that awful respect which now keeps them in check. If the people of China—that vast fraction of the world's population—were any thing but the inert mass that it is, we might hope that something would be accomplished by moving upon the popular mind. But the people, like the Government, is a shapeless and unwieldy body, difficult of access, undefined, and indefinite. With a population of more than three hundred millions, China is spread over eighteen provinces, any one of which would constitute a very respectable kingdom of itself, so far as area and number of inhabitants are concerned. And throughout all this vast Empire, from the humblest individual to the highest Mandarin, each is enmeshed in a despotism which has no centre, but is diffused over the whole of China. One is reminded of the old rhyme, concerning the "big fleas which have lesser ones to bite 'em," in contemplating the infinitesimal subdivisions which cover the Empire. From the various grades of Mandarins, with their graduated spheres of authority, we descend into tithings, hundreds, clans, and societies, until we find each individual completely surrounded by obligations, which are watchfully guarded and induce a surveillance of the strictest. The idea of government in the Chinese mind is one of fear; the Chinese sees in that word a long succession

of terrors, the chiefest of which has its seat in the awful throne of deity itself. Ignorance and superstition combine to make him dread an undefined power, which can not only despoil him of life and property, but follow him into a future world of existence, and entail disaster and unsuccess upon his family and posterity to remote generations. The teeming millions of China, bound together only by fear and individual responsibility, have no possible interest in the public affairs of their country; and, least of all, do they have any thought for any relations which China may sustain toward foreign nations. There is no public opinion, no patriotism, in China. Were there orators and politicians, there is no medium through which appeal can be made to the people. The "popular heart," of which so much account is made in democratic communities, has no place in the Chinese body politic. Think of a nation without newspapers, popular meetings, caucuses, politics, railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, and all the appliances by which the results of thought are collected and transmitted, and you can form some dim idea of the mental condition of the great mass of the people of China. Intelligent and mentally active, they may be; friendly to foreigners they are, but for all the practical purposes of government they are valuable only as mere machines which perform labor and yield income to the ruling class, which rises above them, step by step. We can only hope that some leaven may yet be buried in this inert mass, to infuse therein an activity of which it now has no sign.

The Government has many of the characteristics of the people. It is nominally patriarchal; but, like the people, it is difficult of access. If an outrage is committed upon an American citizen in Sz-Chuen, the adjustment of the case is referred from head-man to head-man, from Mandarin to Mandarin, and from

the province to the capital, and back and forth, until the bewildered diplomatist who has the grievance in charge is uncertain where, in the maze of all this shifting responsibility, the real Government is to be found. And if he is curious to know where resides the central power at Peking, he is equally at a loss. It is ridiculous to suppose that the underwitted youth who now wears the title of The Son of Heaven, is the active head of affairs; and one can only guess whether Prince Kung, who is the Chinese Premier, or the Empress Dowager, or the tutor of the young Emperor, be the real power in the Government. But we know that outside the mysterious *arcana* of the Imperial Court is a vast class of Mandarins, of several grades, and that these men are intelligent, selfish, and extortionate. They are the aristocracy of the country, such as it is, and they rule the common people with an iron hand, wringing from them nearly all their earnings. The safety, importance, and prosperity of these men are bound up in the existing order of things.

Opposed to all this may be adduced the industry, the natural quickness, and shrewdness of the people, and the exalted character of their theory of morality. It is difficult for an American, who knows what is accomplished in his own land by patient industry and mental aptitude, to comprehend the reasons for the popular backwardness and indifference which we see in China. And when we read the noble maxims of Confucius, and remark the nobility of sentiment which pervades all of the Chinese written codes of morality, we are at a loss to understand why extortion, official corruption, hypocrisy, and deceit should be more thoroughly characteristic of the people of China, than the virtues inculcated in their admirable system of ethics. But the Chinaman is born to believe that what has been must always so remain. There can be no change in political af-

fares, and no material progress, for the betterment of his race. No mental activity can pierce the impenetrable veil of mystery which the Government throws over all its larger dealings with the people. They may rebel against the power that is nearest them; but beyond and above are endless windings and convolutions, in which the daring mind finds itself blinded, obstructed, baffled. The common people submit quietly to what seems Fate: they do not care to inquire if this, indeed, be Fate. Nor is it worth while to attempt to explain why oppression of the poor by the rich, and infanticide, prostitution, and a hundred other crimes and vices, are common in a nation which has for its moral guidance a code of principles, the justice and abstract purity of which are equaled only by those taught by the Saviour of mankind. China is yet a pagan nation, conscienceless, and destitute of any fixed notions of morality. The high-sounding maxims with which they are so familiar are to them the merest abstractions, possessing no spark of vitality. Travelers have vainly attempted to fathom the psychological mystery which envelops the Chinese theory and practice of ethics. We only know that, with all their plausible pretense of honor, honesty, and other virtues, lying and cheating are not disgraceful in China; and, from the highest to the lowest, a vein of prevarication, evasion, and positive falsehood spreads out, ramifying in every direction.

From such a people, governed by such a ruling power, what can we expect but baffling procrastination, whenever we attempt to procure any explicit reply to an application for information upon doubtful points which may arise in the imperfect intercourse with foreign nations, to which they unwillingly consent. The phrase "fighting shy" may be justly applied to the conduct of the Chinese, in every negotiation into which they have been forced by Christian nations. Their

policy has been obstructive, evasive, uncertain, and treacherous—any thing to gain time, and nothing conceded willingly. Suspicious, as all feeble and ignorant people are, they have shown how feeble in national unity, and ignorant of international usage, they are, by their pitiful struggles with foreign influence, and the persistent encroachments of foreign pervasion. China is not yet ready to exchange her old lamps for new, and weakly pleads for more time to prepare. Mr. Hart, the Anglo-Chinese functionary, to whose important memorandum on Chinese affairs reference has already been made in this paper, speaking of the Embassy now in Europe, says: "The object with which the *Yamên* dispatched the Mission, as I understood it at the time, was to cultivate and conserve friendly relations, by explaining to each of the Treaty Powers the many difficulties that China can not fail to experience in attempting to change existing conditions or to introduce novelties; to bespeak forbearance, and prevent, in so far as possible, any resort to hostile pressure to wring from China concessions for which the Government did not as yet feel itself ready; and to prepare the way generally for the day when China should not merely hear the words of foreign representatives in Peking, but should be able to address each Government in its own capital through a resident Chinese medium."

To gain time for further rumination, the Embassy was sent abroad, thus cunningly transferring the exasperating and harassing debates which had been precipitated upon the *Yamên*, or Foreign Office, from Peking to the European and American capitals. Leaving out of account all spoken utterances of the head of the Embassy, (for, after all, they are only words) we find that no material change has taken place in the attitude of China toward the rest of the world. A careful analysis of the treaties just

concluded will show that they contain no essential features that are new; and we have the declaration of Mr. Robert Hart—who may be considered as the manager of that theatrical pageant which is carrying the yellow banner of the Great Dragon to the Courts of Europe—that the object of the mission was to explain why China can not change existing conditions, or introduce novelties; to entreat forbearance—not invite any thing or any body. Nor does it appear reasonable to suppose, as has been suggested, that China purposes arming herself, in the brief interval of peace which she secures for herself by delay. It can not be possible that the Chinese Government is collecting arms and munitions of war for active resistance to foreign influence, while it amuses the world with the novel pageant which has been sent forth. Though the memory of former conflicts with foreigners may not now be very vivid, the power that governs China can not have forgotten the bitter lessons of the past, nor hope to succeed in any armed struggle with Christian nations. Even in China, history teaches the uselessness of such a wild attempt at forcible exclusion. If the Chinese could have their own way, undoubtedly every foreigner would be driven from their shores. They submit reluctantly to what seem to be the decrees of Fate, but put as far off as possible the evil day when their isolation shall be disturbed, and the existing order of things be broken in upon permanently. With the unreasoning resistance of a disturbed sleeper, they put out their hands feebly and aimlessly, asking only to be let alone.

But China can not be let alone. She must exchange her old lamps for new, whether she will or no. There are many in our own country who would force telegraphs, railroads, commercial intercourse, and the improved forms of modern civilization into China at the cannon's mouth, as one should hold a loaded pistol at a wayfarer's head, compelling

him to take a change of garments which he piteously declares he does not need. Doubtless China makes some unconscious progress. While resisting in its weak way the idea, the main fact may exist nevertheless. The Embassy is progress; it admits the imminence of the danger at home—the force of the unwelcome pressure felt there. Foreign influence is slowly percolating into the Empire, and the inspiration of a civilization so widely different from that of China exercises a power of attrition which can not be denied. There is no intention on the part of the Chinese Government, perhaps, to commit the Empire to the heroic treatment of modern progressivists, even in the smallest degree; but it is impossible that the country shall go back to the remote seclusion of the past, or even remain thus partially awakened. Moral pressure, more or less supplemented by force, will gradually weaken the resistance of the Government, which must eventually yield to the irresistible movement of the world's progress. The day is past when foreigners can be excluded from the country; and the presence of each one of these—with his pushing and restless enterprise, his inviolable right of protection by his own Government, and his prying curiosity—is a pressure that is never relaxed, ever aggressive.

Sooner or later, China must give way, and the time will be hastened when the world fully learns that Oriental cunning has availed itself of an impatient curiosity, and sent out a mission to procrastinate, rather than prepare for change. The vast, unwieldy Empire, which now might submit to the amputation of a whole province without a shudder, will eventually become a compact, homogeneous, and centralized nation, penetrated by the civilization and guided by the lights which bless other peoples; or, divided into smaller states, accept the decrees of unyielding Fate, and follow in the pathway of Progress, in which must walk all nations.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir—are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off—as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bed-clothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate:
Ah, Joe! then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past, yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing—
(Mamma says my taste still is low)
Instead of my triumphs reciting
I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
Whatever's the meaning of that—
O, why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat!

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
Good-night—if the longitude please—
For may be, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE IDYL OF RED GULCH.

SANDY was very drunk. He was lying under an azalea bush, in pretty much the same attitude in which he had fallen some hours before. How long he had been lying there he could not tell, and didn't care; how long he should lie there, was a matter equally indefinite and unconsidered. A tranquil philosophy, born of his physical condition, suffused and saturated his moral being.

The spectacle of a drunken man—and of this drunken man in particular—was not, I grieve to say, of sufficient novelty in Red Gulch to attract attention. Earlier in the day, some local satirist had erected a temporary tombstone at Sandy's head, bearing the inscription, "Effects of McCorkle's whisky—kills at 40 rods," with a hand pointing to McCorkle's saloon. But this, I imagine, was, like most local satire, personal; and was a reflection upon the unfairness of the process, rather than a commentary upon the impropriety of the result. With this facetious exception, Sandy had been undisturbed. A wandering mule, released from his pack, had cropped the scant herbage beside him, and sniffed curiously at the prostrate man; a vagabond dog, with that deep sympathy which the species have for drunken men, had licked his dusty boots, and curled himself up at his feet; and lay there, blinking one eye in the sunlight, with a simulation of dissipation that was ingenious and dog-like in its implied flattery of the unconscious man beside him.

Meanwhile, the shadows of the pine-trees had slowly swung around until they crossed the road, and their trunks barred the open meadow with gigantic parallels of black and yellow. Little puffs of red dust, lifted by the plunging hoofs of pass-

ing teams, dispersed in a grimy shower upon the recumbent man. The sun sank lower and lower; and still Sandy stirred not. And then the repose of this philosopher was disturbed—as other philosophers have been—by the intrusion of an unphilosophical sex.

"Miss Mary"—as she was known to the little flock that she had just dismissed from the log school-house beyond the pines—was taking her afternoon walk. Observing an unusually fine cluster of blossoms on the azalea bush opposite, she crossed the road to pluck it—picking her way through the red dust, not without certain fierce little shivers of disgust, and some feline circumlocution. And then she came suddenly upon Sandy!

Of course, she uttered the little *staccato* cry of her sex. But when she had paid that tribute to her physical weakness, she became overbold, and halted for a moment—at least six feet from this prostrate monster—with her white skirts gathered in her hand, ready for flight. But neither sound nor motion came from the bush. With one little foot she then overturned the satirical head-board, and muttered "Beasts!"—an epithet which probably, at that moment, conveniently classified in her mind the entire male population of Red Gulch. For Miss Mary, being possessed of certain rigid notions of her own, had not, perhaps, properly appreciated the demonstrative gallantry for which the Californian has been so justly celebrated by his brother Californians, and had, as a new-comer, perhaps, fairly earned the reputation of being "stuck up."

As she stood there, she noticed, also, that the slant sunbeams were heating

Sandy's head to what she judged to be an unhealthy temperature, and that his hat was lying uselessly at his side. To pick it up and to place it over his face was a work requiring some courage, particularly as his eyes were open. Yet she did it, and made good her retreat. But she was somewhat concerned, on looking back, to see that the hat was removed, and that Sandy was sitting up and saying something.

The truth was, that in the calm depths of Sandy's mind, he was satisfied that the rays of the sun were beneficial and healthful; that, from childhood, he had objected to lying down in a hat; that no people but condemned fools, past redemption, ever wore hats; and that his right to dispense with them when he pleased was inalienable. This was the statement of his inner consciousness. Unfortunately, its outward expression was vague, being limited to a repetition of the following formula: "Su'shine all ri'! Wasser mää, eh? Wass up, su'shine?"

Miss Mary stopped, and, taking fresh courage from her vantage of distance, asked him if there was anything that he wanted?

"Wass up? Wasser mää?" continued Sandy, in a very high key.

"Get up, you horrid man!" said Miss Mary, now thoroughly incensed; "get up, and go home."

Sandy staggered to his feet. He was six feet high, and Miss Mary trembled. He started forward a few paces, and then stopped.

"Wass I go hum for?" he suddenly asked, with great gravity.

"Go and take a bath," replied Miss Mary, eying his grimy person with great disfavor.

To her infinite dismay, Sandy suddenly pulled off his coat and vest, threw them on the ground, kicked off his boots, and plunging wildly forward, darted headlong over the hill, in the direction of the river.

"Goodness heavens!—the man will be drowned!" said Miss Mary; and then, with feminine inconsistency, she ran back to the school-house, and locked herself in.

That night, while seated at supper, with her hostess—the blacksmith's wife—it came to Miss Mary to ask, demurely, if her husband ever got drunk. "Abner"—responded Mrs. Stidger, reflectively—"let's see: Abner hasn't been tight since last 'lection." Miss Mary would have liked to ask if he preferred lying in the sun on these occasions, and if a cold bath would have hurt him; but this would have involved an explanation, which she did not then care to give. So she contented herself with opening her gray eyes widely at the red-cheeked Mrs. Stidger—a fine specimen of south-western efflorescence—and then dismissed the subject altogether. The next day she wrote to her dearest friend, in Boston: "I think I find the intoxicated portion of this community the least objectionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of course. I do not know any thing that could make the women tolerable."

In less than a week Miss Mary had forgotten this episode—except that her afternoon walks took, thereafter, almost unconsciously, another direction. She noticed, however, that every morning a fresh cluster of azalea blossoms appeared among the flowers on her desk. This was not strange, as her little flock were aware of her fondness for flowers, and invariably kept her desk bright with anemones, syringas, and lupines; but, on questioning them, they, one and all, professed ignorance of the azaleas. A few days later, Master Johnny Stidger—whose desk was nearest to the window—was suddenly taken with spasms of apparently gratuitous laughter, that threatened the discipline of the school. All that Miss Mary could get from him was, that some one had been "looking in the winder." Irate and indignant, she sal-

lied from her hive to do battle with the intruder. As she turned the corner of the school-house, she came plump upon the quondam drunkard—now perfectly sober, and inexpressibly sheepish and guilty-looking.

These facts Miss Mary was not slow to take a feminine advantage of, in her present humor. But it was somewhat confusing to observe, also, that the beast—despite some faint signs of past dissipation—was amiable-looking—in fact, a kind of blonde Samson, whose corn-colored, silken beard apparently had never yet known the touch of barber's razor or Delilah's shears. So that the cutting speech which quivered on her ready tongue died upon her lips, and she contented herself with receiving his stammering apology with supercilious eyelids and the gathered skirts of uncontamination. When she re-entered the school-room, her eyes fell upon the azaleas with a new sense of revelation. And then she laughed, and the little people all laughed, and they were all unconsciously very happy.

It was on a hot day—and not long after this—that two short-legged boys came to grief on the threshold of the school with a pail of water, which they had laboriously brought from the spring, and that Miss Mary compassionately seized the pail and started for the spring herself. At the foot of the hill a shadow crossed her path, and a blue-shirted arm dexterously, but gently relieved her of her burden. Miss Mary was both embarrassed and angry. "If you carried more of that for yourself," she said, spitefully, to the blue arm, without deigning to raise her lashes to its owner, "you'd do better." In the submissive silence that followed, she regretted the speech, and thanked him so sweetly at the door that he stumbled. Which caused the children to laugh again—a laugh in which Miss Mary joined, until the color came faintly into her pale cheek. The next

day a barrel was mysteriously placed beside the door, and as mysteriously filled with fresh spring water every morning.

Nor was this superior young person without other quiet attentions. "Pro-fane Bill," driver of the Slumgullion Stage—widely known in the newspapers for his "gallantry" in invariably offering the box-seat to the fair sex—had excepted Miss Mary from this attention, on the ground that he had a habit of "cussin' on up grades," and gave her half the coach to herself. Jack Hamlin, a gambler, having once silently ridden with her in the same coach, afterward threw a decanter at the head of a confederate for mentioning her name in a bar-room. The over-dressed mother of a pupil whose paternity was doubtful, had often lingered near this astute Vestal's temple, never daring to enter its sacred precincts, but content to worship the priestess from afar.

With such unconscious intervals, the monotonous procession of blue skies, glittering sunshine, brief twilights, and starlit nights passed over Red Gulch. Miss Mary grew fond of walking in the sedate and proper woods. Perhaps she believed, with Mrs. Stidger, that the balsamic odors of the firs "did her chest good," for certainly her slight cough was less frequent and her step was firmer; perhaps she had learned the unending lesson which the patient pines are never weary of repeating to heedful or listless ears. And so, one day, she planned a picnic on Buckeye Hill, and took the children with her. Away from the dusty road, the straggling shanties, the yellow ditches, the clamor of restless engines, the cheap finery of shop-windows, the deeper glitter of paint and colored glass, and the thin veneering which barbarism takes upon itself in such localities—what infinite relief was theirs! The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed—the last unsightly chasm crossed—how the waiting woods opened their long files to

receive them! How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of the bounteous Mother—threw themselves face downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter; and how Miss Mary herself—felinely fastidious and entrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirts, collar, and cuffs—forgot all, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until, romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came suddenly and violently, in the heart of the forest, upon—the luckless Sandy!

The explanations, apologies, and not otherwise conversation that ensued, need not be indicated here. It would seem, however, that Miss Mary had already established some acquaintance with this ex-drunkard. Enough that he was soon accepted as one of the party; that the children, with that quick intelligence which Providence gives the helpless, recognized a friend, and played with his blonde beard, and long, silken mustache, and took other liberties—as the helpless are apt to do. And when he had built a fire against a tree, and had shown them other mysteries of woodcraft, their admiration knew no bounds. At the close of two such foolish, idle, happy hours, he found himself lying at the feet of the school-mistress, gazing dreamily in her face—as she sat upon the sloping hill-side, weaving wreaths of laurel and syringa—in very much the same attitude as he had lain when first they met. Nor was the similitude greatly forced. The weakness of an easy, sensuous nature, that had found a dreamy exaltation in liquor, it is to be feared was now finding an equal intoxication in love.

I think that Sandy was dimly conscious of this, himself. I know that he longed to be doing something—slaying

a grizzly, scalping a savage, or sacrificing himself in some way for the sake of this sallow-faced, gray-eyed school-mistress. As I should like to present him in an heroic attitude, I stay my hand with great difficulty at this moment, being only withheld from introducing such an episode by a strong conviction that it does not usually occur at such times. And I trust that my fairest reader, who remembers that, in a real crisis, it is always some uninteresting stranger or unromantic policeman—and not Adolphus—who rescues, will forgive the omission.

So they sat there, undisturbed—the woodpeckers chattering overhead, and the voices of the children coming pleasantly from the hollow below. What they said matters little. What they thought—which might have been interesting—did not transpire. The woodpeckers only learned how Miss Mary was an orphan; how she left her uncle's house, to come to California, for the sake of health and independence; how Sandy was an orphan, too; how he came to California for excitement; how he had lived a wild life, and how he was trying to reform; and other details, which, from a woodpecker's view-point, undoubtedly must have seemed stupid, and a waste of time. But even in such trifles was the afternoon spent; and when the children were again gathered, and Sandy, with a delicacy which the school-mistress well understood, took leave of them quietly at the outskirts of the settlement, it had seemed the shortest day of her weary life.

As the long, dry summer withered to its roots, the school term of Red Gulch—to use a local euphuism—“dried up” also. In another day Miss Mary would be free; and for a season, at least, Red Gulch would know her no more. She was seated alone in the school-house, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes half closed in one of those day-dreams in which Miss Mary—I fear, to the dan-

ger of school discipline—was lately in the habit of indulging. Her lap was full of mosses, ferns, and other woodland memories. She was so preoccupied with these and her own thoughts that a gentle tapping at the door passed unheard, or translated itself into the remembrance of far-off woodpeckers. When at last it asserted itself more distinctly, she started up with a flushed cheek and opened the door. On the threshold stood a woman, the self-assertion and audacity of whose dress were in singular contrast to her timid, irresolute bearing.

Miss Mary recognized at a glance the dubious mother of her anonymous pupil. Perhaps she was disappointed—perhaps she was only fastidious—but as she coldly invited her to enter, she half unconsciously settled her white cuffs and collar, and gathered closer her own chaste skirts. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the embarrassed stranger, after a moment's hesitation, left her gorgeous parasol open and sticking in the dust beside the door, and then sat down at the farther end of a long bench. Her voice was husky as she began:

"I heerd tell that you were goin' down to the Bay to-morrow, and I couldn't let you go until I came to thank you for your kindness to my Tommy."

Tommy, Miss Mary said, was a good boy, and deserved more than the poor attention she could give him.

"Thank you, Miss! Thank ye!" cried the stranger, brightening even through the color which Red Gulch knew facetiously as her "war paint," and striving, in her embarrassment, to drag the long bench nearer the school-mistress. "I thank you, Miss, for that! and if I am his mother, there ain't a sweeter, dearer, better boy lives than him. And if I ain't much as says it, thar ain't a sweeter, dearer, angeler teacher lives than he's got."

Miss Mary, sitting primly behind her desk, with a ruler over her shoulder,

opened her gray eyes widely at this, but said nothing.

"It ain't for you to be complimented by the like of me"—she went on, hurriedly—"I know. It ain't for me to be comin' here, in broad day, to do it, either; but I come to ask a favor—not for me, Miss—not for me—but for the darling boy."

Encouraged by a look in the young school-mistress' eye, and putting her lilac-gloved hands together, the fingers downward, between her knees, she went on, in a low voice:

"You see, Miss, there's no one the boy has any claim on but me, and I ain't the proper person to bring him up. I thought some, last year, of sending him away to 'Frisco to school, but when they talked of bringing a school-ma'am here, I waited till I saw you, and then I knew it was all right, and I could keep my boy a little longer. And O, Miss, he loves you so much; and if you could hear him talk about you, in his pretty way, and if he could ask you what I ask you now, you couldn't refuse him.

"It is natural," she went on, rapidly, in a voice that trembled strangely between pride and humility, "it's natural that he should take to you, Miss, for his father, when I first knew him, was a gentleman—and the boy must forget me, sooner or later—and so I ain't a goin' to cry about that. For I come to ask you to take my Tommy—God bless him for the bestest, sweetest boy that lives—to—to—take him with you."

She had risen and caught the young girl's hand in her own, and had fallen on her knees beside her.

"I've money plenty, and it's all yours and his. Put him in some good school, where you can go and see him, and help him to—to—to forget his mother. Do with him what you like. The worst you can do will be kindness to what he will learn with me. Only take him out of this wicked life—this cruel place—this

home of shame and sorrow. You will; I know you will—won't you? You will—you must not—you can not say no! You will make him as pure, as gentle as yourself; and when he has grown up, you will tell him his father's name—the name that hasn't passed my lips for years—the name of Alexander Morton, whom they call here Sandy! Miss Mary!—do not take your hand away! Miss Mary, speak to me! You will take my boy? Do not put your face from me. I know it ought not look on such as me. Miss Mary!—my God, be merciful!—she is leaving me!”

Miss Mary had risen, and, in the gathering twilight, had felt her way to the open window. She stood there, leaning against the casement, her eyes fixed on the last rosy tints that were fading from the western sky. There was still some of its light on her pure young forehead, on her white collar, on her clasped white hands, but all fading slowly away. The suppliant had dragged herself, still on her knees, beside her.

“I know it takes time to consider. I will wait here all night; but I can not go until you speak. Do not deny me, now. You will!—I see it in your sweet face—such a face as I have seen in my dreams. I see it in your eyes, Miss Mary!—you will take my boy!”

The last red beam crept higher, suffused Miss Mary's eyes with something of its glory, flickered, and faded, and went out. The sun had set on Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence, Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly.

“I will take the boy. Send him to me, to-night.”

The happy mother raised the hem of Miss Mary's skirts to her lips. She would have buried her hot face in its

virgin folds—but she dared not. She rose to her feet.

“Does—this man—know of your intention?” asked Miss Mary, suddenly.

“No—nor cares. He has never even seen the child to know it.”

“Go to him at once—to-night—now! Tell him what you have done. Tell him I have taken his child, and tell him—he must never see—see—the child again. Wherever it may be, he must not come; wherever I may take it, he must not follow! There, go now, please—I'm weary, and—have much yet to do!”

They walked together to the door. On the threshold, the woman turned—

“Good-night.”

She would have fallen at Miss Mary's feet. But at the same moment the young girl reached out her arms, caught the sinful woman to her own pure breast for one brief moment, and then closed and locked the door.

It was with a sudden sense of great responsibility that Profane Bill took the reins of the Slumgullion Stage the next morning, for the school-mistress was one of his passengers. As he entered the high-road, in obedience to a pleasant voice from the “inside” he suddenly reined up his horses and respectfully waited, as “Tommy” hopped out, at the command of Miss Mary.

“Not that bush, Tommy—the next.”

Tommy whipped out his new pocket-knife, and, cutting a branch from a tall azalea bush, returned with it to Miss Mary.

“All right now?”

“All right.”

And the stage door closed on the Idyl of Red Gulch.

ETC.

OF the actual good which a man like George Peabody does to humanity, not the least, perhaps, is the liberal effect of the eulogistic commentaries and reflections evoked by his death. This praise has been so universal that few people speaking the English tongue could avoid its knowledge, and so unanimous that even the most material-minded must confess that such a life has been an unqualified success. To have the "applause of applauded men," position, power, the friendship of rank and condition, are benefits that even the snob can understand. Charity and Liberality may be, after all, "the best policy," and better than "corners" in Erie, or Hale & Norcross. And in a country like California, where the material is worshiped brazenly—where benefactions languish, and endowments are unknown—it may be well, perhaps, to indicate this meaner argument.

But there is another lesson in the life of this wise and good man, that it would do for America generally, and particularly that part of it in which we live, to sagely consider. George Peabody lived long enough in England to learn the dignity and strength that come with the retirement from the pursuit of mere wealth. We shall put it more plainly when we say that he learned when to "give up business"—we shall put it more offensively to a stirring democracy when we say, he learned how to be a gentleman. Your American Cæsus can not give up his money-getting; his liberality, at best, is posthumous—he too often gives only when he can not longer keep; his executors become his almoners, and his heirs his prodigals. George Peabody lived to guide his charities with the same wisdom that had gained him wealth; to help others with the skill that he had helped himself; to entertain the royal virtues, to sit at table with Goodness and Courtesy, and to catch, in the murmur of present thanks, the far-off verdict of posterity.

GOSSIP ABROAD.

DRESDEN, October 2, 1869.

Our review of things in general for the past month shows us a variety of excitements, some of which have quite passed away, while others are still exerting a very powerful influence. The Emperor of France is decidedly better, and is, perhaps, as far toward perfect health as he will ever be again. We have gone through all the possible degrees of anxiety with regard to his life and health. He has been not very well, not at all well, ill, very ill, dying, dead, and comfortably buried—this event concealed, while the Empress and others arranged the Regency to suit herself and her Jesuit confessors. But, while he will never more, in all probability, recover his former vigor, the Emperor has so far got out of the hands of his physicians that the Empress has left him for her Eastern trip, with every prospect of being able to continue it without fear of recall.

Spain is in trouble. The Carlist movement is, for the present, at an end; but the Republicans are by no means satisfied with the Government, or inclined to give up their hopes of doing away with the throne. The Governor's secretary was killed, while endeavoring to disperse a revolutionary crowd, who were following the carriage of General Pierrad. He was thrown down, trampled under foot, and his corpse dragged through the streets after life had become extinct. The disarming and dispersion of the volunteer bands caused great excitement. The National Guard suffered the same fate for protesting against such a course; and barricades, and street fighting, were the result. These tumults are constantly occurring. The radicals of both the parties opposed to the Government are constantly breaking out into acts of violence. The remedy sought, is a King. The sovereign of Portugal has been obliged to again come out and declare that he will, under no

circumstances, accept the throne. The little school-boy of Harrow is therefore sought for. Prim and the ministry have agreed to lift the poor child to the vacant throne, if possible; and this choice will, it is said, be openly proposed. The King of Italy, at present, refuses to entertain the idea. The Italian ministry view it with favor, believing that with an Italian prince in Spain, and an Italian princess in Portugal, as King and Queen of these two countries, Italy would be greatly strengthened—especially in the event of the death of Napoleon III. But with the present feeling in Spain, should this appointment be carried out, the poor little Duke of Genoa will be apt to wish himself fagging at Harrow once more.

Baden is approaching Prussia, and France does not like it, and Austria hates it, and Prussia and Baden do not seem to care for the opinion of either. But the state of affairs with regard to a change in the Government of Baden does not affect other powers as it would have done a year ago. They accept the present and the future of North Germany, seeing how surely it is a settled fact. The Crown Prince of Prussia, on his way to the opening of the Suez Canal, visits Vienna for two days, and will be received with great attention. His parents are at Baden, where he joins them to-morrow, and thence proceeds on this friendly visit. The fact is a significant one. All the visitors to the opening of the Suez Canal are on the wing, and empty thrones and flying princes' feathers are the order of the day. The Sultan and the Viceroy are pouting; but the latter has the best of it, although all proper care is taken to treat him as a *vice*. The Empress remains twice as long in Constantinople as in Cairo, for this end.

Religious matters are the great topics of the day. The movement in Germany against the Ultramontanism and Jesuitism of Italy is a very decided one. The Germans have brought to the contest the earnestness and seriousness of their national character. The present conflict is not with the Catholic Church, nor with its head, still less with its doctrines, or the sources whence it professes to derive its rules of faith. It is most distinctly with the aggressions of the disciples of Loyola. Addresses have now been made by the laity to

four of their diocesan. The Bishops and Archbishops, assembled in Fulda, have solemnly declared that no new dogma will be brought before the Ecumenical Council. They have promised more than they can probably perform, for they will of course be but a minority. But they are pledged to a liberal course of action. The answers of the Theological Faculty of Munich to Prince Hohenlohe, with regard to the consequences of the exaltation of the Syllabus and the Infallibility of the Pope into dogmas of the Church, are also displeasing to the Ultramontane party. The Bishops declare that no recognized authority exists by which one may know, with certainty, when the Pope speaks *ex cathedrâ*. Twenty various hypotheses have been put forth on the subject by various theologians. A minority report from the Faculty takes much broader ground, and insists that the decisions of the Council can produce no effect upon the relations between Church and State. These liberal tendencies are reflected back again from France, whence comes from M. Mallon, a distinguished divine, a congratulatory address to the Bishops of Fulda, and whence come, too, the writings of Armand de l'Ariège—all directed against the new doctrines which the Jesuit fathers wish to force upon Christian consciences at the approaching Council. But the mightiest blow which has yet been struck for the liberty of the children of the Church comes from one of her distinguished sons in France: Father Hyacinthe, of the Order of the barefooted Carmelites, the preacher at Notre Dame. It is no new thing for this priest and monk to declare himself also a man. In 1862 he preached in Lyons, in place of a priest who was ill, and so belabored the selfishness and want of brotherly love of so-called Christians, and exalted holy living above devotion to so-called faith, that the Archbishop forbade him the pulpits of Lyons. The matter was arranged for the moment; for Lyons was in a state of rebellion and despair, and Father Hyacinthe was more willing than he is now to make concessions to his superiors. Since that time, he has been growing ever more ardent in his work; and, for three years, he has filled the pulpit, and crowded the church, of Notre Dame. But he would teach what he thought right, in spite of the wishes of his Bishop

and the remonstrances of the Superior of his Order. And at last he received peremptory orders not to attack the doctrines of the Jesuit fathers, and not to support, as he was doing, the ideas of the more independent thinkers of the Church. He immediately left his pulpit and his cloister, publicly giving his reasons for so doing. And now he appeals to the Council to do away with the efforts made to separate the Church and modern society; to put down the new doctrines, so contrary to the spirit and the Christianity of the Church. And if the doctrines of the Jesuits shall take possession of this Council, now about to assemble, he declares that he will raise his voice to God and man, to call another, which shall represent the whole Church, and not a portion of it. His case is to come before the Council. Two of his friends have offered themselves as his defenders. But he is quite ready to go and plead his own cause, if he may be allowed.

The Ultramontane party finds itself, therefore, sadly hindered in its course. But it is still assured of victory, and even insists that all who shall presume to oppose its course at the Council are already rebels against constituted authority.

In Rome, the Council Chamber is nearly ready for its decorations; and musty folios and dusty manuscripts are being looked over to ascertain the proper costumes, ceremonials, and orders of precedence. Monsignore Passaloi will, it is said, open the Council. He is a Franciscan; and a Franciscan had, also, the honor of making the introductory harangue at the opening of the Council of Trent. Costly Lyons velvets, thousands of metres of gold and silver trimming from Vienna, and decorations of all sorts are being ordered and prepared, the cost of which comes out of the treasury of Catholic societies and private individuals. Subscriptions are also opened for the erection of a splendid gilded, bronze, equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine. This statue is to be placed before the great door of St. Peter's. The design will be taken from the statue of Marcus Aurelius, on the Capitoline Hill. The Christian Emperor is to hold in his hand a parchment roll: his deed of gift of the possessions of the Church to the Pontiff. A model of the statue will be placed at Santa

Maria degli Angeli. In the garden of this splendid convent the galleries will be erected for the Exposition of the works of Christian Art. The garden is to be covered with a glass roof to defend the objects from the weather. The garden contains, in the centre, a fountain and a little group of cypress-trees, which, it is said, were planted by Michael Angelo. The galleries will radiate from this part of the garden as from a centre, and will be twenty-four in number. The Exposition has been officially announced as about to be opened; and will doubtless bring together some most curious and interesting objects from the East, as well as from this part of the world.

Letters received a day or two ago from Rome inform us of an interesting discovery made in the Palace of the Cæsars. A suite of chambers has been brought to light under the foundations of the Palace of Domitian. They belonged either to the house of Augustus, or to that of Tiberius. The frescoes upon the walls of these rooms are very fresh and beautiful in color. Chevalier Rosa, who has charge of the excavations, is having applied to them a chemical preparation, which will, he hopes, preserve them from fading. Many of these ancient frescoes become ruined when exposed to the air.

General Kanzler finds his hands full in attending to his troops, whom it is most difficult to discipline. Large numbers of the French soldiers are just leaving, their term having expired. The General is endeavoring to organize a new body of volunteers, to be recruited from the Roman nobles. They are to be called the Guides, and will defray their own expenses: the honor of being defenders of the Pope, to be their emolument.

The Romans in general are making ready for the strangers expected to attend the Council. Government has found it necessary to take these latter, in some degree, under its protection, against the never satisfied rapacity of the Roman landlords. Sixty-six prelates are announced as already in Rome, who will be present at the Council; but this number includes the resident Cardinals and Bishops. One of our own citizens—the Bishop of Green Bay—closes the list, as it now stands.

We are thus far on our way to Italy; ar-

ring on the very day that the beautiful theatre in this city was burned. The sight was a fine one from the windows of the Bellevue Hotel; but we watched it with horror, for the first report was that a hundred men had perished in the explosion, which occurred within the walls. No one was killed, however. The Picture Gallery would have been in great danger, had the wind been high. The best pictures were taken down from the nails, and made ready to be carried off, if necessary. But next day they were back again in their accustomed places; and the poor ruin of the Dresden Theatre was inclosed by a wooden fence from the square it so lately adorned.

THE PLEASURE WALK.

Along the brown and dusty way
 We wandered—Kate and I:
 The tameness of a common day
 Was in the earth and sky;
 The yellow light on every thing—
 A monotone of glare;
 Nor cheery chirp, nor buzz of wing,
 Relieved the empty air.
 Brown stubble-fields on either side,
 And dingy wayside weeds;
 And prospects near and prospects wide
 As dull as schoolmen's creeds.
 The odors of the yards and styes
 Enriched the dusty cloud

That filled our noses and our eyes,
 And wrapped us like a shroud.

We felt the fences, right and left,
 Like heated gridirons glow;
 We felt our scorched and shrinking shoes
 Make corns on every toe.

We talked sweet nothings for awhile,
 And then we nothing talked;
 Though we set out with many a smile,
 We scowled as on we walked.

Baked in that oven through and through,
 We turned more brown than red;
 Was it, then, strange we crusty grew,
 For people so well bred?

The country-folk along the road
 Gave back our stupid stare;
 Their eyes were lead, their faces wood,
 Each nose hung like a pear.

That overshrewd and knowing soul,
 With such a wicked grin,
 Who thought us lovers on a stroll,
 Was sadly taken in.

Young love—the tender baby-plant—
 Best thrives in quiet shade;
 In regions where the sun-flowers flaunt,
 'Tis sure to wilt and fade.

The pair who *can* enjoy a walk
 Through dust, in sultry weather,
 May safely think of jogging on.
 The longer path together.

We reached, at last, the friendly gate;
 We parted, and were free;
 For I was tired to death of Kate,
 And she as tired of me.

C. G. A.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. THE CANDY ELEPHANT, AND OTHER STORIES, FOR CHILDREN. By Clara G. Dolliver. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.
2. THE GOLDEN DAWN, AND OTHER STORIES. By May Wentworth. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.
3. PHEBE TRAVERS. By Aunt Florida. New York and San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

We trust that we shall not be thought unpatriotic, nor as discouraging immigration, when we state that the merit of these California publications for children, by California writers, seems to be greatest when there is the least attempt to depict California life. For this reason—but not for this reason alone—we should say that *Phebe Travers*—which has nothing whatever to do with California—was the best; *The Candy Elephant*—which contains one or two California stories—the next best; and *The Golden Dawn*, whose scenes are laid in what the writer poetically terms “the Southern California Land,” the least best. The first mentioned is a story of realistic detail. The two latter are super-sentimental—relieved only in the case of *The Candy Elephant*, by a vein of humor.

The Golden Dawn is a collection of stories with a Spanish nomenclature and a conventional New England sentiment, and a singular absence of the Spanish California local color. But there are fairies, shrines, *señoritas*, and what not—and a great deal of that popular sentiment which passes for poetry, as well as that popular poetry which passes for sentiment—to say nothing of the easy rhetoric of such terms as “Gold Land,” etc., which passes for any thing one pleases. Much of this is foreshadowed in a preface, where the writer looks out of “thought windows” at a tremendous moral elevation, and discourses a sentiment scarcely less unreal than her fairies.

The Candy Elephant is not without this mistaken theory: that children of seven or

eight years are the proper subjects to whom to serve out the sentiment of twenty-one. But, as we have before stated, Miss Dolliver has a redeeming sense of humor, of which Miss Wentworth does not seem to have any visible trace, and which is quite necessary in stories involving the incredible or the pathetic. The occasional pronounced didactic and religious tone may possibly be due to the fact that some of these stories were written for a religious weekly—*The Pacific*. When we say that most children will like the funny dedication to *The Candy Elephant* better than the lofty prelude to the *Golden Dawn*, we, perhaps, only roughly state that it is the more natural. “The Vagabond Boy” is not good poetry—even after one has excused the nice statement in the last line of the first verse, that the youthful vagrant was “of ten or so,” or admired the concluding couplet—

“For God sends many angels,
But none so kind as he.”

After these fairies and poetical dolls, stuffed with sentimental sawdust, it is quite refreshing to meet such a bit of genuine flesh and blood as *Phebe Travers*, and such an honest story-teller as “Aunt Florida,” whose flowers—despite her poetical title—are not of speech. The story of the very human “Phebe”—a girl with girlish failings and girlish aspirations—is clever, not alone for the conception of character, but for that honest sympathy with the little details of childish life which is shown in Aunt Florida’s conscientious record. That fondness for minute and sequent detail which children express in the formula of “What happened next?” that disposition to dodge abstraction, and that craving appetite for small and, to the grown reader, unimportant facts, do not, for some occult reason, seem to be yet appreciated by writers of children’s stories. It is this quality which makes the detail of Robinson Crusoe’s house-keeping of more interest than his shipwreck;

which lends a charm to the Rollo Books; which, through a material and elaborate way of putting the supernatural, gives the Arabian Nights its perennial freshness; and which invests "Miss Phebe's" homely adventures with fascination. The local coloring of the book is truthful, the language simple and never exalted beyond the subject, and the moral reflections are suggestive rather than didactic. The simplicity of construction and exigencies of regular detail sometimes lead to long sentences, and an involved style which would bear revision. It is very much such a story as a clever woman would tell to her own children, and grown people find themselves listening to; and possesses that healthful quality which the school-master in the "Birds of Killingworth" ascribed to the "fair Almira," of being

"As pure as water and as good as bread."

THE VAGABONDS, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Townsend Trowbridge. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

It is very probable that the average reader will accept this pleasant volume for the sake of "The Vagabonds" and "Darius Green"—the two most popular poems—and it is equally probable that the more fastidious critic will forgive them for the sake of "The Pewee"—a production, probably, unequaled of its kind in the language. They who were charmed with this poem, on its first appearance in the *Atlantic*—which certainly has caught and preserved the best of American poetry—and had amused themselves with assigning its authorship to some one of the *Atlantic's* more famous contributors, will be, at first, surprised to find it the work of Mr. Trowbridge; and, for this reason, will, perhaps, scrutinize the volume more attentively, in the hope of discovering its perfect fellow. They will be so far rewarded by certain felicities of measure and diction, which might otherwise have escaped them; but, save a hinting in "Midsummer," they will find nothing as completely good as this American idyl, with its lambent warmth of Elizabethan repose. Mr. Trowbridge's best performance affects us not unlike Mr. Whittier, without Mr. Whittier's occasional moral limitations. "Darius Green" is little more than funny;

"The Vagabonds" stagey-sentimental rather than honestly pathetic.

PROBLEMATIC CHARACTERS. By Fredrich Spielhagen. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

They who have survived the epidemic of German novels, commencing with Goethe and Immerman, and including not only Auerbach, and many others of the profoundly mystical school, but also the series of correctly dressed historical puppets brought on the stage by the cheaply erudite Mühlbach, may hesitate to expose themselves to the fascinations of another novel by one of that nation of profound and analytical thinkers. Again: the title and appearance of Fredrich Spielhagen's *Problematic Characters* are somewhat formidable; and thus the reader may find himself quite unprepared for a story of dramatic incident, of continuous interest, and displaying a humorous, as well as keen appreciation of character.

One might think that nothing less than a miracle could keep the German novelist out of that slough of mysticism and metaphysics in which he usually loses himself, or, at least, becomes unintelligible; but the intervention of humor has, in this case, proved as efficacious. The political and social views of the author, while they show not only decided opinions, but genuine belief, are not allowed to grossly color or distort the portraiture of character. He believes that the true national vitality is to be found among the Burgher class; but also remorselessly delineates sycophants and time-servers. The nobility he does not like. They are, in majority, arrogant, supercilious, and unable to cope with the more liberal-minded citizens and scholars; but here not only hereditary virtues, as well as vices, are ascribed, but sometimes intellectual vigor and progressive thought. Thus, the character of "Baron Oldenburg," while it displays some sardonic humor, is also a combination of noble impulses, insatiable cravings, and all of those things which tend to make men, as well as heroes, at war with themselves and their surroundings. There, material philosophy is shown, on the other hand, to be utterly hateful and despicable, in the portraiture of "Mr. Timms," the laughing philosopher—

all of which is developed naturally, by conversation and conduct—which is a peculiar and admirable characteristic of the whole book, without remark or explanation.

The charming "Berkow," and her faithful retainer, "Old Baumann," possess the peculiar fascination of a fairy story—unreal, and, perhaps for that reason, very nice. There are good doctors and students, "Mr. Bamberlin"—a kind of "Dominie Sampson"—a combination of simplicity and single-mindedness, with profound learning and depth of thought. It is refreshing, in these days of migratory habits, to find a man who can take root, and in a manner become identified with his surroundings. In his own story, which he relates to the hero, with some prolixity and an inexhaustible fund of detail, one can clearly see the good, simple-minded man, who asserts that he has "a passion for carrying animals to pasture, and can stand for hours, leaning against a fence, looking at calves and colts." One can see the awkward student entering the college at Grunwald, in what he calls "a fabulous costume, of which a pair of trowsers, consisting of good ox-hide up to the knees, was by no means the most remarkable part." "Oswald," the hero, is possessed of vague longings, enthusiastic hopes, and is predestined to be dissatisfied with whatever Fate or Fortune may bring him. We must confess that "Miss Helen"—notwithstanding the author's reiterated assertions that the Graces presided at her cradle, that the Muses were attendant upon her childhood, and that every charm of intellectual and physical beauty was hers—failed to interest us. That she was the victim of a high-pressure boarding-school, excites some sympathy; but her utter selfishness and self-absorption, are apt to produce disgust.

Much of the conversation appears preternaturally brilliant, but is not, in its construction, stilted, or beyond the limits of possibility. For aught we know, German tutors and physicians may, in ordinary conversation, speak as if they had just been breakfasting at Mount Olympus, were on terms of intimacy with the gods and goddesses, and, at least, cousins-german to all classical heroes. The frequent descriptions of Nature are always graphic and powerful—and often truthful.

The author seems to have nothing whatever to do with the immorality with which certain love passages may justly be charged, and does not offend good taste by endeavoring to palliate them by lame excuses. One feels that the people to whom he is introduced are flesh and blood—not mere heroes and heroines, shaped in a very uncommon, if not unearthly mold. There is a tangibility about them, with all their virtues and vices—qualities which are continually puzzling one to determine on which side of the "fence" to put them. The plot is elaborated skillfully and artistically, and the interest is not for a moment allowed to flag. Perhaps the final *dénouement* is somewhat vague and unsatisfactory; and the whole book leaves a slightly bitter taste in the mouth.

NORMAN LESLIE. By Theodore S. Fay. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

To the question why a book written forty years ago, bearing such evident marks of crudeness and immaturity, should be published at the present day, the author, in a commendably short preface, states that he will deign no reply. Although such a statement renders his individual position unassailable, it can hardly affect our estimate of the interest and merit of the work itself. An extraordinary story, told in a commonplace manner, rarely meets with a great degree of public favor. While we are all ready to acknowledge that "Truth is strange, stranger far than fiction," we are unwilling, in a novel, to read one hundred pages of a trial, written in the style of a newspaper reporter—a scene that seems to be introduced for the purpose of affording the hero and heroine an opportunity to find out that they are in love with each other. The machinery for attaining this orthodox and therefore laudable purpose is unusual, not to say ponderous. The hero moralizes after the manner of men, or rather of heroes, of forty years ago. The heroine is made up of "sugar and spice, and every thing nice"—sugar predominating. The demons are of blackest dye—a class of beings who, we fondly hope, are not roaming about at the present day. And the *ultimatum* of the story is a somewhat lengthy statement of the pleasing fact (a prescience of which sustained us while

reading the harrowing details) of "living happy ever after."

THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

It is, perhaps, a cynical blow at all of a certain kind of writing, which is esteemed a valuable part of our literature by many, to say, that if any man in letters has been decreed by the judgment of centuries to be worth reading, the best that one can say of him seems but impertinent and unworthy. And when one does not satisfy himself by a simple expression of reverence, but deliberately seats himself to tell us, in a formal essay, what is plain for him to see in a writer of high repute, as if possibly it were not for us, we naturally conclude that somehow something quite useless is being done. "This is a horse," was the old explanatory expression, indicating either a failure in the artist, or a want of perception in the spectator. If there was a failure, the explanation was not persuasive; if the artist deserved approval, the spectator, sensitive to the mysterious influence of "sweetness and light," was affronted at the slight put upon his intelligence.

This may be exactly what has passed through the mind of Mr. Whipple, at various intervals during the past ten years, causing him to hesitate about publication; for this volume is made up of what were first read before the Lowell Institute, as a course of twelve lectures, in the year 1859. But, whatever indecision may have perplexed him in regard to them, it would seem as if his final judgment has toppled to the weaker side.

They are published at last, and entitled "Essays" on the literature of the age of Elizabeth. Their very failure to be "essays," in the true meaning, is what, in our judgment, gives them their best virtue. In their method and expression, they are, perhaps, Mr. Whipple's happiest productions as lectures. They were evidently written to be listened to by a popular audience, and not—though not less exact and critical themselves—intended for the exclusive eyes of such only as have an inclination to peruse critical essays. They are, after the same phrase, inaptly claimed to be upon the literature of the age of Elizabeth,

unless one may supply the ellipsis and add, "and literary men;" for the literature gets much the least half of the volume. The writer likes to talk of the works of the dramatists and poets, but he testifies to the possible dryness of his talk, by gliding, when he can, from literary criticism to personal gossip. What, and whence, and why, and how they were what they were, and who were part of their lives, may be offered as excuses for enlivening his conversations and lightening the heaviness of eyes that seldom read, and giving rest to ears that will not listen to abstractions. In the single instance of the lectures upon Shakspeare, are wanting the frequent and—for the preserving of attention—necessary excursions from the works to the life, and this chiefly here, possibly, because Fate has cheated us of all personal acquaintance with him, while his conquering genius has compelled an interest in his works which is without parallel. Yet it seems quite probable that Mr. Whipple has included in these lectures all that a fair and appreciative criticism demands. The rest is the coating to make believe they are something different from the promise. And if this be so, we may get at something like a fair estimate of the meagre lesson the life of a literary man of considerable merit may leave behind. Of Shakspeare, the best that may be said is written on a score of pages; of Ben Jonson, a jest as tribute to his rough conceit, and fewer pages still; of Sidney's self, whose "high-erected thoughts" were "seated in a heart of courtesy," gauged in the measure of a half-dozen folios, and Raleigh in no more; while Bacon, instigating us to wonder and much talk, finds the failure of his philosophy exculpating us from yielding him more space than to the other greatest names.

And after all, if we admit the most, and encourage the best man to say the best of who have been best, who is there can say any thing by the side of what the best themselves have said? What man can rise from Shakspeare and hear, in any other's speech concerning him, more than a parrot's talk? Who can hear Mozart's music and listen to words that can not touch the even height of his sweet melody? What can critic say in the presence of Raphael—of praise and eulogy, even—that will not, at its best, fall out of keeping with

the silent language of the pencil? And in the sight of any relic of genius, the best man's talk is babble. The beauty of the blue sky smiles at your vain praise, and the towering majesty of ocean silences your wondering admiration. So the best that man can say of Shakspeare is weakness. In his works is his best criticism, his best eulogy, that defy your garrulous wit.

Yet, because the comparison of what Mr. Whipple has said of Shakspeare and Bacon, with what those authors say for themselves, is compelled by the lecturer himself calling our attention to them, the writer of this volume should not suffer from what he did not intend. The present difficulty with Mr. Whipple is, while turning over these essays, to find their *raison d'être*. If all good literature will not itself allure us, it would seem as if another's praise of it would give us an excuse for quoting some old saying, illustrative of the difference of tastes. If all good literature has won us, we will have no needless quarrel with another; and if he would praise what we praise, our taste is rather to a word than a volume. Yet, no man writes altogether in vain; and many old admirers of Mr. Whipple will find in his pleasant expressions, his good taste, his pointed analysis, his generally comprehensive criticism, much of the old entertainment for their otherwise idle hours.

Yet all of them may not rest satisfied with the conclusions to which Mr. Whipple would lead them. He has found the detailed facts of Shakspeare's life meagre and unsatisfactory. His enthusiasm, therefore, expresses as a fact what can scarcely rest on any thing other than unreliable conjecture. He says, in this connection: "As there is hardly a page in his writings which does not show more light upon the biography of his mind, and bring us nearer to the individuality of the man, the antiquaries, in despair, have been compelled to abandon him to the psychologists, and the moment the transition from external to internal facts is made, the most obscure of men passes into the most notorious. For this personality and soul we call Shakspeare, the recorded incidents of whose outward career were so few and trifling, lived a more various life—a life more crowded with ideas, passions, volitions, and events—than any potentate the world has ever seen."

A writer whose easy, rhetorical flow cheats him into such a doubtful expression, draws somewhat upon our respectful consideration, even if he is further betrayed into several pages of more glowing rhetoric to illustrate his position, and even if he closes the same with a single sentence of a page's length, which our readers must excuse us from quoting entire. It is quite pleasant reading, though it draws overmuch upon the imagination. The sum of it is, that "this man is no mere name for an impersonal, unconscious genius, that did its marvels by instinct; no name for a careless playwright who blundered"—although that language is plainly not what he intended to write—"but is essentially a person, creating strictly within the limitations of his individuality * * * and, above all, a person individually as great, at least, as the sum of his whole works." Without more than a simple protest against such an imputation as the little sentence seems to imply—that a man is as great and as small, as mean and as noble, as the creatures of his imagination, which would be forming a monstrosity of profound incomprehensibility—we must arrest this strange human analyzer again, as he attempts a similar expression concerning the evidence of the individual in his works, when he writes in his essay on Bacon. There he writes, "It is well for us to obtain some conception of a great man from his writings before we give much heed to the recorded incidents of his career; for these incidents, as historically narrated, are likely to be false, are sure to be one-sided, and almost always to be interpreted in order to convey real knowledge to the mind." *Ergo*, Mr. Whipple's theories of what Shakspeare or Bacon were—drawn from their writings—not agreeing with certain "recorded incidents of his career," so much the worse for the incidents. But, suppose another, as wise as Mr. Whipple, and a better analyzer, drawing from the same source, pictures a Shakspeare and a Bacon different from Mr. Whipple's. Which will be the real John? Interpretation is better than history, says Mr. Whipple, and, further, one man's judgment is as good as another's—and probably better, too. The consummation of this theory makes Mr. Whipple's rhetorical phrases—that often seem to be fine specimens of the inflatability of the language—really the only true and

original, and so far perfect life of Shakspeare ever written. Says our author: "Indeed, Bacon, the man, is most clearly seen and intimately known in Bacon, the thinker. Bacon thinking, Bacon observing, Bacon inventing—these were as much *acts* of Bacon, as Bacon intriguing for power and place."

It is fortunate for Mr. Whipple and his theory, that we have a pretty complete knowledge of the incidents of Bacon's life. We can, therefore, take the facts and his works, and, in a measure, build the theory. But who does not wish that he, himself, alone had knowledge of the facts, and had an opportunity of challenging Mr. Whipple to describe the man Bacon, from his works. Would not the individual, interpreted out of his works, be diviner than him "intriguing for power and place?"

And we wonder if anywhere in the whole range of Shakspeare's sacred remains he finds trace or sign of the man Shakspeare—a man of wealth—who, as is written by Mr. R. Grant White, "sued one Philip Rogers in the Stratford Court of Record for £1 15s. 10d.

He had sold Rogers malt to the value of £1 19s. 10d., and had lent him 2s., of which the debtor had paid him but 6s. And so Shakspeare brought suit for what is called in trade the 'balance of an account,' which represented about \$40 of our money." But perhaps Mr. Whipple's interpretation from the works will falsify the facts, or, at least, put them to shame.

If we might theorize a trifle, in Mr. Whipple's method, we should say that Mr. Whipple had been given overmuch to bowing at the shrine of intellect; of including therein the whole of a man, leaving no separate identity for the will or the heart; and of taking it for granted that a man writing gave out at least the most of his mind: that is, as he would say, himself. Would any one, save Mr. Whipple, attempt to take out the individual Whipple from the works of the writer Whipple, and not let his memory or incidental knowledge of Whipple control his judgment? We are sure there will be no one so bold, excepting it be—true to his theory—Mr. Whipple himself.

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